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THE

BOYS' AND GIRLS' COMPANION

FOR

LEISURE HOURS.

"THE GREAT USE OF BOOKS IS, TO ROUSE US TO THOUGHT, TO FURNISH US WITH MATERIALS FOR THE EXERCISE OF JUDGMENT, IMAGINATION, AND MORAL FEELING."

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

EDITED BY

JOHN AND MARY BENNETT.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—At the end of a performance it is the universal custom to return thanks to those who have favoured us with their attention and support. Our performance—our First Volume—is now in your hands; and most gratefully do we avail ourselves of this pause in our labours to record the delight we have experienced in being your "Companion." But for your generous encouragement we should never have survived to the proud dimensions of a volume.

The first instalment of this book was sent forth tremblingly; for we feared our ability to sustain agreeably the high and sacred office we had assumed to ourselves as your "Companion" and Instructor. But you were not slow to welcome us, and this welcome inspired us with confidence. You speedily confirmed an ancient faith of ours, that children addressed in the spirit of love and sincerity will not only learn from their teacher, but will reverence him.

While our highest purpose has been the culture of the heart and the development of the affections, mental culture has occupied its due share of these pages. We think, too, we may fairly congratulate ourselves on the great variety of subjects of interest treated of in the volume. The wonders of the Animal Kingdom have been unfolded, and Science made as entertaining as fiction by our Philosophic Mouse. We have here also Tales of interest and moral purpose—Adventures by sea and land—Essays to enrich the understanding and develop the thinking powers—Sketches on the leading points of the History of England—Biographies of characters worth emulating—Poetry, that cannot fail to enlarge the heart and exalt the mind—Pastime that, while it entertains, cannot fail to instruct—rich and elaborate

Designs in Needlework—and in Sacred History, articles of especial interest on Boys of the Bible. These, and many other features of interest and value, will be found studding our volume.

But the present opportunity should not be passed over without a word as to the future. Much as we have herein done, we feel a vast deal more remains to do. The field of knowledge is illimitable; therefore it must be our province to make as judicious a selection as may be consistent with the amusement, instruction, and moral progression of our young friends. Without entering into details, we may say that we have many interesting novelties (literary and pictorial) in store for the enrichment of our next volume, which we intend to be far worthier your acceptance than the present one.

Two objects only have we in view,—our success and your improvement. Yes, we have yet another object, and that is, to *deserve* success.

This, the completion of our First Volume, has been the most delightful episode in our lives; and with all our hearts we dedicate it to the Boys and Girls of England.

J. B.

* * *

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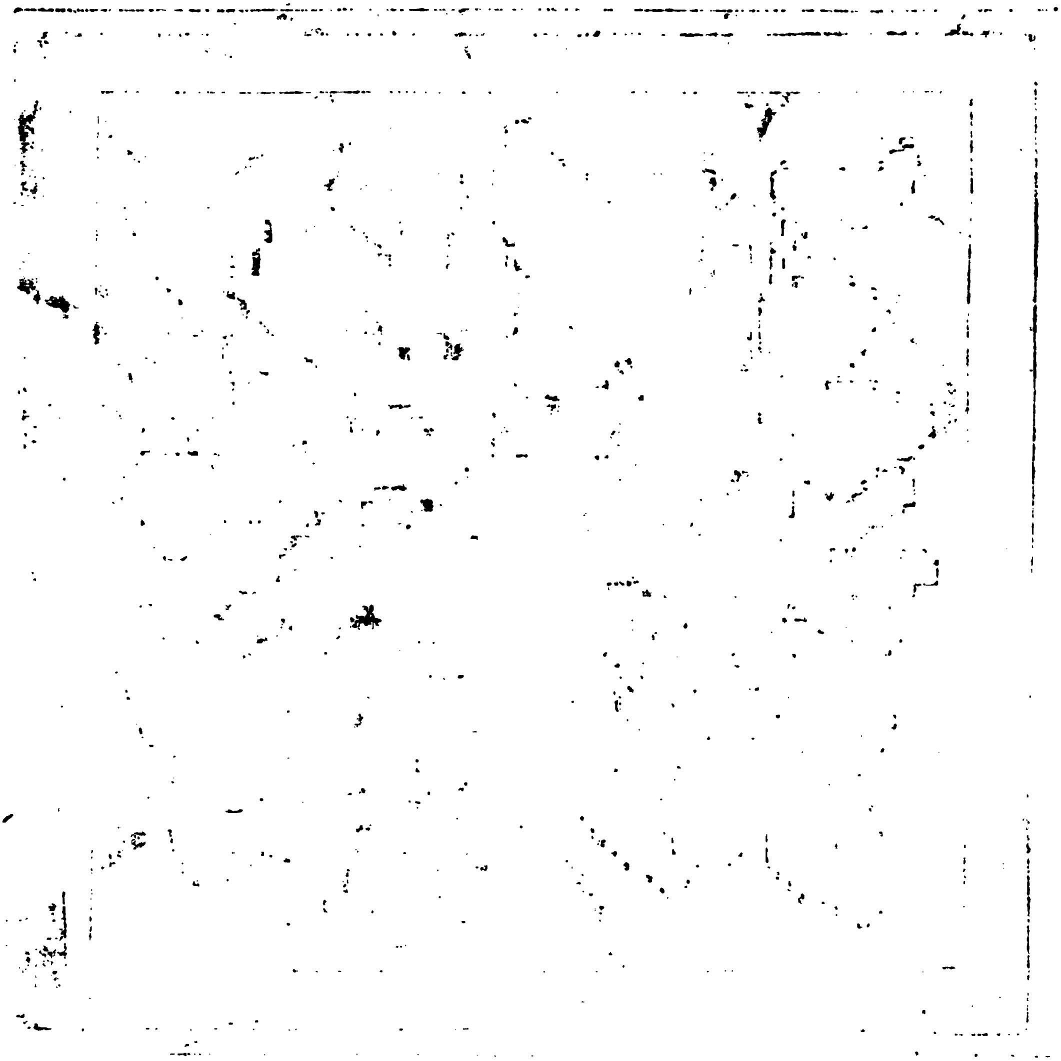
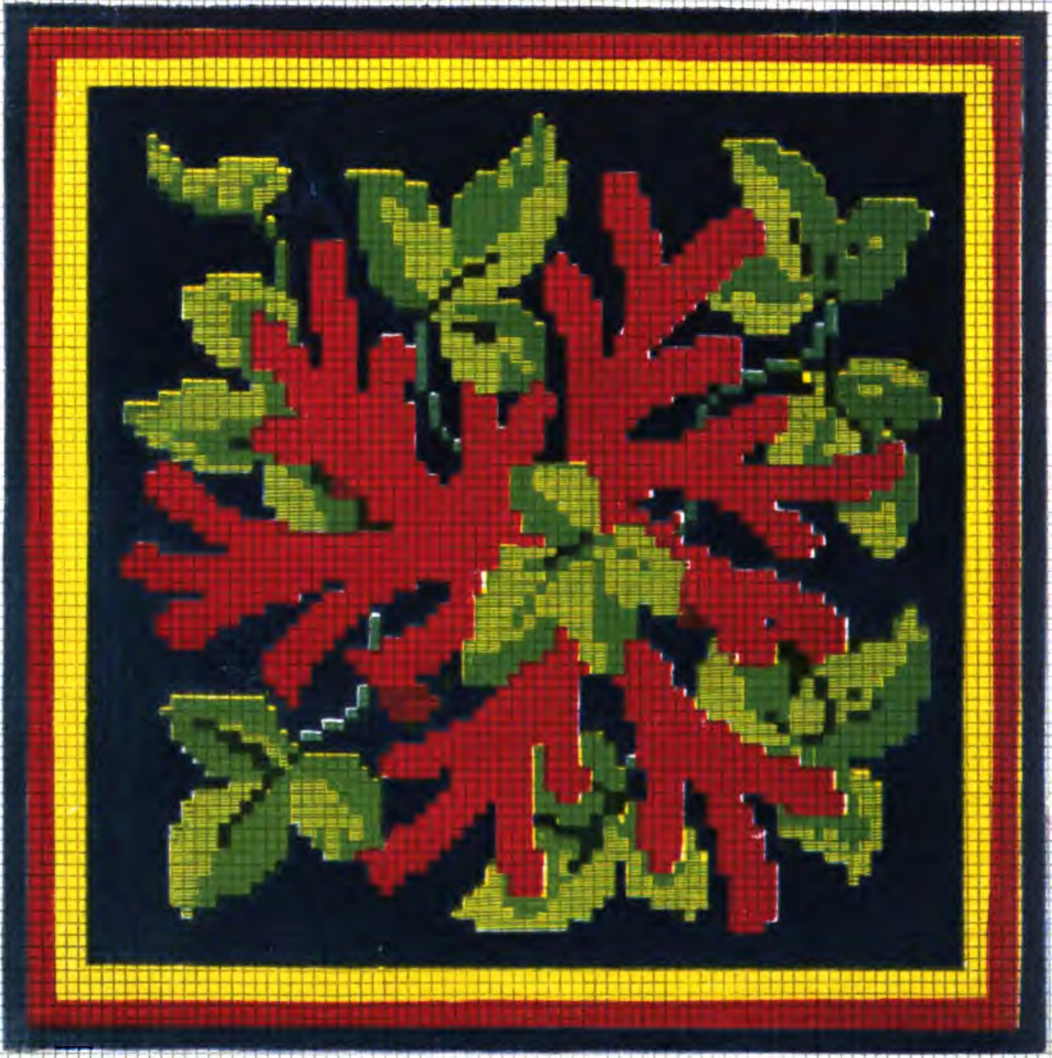


CORAL PATTERN MAT,

FOR

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' COMPANION.



To be worked on Penelope canvas, in Berlin wool, in the regular cross-stitch, with the exception of the coral, which should be worked in scarlet bends of a size to fill the square of the canvas. *Materials.*—For ground-work and outer border, dark purple; for leaves, three shades of bright green; for inner border, one shade of bright yellow, and one shade of bright crimson. The whole to be finished with a very deep moss border in green shaded wool.

Adams & Gee, Printers, London.

THE BOYS' & GIRLS' COMPANION FOR LEISURE HOURS

No. 1, Vol. I.] SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1857. [Price One Penny.

DON'T TELL;

OR, MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

BY MARY BENNETT.

CHAPTER I.

NEAR London, by a village green, where all is so still that you can hear the pebble plash in the pool if you cast it in ever so quietly, stands a solid-looking, old-fashioned house, close to a corner wall, very high, and thickly clothed in dark ivy, with broad leaves, under whose shelter the house-sparrows, our ever-busy and familiar friends, had built their ragged and straggling nests. The ivy crept from this wall (which belonged to an orchard) over the front of the house, where you may read, over the gateway, "Ivy House."

This was our school, of which I have a story to tell, that all my young friends, I hope, will profit by.

Close in the ivy-corner, there is an old carved stone archway, and within it a small and pretty window that needs no other curtain than the ivy, which encloses it in a leafy frame. At that window I have often seen the black mourning frock, the slight form, the pale face, and fair hair of Annie Campbell, an amiable and interesting little girl, who first came to Ivy House when she was about seven years old. Sorrow and death—stern angels of God—had visited her beloved home in Durham; and her mother, brother, and sister slept the last sleep in the shadow of Durham Cathedral. No wonder the poor child had lost all her once happy spirits, and could scarcely look or speak without a tear quivering on her eyelashes, while her voice was very low and sad.

Her father brought her to Ivy House by her mother's express desire; for the Curate and his daughter, who conducted our school, had formerly lived in Durham, and had been valued friends of Mrs. Campbell.

The great trial of parting from her papa, who was going abroad, almost broke Annie's heart. She clung to his neck, she fastened herself on his arm—she would not, and could not let him go. He, too, wept; but told her he hoped soon to come again, and fetch her back to Durham; but in the meantime she must have courage and patience, and be a good girl.

He kissed her for the last time; placed her in the arms of Miss Everitt, the Curate's daughter; in a broken voice besought her to be tender to the child and keep her from harm, for her dear mother's sake; then rushed away.

Annie heard the wheels of the carriage rolling over the green. "Father!" she screamed, and sprang to the window. He was looking out of the carriage window, and saw her; he waved his hand, and was gone. "Oh, take me with you!" she piteously implored; and then dropped on Miss Everitt's breast.

Annie was put to rest and sleep, and when she awoke, a sort of silent despair crept over her. She pined and faded; for, finding herself among strangers, no fond papa or mamma answering her call, the tender words and caresses that she had been accustomed to all gone, and the faces she loved so much seen no more, poor Annie suffered indeed, and shrank from all of us.

Miss Everitt saw that the child was feeble, and for a fortnight doubted whether she would not soon be at rest for ever from all her childish grief; but after a little while, Annie began to look often through her tearful eyes at the ivied wall outside her window, and Miss Everitt put a stool for her on the balcony, that she might watch the house-sparrows sometimes, and look over the green, when the sun was shining warm.

The most amusing girl in the school at that time was Margaret Walton; she was also the most wilful, the prettiest, wore the best clothes, received the handsomest presents, and had the largest money expectations, for her father was rich. Her brother had a similar character among the Curate's boarders. But then they had not long been in the school,—they were thought worse of when they had been longer there. Certainly, they were favourites with us all for half the first quarter. During that time Margaret appeared to attach herself particularly to Annie, and when the little mourner at last came down into the schoolroom and the playground, it was Miss Walton who brought her, and amused her, and assisted her with her first lessons, and sat beside her at the dinner and tea-table. And thus it was that Annie loved Margaret; and a warm confidence sprang up between them.

Now, it cannot be too strongly impressed on our minds, that where these warm confidences, and close attachments exist, there our characters are powerfully influenced for good or evil. If we cannot avoid evil communications, let us act firmly in regard to them. Wrong confidences, perhaps, we have all suffered from,—tainting the memory, wounding the conscience.

The father of Frederick and Margaret Walton was a wealthy widower, too impatient of annoyances to give much attention to the moral condition of his children, of whose handsome appearance and quick and forward manners he was very proud. At home they were quite beyond his control, and he thought it the easiest plan to let them have their own way; so when they found themselves under school restraints, they broke through them in every way possible. The Curate and his daughter quickly discovered they had a very difficult undertaking to train a boy and girl like this "in the way they should go." Both were idle, wilful, proud, and disobedient. Frederick had also worse vices: he was—I must speak it plainly—addicted to falsehood: and he set mischievous plots afloat, which disordered the school, annoyed Mr. Everitt, and hindered the progress of the other pupils.

Once, at playtime, Margaret and Annie crossed the smooth, bright, green lawn, at the back of Ivy House, where other boarders were playing or reading; and opening a little gate, entered a small orchard filled with fruit-trees covered in blossoms; there in a corner between two trees a swing was suspended, with a cushioned seat, on which Margaret placed Annie, and sent her flying to and fro; but Annie was not strong enough for the exercise, it made her giddy, and she sat down under the orchard trees, when a stone came rushing through the blossoming boughs of a pear-tree, and dropped close at her feet.

"It is Fred!" exclaimed Margaret, as her brother ran up.

"Twice as handsome as his sister, and twenty times as good!" said Frederick, jeeringly, amused that he had startled 'the girls.'

Annie looked up, and saw indeed that he was a very handsome boy, and much like her new friend; but the insolent expression of his face frightened her.

"Yes, you *are* good!" said Margaret, ironically. "Mr. Everitt thinks so—does he not?"

"And what does *Miss* Everitt think of *you?*"

"Oh! I don't care what she thinks, nor what she says," said Margaret, proudly.

"Nor do I care for either of them;" said Frederick, with a frown. "Let them complain if they like, as they threaten they will—what then? Papa will listen to *us* sooner than to them; they only keep school because they are obliged. The Curate has only fifty pounds a-year at the Church, and he is compelled to take pupils to maintain himself. My papa could buy up all he is worth a hundred times over. I won't stop here, I can tell you! This is the first boarding-school I was ever at, and if I don't make it the last, call me a fool!"

"What is the matter now," asked Margaret.

"Oh, that fellow Beatson, who is always at the top of the class, was put down to-day for wrong sums; and he will have it that I have been meddling with his slate. And Williams, the tailor's boy, says I have thrown ink over his Latin exercise-book."

"You always are playing tricks, Fred," said his sister.

"The Latin usher caught me laughing behind his back, when Beatson, the tip-top boy, was ordered below me. It was fun, certainly! He was as red as a corn poppy."

"Your name is called, Master Walton!" said the gardener, coming toward them with his spade.

"Oh! I know," said Frederick, "we are going to the laboratory, to prepare for some chemical experiments; but it is little I shall do, I know, except to bother the old Curate; I've got a trick or two that will amaze him, I guess," and he darted off, leaving Annie not a little bewildered, for she had heard every word.

"Is he not a bold, bad boy?" said Margaret, laughing. "But papa is very fond of him; and he likes to see Fred proud and spirited. I have not told you yet that he and I will have two thousand pounds each when we are of age, left to us by my aunt. So we do not care much about learning, you see; and they are so strict here, we cannot bear them. Papa never was strict with us, nor nurse Winny either. We don't recollect mamma. We had a governess, but did not like her at all; and Fred soon got papa to send her away. Then a tutor came, but he would not stop; he said, we were so spoilt, he could teach us nothing. Papa told him we were too clever for him. Fred played such tricks with the poor shabby young man! he looked half starved. Then papa saw the curate's advertisement in the newspaper, and persuaded us to come and try this school. Fred said, the very first day we came, he hated it, and always would hate it. I should not mind it myself, if it were not for my brother; he is always getting into some scrape. Besides, Miss Everitt is very sharp with me, and I don't like it. *Don't tell*, will you, Annie, what Fred and I have said? If you do, I'll never speak to you again; but if you are true to me, I will be your dear friend as long as I live, and I will tell you everything I know, and you do the same to me. And when I go away from school, you shall come and visit me. We live at Manchester, in a large house, and have beautiful furniture,—better than anything here!"

Annie was a child of few words and deep feeling; Margaret felt little, and talked much. She pressed Annie not to tell, and Annie was weak enough to promise, and weak enough, also, not to tell her friend what she really thought of her pride and foolishness, and of her brother's conduct and mischievous intentions. But the child was uneasy in her secret mind. Margaret, who could be deceitful at times, was remarkably affectionate and attentive to Annie, giving her little presents out of her drawer, and promising unnumbered good gifts when she received her fortune. At bed-time she persuaded Annie to ask Miss Everitt to let them sleep together, but the answer instantly was, "No," when Margaret pouted and frowned.

Annie had a small bed, and a very small room to herself, and this evening Miss Everitt saw her to bed, and then sitting down beside her, talked to her of her Heavenly Father, who sees when even a little house-sparrow falls to the ground, and of the duties that lay before her daily life; then she said:—

"Though you are but a child, my dear Annie, you have been taught the best things by your dear mother, who, perhaps, still watches over you. Think every night, when you lie down here, of how you have passed the day, and see if you are walking in the narrow path that leads to heaven, or have been drawn away from it; and I hope you will now try and look on *me* as your friend. Confide in me, and I will always be kind to you. And remember, my dear, your playmates and schoolmates here came out of a world of good and evil, and they have brought good and evil with them. Be very careful, child, that you keep yourself from their evil. Fancy yourself clothed in fair white garments that must not be soiled. Good night, poor child! Good night!"

Annie clasped Miss Everitt's hand tightly, and held it, as if she wished to say something, but her *promise* sealed her lips; and when she was alone, she said to herself, "If I had told, Margaret would never speak to me again; they would call me ill-natured and unkind." Annie could get no further than this—she fell asleep.

(To be continued.)

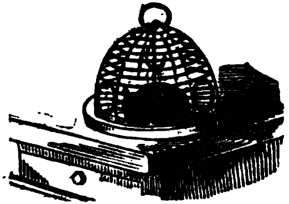
◆

THE PHILOSOPHIC MOUSE.

CHAPTER I.

It was on a wet and windy night, some few years ago, that I inadvertently entered that wiry device, a step not to be retrieved, which caused the whole of my succeeding troubles, and which was no less the cause of all the literary pleasures I have since enjoyed. The circumstance was as follows:—I discovered, while upon the scent, a snug-looking house with several entrances, which appeared to be perfectly adapted to the wishes of myself and family; and never having seen any thing of the kind before, I was far from suspecting, what upon trial it proved to be, a contrivance of designing men to catch our unsuspecting species alive. Oh, how shocking was my situation, and what just cause for alarm there was, when I found, though there were so many entrances, yet, with the most minute scrutiny and investigation, I could find no way by which I might make my escape. Picture to yourself my situation; for I can find neither words nor language, used by mice, capable of portraying my terror and alarm.

With the dawn of the morning I expected to meet my fate; but no, to my surprise, as soon as I was perceived, I was caressed, and fed with the greatest dainties; but still I found myself in suspense as to what my destiny might be. The first day passed away, and when the sun was set, I was fetched into the parlour, and placed upon the sideboard; and in silence made the best use of my imprisonment, by making observations on the company to whom I had been introduced. After a time, and amidst the variety of amusements the company were engaged in, I appeared to be forgotten; only now and then a little boy came and gave me some dainty or other. For the first time in my life I felt pleasure in the company of mankind. The conversation was instructive, and the amusements rational. It is my intention to give a brief explanation of the amusements I was witness to during my confinement in the trap; and I may occasionally introduce some remarks of my own. The principal part of this evening was spent by the company (of whom most part were young persons) in the study of the globes. I learned that there are two artificial globes; the one to represent the surface of the earth, the other the appearance of the heavens. And now, my dear children, I shall no doubt surprise you, when I tell you we have been mistaken in supposing the sun moves round the earth: the fact is, the earth, by the simple motion of turning round its axis, causes the changes of day and night.



The study of the terrestrial globe is connected with the study of geography; and the study of the celestial globe is the foundation of astronomy. It appears desirable that every individual, who has it in his power, should endeavour to inform himself of the motions, and all the phenomena, of the earth on which he lives; and also of attaining some knowledge of the relation and connexion of the earth, with the system to which it belongs.

I was sorry to see many of the company express their surprise when certain observations respecting the simple laws of nature were made; because to me it appeared, that, instead of improving their time, they must have been trifling it away; and perhaps in the cruel sport of tyeing a string to the leg of some of our species, and worrying them to death. I think I shall never forget poor Spindle, and the situation he was in, when some cruel boys had caught him in a noose, and, after much debate, had determined to cut off his hind-leg, and fix him on a wooden one; which they did, and then turned him into his hole. They secured it so fast, that I believe it was nearly three hours before five of us could free him from it, and he all the time in excruciating pain. But, really, the first sight of Spindle, hopping along with his wooden leg, moved me to a laugh. Perhaps it was excusable in me at that time, as I was very young; though I must certainly reprobate the impropriety of laughing at misfortunes, whether committed by young or old.

Cruelty in play is downright wickedness: it is acting in opposition to the dictates of humanity, and abusing the goodness of the Creator.

You will, perhaps, think me mad, when you hear me express my delight at the sound of music—a noise which used (as all other noises do) to frighten us; but lately I have become partial to it: the sounds tended much to alleviate my melancholy, while in confinement. I always found my spirits cheered whenever the little misses sat down to practise. I think it must be a delightful pastime, and certainly an innocent recreation, when too much time is not spent over it.

I overheard one of the young visitors assert, that she always practised six hours each day of her life. Now this, certainly, is mis-spending time, and, I should think, converting what appears intended for an amusement into a toil. But what seemed most astonishing, was, that a rational being should reason in this way:—One of the ladies was praising a certain performer: "Oh," said she, "Miss——— plays as well again as Miss———, for she plays as fast again."

Then, if rapidity constitutes perfection, what say you to *our* running abilities? I am bound to say, my young Lively is the finest of all the present race of mice, if rapidity is perfection; for I never saw any thing come near his equal. You cannot see his legs move when he runs, he goes so fast; any more than madam could see Miss ———'s fingers when she played.

The very first time I was shown to the master of the house, he seized me by the tail, and plucked from my back a great bunch of hair. I thought proper to resent this assault upon my feelings, and showed my spirit by attempting to bite, thinking to frighten him, and make him let me go. I believe I did succeed in frightening him, for he immediately returned me to my wiry prison. I lamented much the loss of my teeth on this occasion, for if I could but have bitten, I had certainly regained my liberty, for he would have let me fall.

At the time he plucked my hair, he said to the by-standers: "Take care of him, and I'll show you some experiments with him." This sentence would have completely destroyed my peace, had it not been for a conversation I overheard afterwards, upon cruelty to dumb animals; in which the philosopher (for philosopher he proved to be) expressed his intention not to hurt me: he positively asserted he would not kill me, or have me killed by any one.

The hair which he plucked from my back he viewed through a microscope; and so did every one of the company, to their astonishment: for the hair of the mouse is constructed differently from the hair of most animals. Each individual hair of other animals has a straight tube passing from one end to the other of it, which is of use to convey the nourishment necessary for the growth and colour of the hair.

This tube, in the hair of mice, instead of being straight, is spiral; and (as one of the ladies expressed herself,) is a beautiful object for the microscope—an object worthy the attention of every naturalist.

The microscope appeared to be a favourite amusement with the whole family. The eye of a fly magnified, resembles net-work; and it has been proved to render visible (by its multiplying powers) 700 objects at once: that is to say, the eye of the fly has 700 apertures, through each of which he sees an object; and if the sight were directed to a church, the fly would perceive 700 churches at once. If the microscope discovers such wonders as these, surely it must be not only a rational, but an inexhaustible fund of amusement and pleasure. How much more rational it appears to employ time in searching into the wonders of creation, than to pass it in folly and vice!

(To be continued.)

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DOMESTIC PETS.

RABBITS.

THESE amusing little animals may be kept by boys, and with ease and good management, under the direction of a parent, or older brother, may be rendered not only useful and pleasing, but profitable. Girls may assist in feeding them, and attending to them.

They are inexpensive to keep, having "like the fowl and pig, the merit of being a save-all—a transmuter of useless scraps and offal into useful and valuable fur and flesh. All sorts of hedge-trimmings, tree-prunings, vine-cuttings, and weeds which are not of too moist a nature,—all of which would otherwise meet with no better fate than to be swept away to the rubbish heap,—will,

with the addition of sufficient dry food, serve to maintain a little stud of rabbits. The cast-out refuse of three or four gardens, in the hands of many an ardent young stock master, would serve, under a judicious administration, to rear, feed, and fatten his little flock."

There is nothing unwholesome in rabbit keeping, if the hutches be attended to as we shall direct.

The best way to begin rabbit keeping is to obtain a number of young rabbits fairly weaned, at about nine or ten weeks old; but you must observe that *wild* young rabbits, called warren rabbits, will not do at all, for they cannot be domesticated, and will run away from you at the earliest opportunity. Few people are aware how different are the two kinds, the wild and the tame rabbits: they never assimilate, do what we may.

There are four leading varieties of the domestic rabbits:—1, small, common, tame rabbit; 2, large tame rabbit; 3, lop-eared sorts; 4, angoras. Between each of these there are numerous half-breds. The angora rabbits are the prettiest and most amusing: their hair is long and silky, their colours, pure white, black and white, or grey and white; but they are delicate, and less profitable than the other kinds.

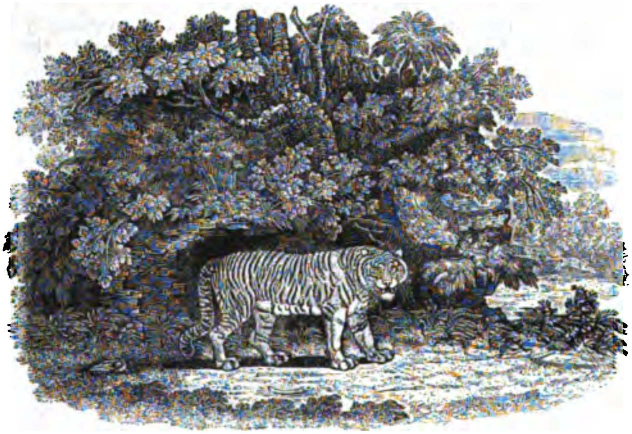
Show rabbits of every kind are best left to the rabbit-fancier. The common, small, tame rabbits are the most hardy in every way, as well as cheapest to buy; and these are just the rabbits for a boy to begin with, their playfulness endearing them to the young.

Having now got your rabbits, you must have a place of residence for them; we recommend a dry paved yard, if convenient, and, provided it be not too much closed in with high walls,—for the rabbits need free air, light, and sunshine. Security from cats, dogs, rats, and other dangers, must next be provided, and then let your little animals loose to gambol and play, and brush their fur coats, and make themselves happy. Scatter over the court the refuse and sweepings of the kitchen and garden, and even a portion of the stable litter, and the rabbits will be all the better pleased. Give them abundance of food, and they will thrive, and soon become so tame as to eat out of your hand, and to flock round you, when you present yourself with a new supply of vegetables or straw.

In one or two corners of the yard, throw a broad heap of earth and rubbish, and the rabbits will burrow in it, and you will have the satisfaction of seeing them amuse themselves in accordance with their natural habits. Besides their own burrows in the earth, you may provide them a few small brick houses at the foot of the wall, with the doors constantly open; if this be at all difficult, you may fashion burrows for them out of anything that may be lying about, as logs of wood, hen-coops, faggots, old tubs, &c.

It is always humane and advantageous to study the natural tendencies of the creatures we make pets of. If we charge ourselves with their care, we are bound to obey the laws of their being as far as we can. Now it is said, "the stony hills are a refuge for the coney"—and we have but to give rabbits something like the "stony hills," and they soon make "refuges" for themselves. Our wild rabbits delight to dwell in sandy hillocks, and graze on sunny slopes,—these alone are the conditions of health and happiness for the tame kinds. If in the open yard with earth-heaps, you could combine a shallow pit with sandy sides for them to burrow in, you would have the best combination that could be effected for these domestic pets.

The hutches should be raised a foot or two from the ground, and allow for every rabbit a space of a clear yard square; the height is of less consequence. No offensive smell should be permitted in the hutch; when any is perceived, it arises from want of cleanliness, and will certainly injure the animals if not removed.



Feed the animals twice a day regularly, early in the morning, and at night. One important rule as to food is, *never to give wet vegetables*, which are absolutely poisonous to them. *Abundant food* is the main thing; and what is there that a rabbit will not eat? I know of nothing green that they will not eat; and if hard pushed, they will eat bark, and even wood. A variety of food is a great thing; and surely the fields and gardens and hedges furnish this variety,—all sorts of grasses, strawberry leaves, and ivy. They should have oats once a day. The leaves and roots of carrots, all sorts of leguminous plants, the leaves and branches of all kinds of trees, wild succory, parsley, pimpernel, &c., may be the diet of rabbits during summer; and hay, potatoes, artichokes, turnips, beetroot, &c., during the winter.

WILD ANIMALS IN THEIR HAUNTS.

A SCENE IN THE BAY OF BENGAL.

THE royal tiger of India still peoples the wild forests of Bengal; though its race there, as everywhere else, recedes before the advance of man. The following terrific incident, is related by two missionaries who travelled through this perilous region:—

"About eleven o'clock in the forenoon, we cast anchor in the Barchurra Nuddie, with an extensive forest on both sides. An hour had just elapsed, when, at about one hundred yards from us, an alligator came up out of the river, to enjoy his noontide sleep in the rays of the sun. After remaining there about half an hour, and being apparently in a sound sleep, we observed an immense tiger issuing out of the jungle, (a dense thicket of forest-trees and underwood,) and bending his steps toward the place where the alligator lay. In size, the tiger exceeded the largest that we had ever seen; and his broad, round face, when turned towards us, striped with white,—his fierce eyes, together with the amazing apparent strength of his limbs,—made the stoutest heart on board tremble at the thought of encountering such a dreadful foe. With the most cautious pace imaginable, the tiger approached the alligator; his raised foot remained some seconds before he replaced it on the ground; and so he proceeded, till he came within the power of his leap, when, exerting all his strength, and bounding from the earth, he descended immediately upon the alligator's back, and seized it by the throat. The monster of the deep, roused from its slumber, opened its tremendous jaws and lashed its terrific tail; and while the conflict lasted, each seemed to exert its utmost strength. The tiger, however, had the advantage; for he had grasped the alligator in a part of the neck which entirely prevented him from turning his head sufficiently round to seize his antagonist; and though many severe blows were inflicted on the body of the tiger by its saw-like tail, the noble beast of the forest, when the battle was concluded, shook his brawny sides, and seemed unconscious of any pain. Having overcome the alligator, he dragged it a little further on the shore, and sat over it exactly in the attitude of a cat sitting over a captive mouse. He then took the creature in his mouth, and gently walked off with it to the jungle. About ten minutes afterwards, we saw the tiger emerge from the forest; and after gazing at us for a few minutes, and perhaps imagining that we were almost too far from the shore to allow him to attack us, he slowly pursued his journey in a different direction to where he had left his prey, and we saw him no more. In less than an hour afterwards, the alligator, who had been stunned, but not killed, crept out of the jungle, and though evidently much injured, yet, with some difficulty reached the river, and escaped the power of his sanguinary foe. He, however, was too much wounded to remain long in the water, and soon came again to land; but he took the precaution of exposing but a part of his body, and keeping his face towards the shore. He continued but a very short time, and again launched into the deep, repeating his visits to the beach almost every quarter of an hour whilst we remained. The sight was dreadfully magnificent, and one which is very seldom witnessed."

THINGS ABOUT US.

THE CUP AND SAUCER.

It is not well to confine our attention too exclusively to books:

"———— Books we know
Are a substantial world, round which,
With tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our hopes and happiness may grow."

But there is another world about us, in which we breathe, move, and have our being—the world of THINGS. Everything about us demands our careful observation and investigation. It is of no trifling consequence to acquire a habit of observation—that is, to use our senses properly; neither is it a light matter to be able to think about what we observe.

The Cup and Saucer are very common objects, and perhaps few of my young readers have viewed them with the interest they deserve.

Yet, what a history is theirs: sprung from clay and stone, shaped by a most ingenious invention, that has existed from the very commencement of human society; and every point of their finish and adornment the result of beautiful contrivances!

The word porcelain is from *Porcellano*, the Portuguese for cup—that nation having been the first to import cups from China; and is it not surprising that porcelain manufacture should have existed for unknown centuries in those half-barbarous countries, China and Japan? Their delightful tea has been drank in exquisitely beautiful porcelain ware, from the throne to the hut, ever since we have known anything of those empires.

Early in the last century, Réaumur, an eminent French chemist, made laborious and scientific researches into the nature of porcelain, which has since been imitated in all the countries of Europe with more or less success.

It is formed of *petuntse* and *kaolin*—two earths mixed together. Petuntse consists of fragments of a rock, reduced to powder, and elaborately prepared. The kaolin is brought from extensive mines in lofty mountains, and is generally found in small lumps, afterwards formed into bricks. The China and Japanese porcelain derives its texture and fabric from the kaolin, and also the power of resisting intense heat; while from the petuntse or rock it gains strength and capabilities of defying still more powerful agents.

China and Japan do not send out of their empires their finest porcelain productions; but we know that they have acquired the art of producing tea-sets whose splendid whiteness, beautiful transparency, and delicate painting, almost defy rivalry,—especially that rare kind which they immerse in *hoa che* (another fine earth, of singularly glutinous qualities), before drying and glazing the articles, which, thus finished, appear of a texture incomparably fine, whilst they are painted with the utmost delicacy. The whiteness of all the Chinese porcelain is produced principally by *che-kao*, a kind of stone powdered and mixed with lime and ashes.

Of recent years, our own country has been found to yield, in Devon and Cornwall, an inexhaustible supply of the earths required for all sorts of porcelain and earthenware. Since this important discovery, our energetic and talented manufacturers have been working vigorously to supply all our tables with beautiful tea and dinner sets suited to our means. The rich and great obtain from our potteries at Derby, Worcester, Coalbrook-dale, Rotherham in Yorkshire, and a few other places, porcelain cups and saucers that fairly challenge the admiration of East and West; whilst the bulk of the population in England, America, and many other countries, are supplied with an endless variety of tasteful pottery, at low prices, from our celebrated Staffordshire potteries.

Now let us see how the cup and saucer are made. The preparatory operations are the same in every country. The clay, or infusible earth, has to be mixed with stone or fusible earth, and they are together made into a paste, ready for the workman who shapes the vessels. Each kind of earth has to be submitted to various processes, to purify it and render it available. Even the common clays for coarse earthenware have to be dried and powdered, and mixed and kneaded with the feet and the hands, and prepared to a nicety for the potter's wheel. This is a very ancient invention, often mentioned in the Old Testament. All kinds of round ware are formed upon it. It consists of a plate or disk, which is spun very swiftly round. A lump of the prepared clay is placed upon it; it spins round; the workman's hands seem but to touch the clay, and there is the cup in its first rude form.

Then the vessel goes from workman to workman, each giving it some new grace. One applies it to the mould; another makes the handle, and puts it on; a third polishes it with a chisel, especially round the edges, to make it thinner; a fourth shapes the bottom of the cup. If there are any flowers or other ornaments in relief, these are made separately, and then put on. Some workmen stamp patterns; others engrave them.

Common earthenware is baked generally but once; porcelain goes in and out of the furnaces many times. The cup and saucer of fine texture are enclosed in cases formed of coarse clay, to preserve them from smoke and dirt. The cases (called siggars or saggers) are packed one on the other in the kilns or furnaces, the fires of which increase gradually until the porcelain is as hard as required. The vessels are now in the "fisant" state, and resemble dull white marble. Porcelain clay in this state is used for small pieces of sculpture.

The cup and saucer in "fisant" are next glazed, which consists in covering the porcelain with a coat of fusible or vitreous matter—that is, which melts in heat. The beauty of porcelain and all other ware greatly depends on the glaze. Some are glazed with "electro plating."

Now the articles go back to the furnaces, and this finishes the *white* vessels; but the cup and saucer that have to be painted and gilded pass into new hands.

The colours are composed of metallic oxides: oxides of iron give red; gold, precipitated by means of tin, gives violet and purple; copper gives green; cobalt, blue; earthy materials, slightly ferruginous, give yellow, brown, and black; and, by the way, black is the most difficult of all colours to be produced in pottery. The colours in which our potteries most excel are purple, blue, and pink. In these they cannot be surpassed.

The colours laid on, the cup and saucer return to the furnace, and the best porcelain goes and comes thence many times before the painter's work is done.

Gilding is thus accomplished:—It is pencilled on with oil and gold, dissolved by quicksilver. The heat of the enamel furnace then brings the gold to a solid state, and it comes out dull and flat, to be burnished with bloodstones and other polishing substances, to recover its brilliancy. Much care is necessary in this operation, since, if not enough burned, the gold will separate into thin flakes; and if too much, it is not susceptible of fine polish. It is often returned to the enamel furnace six or seven times, until, at last, the cup and saucer stand complete before you.

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The Rose.—"What a pity," said little Sophy to her elder sister, as they walked together in the garden,—"What a pity it is that the rose, when it has ceased blowing, does not bear fruit! It would thus show some gratitude in summer time for all the sweetness and beauty bestowed upon it in spring. You tell me it is the type of innocence and joy; then, it might also become the emblem of thankfulness."—"But my love," replied her sister, "do you forget that the rose lavishes all the perfection and loveliness of its nature upon the adornment of spring? and in return for the dew and the sunbeams which descend on it from above, does it not yield its own sweet fragrance? Having been created for the spring, it dies along with it. What would you more?" Remember, my dear Sophy, that gentle, unseen thankfulness is the most grateful of all. And how, indeed, can innocence ever be unthankful?"

THE HAPPY HOUR.

The Charade is at present a very favourite entertainment, and is well calculated to enlarge our knowledge of words and their associations; it also promotes thought, and forms an introduction to the study of verse, in which Charades are usually written; there are, however, prose Charades also, and if you have no special liking for rhymes, we advise you to try what you can do in this way. A well expressed prose Charade is certainly to be preferred to a clumsy one in doggrel, in which the sense is distorted for the sake of the sound. Choose a word containing two or more expressive nouns, and describe each noun separately, and then the whole in enigmatical language; in order to do which, you will have to *think* about the object, its nature, parts, qualities, uses, and associations. Here is an example for you to guess at, and answer in our next Number:—

CHARADE.

A country enriched by my *first*,
While peace and prosperity reign,
May yet be reduced to the dust,
If pleasure ascendency gain.

My *second* has never been seen,
Nor ever by stratagem bound;
But yet in all countries has been,
And only is known by a sound.

There is not a seafaring soul
That has to the Indies been borne,
But owes to the aid of my *whole*
His safety and speedy return.

THE GAME OF QUESTIONS.

One thinks of a person, place, or thing; the others put questions respecting it, to assist them in guessing, and are answered by "Yes" or "No."

Suppose one thinks of a pin, the others ask—Is it a person? No.—A place? No.—A thing? Yes.—Having ascertained thus much, you know that you must put questions concerning things only. So you begin again:—Is it animal? No.—Vegetable? No.—Mineral? Yes.—Now you must put questions concerning minerals:—Is it Natural? No.—Artificial? Yes.—Then would follow:—Is it made of Metal? Earth? Stone? A natural product of this country? Light or heavy? Strong? Large? Small? With many other questions concerning its use. Perhaps there are few games more deserving to be cultivated than this; but it requires to be well played.

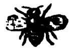
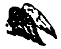
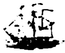
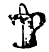
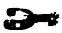
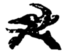
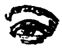
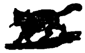
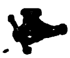
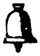
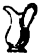
ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

Two Arabs sat down to dinner; one of them had five loaves, the other three. A stranger passing by, desired to eat with them, which they agreed to. The stranger dined, laid down eight pieces of money, and departed. The proprietor of the five loaves took up five pieces, and left three for the other, who demanded to share the eight pieces. The case came before the magistrate, who said: "Let the owner of the five loaves have seven pieces of money, and the owner of the three loaves one." Will our readers explain the justice of this sentence?

ENIGMA.

I am but small, yet I am strong, especially in my head and neck. I am very fond of old apple trees, and I like those branches best which contain the most insect broods. I work very hard, and continue at my labours two or three hours at a time. Between the bark and the wood I find ample feasts, and I like them the better for the trouble they cost me. Some pity me as a drudge, condemned to incessant toil and slavery; and the postures I place myself in, to get at the delicious morsels I covet, are supposed to be painful; but I am made for the life I lead, and that I like it, you may all know, by my eager motions, and my lively cry. I and my mate build in an apple, pear, or cherry tree, if we find one to suit us. We first choose the tree, and then I cut out a hole in the solid wood; and if you can cut one more perfectly circular, I am mistaken. We generally dig down into the body of the tree. The entrance to our house is just large enough for one of us to enter, but the house itself is roomy, capacious, and smooth, as if polished by the cabinet maker. We leave no litter, for we carry out the chips, and strew them at a distance, to prevent suspicion. I forgot to mention that my name very well describes the noise I make when I dig for food.

MORAL HIEROGLYPHICS.

A met a , and  ing pleased with the beauty of its , made an offer of friend . "I  think of it," was the reply, "as you once  ned me." "Impossible!" exclaimed the ; "I always entertained respect for you." "Perhaps you do now," said the other, "but when you insulted me,  was a  ter I. So let me give you a piece of ad : never insult the hum , as they may 1 day become  superiors."

*** We shall be happy to receive any Solutions to our Pastime from our young friends. Our approbation of their performances will be marked by dividing them into 1st and 2nd Classes. At the end of the year our approbation will be still further marked by the distribution of useful Prizes according to merit, which will be estimated by the number of times that the names of our young competitors are found in the respective classes. For example, those found most often in the 1st Class will be entitled to the best rewards.

*** *Correspondents will meet with prompt attention. Contributors to the Girls' Work-table and our Pastime will please to observe the following rules:—*

1. *To send full instructions with their Patterns.*
2. *To give the Solutions with Charades, Enigmas, and Practical Puzzles.*
3. *To enclose a Stamped addressed Envelope, if the paper is to be returned, in case of non-acceptance.*
4. *To state distinctly whether the Communications be original or not.*

Address to Editor at Printers', 23, Middle Street, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

BE CHEERFUL.

BY MARY BENNETT.

Be cheerful, like the cheerful birds,
That morn and evening sing,
As in and out the leafy boughs
They dart with shining wing.

Be cheerful, like the summer morn,
So pure, and fresh, and sweet,
When sunlight smiles on field and stream,
And gentle breezes greet.

Be cheerful, like the lambs that play
Upon the grassy mead,
And in unmurmuring quietness,
Among the herbage feed.

The cuckoo and the grasshopper,
Teach us with cheerful voice;
And e'en the little buzzing fly,
Calls on us to rejoice.

The gnats that circle round and round,
When evening shadows fall;
The fish that in the brooklet sport,
Bid us be cheerful all.

The cock that crows so lustily,
To warn us of the hour;
The active, flitting butterfly,
The bee that sips the flower;—

All say, be cheerful, while the glow
Of early youth is thine;
Before the stings of later years
Have pierced the soul divine.

Be cheerful, 'tis a debt you owe
For mercies daily given;
What less, for all its precious gifts,
Can you return to Heaven?

Be cheerful, each one in your lot,
Whatever that may be;
For duty should be happiness
Enough for you and me.

E'en if a troubled path we tread,
Bright angels smile around;
So let there still in every lot,
A cheerful heart be found.

All is not wrong that seemeth wrong;
The darkest night must cease;
So let the smile chase off the tear,
And pain shall end in peace.

Be cheerful, 'tis the wisest plan
To trust a Father's care;
For well we know His sleepless eye
Is watching everywhere.

THE GIRL'S WORK-TABLE.

THE use of the needle is of the first importance to girls, and with it are associated many pleasing and ornamental arts, conducive to a refined taste. These feminine employments and accomplishments it will be our pleasure to promote and assist, by making our instructions as clear as possible, and our designs suitable to the learner.

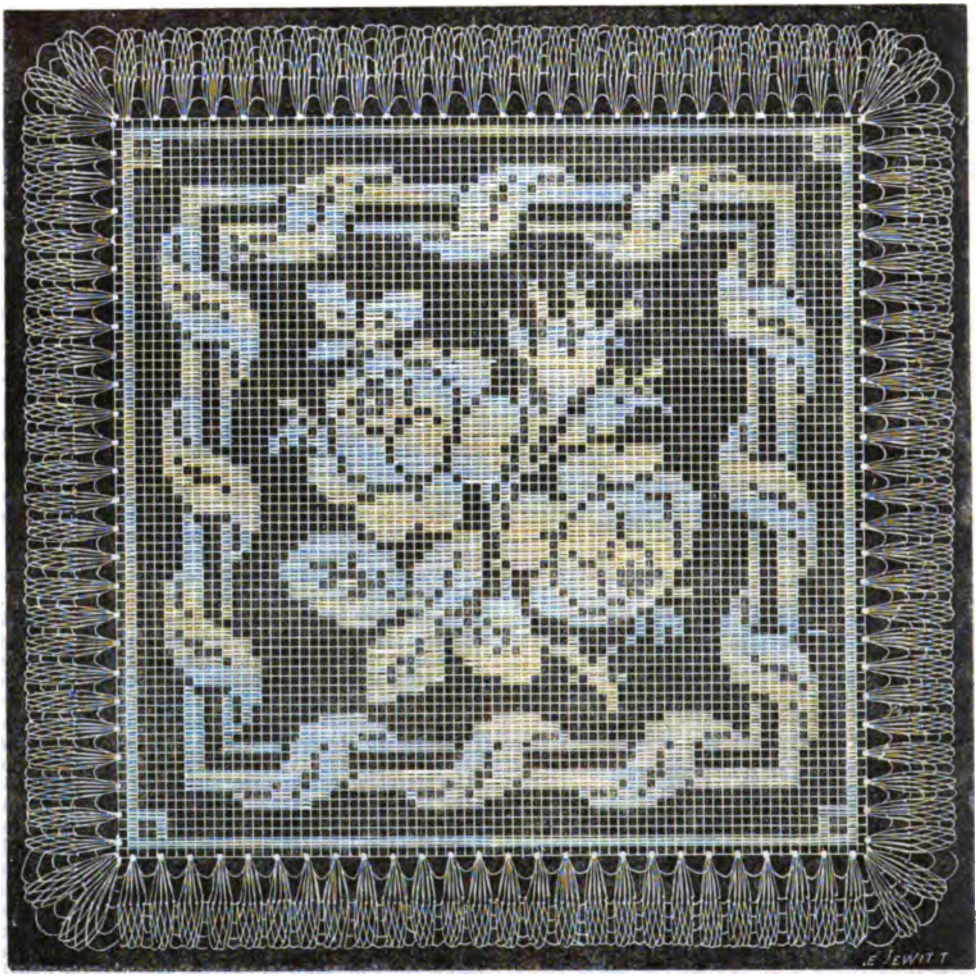
ANTIMACASSAR,

IN NETTING AND DARNING.

MATERIALS.—The proper Cotton for the Netting is No. 10 for the centre, No. 6 for the five long loops on the border, and No. 10 again for the four last rows, of Crochet Cotton of Messrs. Walter Evans & Co., of Derby. The Darning is done with No. 10 of their Knitting Cotton. Mesh No. 1, one quarter of an inch; mesh No. 2, one third of an inch; mesh No. 3, three quarters of an inch.

ALL young ladies find great pleasure in employing their leisure time in making pretty articles of various kinds for their own use, and still more as presents to those they love. We shall do our best, from week to week, to offer a choice for their selection, always endeavouring to make our explanations and instructions as plain and easy as possible.

We begin with a really elegant Antimacassar. It is done by darning on a netted ground. All young ladies know how to net; and if there should be any exceptions, it can be learnt in a few minutes. The best way of doing the square netting is by commencing with a line across the centre, from one corner to its opposite, for a foundation; this foundation is a stout thread tied both ends together, and fastened to the knee with a pin, or passed under the foot to hold it tight; the end of the thread on the needle is tied to this; the mesh being held in the left hand on a line with it, take the needle in the right hand, let the thread come over the mesh and the third finger, bring it back under the mesh, and hold it between the thumb and the first finger, slip the needle through the loop over the third finger, under the mesh and the foundation thread; this will form a loop, which must be passed over the fourth finger; withdraw the third finger from the loop, and draw up the loop over the fourth, gradually tightening it on the mesh, keeping the thumb firmly over the mesh while forming the stitch. When the necessary number of stitches are made on the foundation, the other rows are to be worked in the same way, backwards and forwards. For this Antimacassar, cast on 79 loops. Then net a row, only taking care that at its end you must take up the two last loops, instead of one. In this way the rows gradually shorten till at last you get to a single loop. In this stage of the work it looks like a half handkerchief. To do the other half, so as to make the square, you must draw out the string



ANTIMACASSAR IN NETTING AND DARNING.

which has been the foundation of your netting, and, with a bodkin, thread it in and out of the loops in a regular line about four in depth from its edge, and then recommence your work as before, always being careful to take up the two loops at the end of the line. Doing this makes the square of square netting. All this is to be done on mesh No. 1.

Then take mesh No. 2, and net one all round.

Then take mesh No. 3, and net five loops on one loop, missing two, and so on all round, with the exceptions of the corners, where five of the long loops must be netted on the three of each corner next to each other, to make the border lie flat.

Then take mesh No. 1 again, and net all round. Repeat, only leaving out the connecting loop which comes between. This is to be done four times each round, leaving out the intervening loop. It is in this way that the pretty pattern is formed which makes the edge.

When all this is done, it only remains to darn the pattern, and this elegant Antimacassar will be complete.

THE BOYS' & GIRLS' COMPANION FOR LEISURE HOURS

No. 2, Vol. I.] SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1857. [Price One Penny.

DON'T TELL;

OR, MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

BY MARY BENNETT.

CHAPTER II.

THE day following, the school was in commotion, in consequence of a singular accident, which had happened in the laboratory, where the Curate was showing his pupils some interesting experiments in natural science. Every one had been much frightened by the explosion of gas, and the Curate's hand was slightly hurt.

Then Annie remembered Frederick's words the day before, and looked at Margaret, who coloured suddenly. "If I had told Miss Everitt last night, this would not have happened," thought Annie; and her conscience was troubled. She felt astonished how Frederick could take delight in making mischief.

Margaret watched her closely, suspicious and afraid, until the young ladies after dinner were sent out on the lawn to learn their lessons; then Margaret, walking slowly beside Annie, and while she seemed to con her French verbs, said, "Fred. did not mean to hurt the Curate."

"But, was it not very wrong and dangerous?" Annie said, but spoke timidly, and irresolutely.

"Of course!—I told him so! You heard me?"

"No, I did not," said Annie, simply.

"How *can* you say so?—you did."

"Did I?" Annie in vain puzzled her memory for the lost words. "I do not recollect," she feebly said.

"So you want to make me out as bad as him, and tell of us both," exclaimed Margaret, angrily.

"But I have promised," said Annie; "and I have been taught always to keep my word."

Margaret was soothed. She had so little intention to perform any of her own promises, that she had scanty faith in those of others. But Annie was so quiet and straightforward, and her face was so clear and truthful in its expression, it was impossible not to have faith in her. Still Margaret was fearful.

"So you think a great deal of your word, do you?"

"Don't you of yours?" faltered Annie. "Don't you think our 'Yes' ought to mean yes, and our 'No' no?"

Margaret was silent—she had been so long untruthful.

"You know God hates the false tongue," said Annie.

So Margaret had often heard, but as though she heard it not. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear;" the outward ears are one thing, and the inward hearing is another.

Now it happened that the Curate very well understood who had been tampering with his chemicals—and why? for Frederick was revengeful, and he had been punished just before for other works of mischief and malice. Besides, he had involuntarily betrayed himself, by his restless questions, by his running out of the way of the explosion just *before* it took place, and by his conscious exclamations afterwards.

The Curate charged the culprit with the offence, but met a bold denial. Fred. was, however, kept apart from the other boys for several days, while the matter was investigated.

Margaret, finding her brother under punishment, inferred that Annie must have disclosed something, notwithstanding her promise; and she spitefully laboured to whisper among their schoolfellows suspicion and dislike of Annie, who suddenly perceived that she was shunned and slighted. A child so sensitive and so delicate could not but feel this acutely; and when the young ladies were all out on the lawn, and Margaret, pointing to her, disdainfully and mockingly cried, "Ah! Tell-tale!—Tell-tale!" and others repeated the cry, Annie silently shrank apart, and sat down weeping, while the merry sports went on.

But while this state of feeling lasted, the Curate sent for Margaret to the best parlour, where she went in conscious fear, and saw her brother sitting on the sofa, looking anything but penitent.

The Curate, though now an old man, was an upright and noble-looking figure, clothed in black, and with a shining bald head. His step was firm and quick, his manner full of energy and power; he was, indeed, a very learned and most useful man, constantly active, always pressing forward to the things which are before in his Christian calling.

"Now, Margaret," said he, when he had closed the door, "I have a few serious words to say to you and to your brother."

But I shall not disclose his earnest admonition, the conclusion of which was a very fervent prayer, offered up to Almighty God, that their hearts might be changed, and their young lives amended.

Miss Everitt meanwhile found Annie sitting disconsolate in a corner of the music room.

"Why do some of the children call you Tell-tale, Annie? What have you been telling?"

"Nothing, governess."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, indeed."

"And have you nothing to tell?"

Annie made no answer.

"Have you anything to tell of Margaret or her brother?" Still no answer.

"Very well, Annie." Miss Everett waited awhile, and then slowly left the room. Annie shed bitter tears; every one seemed against her. But she would keep her word, whatever Margaret believed of her, or whatever unjust treatment she might suffer.

Then Ada Temple, a little and rather deformed girl, with a shrewd countenance, came in to practise her music lesson.

Ada had been Margaret's prime favourite before Annie came; since then Ada had been discarded.

Ada was a honest-hearted and fearless girl, who cared for nobody's feelings, and had tolerably blunt ones of her own. It was nothing to Ada whether she was thought kind or unkind. She took little trouble to please any one. When she had been induced to listen to Margaret's confidences, she made no promises, and either laughed at them, or told them to every one concerned; and she cared so little, as was very plain, for Don't Tell, or for Margaret's anger or favour, or any consequences whatever, that she was respected and feared.

"What ails you?" Ada bluntly asked of Annie, turning over the pianoforte music. "Surely you don't fret for being called Tell-tale? If I knew anything of Miss Walton to tell, it would soon be told! You should not mind nonsense or ill-nature. That is the way to be miserable." And Ada rattled away an overture on the piano.

It was as if a few plain words of plain sense shed sudden daylight around Annie.

"Did you hear the Curate's sermon last Sunday?" asked Ada, stopping short in the midst of her flying notes; "and did you remark that the sum of it was, never mind what people say or think about you, if your conscience be right?"

Annie came close to Ada, and brightened up. "There now, you will not trouble yourself so foolishly again, will you?" said Ada.

When Miss Everitt looked in again, uneasy about her orphan charge, Annie was standing close to Ada, turning over her music, and assisting her to practise some new pieces; for Annie was naturally gifted, and had been early instructed, in the concord of sweet sounds.

But unfortunately for Annie, directly Margaret knew from the Curate how he had found out Frederick, and that Annie's 'Yes' had meant yes, and her 'No' no, she would have a passionate reconciliation with her faithful friend, and renew the bond of confidence, which Annie had not the firmness to resist.

I am sorry to say that the admonitions of the Curate had not fallen on good ground. In Margaret they found no root. She improved for a time, but quickly relapsed, neglected her studies, and practised deceptions to cover her faults and escape punishment, and was insolent when reproved; whilst Frederick's conduct became utterly unbearable. He no longer cared to restrain his proud and insulting tongue; he set at defiance the commands of his teachers; and he gave such an example of insubordination, that the Curate, after consulting with his daughter and the assistant teachers, wrote a letter to Mr. Walton about their ill conduct. To this letter no answer was returned.

Margaret coloured everything that was passing to Annie's eyes, and every fresh difficulty of Margaret's was a new trial of the strength and devotedness of Annie's friendship.

At this time, a good friend of the Curate, who lived two miles from the school, planned a treat for the pupils of Ivy House. I should mention that his son was the eldest pupil, whose education was nearly finished, and who was to take his farewell of school at the approaching holidays. George Beatson was fourteen, a tall, lanky, awkward lad to look at, with green spectacles, and very thin hair. He was Frederick's butt. George had thrown himself so entirely into study, that when he came out from his books, he was like an owl suddenly brought from the benighted retreat of a solitary ivy tower, into the blaze and bustle of a crowded street. He was sheepish, and pedantic, and clumsy, and grotesque. But some who laughed at him might have been proud of George Beatson's noble qualities, which had endeared him to his instructors, and rendered him a model of gentleness, patience, and humility, combined with high attainments; for he had studied well in the Latin, French, and German languages; he was thoroughly read in the Holy Scriptures, and in history and geography; and he had a sound knowledge of arithmetic and geometry; and if he was awkward in his manners, he had about him some of the best points of good breeding, being courteous and serviceable at all times, ready to spring hither or thither to wait on any one. Only, to be sure, he was so absent in mind, that one had to be careful with him.

Very happy he was, on the present occasion, to lead his instructors and fellow-pupils to his beloved home, and introduce them all to his mother and father, which he did with the best feeling, in a handsome apartment, where there was a long central table laid out with cakes, and fruits, and other attractive viands, of which the whole party were cordially invited to partake, before the ramble that was in prospect over Mr. Beatson's beautiful grounds.

And now they pass through the open glass-doors into one of the most charming gardens that ever was seen. It was an afternoon of June, brilliant, fresh, and golden; the sky was deep blue, except where trails of light cloud veiled it. The breezes came and went from the south; Annie respired new life as they fanned her pale cheek, and played with her soft, light hair. She had not felt so happy since the shadow of death first darkened her home in Durham. Oh, the scent of the roses, the pale pink, the deep pink, the red-red rose, the white rose, and the most charming of all, the moss rose,—they were all there, and countless other varieties, in clustered pomp and beauty, by hundreds—by thousands. So fine a display of roses, indeed, the Curate and his daughter said they had never before seen; every girl and boy were allowed to gather a bouquet of the choicest they could find. Then there were magnificent scarlet geraniums, a very great number, all growing together in dazzling masses of bloom. A sweetbriar fence enclosed the rose-garden, and delightful mignionette grew along by the side of the sweetbriar. Of course the bees would find their way to these honeyed stores, and as Annie watched them sucking the flowers, she wondered if this one or that one was a worker, or a drone, or a queen-bee, and tried to see how they carried away the honey from the flowers; but their movements were too quick for her, and she was rather timid of the bee-sting.

The butterflies also interested her exceedingly, more than ever they had done before—what lovely wings, what varied colours, and what beautiful markings they displayed!

"Do you like this garden, Annie?" said Miss Everitt.

"Oh!" replied Annie, "angels might live here."

"And you, Margaret,—does this please *you*?" said Miss Everitt, as Miss Walton came towards them with her bouquet.

"We have quite as good at Manchester," said Margaret, disdainfully.

"But that does not lessen the beauty of this."

"Oh, roses and geraniums are common enough."

"And so are light, and life, and truth, Margaret; but they are not the less to be valued,—are they? Let us thank God that He *has* made the most precious things the most common."

But Margaret had neither eyes to see, nor ears to hear, the glories of God's creation. Where there is not peace within the soul, we cannot enjoy or understand nature.

Mr. Beatson led the party to his fruit garden, and showed them his hothouses; and then they walked about his shrubberies. Returning to the house, he opened a room filled with natural objects, carefully arranged: the walls were covered with stuffed birds; and there was a cabinet of shells, of every size and form; and another of geological specimens.

Annie, who could not bear the sight of a caged bird, was charmed with the opportunity of viewing, close at hand, the graceful and airy forms of the tenants of the groves. But when she beheld, in the centre of the room, the vast pinions outspread of a mountain eagle, and observed its kingly aspect amongst all the lesser tribes of the feathered race, she was struck with admiration. The owls, too, very much amused her, they were such odd-looking creatures she thought; but she was most delighted with the splendid parrots, and the smallest of all birds, the tiny humming-bird, one species of which appeared as small as a hazelnut.

The collection of shells had been brought from many climes, and many shores; their delicate tints—their fluted surfaces—their winding recesses, were wonderful to behold; and Annie thrilled to listen to the deep, mysterious sea-tones that came out of them when she put the mouth to her ear.

All these things led on the party to tea-time; and they were not sorry to scent the fragrant China herb, as the servants carried the tea-trays out to tables placed under the trees at the top of the garden of roses.

I cannot describe how the seed-cakes, and the plum-cakes, and the tempting bread and butter were relished, or how the ham and veal pasties were assailed; but this I know, there was plenty of laughter, every face was radiant, and the sun shone bright, and the birds sang, and a proud and gorgeous peacock came with two pea-hens as if to look after stray morsels, and reward the liberal company with an occasional view of its long sweeping tail, shaken out and upspread in all its marvellous beauty. It was then a sight indeed, to view it pace slowly and majestically along, its elegant neck, and graceful head and breast, displaying the most superb tints conceivable.

And then, how the blackbird sang in that old apple-tree! it had so loud and thrilling a voice; and the pigeons could not be overlooked, for they, too, came about the tea-tables looking for crumbs. Pretty creatures they were—a silver-grey one, with soft, yet brilliant eyes, particularly pleased Annie; and George Beatson, with Miss Everitt's leave, gave it to her, and undertook to convey it himself.

Annie was very happy until she saw Frederick sneering at the pigeons and at George. The envious and ungrateful boy wrote in pencil a few words, and thrust them into Annie's hand; she opened and read, George Beatson, D.S. (doctor of stupidity)—F. F. Q. (fool of the first quality). Annie blushed with vexation, and tore the paper and threw the pieces away. "Is this the way you requite kindness, Frederick?" she said to him, indignantly.

Ada Temple was close by; she picked up the pieces and read the words, and showed them at once to George, who certainly looked pained, but he was above small vexations, especially on *this* day; so he returned the paper to Frederick, saying, "You have had trouble enough since you came amongst us, Fred. This was silly of you, but I shall make no mischief; only try to enjoy yourself while you are with my friends here."

"It's a dull affair," said Fred.

"I am sorry you find it so," said George, colouring.

"I do indeed ! roses and stuffed birds are no novelty to me."

"And is novelty essential to your enjoyment ?"

"Always."

"Well, perhaps," rejoined George, embarrassed, "I may yet find something that will entertain you."

"Don't trouble yourself—I don't think it likely," said Frederick.

The discomfited George said no more. Turning, Ada Temple was at his elbow.

"Are you weak enough to be disturbed by that ill-natured boy, George ?" she said. "Meet him with the contempt he deserves."

"Ada, take care !" exclaimed Fred., threateningly, his face white with evil passions, and his hand clenched. "You have meddled too often with my affairs."

"Why, what will you do ?"

He clenched his hands, and moved close to her, still threateningly; but George seized his arm, and Ada called to the Curate, who was examining some flower-roots with Mr. Beatson. "That unhappy boy again !" exclaimed the Curate; "I am quite at a loss to understand how it is no answer comes from his father. I really must send him home." He beckoned Frederick down one of the garden paths, and said to him, sternly, "I have borne with your bad conduct, sir, as long as I am able; justice to the other pupils now demands that I free my school of a boy upon whom kindness and punishment are alike wasted. You must return home."

"Sir, that is what I intend to do, to-morrow. My father writes to me to that effect."

"I have written to your father on the subject, and he has not answered my letter."

"He has answered it to me, sir, and wishes my sister and myself to return immediately."

"But Miss Everitt will not permit Margaret to leave her before she has direct instructions."

"She must go with me, sir, to-morrow," said Frederick, in determined tones.

"Let me see your father's letter."

"I have destroyed it. It would not have pleased you."

"Very well, I shall write again; and you must wait the reply."

Frederick, chafed and scowled, turned to seek his sister, and spoke with her apart for some time. Then he came back to the Curate, and said:

"Sir, Margaret is willing to remain for a few days, but *I* shall go to-morrow." The Curate made no answer. It is sad to think how one unamiable spirit may cast a cloud over the brightest and happiest scenes.

All felt that something unpleasant had occurred: the Curate and Miss Everitt looked distressed, George uncomfortable, Ada Temple indignant, Annie unhappy, Margaret sullen, and Frederick haughty and defiant ; the other children were whispering together. But the kind host and hostess exerted themselves to restore the spirits of the company. Mr. Beatson told laughable anecdotes of his experiences in foreign lands, and his lady distributed fruit and nuts.

(To be continued.)

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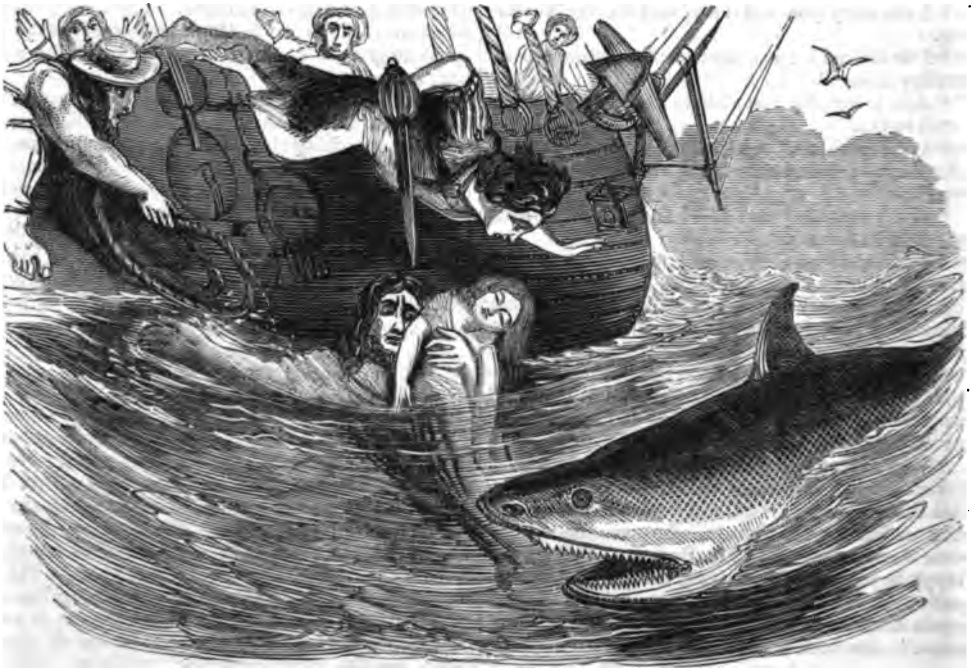
THE IRISH SAILOR BOY.

VOLNEY BECKNER, an Irish sailor boy, was born at Londonderry, in 1748; his father had been a fisherman of that place, and was so poor that he did not possess the means of giving his son a regular school education. What young Volney lost in this respect was in some measure compensated by his father's instructions at home. These instructions chiefly referred to a seafaring life, in which generosity of disposition, courage in encountering difficulties, and readiness on all occasions, are the most important qualities. While yet a mere baby, his father taught him to move and guide himself in the middle of the waves, even when they were most agitated. He used to throw him from the stern of his boat into the sea, and encourage him to sustain himself by swimming, and only when he appeared to be sinking did he plunge in to his aid. In this way young Volney Beckner, from his very cradle, was taught to brave the dangers of the sea, in which, in time, he moved with the greatest ease and confidence.

When Volney was about nine years of age, he was placed apprentice in a merchant ship, in which his father appears to have sometimes sailed, and in this situation he rendered himself exceedingly useful. In tempestuous weather, when the wind blew with violence, tore the sails, and made the timbers creak, and while the rain fell in torrents, he was not idle at his post. The squirrel does not clamber with more agility over the loftiest trees than did Volney along the stays and sail-yards. When he was at the top of the highest mast, even in the fiercest storm, he appeared as little agitated as a passenger stretched on a hammock. The little fellow also was regardless of



ordinary toils and privations. To be fed with biscuit broken with a hatchet, sparingly moistened with muddy water full of worms, to be half covered with a garment of coarse cloth, to take some hours of repose stretched on a plank, and to be suddenly awakened at the moment when his sleep was the soundest, such was the life of Volney, and yet he enjoyed a robust constitution.

Such was the cleverness, the good temper, and the trustworthiness of Volney Beckner, that, at his twelfth year, he was judged worthy of promotion in the vessel, and of receiving double his former pay. The captain of the ship on board which he served cited him as a model to the other boys. He did not even fear to say once, in the presence of his whole crew, "If this little man continues to conduct himself with so much valour and prudence, I have no doubt of his obtaining a place much above that which I occupy." Little Volney was very sensible to the praises that he so well deserved. Although deprived of the advantages of a liberal education, the general instructions he had received, and his own experience, had opened his mind, and he aspired, by his conduct, to win the esteem and affection of those about him.

The vessel to which Volney belonged was bound to Port-au-Prince, in France, and during this voyage his father was on board. Among the passengers was a little girl, daughter of a rich American merchant; she had slipped away from her nurse, who was ill and taking some repose in the cabin, and ran upon deck. There, while she gazed on the wide world of waters around, a sudden heaving of the ship caused her to become dizzy, and she fell over the side of the vessel into the sea. The father of Volney perceiving the accident, darted after her, and in five or six strokes he caught her by the frock. Whilst he swam with one hand to regain the vessel, and with the other held the child close to his breast, Beckner perceived at a distance a shark advancing directly towards him. He called out for assistance. The danger was pressing. Every one ran on deck, but no one dared to go farther; they contented themselves with firing off several muskets, with little effect; and the animal, lashing the sea with his tail, and opening his frightful jaws, was just about to seize his prey. In this terrible extremity, what strong men would not venture to attempt, filial piety excited a child to execute. Little Volney armed himself with a broad and pointed sabre; he threw himself into the sea; then diving with the velocity of a fish, he slipped under the animal, and stabbed his sword in his body up to the hilt. Thus suddenly assailed, and deeply wounded, the shark quitted the track of his prey, and turned against his assailant, who attacked him with repeated lounges of his weapon. It was a heart-rending spectacle—on one side, the American trembling for his little girl, who seemed devoted to destruction; on the other, a generous mariner exposing his life for a child not his own; and here, the whole crew full of breathless anxiety as to the result of an encounter in which their young shipmate exposed himself to almost inevitable death to divert it from his father.

The combat was too unequal, and no refuge remained but in a speedy retreat. A number of ropes were quickly thrown out to the father and the son, and they each succeeded in seizing one. Already they were several feet above the surface of the water. Already cries of joy were heard—"Here they are! here they are!—they are saved!" Alas! no—they were not saved: at least one victim was to be sacrificed to the rest. Enraged at seeing his prey about to escape him, the shark plunged to make a vigorous spring, and darting forward like lightning, with the sharp teeth of his capacious mouth he tore asunder the body of the intrepid boy while suspended in the air.

Thus perished, at the age of twelve years and some months, this hopeful boy, who so well deserved a better fate. When we reflect on the generous action which he performed in saving the life of his father, and of a girl who was a stranger to him, at the expense of his own, we are surely entitled to place his name in the very first rank of heroes. When pressed by emergencies let us cast aside all selfish considerations, and think on the heroism of the Irish sailor boy.

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OUR HISTORIC TREASURY.

Of all the varied and important subjects which it is our intention to introduce to the notice of our youthful readers, none can be more important than history; for our boys and girls will soon cease to be boys and girls, and as it is they who will have to mould the future life of the nation, during their generation, it is most essential that they should study the history of past times, for the better they understand these, the wiser will they think and act for the times that are to come.

Our Historic Treasury will be stored by Aunt Mary, a well-known historical teacher, whose "Cabinet Pictures from English History," published in "The Family Friend," have delighted and instructed a very numerous and intelligent circle of young readers. We are sure, therefore, that our narratives, depicting striking events of former days, will be welcomed, especially as those points will be selected that have most vitality for the intellect, heart, or imagination of the young. Our first subject will be one, the interest of which can never be surpassed, nor the importance, especially to you, dear boys and girls, for by its operations you are taught to read, and indulge in those intellectual pleasures which we and others provide for you.

PRINTING AND ITS INVENTORS.

My dear Boys and Girls,—Aunt Mary now addresses you in her own person, earnestly soliciting your best attention, and delighted to have once more the privilege of entertaining and instructing you.

We shall begin our narrative of Printing and its Inventors, at Haarlem, a fortified city of North Holland, twelve miles from Amsterdam. There, between the years 1370 and 1440, there lived a rich citizen and magistrate, named Lawrence Coster, who dwelt in an elegant house in the market place, opposite the royal palace. It was the custom for the rich citizens and people of leisure in Haarlem, on afternoons and holidays, to walk in the wood contiguous to the city; and Laurence being there, cut letters out of the bark of a beech tree, and afterwards inking them with common ink, took impressions on paper, in the manner of a seal. In this way he formed a few lines of reading for his own amusement, and for the use of the children of his brother-in-law. This succeeding so well, he attempted greater things, and being a man of genius and reflection, he invented a thicker and more adhesive ink, as the common writing ink was too thin, and made blots. He had letters cut in wood, at first using blocks with words cut on them, and afterwards moveable letters, that might be transposed in any way; thus he was able at last to produce books on paper, or vellum, printed or impressed with wooden types held together by threads. His inventive genius, however, proceeded no further. His press was shaped like the common wine presses. The leaves were printed on one side only, and every two leaves were pasted together, to conceal the blank sides. He died at the age of seventy, leaving the art of printing by moveable characters in the state described.

The age of Lawrence was the age of trade "*mysteries*," from which strangers were to be as jealously excluded as if they formed part of the modern empire of Japan. It was often dangerous to one's personal safety to attempt to encroach on the forbidden precincts, as in the instance of the silk manufacture, which was not introduced to England from Italy without many "hair-breadth 'scapes," and even sacrifice of life, for trade has had its martyrs as well as religion. Of course, every trade mystery must have its workmen, but these took oaths of secrecy, the breach of which was regarded as a very great crime, and, if possible, punished accordingly.

One of Lawrence Coster's workmen, named Jan, who assisted at the press under oath, thinking he had learned enough of the art to practice it for himself, watched his opportunity, and one Christmas Eve, while the family and the other workmen were engaged in celebrating the festival, he packed up a number of the types and other materials, and fled with them to Mentz or Mayence, a city on the Rhine. Another of Lawrence's workmen, when he was old, speaking of his former master's inventions, often described with great feeling and earnestness, the numerous trials and experiments made by Lawrence, and when he came to that part of the narrative describing the robbery, he would burst into tears, lamenting his former intimacy with "so vile a miscreant," and exclaiming, that if Jan were still alive, he would with pleasure execute the thief with his own hands. Such were the feelings then entertained toward those who betrayed the secrets of a trade.

Little was it understood then, that the "mystery" of printing, like the wise serpent which swallowed up all the other serpents, was to put an end to all trade mysteries, for this is its inevitable tendency, and to make public for the good of all, whatever is desirable to be known.

The next inventor of Printing, and the man who is now everywhere regarded as the principal originator of the modern art, was John Guttenberg, or Guttemberg, a citizen of Mentz, or Mayence, on the Rhine, where he lived with John Faust and Peter Schoeffer, in a house since well known as "The Printing Office."

Guttenberg was born about the year 1400, of noble and wealthy parents. When he was twenty-four years of age, he went to reside at Strasburg as a merchant. There he lived for many years, during which he expended almost all his substance in printing experiments, until, struggling with difficulties, and meeting obstacles on every hand, he was about to give up his cherished hope of producing books by impression, when he returned to Mentz and took into his counsel John Fust, or Faust, a rich goldsmith of Mentz, who supplied the money for working out his ideas. These two soon began to print books, as Lawrence Coster had done, from wooden tablets and letters. But this was a small triumph compared with that which was soon to follow, for never were energy and perseverance, joined to inventive talent, more wonderfully successful, or more wisely directed.

John Guttenberg, assisted by Faust and Schoeffer, made at last the invaluable discovery, that letters cut in metal might be advantageously used for imprinting copies of books, and at once they turned their attention to the Bible, then a book unknown, except in manuscript, very costly.

And so, between 1450 and 1455, was printed in large letter cut in metal, the celebrated Latin Bible of six hundred and thirty-seven leaves, known as the Mazarine Bible, which was the first important specimen of printing from metal types. A distinguished writer says, "It is a very striking circumstance, that the high-minded inventors of this great art tried at the very outset, so bold a flight as the printing an entire Bible, and executed it with astonishing success. It was Minerva leaping on earth in her divine strength and radiant armour, ready at the moment of her activity to subdue and destroy her enemies."

[In our next, we shall give particulars of Caxton, and Printing in England.]

BESSY AND HER DOG.

By MARY BENNETT.

Bessy was always wandering;
Whilst to her pretty self she'd sing
Many a rhyme—Heaven knows who taught her—
Hour by hour, where no one sought her.
Sometimes on the skirts of a lane,
Bareheaded in a rapid rain;
Sometimes lagging down the hill,
A nutshell at the brook to fill;
Or a-bed on mossy steep,
Lulling herself and doll to sleep;
Now in the wood, now in the meadow,
In the light, and in the shadow.

No one thought, no one cared,
How the little Bessy fared.
Was she hungry, was she fed,
Was she alive, or was she dead;
'Twas no matter; her grief or glee
Moved not a heart that I could see.

And yet, before her friends were dead,
A cotter in the hamlet said
(In answer to a mother's prayer)
He'd guard the orphan child with care.
But when the mother lay in dust,
The cotter broke his holy trust:
And like a little gipsy wild
Roamed the poor ragged orphan child.

A friendless dog, a famished hound,
Bessy had in the hamlet found;
And fed it daily as she could
With scraps from her own wretched food.
The dog was of a noble kind;
It had a fond and grateful mind:
Happy, he rested at her feet,
Listening to her prattlings sweet,
Her voice of freshest native song;
Or roamed with her the mead along,
Or gambolled round, or rushed away,
Scattering the timid sheep in play;
Or tore between his teeth the clover,
Until some bee assailed the rover;
Or climbed the hill to view the down,
Bark o'er it, and then scamper down:
All tricks of fun, that pleased the child,
And many a lonely hour beguiled.
And well she loved the friendless hound,
And oft would clasp his neck around;
And pillow her head on his shaggy ears,
In mirth, in sleep, in laughter, in tears.

There came a glorious summer day,
And the child and dog roamed far away;
They came to a stream more deep than wide,
Transparent as glass thrice purified.
How Bessy stretched her round blue eyes!
Verily here was a blithe surprise!
Forget-me-nots had starred the stream
With beauty, like an angel's dream:
She looked in their eyes, these blue star flowers,
And they in hers, oh, holy powers!
How the young spirit sprang to life,
With its own feebleness at strife.
New fancies kindled, and new love,
As she looked below, and looked above,
To the heaven above, and the heaven below,
Underneath the water's flow.

A verdurous bank, bent green and steep,
The matchless stream to guard and keep;
Sentinel weeds of stately form
Kept watch and ward in calm and storm;
A purple beech-tree overhung;
Wild tresses of the willow swung
Heavy on every passing wind;
And oak and elm met close behind.

Among the weeds the child crept down—
She hardly knew the waters could drown—
And wading in, how pleasant was
The soft cool stream, and merry buzz
Of the water-flies and honey-bees,
And wasps and hornets under the trees!
She could live for ever with that fair water,
As it were her mother, and she its daughter.

No harm feared she, the happy child!
Singing her simple ditties wild;
And prattling gaily, as she bound
With the long grass her posy round;
Till bending down where clustering grew
Forget-me-nots of fairer blue
Than any elsewhere in her view.
Angel of Death! they were thine own:
She slipped upon a treacherous stone,
And sank deep in the lovely stream,
Under the evening's golden gleam.

The mournful midnight fast drew near,
Weeping for Bessy tear on tear—
For, cold as the Norland winter snow,
She lies among the rocks below.
Hark! the howl of her dog is heard,
Startling many a sleeping bird;
The moon grows old, the dog still lies
'Midst the forget-me-nots—and dies.

◆

Honour thy Father.—Some persons, if they rise in life, are almost ashamed to own their parents if they are poor. Not so Archbishop Tillotson. When he was Dean of Canterbury, he had a party of friends at his house, when a plain Yorkshireman came to the door and asked if John Tillotson lived there. The servants were about to order him from the door, when one of them went in and told the Dean that an old man was inquiring for John Tillotson, and would not go away. The Dean immediately went out, and finding, as he expected, that it was his father, said, in the presence of the astonished servants, "It is my beloved father!" He went on his knees and asked his blessing, and instantly introduced him to his friends.

THE HAPPY HOUR.

1.

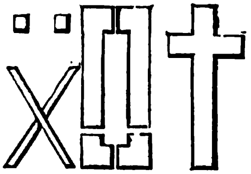
REBUS.

Let five precede a *bird*,
In *it* a letter place.
You'll have in view a word,
Which gives to language grace.
R. R. B.

PRACTICAL PUZZLES.

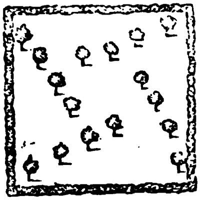
2.

THE PUZZLE OF THE CROSS.



Cut out of a single piece of paper, and with *one cut of the scissors*, A PERFECT CROSS, and all the other forms in the annexed engraving.

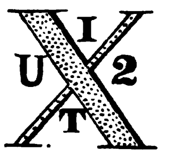
3.



A neighbour who owned half an acre of ground,—
A freehold,—desired to know
The way to apportion it into four plots
That would take in four trees in a row.
"I'd alter my garden directly," he said,
"Provided you'd send in a plan,
To Sycamore Villa, to-morrow, by noon,
Or to-day, if you fancy you can.
There's one thing I'd almost forgotten to name,
'Tis this—they must all be *exact*
In appearance and shape." Having told you this much,
I leave others to publish the fact.

HIEROGLYPHIC SENTENCES.

4.



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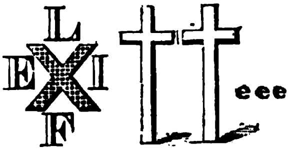

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

First Class.

Agnes (your solutions were all correct, and we cannot but express our admiration of your handwriting; for a little girl, it is charming).—Little Ben (clever answers).— Tom (we were pleased with your remarks on the Philosophic Mouse, and that the little creature's dread experience has given you some information in natural science; we hope you will keep your promise, and follow "mousey" to the end of his adventures, which you will find more interesting as he proceeds). —Two Brothers (correctly answered, but we would prefer in future that each sent his own solutions, as both may not be entitled to the honour of the first class).

Second Class.

Annie (the arithmetical question was purposely given to develop the organ of number, which is too apt to remain unregarded by little ladies, and their seniors too; by and bye they will not be so difficult, especially if you determine not to be conquered by them).—Charles (you ask us so prettily, that we cannot refuse; in an early number you shall have instructions in kite-making).—Mary & Lizzie (we place you together, because we have the same remarks to offer to both, namely, that we hope soon to see an amendment in your grammar and orthography; and more serious still, there are expressions in your notes which call for reproof, as they show a state of mind far from pleasing in youth; we mean indolence). —William Evans (your regrets and hopes are creditable to you; we sincerely wish you may realise the latter).—Busy Bee (we hope you will use your wings, and fly to the top. The sweetest flowers are in the first class).—Little Jack (promising, and chiefly that you are resolved to try and not despair).—Thomas Haynes (the same remark applies here also).—Eliza (we shall be happy to receive the pastime you refer to, and although we cannot promise it publication, it shall have an early decision).—Harry (our little magazine will also be published in monthly parts).—Lucy (in each number we intend to give a needlework pattern; we are happy to find you like our first number sufficiently well to recommend it to your little friends).—Harrold (an acquaintance with figures you will find most essential to advancement; we make this observation in the hope that you will not allow yourself again to be defeated by our arithmetical problems; writing, creditable).—Emma (very neat replies; no doubt you will soon gain higher honours).

"Reminiscencies of Early Life." Received too late for insertion this week, but we will try to find a corner in our next.

Matthew (many thanks for your contributions, but they are hardly suitable to the juvenile mind, which it is our pleasure to address in these pages. We hope to hear again).

The Philosophic Mouse will resume his Adventures in the next number.

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ANSWERS TO PASTIME (p. 10),

Charade.—Trade-wind. (In our companionship with our young friends, we are anxious to instruct as well as amuse; and even in our Pastime this desire will not be overlooked. Although many of you have correctly solved our Charade, we may reasonably doubt your acquaintance with the interesting phenomena of Trade-winds, and we therefore call attention to a brief history of them at p. 23.) Arithmetical Question.—The magistrate's sentence was just; for suppose the loaves to be divided each into three equal parts, making twenty-four parts in all the eight loaves, and each person to eat an equal or eighth part; therefore, the stranger had seven parts of the person who contributed five loaves, or fifteen parts, and only one of his who contributed but three loaves, which make nine parts. Enigma.—Woodpecker. Moral Hieroglyphics.—A humming-bird met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its wings, made an offer of friendship. "I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me." "Impossible!" exclaimed the humming-bird; "I always entertained respect for you." "Perhaps you do now," said the other, "but when you insulted me, I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice: never insult the humble, as they may one day become your superiors."

⁂ We shall be happy to receive any Solutions to our Pastime from our young friends. Our approbation of their performances will be marked by dividing them into 1st and 2nd Classes. At the end of the year our approbation will be still further marked by the distribution of useful Prizes according to merit. For example, those found most often in the 1st Class will be entitled to the best rewards.

⁂ *Correspondents will meet with prompt attention. Contributors to our Pages will please to enclose stamps, should they require their communications to be returned if not accepted.*

Address to Editor at Printers', 23, Middle Street, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

TRADE-WINDS.

Winds are currents of the atmosphere, they are Permanent, Periodical, or Variable.

At the equator, the earth being always much heated, there is a constant upward current of air, which flows over on each side towards the poles. The cold air from the poles sweeps in to supply the place at the equator, becomes heated in its turn and rises; so that there is a continual current up from the equator over to each pole, then down to the surface again, and inward to the equator. But the atmosphere at all points is moving with the earth, and at the same speed; and as the earth does not move so fast near the poles as at the equator, the air coming in from the poles is not rotating so fast as the equatorial parts over which it sweeps, so that the earth, as it were, moves away from the air from west to east, making the air appear to move the contrary way, or from east to west. This produces, for a space of about 30° on each side of the equator, a permanent current of air, flowing from the eastward, which is called the Trade Wind. The upward current of air occurs from a space of about 6° wide at the equator, which is called the Region of Calms. The air is here calm and foggy, except when occasionally disturbed by furious storms. Beyond the region of the trade-winds, the air which comes from the equator begins to cool and sink down, but as it is moving with the equatorial velocity, and therefore faster than the earth now beneath it, it produces a general westerly movement in the winds of the temperate zones. With us the winds are Variable, but a south-westerly wind is the most common. In the other temperate zone a north-westerly is the prevalent wind The perfect regularity of the trade-winds renders them highly serviceable to traders by sea, and hence their name.

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THE GIRL'S WORK-TABLE.

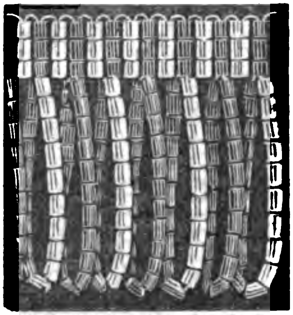
THE BUTTERFLY MAT,

IN BERLIN WOOL AND BEADS.

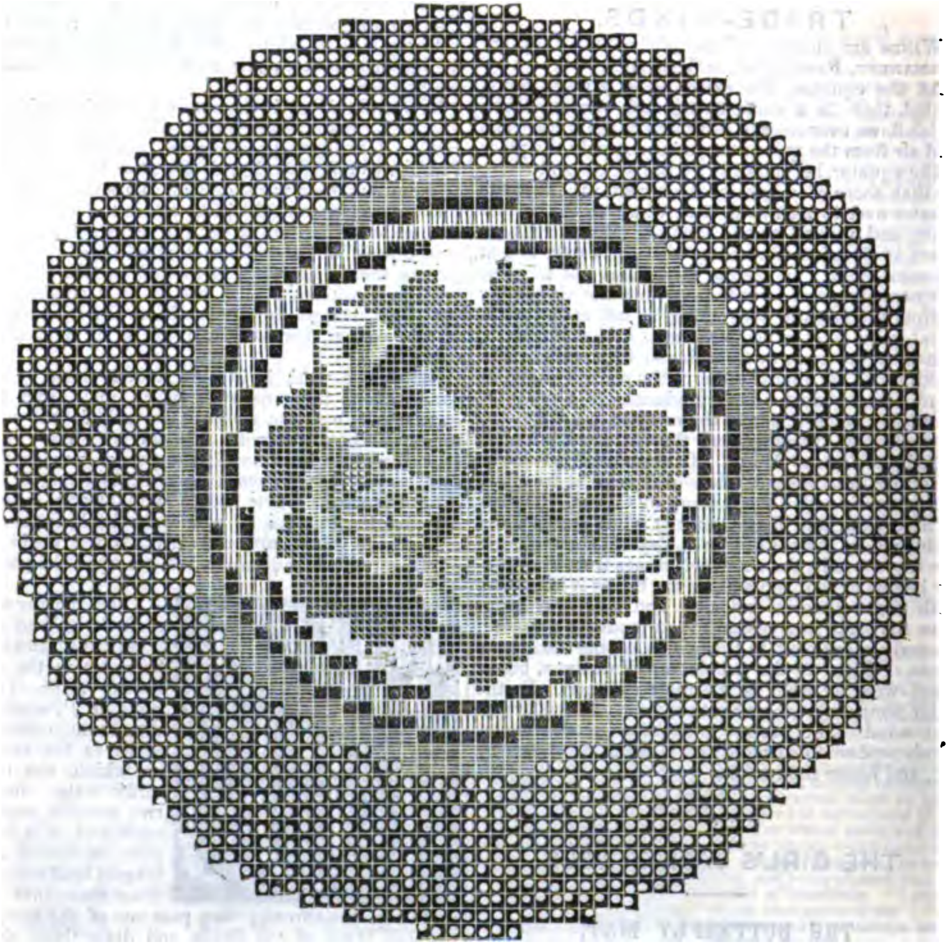
This mat is to be worked on very fine canvas and on single threads. The outline of the butterfly is black as well as the body. The upper wings are red, the edges being tipped with yellow done in floss silk. The lower wings are to be worked in a dull orange, tipped with red, the latter also in floss silk. The two spots on the upper wing, and the one nearest the body on the lower wing, are all to be in black. The other spot on the lower wing is to be of bright French blue, in floss silk. The three lines which form the round of which the butterfly is the centre, are black, orange, and then black again. The ground within the black line all round the butterfly is to be white. The Vine leaf upon which the butterfly is resting, is worked in three shades of bright green.

When all this has been done, a small piece of muslin must be tacked over it to keep the colours fresh and bright while the rest of the work is being completed. Two rows on double threads are now to be worked all round in green wool, and all the space between this outer circle and the inner one is to be filled up with clear white beads; not the very smallest of the seed beads, but one of a size that will just cover the canvas, taking two threads to each stitch. This is best done with fine silk, taking up a single bead each time, and passing the needle to the cross corner of the canvas, leaving the bead on in a slanting direction.

When the work is in this state it must be cut round about three quarters of an inch from the outer circle, and the rough edge tacked over with many stitches, but with fine thread. Then cut a true round in pasteboard, the proper size for the mat, and stretch the work upon it, fastening it behind by means of a needle with strong thread, carrying the stitches all round the back, from one side to the other, until the canvas is firmly and securely stretched and fastened down upon the pasteboard.



The mat being now ready for its bead bordering, the latter is to be made in the following way:—Take some O. P. beads of the same coloured green as the centre on which the butterfly rests; thread two needles, one at each end of a long piece of thread, and take six beads on to it; draw them into the middle of the thread; then pass one of the needles through three of the beads, and draw them close together, still in the middle of the thread; then take three more beads on one of the needles, and pass the other through them, drawing them close up to the last, and so continue until you have a chain long enough to go round the mat. Then take one of the needles, and thread seventeen beads; then pass the same needle back through the same three beads, returning it down the next three; then thread seventeen beads, and repeat until all the three head beads forming the chain have a loop attached; then with the other thread, join the end of the chain, passing it up and down two or three of the upper rows of beads which form the heading, after tying the thread



THE BUTTERFLY MAT, IN BERLIN WOOL AND BEADS.

together. This not only makes the fastening more secure, but also hides the ends of the thread. We may as well mention also, that whenever it is necessary to join the string it must first be securely tied, and then each end may be passed through four or five of the adjoining beads before the useless part is cut off. The knot going into the centre of the bead prevents it from being any blemish.

The fringe being thus made, it must be sewn on to the mat by means of one firm stitch after each bead, taking in the thread of the heading. This is to be done close to the white bead ground, and on the green line which forms the margin.

It now only remains to line the mat, which is best done with green baize or some kind of woollen cloth, as, being soft, it prevents furniture from being defaced and injured.

We hope that we have made our explanation as plain as possible. We all know that the Butterfly is a very beautiful object in nature, and we can assure our young lady readers that the Butterfly Mat is very pretty also.

THE BOYS' & GIRLS' COMPANION FOR LEISURE HOURS

No. 3, Vol. I.] SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1857. [Price One Penny.

DON'T TELL;

OR, MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

BY MARY BENNETT.

CHAPTER III.

A LITTLE rain fell as the party were about to return home, and going to the door to see if it had stopped, the children uttered exclamations of delight: a rainbow arch, with its brilliant colours, was thrown across the sky, the extremities seemed to rest on elevated ground in the distance, and Annie fancied it looked like a bridge for angels. Since she had lost her dear mother, her thoughts and fancies dwelt much on spiritual beings.

The walk home was delightful. First, through a winding private road skirting Mr. Beatson's cornfields and green pasture slopes, which formed themselves into exquisite pictures as seen at different openings of the hedges. The lambs, plump and white, frisked about the grass, and the mother-sheep nibbled away, without so much as the bark of a dog to disturb them. The cows, too, in this secure retreat, revelled in abundance, and looked almost as gentle as the sheep. The Curate pointed out the picturesque shadows on the slopes, and the remarkable beauty of the foliage.

The roadside, as they went along, displayed a boundless feast of wild creations. Graceful and stately weeds and grasses nodded their heads, adorned with all the new colours of the season; and wild flowers peeped out from amidst the crowd. A small flower of deep blue was especially abundant; and the children gathered handfuls of it. Annie now thought she liked it even better than the roses: wild flowers appear so directly to manifest the goodness of God. He has flung them forth with His bounteous hand for common delight. They are for the poor children, and for the wayside wanderer, to refresh, and to gladden, and to tell the drooping heart that, whatever its trials are, God is love.

A gipsy woman in picturesque attire sauntered along by the hedge-side, singing a wild song to herself, and now and then stopping to look after her ragged and bare-legged boy, who was behind, picking the blue flowers, and looking after butterflies.

Frederick Walton was soon in conversation with this boy, who walked by his side, till the road opened out on the heath, when he held the gate with a smiling face for all the party to pass through, receiving a few pence for his trouble. Fred. was last; and as he ostentatiously threw sixpence for him on the ground, he said something that the other could not hear, and the boy nodded with a cunning smile.

The evening was very bright and warm, and as the school was just across the heath, the Curate allowed the boys and girls to roam about at freedom a short time among the heather and furze, while he and his daughter seated themselves under a solitary group of trees, on elevated ground.

Annie now found Margaret close to her, with looks expressive of having much to say, not meant for other ears. Margaret selected a mossy hillock on which to rest, and drew Annie beside her.

"You are a true friend to me," she said, "and I will keep nothing from you, for I know now that you are not like Ada Temple, the mischief making tell-tale. Why did she show George that nonsense?"

"She ought not to have done so," said Annie, "because it pained him for no good at all."

"I don't care about his pain," said Margaret, "for he *is* a 'great stupid,' and a 'fool of the first quality;' but why did she try to make the Curate angry again with my brother? I hate her. But you, my dear darling Annie, would never serve us so; and I have something to tell you, very important, which you must not disclose for the world."

Now Annie ought directly to have refused to hear any more of Margaret's confidences, for she knew they were wrong—they could only place her in false positions, in perplexity, and embarrassment; but she *wanted firmness;* her impulses were all those of unselfish kindness. But you know, my little readers, other good qualities beside kindness are requisite for a discreet and worthy character.

Annie forgot what was just to herself, and even what might be right towards others whom these confidences concerned. She saw Margaret in serious trouble, anxious to relieve her full heart, as she thought, by free communication to her faithful little friend; and that was enough.

Margaret then revealed to Annie that the Curate had written a letter about them to their papa; that he sent it to the post by the boy who cleaned the shoes and knives, and sometimes waited as page. "Fred. met Tom in the hall, with the letter in his hand. No one was there but themselves. Fred. looked at the letter, for he had a suspicion, and he read the direction. Tom then went out, and Fred. followed him over the green (it was half-holiday). 'Tom,' he said, 'I will post this letter, and here is a shilling for you. Don't tell.' Tom and Fred. had been very friendly, and Tom wanted just to run home to his mother's cottage, to see if his father had mended his shoes, and to get some cherries. So Fred. got the letter, and read it, and showed it to me."

"Did he not post it?" Annie asked, in amazement.

"Not he. Such a letter as that, indeed! Why, it gave a shameful account of us. Fred. said to me, 'I shall post a letter, certainly; but it will be a different one to this.' And he wrote to papa, giving a very bad character of the school, and begging him to send for us home; and papa has written to us to come. The Curate would have had a letter, too; but Fred. entreated papa not to write to him until we were home, or we should be punished. Papa has enclosed money for us to return with."

Annie had listened with a shock of surprise and almost terror to this bad disclosure. She now rose from the mossy hillock on which they had been sitting, and averted her face, which fully expressed her feelings. Margaret then clasped her arm, in an agony of supplication, exclaiming—

"Oh, don't tell, Annie dear; don't tell."

"You have trusted me," said Annie. "I would rather suffer anything myself than bring punishment on you; but, oh! what shall I do? You have done very wrong, Margaret. Your brother is a wicked boy. You have given a false character of the school; for you know, and so does Fred., that the Curate is a good man, and that Miss Everitt is as kind as a mother; and the other teachers have never injured you in any way. And what can you say against the other pupils?"

"They have told tales of Fred. and me; the teachers are a low set, and we hate them all, excepting you."

"Margaret, I will not be your friend any longer," said Annie, with unwonted spirit; and she left her and walked towards the group of trees where the Curate and Miss Everitt were. Annie went up to Miss Everitt; and as she met her kind and gentle smile, she felt the deep wrong that had been committed, and catching hold of her hand, she hastily kissed it. Miss Everitt placed her on the rustic seat between the Curate and herself, and then observed her flushed face, and the kindling of her eye, as it glanced towards Margaret, who stood still and alone among the furze.

"You are too intimate with Miss Walton, my dear," said the Curate; "she is a dangerous associate for you. I am sorry to be obliged to speak so of her."

"I have just told her that I will not be her friend any more," said Annie; "and I will not."

"But whence this sudden resolution, Annie?" said Miss Everitt, half smiling.

Annie panted with the burden of her secret, but nothing could have induced her to betray Margaret. It was a *mistaken kindness*.

Miss Everitt saw that something was amiss, but deemed it best to let Annie alone to the silent workings of her heart and conscience; but she kept hold of Annie's hand for the rest of the way home, and kissed her affectionately as she dismissed her to bed.

The Curate, at post-time the next morning, as still no answer came from Manchester, questioned Tom particularly as to whether the letter to Mr. Walton had been safely posted. Tom shuffled about, and looked this way and that, but especially to the door, as if he would like to get out of the room. Tom had been taught good principles at the village free school, but "Don't tell" betrayed him into falsehood. He did not like to tell of Fred., nor to be blamed himself, so he said to the Curate he had posted the letter carefully. But the Curate was not easily deceived—he was dissatisfied—he thought he read guilt on the boy's face. He knew that one person who does wrong—be it child or man—makes many others do wrong.

Frederick now appeared ready for his journey. The Curate, in a quiet but decided tone, requested him to remain a few days longer, when the Midsummer holidays would commence, and he could leave school at the same time as the other pupils. Frederick objected, and insisted on having his own way; but the Curate still mildly requested him to stay, saying, that during the few days he would have to remain, he would be at perfect liberty as respected his studies. And so, most unwillingly, Frederick postponed his journey; but he would not go again into the school-room.

(To be continued.)

THE PHILOSOPHIC MOUSE.

CHAPTER II.

When you have perused this and the following chapter, you will no doubt accord with me, when I say, my knowledge this evening was gained by experience, and at the hazard of my life.

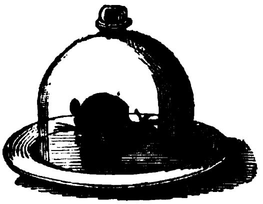
Criminal I consider the conduct of every individual who refuses to learn; and yet how many thousands are there that hate learning — that would rather remain in ignorance, than trouble themselves to search for knowledge, as for a hidden treasure! But how much worse is that character, who, when opportunity offers, refuses instruction;—who refuses, when nothing more is required than his attention!

I take no praise to myself for what I have acquired, either on this or any other opportunity; because you know, as well as I do, that I was compelled to undergo whatever Mr. Philosopher thought fit. I had one consoling promise, that my life should not be in danger; and but for this, I believe I should not have submitted with so good a grace.

In all troubles, how much better is it to bow to the hand that over-rules, than to increase them by our own obstinacy and opposition; especially when such resistance cannot possibly avail, and may probably increase our difficulties.

I perhaps was not singular, inasmuch as that my life was hazarded for experiment; but I believe my case was a non-parallel in being compelled to hazard my life for experiment.

I was dragged from my prison by that appendage to my tail, the string, and put into a large glass receiver, which was placed in a plate con-



taining water, to prevent the air having access at the bottom; and the top was secured by a ground-glass stopper; thus it was rendered perfectly air-tight. Into this vile contrivance I was placed; but, to the credit of the philosopher be it spoken, he had previously placed a square piece of wood for me to stand upon, that I might not be affected with the cramp, from long continuance in the cold water.

Now, my dear children, what can you conceive that I was placed in such a situation for? Nothing wicked enough, I am persuaded, can enter into your imagination; it was for nothing less than to see how long I should be dying in that situation, (though he did not mean to kill me quite, he said; but only to bring me to the verge of death: and that he pretty well did,) without having access to fresh air.

The body of air which surrounds the earth is called the atmosphere, or otherwise termed atmospheric air. It is this air we breathe, and without which we could not live. In a certain portion of this air (about two quarts) I was placed, for the purpose above stated.

The air possesses a vital principle which supports life. When this principle is exhausted, men and animals must die, if not in a situation to receive a fresh supply.

CHAPTER III.

I WILL now explain the formation and component parts of atmospheric air.

Atmospheric air is composed of a variety of gases. Gas is an elastic, aeriform fluid. The term gas does not include those aerial substances which arise from water, æther, and other fluids, on the application of heat, which come under the denomination of vapour; because they are easily condensed into their respective fluids again: whereas, the gases retain their elasticity in every variation of the temperature of the atmosphere.

Atmospheric air, then, is a combination of gases in the following proportions, taking 100 parts:

Azotic or Nitrogen Gas	75
Oxygen Gas	23
Carbonic-acid Gas	1
Aqueous Vapour	1
	100

Oxygen gas is termed vital air. Its presence is indispensably necessary to support life; and without it, combustion cannot take place.

Azotic or nitrogen gas has the effect of neutralising the proportion of oxygen, and renders it fit for respiration.

Carbonic-acid gas is called fixed air. It is unfit for respiration. It is this gas which produces the many unhappy incidents of suffocation at the opening of cellars, and in places where cider or beer is suffered to ferment. This gas is ten times heavier than atmospheric air. There is another gas frequently combined with atmospheric air, especially in hot weather, termed, hydrogen gas. This gas is thirteen times lighter than atmospheric air, and is the gas used for filling balloons. It is known to miners by the expressive name of Fire-damp, otherwise called inflammable air. The explosion of this gas, when mixed with atmospheric air in the higher regions of the atmosphere, we call thunder and lightning. Now I am speaking of gases, I will notice one more, which is used for the purpose of lighting the public streets and buildings. It is called carburetted hydrogen gas, or heavy inflammable air. It is nothing more than hydrogen gas holding carbon in solution. This gas is likewise the cause of the explosion of gunpowder; not the only cause, for something more is necessary. The component parts of gunpowder are nitre, charcoal, and sulphur. The nitre, when ignited, produces oxygen gas; the charcoal, carburetted hydrogen gas, or heavy inflammable air. The sulphur, at the same time that it ignites the nitre and charcoal, explodes the gases that are thus generated by the ignition.

I believe I have sufficiently explained that oxygen gas is necessary to the support of life and combustion; consequently, we infer that whatever will destroy combustion will destroy life: therefore, if I remained under the receiver until the oxygen, contained in the small portion of atmospheric air with which I was enclosed, was exhausted, it necessarily follows that I must die; and if, at the same time, a burning taper were introduced, it would be immediately extinguished. Now your inquiring minds will, of course, wish to be informed how the oxygen of the atmosphere becomes exhausted: this I will explain. The air, immediately that it enters the lungs of animals, undergoes a change: the vital part (oxygen) is retained, and unites with the blood. At the same time, the lungs impart a portion of carbonic-acid gas to the air that is exhaled; and thus air becomes contaminated. Air is equally necessary to vegetable life; for vegetables inhale and exhale air at the pores of their leaves: they retain the carbon, and part of the azote, and exhale a very great proportion of oxygen. Thus the vegetable and animal kingdom reciprocally support each other; for that which is the life of vegetables is the death of animals, and *vice versa*.

A man consumes rather more than twenty-five cubic feet of oxygen gas in a day, which amounts to about one-fifth of atmospheric air; consequently he renders unfit for respiration or combustion 125 cubic feet of air every day.

Now I think it is pretty well time to remove your anxiety respecting myself. "Yes," say you, "I shall be glad to hear how you fared under the receiver." I have made you acquainted with the quantity of air rendered every day, by man, unfit for respiration or combustion. The reason for my being put under the receiver, was to ascertain the quantity of air corrupted by a mouse in a given time. I was four hours confined, before the oxygen contained in the two quarts of air was completely exhausted; and if you had seen me at the termination of the four hours, you would not have given a cheese-rind for my life. The termination I have no remembrance of; but the restless weariness, the lassitude, which I felt previously, is indescribable. I remember seeing a lighted taper introduced at the glass stopper, which was instantly extinguished; I believe it was repeated. But I fainted, and of course all recollection at that time was gone. When I recovered, I found myself swinging in the garden, at the end of the string, as we sometimes see spiders at the extremity of their webs. After this, I was remanded to my prison, and treated with sweetmeats, which, you know, my palate likes. The determination was, that a mouse renders unfit for respiration or combustion a pint of air per hour. I quite ridiculed the result of the experiment: a pint of air, in comparison with the whole atmosphere, which is supposed to be forty-five miles high, and encompassing the earth. I wish Mr. Philosopher would try one experiment that I would recommend, and in which I should have no objection to be the living part of the apparatus necessary. Let him set before me a jar of preserves; then mark the time, and see how great a proportion of them I could consume in an hour; and I am bound to say, it should form no relative proportion to the quantity of air I consume in an hour, when taken in connexion with the whole atmosphere.

(To be continued.)

DOMESTIC PETS.

THE CANARY.

"How is it, brother," said the eldest Miss Adams, while her pet canary was happily perched on her finger, "that we never see any of these pretty creatures in the woods and fields?"

Master Tom, to whom the question was put, was either too much engaged with *his* pet, or, more likely, he did not know, what to answer. No doubt there are many other little bird-keepers among our readers, who would be glad of the information that Miss Adams sought, and who, perhaps, like her, had no little brother who could enlighten her. So we will give you a few particulars of these sweet little pets.

The reason the canary is not seen in our fields and woods is this, that England is not his home, but that he is a captive from a foreign land. The bird we are addressing you about is a native of the Canary Isles, from which, you will at once perceive, it derives its name. It was first brought into Europe two hundred and fifty years ago, and we will tell you how, for it is interesting.

A ship, bound for Leghorn, having on board a number of these beautiful birds, was wrecked near the Island of Elba, on which island the birds that escaped from the disaster found the climate so congenial to their nature, that they made their home there. But, alas! for them, while here, their beauty and charming song attracted the attention of bird-catchers, who hunted them so assiduously that, after a while, not a single specimen was left on the island. The captive birds were first sent into Italy, and from that country we have the earliest accounts of tame canaries. In Germany, also, they are bred in great numbers, far more so than in any other part of the European continent; at the same time, it is admitted by all that the choicest birds are those bred in our own country.

Their colour in the wild or native state is a little greyish-brown, with a tinge of olive green pervading its plumage, shading off into greenish yellow on the under parts. The jonquills—as the golden-coloured canaries are called—are indeed lovely creatures.

The size of the canary is about five inches, including the tail, which is two inches and a quarter long; the legs are flesh-coloured, rather long, and slender. The whole shape of the bird is extremely elegant, and its motions full of vivacity. The colours of the female are brighter in plumage, and her body is generally somewhat more slender, although she has a longer and thicker head.

Remember, hitherto we have described the canary in its wild state. It is hardly possible to give a reason how their change of colour is produced, for while in a wild state, as we have seen, they are greyish-brown, in a domesticated condition, they are a clear yellow, or white; and the wings, tail, and head,

which should be crested, a rich golden dun colour. Naturalists suppose this change of plumage is derived through its breeding with the citril, a little bird of Italy, and in Germany with the linnet, greenfinch, and siskin.

There are thirty distinct varieties of the canary, and these are placed in two divisions—the plain and the variegated, or, as they are called among fanciers, "gay-birds," and the "jonques, or jonquils."

It should be the desire of all who keep birds to pay them as much careful attention as possible, seeing that we deprive them of their liberty for our pleasure. Their food is of great importance towards their maintenance of health.

Canaries are seed-eating birds: rape and canary-seed are the best kinds to give them as a general diet. During the moulting and breeding seasons they require richer food, therefore it will be well to mix a small proportion of hemp-seed with the others, as well as a little hard-boiled yolk of egg, chopped small; occasionally, too, a small portion of raw lean meat, scraped fine. During the hottest part of the year, let them have green food, such as salad, water-cress, and, while it can be had, the cage should never be without groundsel, of which they are very fond. It is a mistaken kindness to overfeed with delicacies a feathered pet: many are killed by such treatment. Plain diet is the best for them, as well as yourselves, my little friends. Beware of keeping sugar between the golden wires of their prisons, for although some birds will only peck at it occasionally, others are immoderately fond of sweets, and will take so much as to cloy the stomach, and bring on disease. Pastes and powders are apt to turn sour, in which state they act like poison on the birds. Moist food should never be kept more than twenty-four hours; in hot weather give it fresh twice a-day, and wash out the vessels carefully each time.

To young birds, if you have to feed them by hand, give wheaten bread crumbled, or biscuit grated fine, and mixed with bruised rape-seed and yolk of hard-boiled egg; moisten this with a little water into a paste, and about four quill-fulls given to each bird ten or twelve times a day. As they grow up and become able to feed themselves, this quantity must be gradually decreased, and increase that of the seed, mixing with it, occasionally, canary and linseed; the latter is considered good for the voice.

These "pets" are liable to many diseases, inherent, no doubt, to their captivity: the most serious of which are surfeit or rupture; egg rupture; scab in the head; sweating; sneezing; overgrown claws and beak; huskiness and loss of voice; constipation; epilepsy; diseased feet; and moulting sickness. Should your "pets" fall under any of these misfortunes, it will be well for you, young friends, to consult with your parents how to treat them; no doubt they will be able to assist you; and in order that they may do so with advantage, we recommend to them "Bechstein's Handbook of Cage and Chamber Birds."*

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* Published by Ward & Lock, 158, Fleet Street, London.

The water-vessels to their cages should be of porcelain, and attached on the outside of the cage, the interior of which ought to be at least a foot in height, eight inches in length, and about the same in breadth—that is, for one bird.

As soon as young birds are able to feed themselves (about three weeks old), will be the proper time to commence teaching and training them. Those which are to be taught to pipe or whistle an air, should be placed in separate cages, hung in a darkened room, unless the cages are covered; but the material for this purpose should not be so stout as to exclude the air as well as light. The tune must be correctly and clearly whistled to them, or played on a bird-organ, at intervals of two hours, repeating the tune at each interval five or six times. The morning and evening are the most favourable parts of the day for giving the lessons. While under tuition, they should be regularly but sparingly fed. Some are more quick at learning than others, and should be removed from the schoolroom as they are perfect in tune. With care and attention these birds may be taught almost anything; for the canary is a very apt scholar, and much pleasure will be derived in teaching it. In the strains of those bred in England, the notes of the lark predominate; but there is no bird whose song is more delightful to hear than the canary that has had a nightingale for its instructor.

Many a high tribute has the poet paid to this cherished bird. One writes—

> "Each day I listen'd to thy varied song,
> Pleased with the labours of thy little tongue:
> Sweet was thy song when morning shed its ray;
> Sweet was thy song when evening closed the day."

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A **Good Rule.**—A man, who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied: "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money till I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in the day, I must do that the first thing, and in half an hour. After this I was allowed to play; and I then could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity." Let every boy who reads this, go and do likewise.

WILD ANIMALS IN THEIR HAUNTS.

THE COMMON ANTELOPE.

This gentle and social creature is most familiar in Southern Africa, where vast herds of antelopes gather, yet where, strange to say, every species keeps apart,—the natives of the plains separate from those of the forests, and these again distinct from the antelopes of the plains and marshes; every site retains the species peculiar to it. The general mode of life of all the species is social—they love to congregate together; anything like loneliness appears to be abhorrent to them. Providential, then, is the arrangement, that creatures of such habits are mild and inoffensive; for very fearful would be the result, if the vast herds of antelopes were animated by the fierce instincts of the lion or the tiger. A traveller in Southern Africa thus describes the herds visible on one of the immense plains of that region:—

"At this high level we entered upon a very extensive, open plain, abounding to an incredible degree in wild animals; among which were several large herds of quakkas, and many *wilde-beests* or *gnues;* but the *spring-bucks* were far the most numerous, and, like flocks of sheep, completely covered several parts of the plain. Their uncertain movements rendered it impossible to estimate their number, but I believe, if I were to guess it at two thousand, I should still be within the truth. This is one of the most beautiful of the antelopes of Southern Africa; and it is certainly one of the most numerous. The plain afforded no other object to fix the attention; and even if it had presented many, I should not readily have ceased admiring these elegant animals, or have been diverted from watching their manners. It was only occasionally that they took those remarkable leaps, which have been the origin of the name; but when grazing, or moving at leisure, they walked or trotted like other antelopes, or as the common deer. When pursued, or hastening their pace, they frequently took an extraordinary bound, rising with curved or elevated backs high into the air, generally to the height of eight feet, and appearing as if about to take flight. Some of the herds moved by us almost within musket-shot, and I observed that in crossing the beaten road, the greater number cleared it by one of those flying leaps. As the road was quite smooth and level with the plain, there was no necessity for their leaping over it; but it seemed that the fear of a snare, or a natural disposition to regard man as an enemy, induced them to mistrust even the ground which he had trodden."

Another writer says :—

"It is scarcely possible for a person passing over some of the extensive tracts of the interior, and admiring that elegant antelope the springbok, thinly scattered over the plains, and bounding in playful innocence, to figure to himself that these ornaments of the desert can often become as destructive as the locusts themselves. The incredible numbers which sometimes pour in from the north, during protracted droughts, distress the farmer inconceivably. Any attempt at numerical computation would be vain; and by trying to come near the truth, the writer would subject himself, in the eyes of those who have no knowledge of the contrary, to a suspicion, that he was availing himself of a traveller's assumed privilege. Yet it is well known in the interior, that on the approach of the *Trek-bokken* (as these migratory swarms are called) the grazier makes up his mind to look for pasture for his flocks elsewhere, and considers himself entirely dispossessed of his lands until heavy rains fall. Every attempt to save the cultivated fields, if they be not enclosed by high and thick hedges, proves abortive. Heaps of dry manure (the fuel of the Sneeuwbergen and other parts) are placed close to each other round the fields, and set on fire in the evening, so as to cause a dense smoke, by which it is hoped the antelopes will be deterred from their inroads; but the dawn of day exposes the inefficacy of the precaution, by showing the lands, which appeared proud of their promising verdure the evening before, covered with thousands, and reaped level with the ground. Instances have been known of some of those prodigious droves passing through flocks of sheep, and numbers of the latter, carried along with the torrent, being lost to the owners, and becoming a prey to the wild beasts. As long as these droughts last, their inroads and depredations continue; and the havock committed upon them is of course great, as they constitute the food of all classes; but no sooner do the rains fall than they disappear

"To the above description of the migratory swarms of springboks I have little to add from my own observation. I once passed through a most astonishing multitude scattered over the grassy plains near the Little Fish River. I could not, for my own part, profess to estimate their number with any degree of accuracy; but they literally *whitened*, or rather *speckled*, the face of the country as far as the eye could reach over those far-stretching plains; and a gentleman, better acquainted than myself with such scenes, who was riding with me, affirmed that we could not have fewer of these animals, at one time, under our eye, than twenty-five or thirty thousand.

"I am not aware whether any species of antelope nearly allied to the springbok is to be found in the northern parts of Africa, or in Palestine; but it is a singular circumstance that the name of this animal, in the Bichuana language (*tsebe*), is precisely the same as that used in the Song of Solomon, to designate an animal of the antelope family, erroneously rendered *roe* in our translation.

"The springbok is easily tamed when caught young. I have seen it, in several places, reared as a plaything for the children, at the farms of the colonists,—sometimes playing like a pet lamb about the doors, among the numerous swarms of dogs and poultry,—in other instances accompanying the flocks of sheep and goats to pasture, and returning as regularly and quietly as the rest.

"Such facts demonstrate how easy it would be, with a little care and management, to enlarge the list of domesticated animals, by adding to them many species of such as are at present considered the most shy and impracticable."

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OUR HISTORIC TREASURY.

PRINTING AND ITS INVENTORS.

(Continued from page 20.)

WELL may the city of Mentz be proud of having printed the first Bible—the highest point reached by John Guttenberg, who, after that, was highly honoured by the great of his fatherland; he enjoyed the privilege of nobility, and had a pension bestowed on him. He died in 1468, and was interred in the church of Recollets, at Mentz.

Twenty years ago, a fine statue of John Guttenberg, by the great sculptor, Thorwalsden, was opened in the city honoured by his genius, in the presence of at least fifteen thousand strangers, who vied with the people of Mentz in their enthusiasm for the memory of the first printer with metal types,—the first printer of the Bible.

One great improvement in metal types was made by Peter Schoeffer, servant of Faust, who "perceiving his master's design, and being himself ardently desirous to improve the art, found out (by the good providence of God) the method of cutting the characters in a matrix, that the letters might each be singly cast, instead of being cut. He privately cut matrices for the whole alphabet; and when he showed his master the letters cast from these matrices, Faust was so pleased with the contrivance, that he promised Peter to give him his only daughter Christina in marriage—a promise which he soon performed. But there were as many difficulties at first with these letters, as there had been before with wooden ones, the metal being too soft to support the force of the impression; but this defect was easily remedied, by mixing the metal with a substance which sufficiently hardened it." This new improvement was of course guarded with the utmost care—under oaths of secresy—but Providence had decided that the time was come for the bursting of the barriers. In 1462, Mentz was taken and sacked by Archbishop Adolphus (a singular task for an Archbishop, you will say), and the workmen employed by Guttenberg, Faust, and Schoeffer were dispersed into different countries, and by them the invention was publicly divulged. That same year, a new edition of the Latin Bible had been produced with *cast* metal types, at so great an expense to the producers, that 4,000 florins were spent on it before the third quire of four sheets was printed. Previous to this, Guttenberg never used any but wooden or *cut* metal types.

Faust now went to Paris, taking with him a large number of Bibles, and began to sell them as manuscripts, at manuscript prices. At first he obtained five hundred or six hundred crowns each, the sums usually charged by the scribes who copied the Bible,—for you have not forgotten that all books were written with pen and ink before the invention of printing, which was as yet unknown in France, as it was in England. In a short time, Faust lowered the price of his Bibles, and came down from six hundred to sixty crowns. The Parisians were puzzled, and still more so when Faust's Bibles were to be bought for thirty crowns, and as many of them were to be had as people chose to buy. The uniformity of the copies (impossible if performed by hand) excited great wonder, and Faust was charged with producing Bibles by magic. His lodgings were searched, and a great number of Bibles were seized. The red ink with which they were embellished was said to be his blood; it was the opinion of the authorities that he was in league with the devil; he was cast into prison, and most probably would have suffered death as a magician, but that he saved himself by revealing the secret of the art. Here you have the origin of that wild legend "The Devil and Dr. Faustus." It is supposed that Faust died of the plague in Paris, in 1466.

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INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A BLUE-COAT SCHOOL-BOY.

A FRIEND to the BOYS' & GIRLS' COMPANION writes, "that among many cherished reminiscences of her early life, is the following one, which has always been deeply impressed upon her memory." She then goes on to say, that being engaged to spend a day with a most particular friend, the lady of Doctor Yeatman, of Clifton, she found her reading a letter from her son, a scholar in the Blue-Coat School, Christchurch, London; and that from this letter she made the annexed copy:—

MY DEAR MAMMA,—You will, I am sure, be much surprised at seeing the enclosed card. and more so when I tell you it was given me by the celebrated man whose name it bears. This is how it happened.

I was going to the post-office with the letter I wrote to you last week; and on looking at a clock, I found I could not do so without being too late for school. While I hesitated what to do, I saw a gentleman coming on, and I accosted him, (for I was anxious not to disappoint you, dear mamma,) and said:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but will you have the kindness to post this letter for me? for I am afraid, if I go on to the office with it, I shall be too late for school, and that I am anxious to avoid."

The gentleman looked astonished at my request, and said:

"What, my boy, do you trust your letters to strangers?"

"Oh, no, sir; but I am quite sure you are a gentleman!"

He then took my letter, and saying, "It is necessary you should know to whom you have entrusted it," put his hand into his pocket and gave me the enclosed card, on which you will see the distinguished name of the

HONBLE. WM PITT,

(who was then prime minister of England); and patting me on the head, he said, "Remember, never trust your letters to strangers."

I remain,
Dear Mamma,
EDMUND CHARLTERS YEATMAN.

We hope our young readers will bear in mind the gentle reproof given to Master Yeatman by the great statesman; and rememoer, that in entrusting your letters to strangers you might not be so fortunate as him in finding an honest man.

◆

LOVE.

BY MARY BENNETT.

GOD hath given me store of love:
All the things that breathe and move,
I love, I love.

I love the earth, I love the sky;
The sweets that bloom, the sweets that die,
I love, I love.

I love the trees, songs, birds, and flowers;
The summer and the winter hours,
I love, I love.

I love the fairies and the moon;
The balmy eve, the sunny noon,
I love, I love.

I love the sun; the brave, free blast;
Repose, and thoughts of trouble past,
I love, I love.

I love the rich, I love the poor;
The tatter'd beggar at my door,
I love, I love.

I love the friends of love and truth;
Childhood, old age, and merry youth,
I love, I love.

I love the good, the great, the free;
In all things I some charm can see;
But, most of all, whoe'er loves me,
I love. I love.

THE HAPPY HOUR.

CHARADES.

6.

When clouds obscure the azure skies,
Man hastens to avoid my first;
And from my next a weapon flies,
Which ancient Britons used of erst;
My whole is seen, if weather be not fine,
And it attests a covenant divine.

R. R. B.

7.

My *first* is equally friendly to the friend and the lover, the toper and the student. My *second* is light's opposite; yet they are frequently seen hand in hand; and their union, if judicious, gives much pleasure. My *whole* is tempting to the touch, grateful to the sight, but fatal to the taste.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

8.

A cunning servant agreed with a master who was unskilled in numbers, to serve him eleven years—without any other reward for his services than the produce of one wheat grain for the first year, and that produce to be sown the second year, and so from year to year, until the end of the time. Now supposing the increase to be uniformly in a tenfold proportion, and 7680 grains of wheat to fill a pint measure, how much would his eleven years' wages amount to, estimating the corn at 6s. per bushel?

9.

If 100 stones be placed in a right line, exactly a yard asunder, and the first a yard from a basket, what length of ground must a person go who picks them up singly, returning with them one by one to the basket?

TRANSPOSITIONS.

10.

A word transpose, whose music greets the ear
With concord of sweet sounds, harmonious, clear;
Another sound 's now heard, at which we start—
A sound appalling to the feeling heart.

11.

Complete, I am seen in air;
Beheaded, I'm juice of the pine;
Revers'd, am but vermin: ye fair,
My meaning now quickly divine.

12.

Complete, I'm hypocrisy; beheaded, an insect; curtailed, a drinking vessel, and a very common verb.

◆

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FIRST CLASS.

LITTLE BEN (this looks well).—**EMMA** (we prophesied this promotion in our last. We hope you will persevere and keep it).—**NODDY** (we are as equally pleased with your writing as the correctness and arrangement of your solutions).—**HENRIETTA** (is it possible that you are only eleven? the elegance of your writing, and the correctness of your answer, would do credit to one far more advanced in years).

SECOND CLASS.

HARROLD (no figure puzzles this time, but you are still defeated from the first class; but we must in fairness say that you solved all correctly but one).—**WILLIAM EVANS** (you have barely kept your place: we assure you had we instituted a third class, there we should have placed you).—**THOMAS HAYNES** (no progress, except that the writing is somewhat amended).—**LITTLE JACK** (send your address, and we shall be happy to forward you a packet of bills for distribution among your friends).—**CHARLES** (you must answer *all* to entitle you to the first class).—**PETER** (only wrong in one; you will see which. Ten words in your short note wrongly spelt: do not give us the opportunity to make this remark again).—**RICHARD BENSON** (we shall be glad of the Pastime you refer to; no doubt it will prove interesting: you can post eight of our numbers for one stamp).—**PEACOCK** (very good: send in your Essay on Boys' Sports; we will peruse it).—**HENRY WALES** (we hope for better next time).—**L. L. JEWITT** (you have not replied to the Pastime in our second number, so our award must be understood for your endeavours with that given in the first, which was not very promising: at the same time we were glad to find you correct with the Woodpecker, for it always gives us pleasure to see youth acquainted with natural history. The initials of names of persons and books should be capitals).—**MARY & LIZZIE** (we beg to acknowledge a letter of thanks from your parents for our reproof contained in our last, and we are still more happy to acknowledge from yourselves a letter far different in spirit and intelligence to that which called forth our censure: we shall be glad indeed if the impression now made be of a durable character, for of all evils indolence is to be shunned as the parent of a multitude of vices).—**ELIZA** (you omitted the promised Pastime; solutions excellent).—**CHARLES** (not so good as last; your note is nicely punctuated, but crookedly written).—**BUSY BEE** (you may fly, but you certainly do not mount).—**LUCY** (we shall be glad to find you as well pleased with the other portions of our Magazine as with the Needlework; you will find in it as much to delight as to improve).—**JACK HORNER** (we have always a corner for boys that love to try; and you always will find, while you have a mind, our Pastime more sweet than mince pie).

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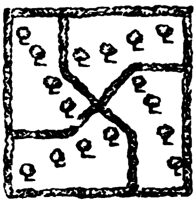
ANSWERS TO PASTIME.

(*Page* 22)

No. 1.—V-ow(e)l.

2.



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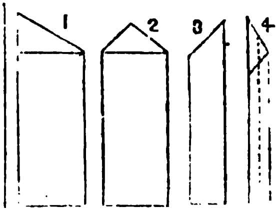

3.—Take a piece of writing paper about three times as long as it is broad, say six inches long and two wide. Fold the upper corner down, as shown in fig. 1; then fold the other upper corner over the first, and it will appear as in fig. 2. You next fold the paper in half lengthwise, and it will appear as in fig. 3 Then the last fold is made lengthwise also in the middle of the paper, and it will exhibit the form of fig. 4: which, when cut through with the scissors in the direction of the dotted line, will give all the forms mentioned

4.—I expect you to tea. 5.—Expect in life large crosses and little ease.

⁂ We shall be happy to receive any Solutions to our Pastime from our young friends. Our approbation of their performances will be marked by dividing them into 1st and 2nd Classes. At the end of the year our approbation will be still further marked by the distribution of useful Prizes according to merit. For example, those found most often in the 1st Class will be entitled to the best rewards.

⁂ *Correspondents will meet with prompt attention. Contributors to our Pages will please to enclose stamps, should they require their communications to be returned if not accepted.*

Address to Editor at Printers', 23, Middle Street, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

THE BISHOP AND THE BIRDS.

A BISHOP, who had for his arms two fieldfares, with the motto, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" thus explained the matter to an intimate friend:

"Fifty or sixty years ago, a little boy resided at a village near Dillengen, on the banks of the Danube. His parents were very poor, and almost as soon as the boy could walk he was sent into the woods to pick up some sticks for fuel. When he grew older, his father taught him to pick the juniper-berries, and carry them to a neighbouring distiller, who wanted them for making Hollands.

"Day by day the poor boy went to his task, and on his road he passed the open windows of the village school, where he saw the schoolmaster teaching a number of boys of about the same age as himself. He looked at these boys with feelings of envy, so earnestly did he long to be among them. He was quite aware it was in vain to ask his father to send him to school, for he knew that his parents had no money to pay the schoolmaster; and he often passed the whole day thinking, while he was gathering the juniper-berries, what he could possibly do to please the schoolmaster, in the hope of getting some lessons.

"One day, when he was walking sadly along, he saw two of the boys belonging to the school trying to set a bird-trap, and he asked one what it was for. The boy told him that the schoolmaster was very fond of fieldfares, and that they were setting a trap to catch some. This delighted the poor boy, for he recollected that he had often seen a great number of these birds in the juniper wood, where they came to eat the berries, and he had no doubt but he could catch some.

"The next day the little boy borrowed an old basket of his mother, and when he went to the wood he had the great delight to catch two fieldfares. He then put them in the basket, and tying an old handkerchief over it, he took them to the schoolmaster's house. Just as he arrived at the door, he saw the two little boys who had been setting the trap, and with some alarm he asked them if they had caught any birds. They answered in the negative; and the boy, his heart beating with joy, gained admittance into the schoolmaster's presence. In a few words he told how he had seen the boys setting the trap, and how he had caught the birds to bring them as a present to the master.

"'A present, my good boy!' cried the schoolmaster, 'you do not look as if you could afford to make presents. Tell me your price, and I will pay it to you, and thank you besides.'

"'I would rather give them to you, sir, if you please,' said the boy.

"The schoolmaster looked at the boy who stood before him, with bare head and feet, and ragged trousers that reached only half-way down his naked legs.

"'You are a very singular boy,' said he, 'but if you will not take money, you must tell me what I can do for you, as I cannot accept your present without doing something for it in return. Is there anything I can do for you?'

"'Oh, yes!' said the boy, trembling with delight; 'you can do for me what I should like better than anything else.'

"'What is that?' asked the schoolmaster, smiling.

"'Teach me to read,' cried the boy, falling on his knees; 'oh! dear, kind sir, teach me to read!'

"The schoolmaster complied. The boy came to him at all leisure hours, and learned so rapidly that the teacher recommended him to a nobleman residing in the neighbourhood. This gentleman, who was as noble in mind as in birth, patronised the poor boy, and sent him to school at Ratisbon. The boy profited by his opportunities; and when he rose, as he soon did, to wealth and honours, he adopted two fieldfares as his arms.

"'What do you mean?' cried the bishop's friend.

"'I mean,' returned the bishop, with a smile, 'that the poor boy was MYSELF.'"

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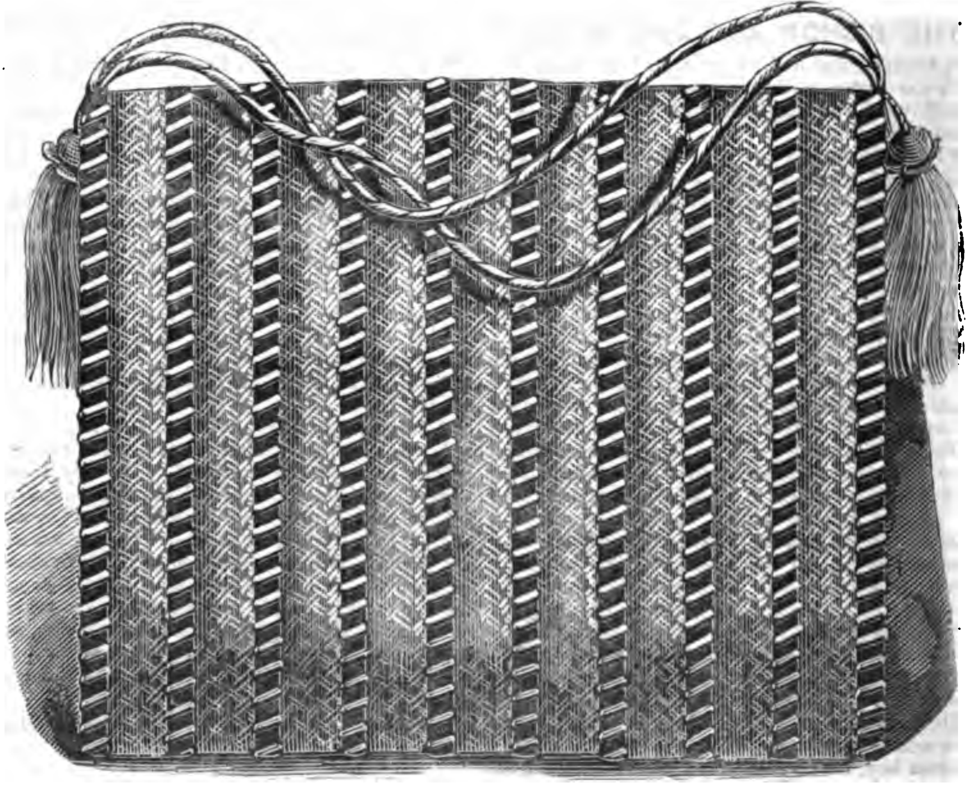
THE GIRL'S WORK-TABLE.

THE WALLET.

THE wallet is a very useful article to every lady, whether old or young; and the one which we are presenting in the illustration will be found extremely pretty when worked.

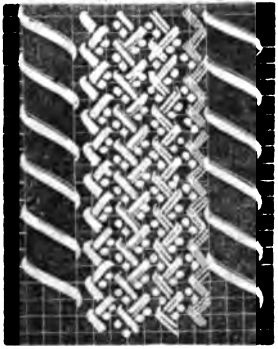
Our design being given to represent a succession of stripes, it allows the wallet to be made of any size. We think that one twelve inches in width would be quite suitable for most purposes, and for this it will be necessary to purchase a quarter and a half of Penelope canvas of a medium fineness. This is to be folded in the middle, and must be about twenty-two inches wide. As the wallet is to be ten inches deep, the extra quantity is left for turnings in. The size being thus determined, the canvas must be well overcast all round.

The wool is to be double Berlin. The colours used for the stripes are shaded down from yellow to brown, as thus: light yellow, darker yellow, orange,



THE WALLET.

brown. The stitch is done as follows:—It is simply the herring-bone stitch, taking two threads upon the needle, leaving two between each time, top and bottom, passing over four threads, which makes the width of the row. This will leave two threads between each stitch uncovered, on which the beads are to be inserted with a needle and thread after the wool-work is done. Four rows being thus worked in, namely, the four shades, light yellow, darker yellow, orange and brown, forming one stripe; six threads are to be left clear between that and the next stripe, which is to be worked in the same way.



When all the stripes of wool-work have been done and the beads put in (steel beads look the best, but chalk white are very pretty), the rows of ribbon velvet are to be inserted. Care must be taken that this velvet shall be exactly of the width which will accurately cover the six threads of canvas left between the stripes of wool-work. The velvet is put on with blue *chenille* in a wool needle, the stitches being six threads apart, which leaves a slanting line on the velvet like a spiral twist.

The fancy work being now completed, it only remains for the wallet to be made up, which is done by folding it in the centre, fastening it up at each side, and covering the seam with a twisted cord. A lining of twilled calico of any dark colour answers very well with a strip of whalebone on each side of the opening. The handles are to be of twisted cord of the same kind as that carried up the sides.

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THE BOYS' & GIRLS' COMPANION FOR LEISURE HOURS

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DON'T TELL;

OR, MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

BY MARY BENNETT.

CHAPTER IV.

PRIVATE family affairs called Miss Everitt rather unexpectedly to town; and for the good of Annie, she determined not to leave her associated with Margaret. She had, besides, another reason for taking her.

Accordingly, Annie had a short ride in the railway to town; and then, for the first time in her life, entered the famous city of London, walking through its imposing and tumultuous business thoroughfares, to the neighbourhood of majestic St. Paul's.

Now Miss Everitt was welcomed to the spacious, but dingy and dusty, residence of a merchant, who, like herself and Annie, was a native of Durham. They partook of tea in a noble apartment on the second floor. The walls were wainscoted half-way up with solid oak, and the smoky ceiling was richly decorated. The two great windows had strong frames, and deep recesses; they were half covered with very yellow-white Holland blinds; festoons of cabinets, and curtains of thick red moreen, sweeping the floor. Thus the room could not be otherwise than dimly lighted from without, especially as the houses were very high on the opposite side of the narrow street, above which the dome of St. Paul's appeared, standing up in sovereign stateliness, high over all else, its cross sharply traced on the grey sky. A threadbare Brussels carpet, that had once been rich and costly, looked as if it had grown to the floor, and intended to remain there as long as that floor lasted. The stairs were solid Spanish mahogany, with the horsehair protruding from many a rent. A great mahogany table, smeared in several places with ink, filled the centre of the room; and a beautiful antique-looking bronze chandelier hung over it. In the corner of the room Annie spied out many interesting and convenient articles of old-fashioned furniture, mingled and burdened with account-books, reviews, magazines, and files of dusty papers. An open *Times* newspaper also occupied a couple of chairs, and the *Supplement* lay on the heavy horsehair sofa.

Mr. Trueby, the merchant, was a little, dark gentleman, with a facetious manner, and an eye that looked through all the surfaces of things. He was well dressed, with a diamond ring sparkling on his little finger, and another gem on his broad shirt-frill—a fashion he strictly adhered to.

After tea he settled with Miss Everitt the business they had come about; while Annie peeped about the room, and looked out of the windows at the great business houses opposite, and up at St. Paul's dome, and down into the narrow street, listening with wonder to the continual noise of the crowded thoroughfares beyond. When those heavy window curtains were drawn, and the small bronze chandelier lighted, Annie noticed on the lofty wall an oil painting of large size, in a massive carved frame—it represented two boys, one very poorly clad, with downcast face, about whose foot and hand a venomous looking serpent was entwined; the other was a well-dressed lad, with a bright open countenance, holding out money with his left hand, whilst, with his right, he grasped the neck of the snake, and appeared to be tearing it away from his companion.

"That is a singular picture, Annie," said Miss Everitt, when her business with Mr. Trueby was concluded. "There is more meaning in it than you can see. Perhaps Mr. Trueby will be kind enough to tell you the story of these two boys: it rather concerns you."

Mr. Trueby drew her beside him, opposite the picture, which was finely executed; and pointing to it, he said: "This boy, whom you see the serpent is endeavouring to destroy, was, fifty years ago, a very poor Durham lad, when a rich and eccentric coal-merchant took him into his service and made a wretched drudge of him, abusing and beating him whenever he failed to please—which was every day—though he tried his best, not knowing how or where else to earn bread for his poor mother and himself. The merchant's principal manager was also a harsh man to George, and some of the people under him imitated the unfeeling conduct of their masters. So George had a miserable life. At last he became desperate. He had grown to be a strong and able youth, when his wretched life, and the dreary prospect before him, made him half a villain. My dear, the serpent wound its slimy way to his foot.

"There was, in the merchant's employ, a youth a little older than himself, very well treated, because he had good friends to look after his welfare, and to hold the merchant responsible for his actions; while the poor boy, George, had nobody but his destitute, helpless widow mother, whom he had to support, or nearly so, out of his scanty wages.

"Henry, that other boy in the picture, pitied George, and was very kind to him, and often gave him a trifle of money, when he was hard pressed, and looked hungry. Sometimes he screened him from the merchant's harsh injustice, and occasionally cheered his spirits when his heart was heavy as lead, and often taught him to read and write, and lend him books.

"The widow died when George was fifteen, and in her last hours she told her son what he had never heard before, that his unfeeling master was his own uncle—a relationship the proud man would never acknowledge—and in consideration of her silence, he had allowed her to live rent-free in the mean hut by the river Weir, which George had called his home. Now, my dear, you are to fancy the serpent creeping round the boy's foot here, and darting up to his hand, and showing its deadly fangs.

"One Sunday night, in winter, if you had been by Durham Cathedral, you might have seen these two boys in the picture walking together close under the dark walls, talking low, so that no one might overhear them. They went under a great pointed window, but George forgot that the glorified apostles were looking down upon him from beneath the Gothic arches, and that he was on holy ground; the swell of the organ through the grand old pile spoke to him only of bitterness and despair, though he had often before listened to it as if it had been heavenly music. The one bright star that shone right before him in the sky, flamed wrathfully to his sad eye; and the thick greensward beneath his feet might have been a flaming fire, so distracted was he. The owls breathed hard in the black niche behind his head; the bats dashed heavily by him, as wondering what intruders were there. The place was very solemn and silent after the organ ceased, and the few lights in the cathedral were put out; but the boys sat at the foot of a stone buttress, and talked, I cannot tell you how long. They were big lads, as you see; but both shed tears, and Henry threw his arms over his companion's neck, and told him he would stand by him as long as he lived.

"George wept for the loss of his poor mother, and for the remembrance of her damp home and hard living, which had shortened her days; and for his own wretched lot; and for indignation that her dead husband's brother should all the while have been revelling in abundance, with neither wife nor child to support.

"Then, my dear, the serpent whispered to George; and Henry learned by a few broken, rash words, that he designed to run away from his uncle and go to Australia, taking with him money—not his own—but which, the serpent persuaded him, *ought* to be his own. You know, child, the serpent was a liar from the beginning. Yes, Henry penetrated the wicked purpose of the poor, wronged, tempted lad; and now, how did he act, do you think? George did not say in words to his friend, *Don't Tell;* but every kind and honourable impulse said it to the heart of Henry."

Annie thought of Margaret, shuddered and sighed, and listened very earnestly.

"What did he do about it?" she asked.

"What do you think he should have done?"

"Oh, not betray him to his uncle,—that would be dreadful!"

"So Henry thought; but should he have been silent, while George robbed his uncle?"

"Oh, dear no!"

"Should he have suffered the serpent to destroy the lad himself, or have tried to pluck it from him?"

"I think I understand you: could he not try to persuade George not to do it?"

"That, my dear, is the first step to take when anything is confided to us that *may* be prevented, as in this case. Henry firmly set before his friend the danger and the folly of his intention, and this he did so resolutely, and yet affectionately, that he quite subdued the tempted boy. The serpent you see was grasped by the neck, and could do no more mischief. George was loved. In difficulties of this kind, it also often happens that the wrong intentions spring out of trouble and sorrow: can we do anything in that case to assist the tempted? if we can, we may do more good at such a time than, perhaps, in all the rest of our life. Oh! this is an important consideration. Henry spoke to his own family about poor George, and by his urgent intercession the lad was removed from his uncle's service to that of a better man."

"That was delightful!" exclaimed Annie. "And did he behave well afterwards?"

"Those he served five years have always said so."

"And what became of the uncle?"

"He died shortly after; but sent for the nephew he had treated so ill, and left him half his property."

"And where is that, good Henry?"

"He is now in a foreign land. You know him well."

"I!"

"It was your father."

What a surprise was that to Annie; and how proud and delighted she felt.

"You have seen the poor boy, too."

Annie looked up into Mr. Trueby's face—its peculiar expression, and the tone of his voice, suggested to her quick apprehension the fact, even before Mr. Trueby said,—

"I am George, once living with a destitute widow mother in a wretched hut by the river Weir—once the slave and drudge of the coal-merchant and his people—once wandering, distracted and desperate, round Durham Cathedral, with a serpent, Temptation, winding about me; but preserved—I thank God!—by the true kindness of your father; and now I am George Trueby, sheriff of London. That is my story, Annie Campbell. I had this picture painted to teach its moral to my friends; and to keep me in remembrance, and those who should come after me."

(To be continued.)

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NOTES ON THE THRUSH.—The thrush is a bold, saucy rogue—one who will not be daunted, or put down by any one. He fears no enemy—not he! And determined if possible to have no enemies, he sings to all alike. As we have before observed, he pays due deference to the black-bird, with whose matins he rarely interferes; but no sooner are the devotions of the latter over, than the welkin rings out with the most ravishing strains of joy. No suppressed notes have we here. Our hero's heart is full to the brim, and we *must* hear what he has to say both to his *cara sposa* and to us. So rapid, too, is his utterance, and so expressive his little story of love and happiness, that variety appears in every second note he utters.—*Kidd's Treatise on the Thrush.*

OUR HISTORIC TREASURY.

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

You must be very different to the boys of Scotland if you did not feel a deep concern in the eventful history and exploits of Sir William Wallace, the renowned Scottish chief and patriot.

Sir Walter Scott, in one of his poems, thus alludes to the interest which the name of Wallace still excites amongst the young :—

> "And much I miss those sportive boys,
> Companions of my mountain joys,
> Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
> When thought is speech, and speech is truth ;
> Close to my side, with what delight
> They pressed to hear of Wallace wight,
> When, pointing to his airy mound,
> I called his ramparts holy ground ;
> Kindled their brows to hear me speak,
> And I have smiled to feel my cheek,
> Despite the difference of our years,
> Return again the glow of theirs."

Wallace was tall and finely-formed, and considered to be the strongest and bravest man that ever trod on Scottish ground. He was expert in the use of all weapons ; active, energetic, and capable of enduring hunger and fatigue. Nevertheless, his disposition was kind and generous, and desire for his country's freedom the strongest feeling of his heart. He was the son of Sir Malcolm Wallace, of Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire.

Edward the First of England, making war upon Scotland, had reduced it almost to the condition of a conquered country. Its monarch, John Baliol, had even rendered homage to the English king, as to his liege lord and sovereign. Edward placed English governors in the Scottish towns, and English soldiers in the forts and castles. He removed to London the national records, and transported to Westminster Abbey the famous stone on which the kings of Scotland had been crowned for more than 800 years.

But the Scotch did not easily submit to this conquest, and many of them refused to take the oath of allegiance to Edward. Such persons were made to pay heavy fines, and termed rebels. They now longed to put themselves under the command of some brave chief, who would lead them forth against the Southrons, as they called their conquerors.

Wallace arose ; and, like all patriotic Scotchmen, beheld with indignation King Edward's usurpation of the crown, and the tyrannical conduct of the English in Scotland. He keenly felt his country's wrongs ; and it is said that, while he was yet a lad, he slew an English soldier who had behaved to him with insolence. To escape punishment for this deed, he was obliged to conceal himself in the woods for some time. Many other adventures of the same kind he met with, always gallantly defending himself when attacked by superior numbers.

By degrees companions joined him, until a little band of patriots was formed, which soon became formidable to the English soldiery in the neighbourhood. The sound of Wallace's bugle, ringing through the greenwood, could at any time increase his force, by bringing to his aid peasants from the villages.

About this time, our hero had married a young lady of the name of Marion Bradfute, and he resided in Lanark with his wife. As he was returning home one day, an English soldier insulted him in the market-place, telling him a Scotchman had no right to wear so gay a dress, or carry a dagger. A quarrel ensued, which ended in Wallace killing the soldier. He fled to his own house, pursued by the Englishman's comrades, but, though hard pressed, contrived to enter, and escape by a back door to the woods. The news coming to the ears of Hazelrigg, the English governor of Lanark, he ordered Wallace's house to be burned down, and his wife put to death. He also proclaimed Wallace an outlaw, and set a price upon his head,—that is, promising a large reward to whoever should capture him.

When this dreadful intelligence reached Wallace in his hiding, his feelings at first quite overpowered him. Then he hastily collected his followers, marched into Lanark, slew Haselrigg, and drove his soldiers from the town.

Multitudes now flocked to his standard, and Wallace was soon at the head of an army strong enough to lay siege to the most important garrisoned towns. He determined never to rest till he had achieved the deliverance of his country.

About this time took place the memorable event called the burning of the Barns of Ayr. It is said the English governor of Ayr had invited a very large party of the Scottish nobility and gentry to meet him at the Barns of Ayr, for the purpose, as he said, of friendly conference on the affairs of the nation. But his real design was basely and treacherously to put the whole assembly to death. To effect this he caused his soldiers to have running nooses ready prepared, slung upon the beams of the roof. As the Scottish noblemen came on the appointed day, they were admitted into the house two at a time, and the nooses being instantly thrown over their heads, they were drawn up to the beams and hanged. Sir Reginald Crawford, uncle to Wallace, perished among the number.

When our hero heard of this inhuman outrage, his indignation became stronger than ever. Determined for revenge, he collected his followers together in a wood near the town of Ayr. One night, when the English soldiers, having well feasted, lay down to sleep in the very barns where the Scottish gentlemen had been murdered, Wallace prepared for the attack. He first directed a woman, who knew the place, to mark with chalk the doors of the apartments in which the Englishmen lay. These doors he had strongly fastened with ropes, so that they could not be opened from within. His men then heaped up straw on the outside, and set fire to it. The building was soon in a flame. Roused from their slumbers by the noise and smoke, the English endeavoured to escape, but in vain. They were driven back into the burning barns, or slain on the spot. Thus numbers miserably perished.

Wallace's party still grew stronger. Many of the Scottish nobles joined him, among whom was young Robert Bruce, afterwards king of Scotland.

King Edward began to be alarmed at the symptoms of resistance to his authority, and sent the Earl of Warenne, at the head of a powerful army, to subdue the patriots. Wallace, dauntless and undismayed, took up his station at Cambus Kenneth, near Stirling Bridge, and there awaited the enemy.

When the English army arrived on the opposite bank of the river, their leader sent two friars to offer a pardon to Wallace, if he and his followers would lay down their arms.

"Go back to the Earl of Warenne," said the gallant chief, "and tell him we value not the pardon of the King of England. We are not here for the purpose of treating of peace, but of abiding battle. Let the English come on: we defy them!"

On they came. But a long and narrow wooden bridge thrown across the river was the only way of approach to the Scottish army. Warenne, who was a prudent and skilful general, had, on this account, felt inclined to delay the battle; his advice was, however, overruled by the treasurer, Cressingham, who insisted on attacking the Scots at once. They began accordingly to cross the bridge, and when about half their number were over, Wallace fell upon them with his whole army, slew them by hundreds, drove many into the river, and completely routed the rest.

The fame of Wallace now spread far and wide. The English were defeated by him in several battles, and at length chased almost entirely out of Scotland. The partriots even marched upon England, where, in accordance with the spirit of the times, they committed great cruelties. Wallace, to his honour be it said, endeavoured to prevent this; but his followers had suffered so much from the English, that they could not forbear retaliation.

Scotland for a time was delivered from her oppressors, and the Scots chose Wallace as her protector. He was appointed regent, under the title of "Sir William Wallace, Guardian of Scotland in the name of King John, and by the consent of the Scottish nation."

But the period of tranquillity was short. King Edward, who was in Flanders at the time of the battle of Stirling, when he heard of the event which had taken place, hastened home, and collecting a powerful army, marched into Scotland. Wallace prepared again to defend his country, but his nobles, who became jealous of his important post as guardian, did not give him that co-operation which he ought to have received from them.

But though his nobles partially deserted him in this great crisis, Wallace yet assembled a large army for the defence of his country, and he met the King of England near the town of Falkirk.

Edward's army was composed of the finest cavalry in the world, all in complete armour; his celebrated English archers were at the battle, whose aim was so swift and sure that they were said to carry twelve Scottish lives under their girdles, each man being equipped with twelve arrows. The Scottish force consisting chiefly of infantry, were armed with long spears; they stood so close together that they bore the appearance of a strong, sharp, and glittering wall. But they were far inferior in number to the English.

This battle took place July 22, 1298. When the two armies stood facing each other, Wallace said merrily to his soldiers, "I have brought you to the ring, let me see how you can dance," alluding to some national sport. "The hour is come; fight like Scottish freemen!"

Furious was the contest, and terrible havoc was made with the Scots. At length the volleys of stones and arrows, and the desperate charges of the cavalry, compelled the Scots to fly. Numbers of brave patriots lay dead upon the field, and numbers more were taken prisoners.

After this fatal defeat, Sir William Wallace resigned the guardianship of Scotland, and John Comyn was appointed his successor. For seven years after this battle, and almost alone, the brave patriot continued to strive for the liberty of his beloved country.

Proclamations were sent out against him, bloodhounds traced him, and large rewards were offered for his capture; but he still continued to elude the pursuit of his enemies. At length treachery effected what other means could not do. He was shamefully betrayed into the hands of the English by Sir John Menteith, a pretended friend. He was taken prisoner at Robroyston, near Glasgow; and the appointed signal for the soldiers to rush upon him was, that his betrayer should turn a loaf, which stood on the table round which they sat, upside down.

King Edward was well pleased when he heard of the patriot's capture, and he resolved to make an example of him, so as to deter all Scotchmen from venturing to oppose his ambitious designs on their country.

Under a strong guard, Sir William was conveyed to London, and brought to trial in Westminster Hall. He was charged with treason. With calm dignity the noble patriot replied to the charge:

"I cannot be a traitor to King Edward, as I never was his subject. I was born and bred a Scotchman, and as such owe no allegiance to a foreign monarch. For what am I in chains? For defending my country! Was this a crime? Are we calmly to sit down when the enemy invades our soil? Is this the manner of England? No; nor of Scotland either. The spirit of liberty is there still, and will yet be roused, though it now seem to slumber. My country shall yet be free!"

This noble defence had no weight with the English judges, and Wallace was condemned to die the death of a traitor to his king,

A few days afterwards he was ignominiously dragged on a sledge to the place of execution in Smithfield, where he was beheaded; to the last protesting against the injustice of his sentence, and declaring that all he had done he would do over again, and more, for his beloved and much-abused country. His body was treated as that of a traitor, and his head exposed to the public gaze on London Bridge.

Many hundred years have passed away since then, but the memory of Wallace is still cherished in Scotland.

"His land is one vast monument,
Bearing the record high,
Of a spirit in itself content,
And a name that cannot die."

◆

Advice to Boys.—Boys, read something useful every day; something to reflect upon while at your work or on the road to school. Be inquisitive—find out things. Don't let the blood pass from your heart to your fingers' ends thousands of times, and you know nothing of its motions. Store your minds early with wisdom. Read a little every day. Remember Roger Sherman. He was one of the noblest examples of how much self-cultivation may do for a man. His school privileges were of the most ordinary kind. Early in life he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and instead of joining in the vulgar conversation so common to many of his companions, he would sit at his work with an open book before him, and devote every moment that his eyes could be spared from the occupation in which he was engaged to reading. Be saving of your little allowance, and buy books,—lives of good and great men,—men such as Washington, and a host of others, whose virtues have rendered their names immortal. Cultivate a taste for reading. The field of instruction to which it will lead you is boundless.

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

By Hans Andersen.

"Whenever a good child dies, an angel of God comes down to earth, takes the dead child in his arms, spreads abroad his large snow-white wings, flies forth over all those places which the child had loved, and plucks a whole handful of flowers, which he bears upwards with him to the throne of God, that they may bloom there in yet greater loveliness than they had ever blossomed on earth. The good God folds all these flowers to His bosom; but upon the flower which He loveth best, He breathes a kiss, and then a voice is given to it, and it can join in the song of universal blessedness."

All this did an angel of God relate, whilst he bore a little child to heaven; and the child heard as if in a dream, and the angel winged his flight over those spots in the child's home where the little one had been wont to play, and they passed through gardens which were filled with glorious flowers.

"Which, of all these shall we take with us, and plant in heaven?" asked the angel.

Now there stood in the garden a slender and beautiful rose-tree, but a wicked hand had broken the stem, so that its boughs hung around it withered, though laden with large half-unfolded buds.

"The poor rose-tree!" said the child; "let us take it with us, that it may bloom above there in the presence of God."

And the angel took the rose-tree, and kissed the child, because of the words it had spoken; and the little one half opened his eyes. They then plucked some of the gorgeous flowers which grew in the garden, but they also gathered the despised buttercup, and the wild heart's-ease.

"Now then we *have* flowers!" exclaimed the child, and the angel bowed his head; but he winged not yet his flight toward the throne of God. It was night,—all was still; they remained in the great city; they hovered over one of the narrow streets, in which lay heaps of straw, ashes, and rubbish, for it was flitting day.

Fragments of plates, broken mortar, rags, and old hats, lay scattered around,—all which bore an uninviting aspect.

The angel pointed out, in the midst of all this confused rubbish, some broken fragments of a flower-pot, and a clump of earth, which had fallen out of it, and was only held together by the withered roots of a

wild flower, which had been thrown out into the street because it was considered utterly worthless.

"We will take this with us," said the angel; "and I will tell thee why, as we soar upward together to the throne of God."

So they resumed their flight, and the angel thus related his story:—

"Down in that narrow street, in the lowest cellar, there once dwelt a poor, sick boy; from his very infancy he was almost bed-ridden. On his best days he could take two or three turns on crutches across his little chamber, and that was all he could do. On a few days in summer, the beams of the sun used to penetrate for half an hour to the floor of the cellar; and when the poor boy sat there, and let the warm sun shine upon him, and looked at the bright red blood flowing through his delicate fingers, as he held them before his face, then it was said of him, 'He has been out to-day.' A neighbour's son used always to bring him one of the young boughs of the beech-tree, when it was first budding into life, and this was all he knew of the woods in their beauteous clothing of spring verdure. Then would he place this bough above his head, and dream that he was under the beech-trees, where the sun was shining, and the birds were singing. On one spring day, the neighbour's son also brought him some wild flowers, and among these there happened to be one which had retained its root, and for this reason it was placed in a flower-pot, and laid upon the window-sill quite close to the bed. And the flower was planted by a fortunate hand, and it grew and sent forth new shoots, and bore flowers every year; it was the sick boy's most precious flower-garden—his little treasure here on earth—he watered it, and cherished it, and took care that the very last sunbeam which glided through the lowly window should shine upon its blossoms. And these flowers were interwoven even in his dreams—for *him* they bloomed, for *him* they shed around their fragrance and rejoiced the eye with their beauty; and when the Lord called him hence, he turned, even in death, towards his cherished plant. He has now been a year with God—a year has the flower stood forgotten in the window, and now it is withered; therefore has it been thrown out with the rubbish into the street. And this is the flower—the poor withered flower—which we have added to our nosegay; for it has imparted more joy than the rarest and brighest blossom which ever bloomed in the garden of a queen."

"But how comest *thou* to know all this?" asked the child whom the angel was bearing with him to heaven.

"I know it," replied the angel, "for I was myself the little sick boy who went upon crutches. I know my flower well."

And now the child altogether unclosed his eyes, and gazed into the bright, glorious countenance of the angel, and at the same moment they found themselves in the Paradise of God, where joy and blessedness for ever dwell.

And God folded the dead child to His heart, and he received wings, like the other angel, and flew hand in hand with him. And all the flowers also God folded to His heart; but upon the poor withered wild flower He breathed a kiss, and a voice was given to it, and it sang together with all the angels which encircled the throne of God; some very nigh unto His presence, others encompassing these in ever widening circles, until they reached into Infinity itself; but all alike were happy. And they all sang with one voice little and great: the good, blessed child, and the poor wild flower, which had lain withered, and cast out among the sweepings, and under the rubbish of the flitting day, in the midst of the dark, narrow street.

◆

THE PHILOSOPHIC MOUSE.

CHAPTER IV.

I OUGHT not to quit the subject I have been explaining in the last chapters, without informing you that the air has an expansive power, called its elasticity. The air is generated on the surface of the earth, and expands itself upwards; consequently, in proportion as it gains the higher regions, its expansive power becomes diminished. The air would, according to this doctrine, fly off from the earth, if its expansive force upwards were not counteracted by the power of gravity —a power which operates upon all bodies near the earth's surface, and which gives every body a tendency to the earth's centre. For instance, if a hole could be made quite through the centre of the earth, and a large millstone let fall from the surface into the hole, it would rapidly descend until it came to the centre of the earth; and there it would remain suspended. If it were to go further, to the inhabitants of the earth who are on the opposite side, it would (according to our notions of things) be falling upwards, which is a paradox. The expansive power of air acts equally in every direction; presses every way; but ascends, because it meets with less resistance in that direction: the particles of air being more expanded than those which are beneath them, or on either side; those particles below being more condensed; consequently, making a resistance greater than the expansive force acting downwards, and those on either side being equally condensed, make an equal resistance to the expansive pressure acting against them. Thus, you see, it is erroneously conceived that the pressure of the air acts downwards: it is the very reverse. Consequently, there can be no pressure of weight caused by the pressure of the air downwards, if what I have said be true, and I think it appears more than plausible.

Mr. Philosopher proved by experiment, that the cause of the rise of the mercury in the barometer (the weather-glass) was not from the pressure of a column of air acting downwards, which is the pressure of weight; but from the pressure of elasticity. Hence the impropriety of calling the weather-glass a barometer; because that signifies an instrument to measure the weight of a column of air. The experiments by which he proved it were the following:—He placed a barometer under the receiver of an air-pump, and by this simple process the external column of air was cut off: so that the barometer had no communication whatever with any air, but what was enclosed with it under the receiver; and yet the mercury remained at the height of thirty inches, as usual. This alone proved that it was not sustained there by the pressure of a *column* of air acting on its surface. As soon as the receiver was exhausted of the air, of course the mercury fell to the bottom; but upon introducing one gallon of hydrogen gas (the lightest of all gases) into the receiver, which weighed only two grains, the mercury rose to the height of thirty inches, as before. Here were twenty pounds of mercury forced up the tube, by the counter-pressure of two grains, according to the generally received opinion, but which appears ridiculous. Surely, this was sufficient to prove that the mercury was not supported in the tube by the *weight* of a column of air, but by some other cause, and which I think, under these circumstances, could only be by the expansive pressure of the air.

I asserted that the air does not press downwards, but did not prove it by experiment; without which, bare assertion, in my opinion, amounts to nothing. One experiment only I shall give, as I would not wish to be thought tedious. A glass, similar to a tumbler, excepting it was open at both ends, was placed on the plate of the air-pump; over the upper extremity was tied a well-dried bladder; the air was then exhausted from the inside of the glass. As it became exhausted, the bladder had a trifling depression from the pressure of the external air. When quite exhausted, the bladder burst with a loud report. The report was occasioned by the rushing of the external air into the vacuum, as soon as the bladder burst. The bursting of the bladder (an experiment which has been tried by others) has generally been attributed to the weight of a column of air, pressing downwards: but our philosopher proceeded to prove that it was not from the pressure of weight, but from the pressure of expansion. He prepared the glass as before; but placed over it a glass receiver, which cut off the communication with the external air (as in the experiment with the barometer). The glass was again exhausted of the air, and the bladder burst. If it were burst in this instance by the weight of a column of air, pressing downwards, it certainly was a very small column; for the distance between the bladder and the top of the receiver was but three inches: therefore it appeared in this instance quite satisfactory that the bladder was burst from the pressure of the expansibility of the surrounding air contained within the receiver, and not from the pressure of weight. For what is weight? It is the pressure of a body downwards, and only downwards. The pressure of expansion is a pressure acting the same every way, upwards, downwards, and on either side. If this reasoning be true, it tends to set aside the notion that some philosophers have, that a man continually sustains a weight of air equal to 40,000 pounds.

The tendency of a body downwards, that is, a body descending through a lighter or rarer medium, as a stone descending in the water, our philosopher calls gravity. The tendency of a body upwards, that is, a body ascending through a denser medium, as a cork rising through water, he calls levity. Gravity and levity are both (as he terms it) diseases of equality.

The spring or elasticity of air is shown in many easy experiments. A blown bladder, for instance, if pressed down, returns to its shape as soon as the pressure is removed.

Air is found, by experiment, to have weight. A bottle exhausted of its air by an air-pump, is much lighter than before; and by computation, founded on this experiment, it is known that a square foot of air generally weighs something more than an ounce.

Like all other matter, air is capable of being expanded by an increase of heat, introduced between its particles. Air is therefore said to be rarefied by being heated.

Air is likewise expanded or rarefied by a decrease of its mass or quantity. For instance, the receiver of an air-pump, after a considerable quantity of air is pumped out, still continues, in reality, full of air; though that air is of a thinner consistency. It is possible to rarefy air to infinity. When the receiver of an air-pump is exhausted of the air, as it is termed, it is called a vacuum, or empty space. But a vacuum is impossible in creation. Though air were rarefied 10,000 times, it would still be air; and even were it possible to exhaust a receiver totally of its air, it would not be vacuum, because particles of light would remain; and wherever an atom is, there vacuum is not.

(To be continued.)

◆

WATER.

"WATER! WATER!" cries the bird,
With his singing, gentle note,
And the liquid cry is heard
Pouring from the little throat—
Water! water! clear and sweet!
"Tee-weet! Tee-weet!"

"Water! water!" roars the ox,
While it rushes at its side,
Down among the mossy rocks,
Rippling with its crystal tide—
Water! water! pure and true!
"Moo! Moo!"

"Water! water!" said the tree,
With its branches spreading high;
"Water! water! rustled he,
For his leaves were very dry—
Water! water! for the tree!
Pure and free!

Water! water! said the flower,
Whispering with its perfumed breath;
"Let me have it in an hour,
Ere I thirsting droop in death.
Water! water! soft and still,
Is my will."

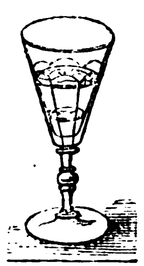
"Water! water!" said the grain,
With its yellow head on high;
And the spreading, fertile plain,
Ripening, join'd the swelling cry—
Water for the grains of gold!
Wealth untold.

Water! water! sparkling pure,
Giveth Nature eveywhere;
If you drink it, I am sure,
It will never prove a snare.
Water is the thing for me—
Yes, and thee!

Water! water! young and old;
Drink it, crystal-like and sweet
Never heed the tempter bold—
Crush him underneath your feet
Water! water! youth, for thee.
Thee and me!

W. O. BOURNE.

THE HAPPY HOUR.



13.

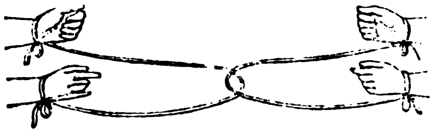
THE PUZZLE OF THE COINS.

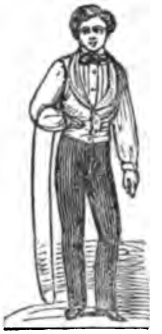
Place a sixpence in the bottom of a glass, and over the latter put a half-crown, as in the diagram. The puzzle is, to remove the small coin from beneath the larger one, without touching either of the coins, or touching or upsetting the glass.

14.

PUZZLE OF THE TIED WRISTS.

Having tied two strings to the wrists of two persons, and intersected them, as in the diagram, release the parties without untying either of the strings.





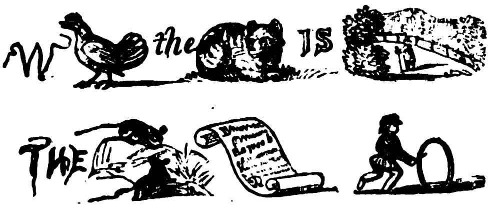
15.

THE TETHERED ARM.

Now, sir, your coat is off!
And see—
Your right-hand pocketed!
So let it be:
While o'er your arm
An endless string—
Some three yards round—
Hangs like a sling.
Take the string off—
But, just for fun,
It must be done,
Keeping your right-hand in its place;
And not a smile must stir your face.
Until you find this puzzle out,
No coat shall wrap your back about.

16.

PUZZLE PROVERB.



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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

First Class.

Brutus (there are "two Harolds in the field," therefore you have done well to change your *nom de plume* to that of the noble Brutus. The remarks in the second number referred to *you*, and we have much pleasure in again complimenting you on your hand-writing; answers should be with us by Thursday; the "Companion" can be obtained anywhere on Monday). **William Sharp** (well done). **Little Ben** (highly creditable to keep your place). **Little Jack** (your promotion gives us great pleasure; see what perseverance does).

Second Class.

Noddy & Emma (we hope to see you in your old place next time; we do not despair of you).—**William Evans** (better than last)—**Charles & Peter** (still only wrong in one, but a "miss is as good as a mile," as the schoolboy said when his marble stood on the brink of the hole).—**Busy Bee.**—**Mary & Lizzie** (improvement every way).—**Peacock** (if we make our Puzzles plainer, the value of the exercise is comparatively small; learn to overcome difficulties, for depend upon it they will beset you in some shape or other, whatever sphere in life you may occupy).—**Eliza** (still good).—**Matilda** (the prizes will be distributed at the close of the volume; we shall be very glad if you win one, but by remaining here will never do).—**A. S. Harland** (we hope for better next time).—**Llewellyn** (correct as far as the solutions go, but that is a little way; youth is the season for improvement).

Emma (your Puzzles are received, and would have been published in this Number had they not come so late. For this reason we have not had time to award you any position in the classes, which we regret.

M. G. S. (a sermon would be out of place here, but we should be glad to peruse your sister's essay; the Charade is a good one, but the composition will not do).

Timothy (any Pastime you may have will be most welcome; the Arithmetical Question submitted will not do).

Amelia M. (your poem is very promising, and we trust this remark will encourage you to proceed, and that we shall soon receive a poem from you more perfect than "The Orphan").

J. Merrick (we are much obliged for the poem, and we have no doubt when the flowery month makes its welcome appearance, we shall be able to find a corner for some of the stanzas).

Little Dorritt (no doubt the facts of your little story are true, but the telling of it is dry and uninteresting. On this account we decline it, and we more regret having to do this because "disobedience", on which the story turns, is a great evil with children, and it is one of the objects of the "Boys & Girls' Companion" in every possible way to reform. It will give us much pleasure to receive some other moral tale from you).

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ANSWERS TO PASTIME.

(*Page* 34.)

No 6.—Rain-bow. 7.—Night-Shade. 8.—£67,816 16s. 9d. 9.—5 miles 1,300 yards. 10.—Organ, groan. 11.—Cant-ant-can. 12.—Star-tar-rat.

⁂ We shall be happy to receive any Solutions to our Pastime from our young friends. Our approbation of their performances will be marked by dividing them into 1st and 2nd Classes. At the end of the year our approbation will be still further marked by the distribution of useful Prizes according to merit. For example, those found most often in the 1st Class will be entitled to the best rewards.

⁂ *Correspondents will meet with prompt attention. Contributors to our Pages will please to enclose stamps, should they require their communications to be returned if not accepted.*

Address to Editor at Printers', 23, Middle Street, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

THE SPIDER.

Ernest had accompanied his father into the vineyards, which were rich with promise for the coming autumn. There he found a honey-bee struggling in the web of a large garden spider, which had already opened its fangs to seize upon its prey; but Ernest set the bee at liberty, and destroyed the glistening snare.

The father, observing what had passed, inquired of his son how he could so lightly esteem the skill and ingenuity of the little artist, as to annihilate its work in a moment. "Didst thou not see with what beauty and order those slender threads were interwoven? How could'st thou then be at the same moment so pitiful and yet so hard-hearted?"

But the boy excused himself, saying,—

"Is there not evil in the spider's art? for it only tends to destruction, whereas the bee gathers honey and wax within its cell; so I gave freedom to the bee, and destroyed the spider's web."

The father was pleased at this decision of a simple child, who saw no beauty in ingenuity when its aim was destruction.

"But," continued the father, "perhaps thou hast been unjust towards the spider. See how it protects our ripening grapes from the flies and wasps, by means of the net which it weaves around the branches!"

"Does it do so?" asked the boy, "with the intention of protecting our grapes, or merely that it may satisfy its own thirst for blood?"

"Truly," replied his father, "it troubles itself very little about our grapes."

"Oh!" said Ernest, "then the good it does cannot be worth much; for I have heard you say that it is a good will alone which can impart beauty or goodness even to the most useful actions."

"Very true, my boy. We may be thankful, however, that in the course of nature, that which is evil often fosters what is good and useful, without intending to do so."

"Wherefore," inquired Ernest, "does the spider sit so solitary in its web, whilst the bees live sociably together, and work in union? Why might not the spiders also make one huge web, and use it in common?"

"Dear child," answered his father, "a good object alone can ensure friendly co-operation. The bond of wickedness or selfishness contains within itself the seeds of dissolution. Therefore, wise Nature never attempts that which men too often learn by their own experience to be vain and impracticable."

On their way homewards, the father observed, "Hast thou not learnt somewhat from the spider to-day, my boy? Remember that in this world we shall often find good and evil mixed together—our friends and our foes side by side,—so that what is good may, from the contrast, appear all the more beautiful. Thus may we learn a lesson even from what is evil in itself."

◆

THE GIRL'S WORK-TABLE.

WATCH POCKET,

IN PIQUE AND BRAID.

Our young lady readers will find this article very easy to make, very pretty when completed, besides being really useful.

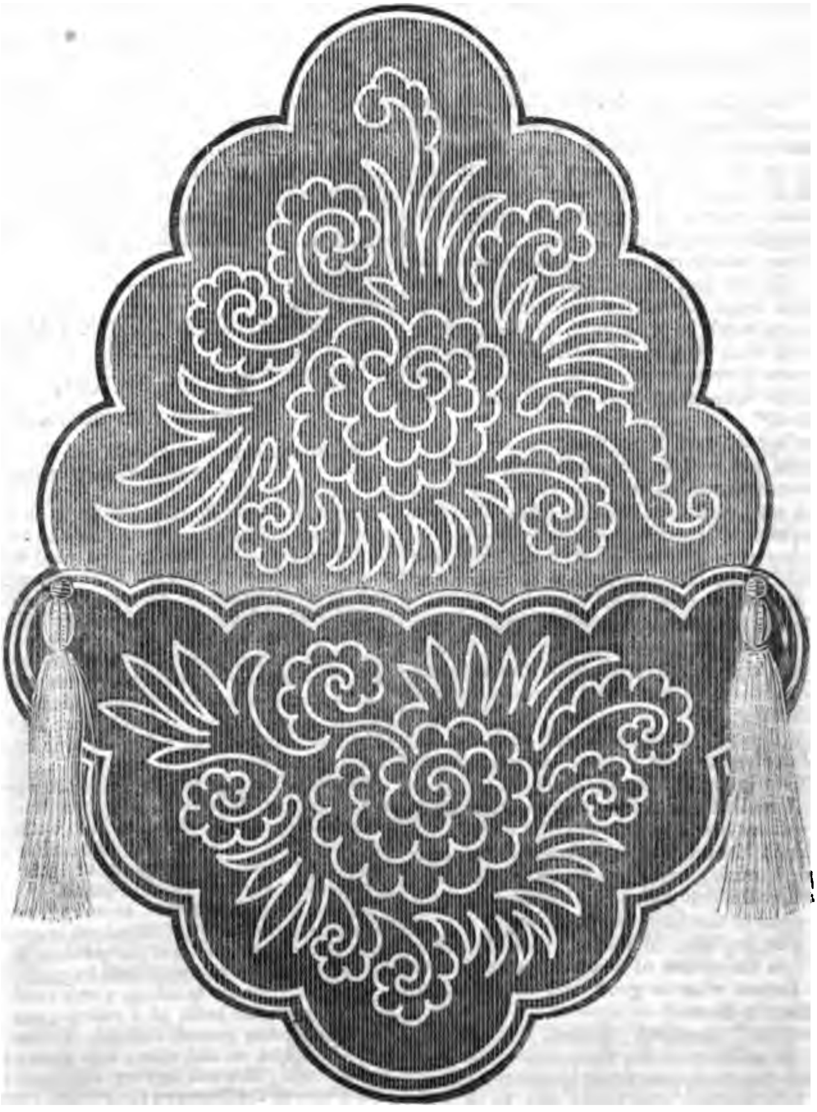
Piqué is a French material, such as is used for making ladies' jackets. It can now be bought in the London shops. A quarter of a yard will be quite sufficient to buy. As it is a thick material, the best way of transferring the pattern will be to procure some blue tracing paper, and having laid it with its blue side on to the piqué, and our engraving again upon that, taking care that all three are evenly arranged, pass over all the lines with the point of a wooden knitting needle. When this has been done, and the engraving and tracing paper are both lifted off, there will be found a distinct blue tracing of the braiding pattern.

And here we ought to say, that the pattern being in two pieces, it will require two tracings. The back, taking in the whole of the outline with the braiding centre, is to be done first; after which, the lower part forming the pocket: this, of course, is to be on a separate piece of piqué.

Again I must beg that great care may be taken in seeing that the web of the piqué is quite straight with the exact middle of our pattern, as otherwise the appearance of the work will be quite spoiled.

To commence the braiding, a very small hole must be made with the point of a stiletto, and the end of the braid being passed through, it must be neatly fastened down on the wrong side with a fine needle and thread. This can be very well done at the bottom of one of the leaves on the left side; after which, the braiding must be continued over every line, until it is brought back to the same spot, when the last end must also be passed through to the wrong side, and fastened in the same manner.

All the braiding being done, the upper edge of the lower part is to be worked in button-hole round the scallops. It is then to be placed over the back, or



WATCH POCKET, IN PIQUE AND BRAID.

larger part, and the two are to be stitched together in the line of the scallop. Then, as the two thicknesses of piqué would be rather awkward to work through, cut the outside one neatly out round by each scallop; after which, button-hole the edge entirely round with No. 16 of Messrs. Walter Evans & Co.'s Perfectionné Cotton, cut off the outer part of the piqué, and this very pretty and very useful article will be completed.

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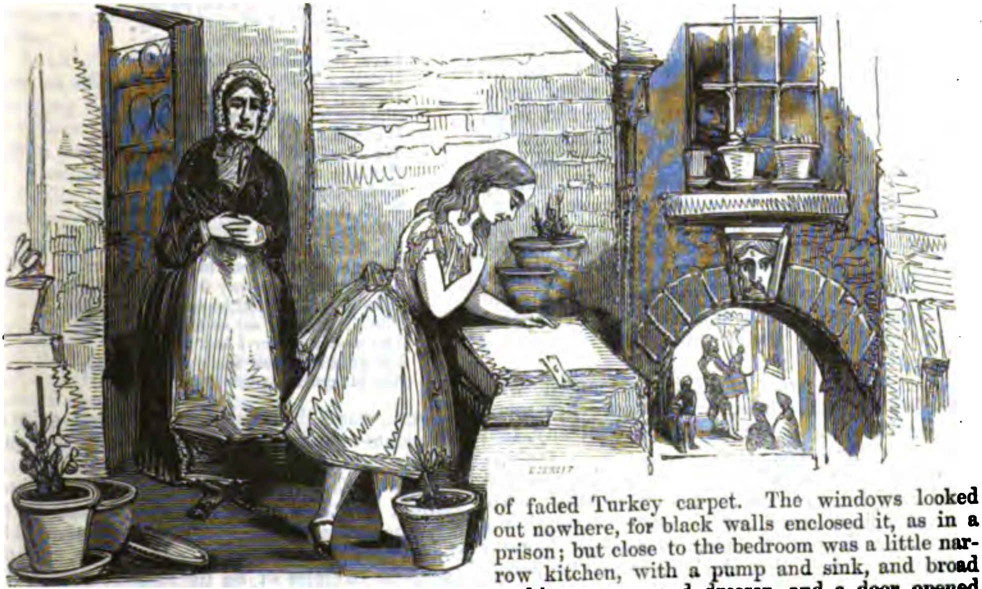
THE BOYS' & GIRLS' COMPANION FOR LEISURE HOURS

No. 5, Vol. I.] SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1857. [Price One Penny.



DON'T TELL;

OR, MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

BY MARY BENNETT.

CHAPTER V.

MISS EVERITT and Annie were to return to Ivy House by a morning train. They slept on the third story of Mr. Trueby's house, in an odd shaped little room, cut off from a suite of offices, and just holding the substantial four-post bed, a corner wash-stand, and a very small piece of faded Turkey carpet. The windows looked out nowhere, for black walls enclosed it, as in a prison; but close to the bedroom was a little narrow kitchen, with a pump and sink, and broad cooking range, and dresser, and a door opened from it on a platform of lead, where there was a number of flower-pots with dreary remains of plants. Standing on these leads in the morning, Annie looked down as into a deep ravine, on a narrow but respectable looking court, where errand boys went by whistling or singing the popular songs—and the Italian turned his organ, exhibiting his monkey on the top—and business men, with firm quick step, and right-onward bearing—and women employed in the warehouses close by—passed and repassed, the women with their baskets and faded shawls and shabby black mantles, and a genuine London air of gentility, or of pretension to it.

What was there in all these objects to please a child like Annie? for pleased she was, and so impressed that she was not likely soon to forget Mr. Trueby's house. The novelty, the earnestness, and the solidity of everything impressed her. She heard more than many children I know; and though, as I have told you before, she was usually slow to speak, and shy, and timid, yet, when her observations were awakened, she could ask many and curious questions in those soft quiet tones of hers, and thus she became informed on many things.

As she stood on the leads, looking down, protected by a breastwork of bricks, over which she peeped, there stood beside her Mr. Trueby's town housekeeper, a respectable old woman, looking very smoke-dried, who lived all day in the narrow kitchen I mentioned, and slept at night somewhere on the fourth or fifth story, and had never been out of London in all her life. This worthy person answered to the best of her ability all Annie's questions, and observed to Mr. Trueby she never had seen in her born days such a sensible and inquisitive little girl. She really did surmise that Miss Campbell would learn more of London life in a day than she herself had learned in sixty-five years, but the children of the present time she thought were wonderfully sharp compared with what they used to be when she was a girl.

Mr. Trueby was particularly amused with Annie's inquisitiveness, and he gave her much information, in a half-real, half-fanciful way, that was very attractive.

"You like stories," said he, after a long conversation with her; "now here is one to finish with, of a city flower-pot," and he rattled through the following rhymes in a most dramatic style, after informing Annie that the heroine was his housekeeper's grandchild:—

THE BROKEN FLOWER.

Ah, Margaret! poor Margaret!
She a little flower had set
In a little pot that stood
On a narrow shelf of wood
In a ware-room, on the edge
Of a narrow window-ledge;
She had purchased it by stealth
Out of her small hoard of wealth,
Of halfpenny and casual penny
Saved I think unknown to any,
Saved to buy this little flower
Looked and longed for many an hour.
Ah, Margaret! poor Margaret!
The plant at eve she duly met,
And hanging o'er it tenderly
Oft laughed with joy its growth to see,
And sooth, it grew up beauteously.
Florists, botanists, may jeer,
If this word of praise they hear;
Let them, if they will, deride.
Lovely grew her *London Pride*.
Here a clustering heap of leaves,
Ah! now over them she grieves;
Here a fresh, green, tender stalk,
(Of its grace how she would talk!)
There a crowd of flowerets small
Drooping from the green stalk tall.
White those flowers, with crimson spots;
But—brittle ware are flower-pots.
Through open window shone the sun,
The flower looked a happy one;
When a gust of wind swept by,
Though it was now 'mid July;
From the window-ledge it falls,
Rattling 'gainst the high brick walls.
Down it falls! Oh, Margaret!
She has lost the flower she set!
Weep she may for days and hours—
Weeping will not heal her flowers.
Heeding neither laugh nor jest
To her lips the stem is prest;
With its green juice blends her tears.
(Margaret has seen few years.)
Ah, Margaret! poor Margaret!
Not soon will she her loss forget.
"Oh, my flower—my flower!" weeps she,
"No other one will be to me
The little root I set in May,
The pretty flower I lost to-day."
For aught I know she's grieving yet—
Ah, Margaret! poor Margaret!

Annie was loth to go away, and had quite an affectionate parting with the merchant, who gave her an Indian work-box "for a keepsake."

As Miss Everitt walked with her to the railway station, for their return home, she bade her remark how at every step they were surrounded by the evidences of industry, punctuality, and the energetic exercise of all the faculties which God has bestowed on human beings. The sluggish, the careless, the purposeless, and the dull, are good for nothing here, where the best talents will assuredly win the best prizes, but where the great demand is for energy and spirit—where every man, woman, and child must be really awake, and on the alert to do all they are fitted for, in the best manner, and in the shortest time. "Don't Tell" does not thrive here. Every body is too busy to listen to it. Bad and evil flourish best in indolent life, whether that be in country or town. Many virtues bloom in the noisy, dusty city ways, and vices may grow less rank there than in some rural places; for of every locality it may be said, as I have shown in another book,—

> "Worthy deeds can make it beautiful."

When Miss Everitt and Annie had left the train, and were crossing the village green, the former said:

"Annie, I have been glad of the opportunity of this visit, and partly because I hope it will tend to make you a more energetic and active character, and also less secret. I am afraid you have been too much in the confidence of Miss Walton; but, my dear, let me tell you that young girls should have no confidences of a secret nature. Where they have, there is generally something wrong. I am your best confidant. I stand in your mother's place. Your duty to her is transferred to me."

Annie clasped her two hands on Miss Everitt's arm, as she said, "I will do all you wish, as if you were my dear mother."

"Then tell me everything that has passed between you and Margaret. You do not speak"—

"I cannot."

"Why not?—Now, Annie, in the story of the two boys and the serpent, if Henry had disclosed George's guilty secret, it would have been to a cruel, unfeeling, violent man; but there is no such excuse here."

"No indeed, dear governess; you and the Curate are just and kind."

"Why then any concealment from us?"

"I cannot tell," faltered Annie, in tears, but to herself she kept repeating, then and afterwards, "If I betray them, they will hate me; what they have done cannot be prevented now. I will hide nothing more, but I will not betray what I know now. I do love Margaret, and she loves me. I know she is not always a good girl, but she shall not be more disgraced through me. I cannot bear that. I will not tell of her."

"You have nothing to say then, Annie?" said Miss Everitt, observing on her countenance the conflict of her mind.

"No, governess," she replied stubbornly, and to that she adhered.

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The Culture of the Heart.—"Make haste and eat up your pudding, or I shall give it to that little boy in the street," is a threat directly inculcating gluttony, selfishness, and everything from which we would most defend a child. Yet how common are such speeches! I have heard them, even, out of the lips of a mother who ought to have known better; and nothing can be more common than such threats with servants.—*Mrs. Pullan's Children, and How to Manage Them.*

"THIS WAY FOR THE RIDERS!"

By JOHN BENNETT.

Tommy Lisle's father was a sailor, and when he came home from his perilous voyages, he was very lavish with the money he stored up, upon all he met, and upon all he knew, but on none more so than his "little man Tom," as he endearingly called him. Often, on these occasions, would the boy be met with his mouth full, his pockets full, and his hands full, of every kind of fruit, of every kind of cake and sweetmeat, and every kind of toy. His father took him on board his ship, to all sights and scenes, bought him a donkey to ride on, and sometimes quarrelled with his wife if she interposed a good word when she saw the bad impression these extravagant indulgences made upon Tommy, and when she considered the many dangers and privations her husband was subject to for the little money he earned, and so improvidently squandered.

"Stuff o' nonsense, Bess!" the sailor one day said, while Tommy was dressed all in his best, and waiting impatiently by his father's side ready to be taken to the country fair. "Lor', you do make such a fuss about a few shillings! while I think no more of 'em than just to scatter about—d'ye see?—and have a glass of grog with, pay for a little pleasure for our little man Tommy, and buy a gown or two for you, d'ye see? Don't think it, you'll never make a miser of me. I work for the money, and, by gar, I'll spend it. Come along, Tom, let's see what's doing at the fair. You've never been afore to one, have'e?"

"No, father, I haven't!" exclaimed the boy, radiant with joy and pleasure at the treat his father was about to give him.

"Ha! ha! ha!" right heartily laughed the sailor, as much delighted as ever was the son. "Then you *will* have a treat! My stars, Tommy!—there you'll see the merryman jump through a hoop, and right through a window!—you'll hear the lions roar, and monkeys chatter!—you'll see little girls, no bigger than yourself, Tom, my boy, walk up a rope, ah! as high as our house!—you'll hear the drums beat, and the horns play—"

"Oh! do let us make haste, father!" cried the excited boy, on whom the sailor's rough description of the delights of a country fair was making an impression that much troubled the heart of his mother, who stood by, watching and listening to her husband's folly.

"Stop a minute, Tom; I haven't half told you what you'll see and hear and have."

"Do come on, father, I want to go! We shall be so late!" interrupted Tom, with all the excitement it was capable for a little creature like him to feel.

"Oh, no, we won't,—we won't be late to the fair. I'll hire a carriage rather than that should happen. This is the first time you have been, eh? Well, then, you shall enjoy yourself. Father is not always with you, is he, boy?" affectionately added the sailor.

"I wish you were, that I know," said Tom. "I never have nothing except when you come home from sea, I know. Mother's always driving me to chapel or school; I like one just as well as the other, and neither of them at all."

"Hush, Tom—you shouldn't say that, you know. School and chapel is all very proper—especially with a little fairing mixed up occasionally with 'em. All work and no play, you know, Bess—"

"I know, husband, that though I toil every way I can think of for the good of Tommy, it is vain and useless while you undo it all. Country fairs, believe me, are no places to take children to, nor yourself either. When you are at sea, Tom, you know not how all your mistaken indulgences recoil upon me: stubbornness, disobedience, skulking from school, and opposition to that place where, Tom, we are commanded to go and worship God!"

"That's all bad, Tommy, my man," said the sailor, shaking his head of curly hair. "I don't like to hear that, nohow."

"My dear husband, it is yourself that requires the correction, not the boy."

"Me! me!" exclaimed the sailor. "How d'ye make out that?"

"Why, do you think, husband, that you can take our child to such places as theatres, cock-fightings, wrestlings, and country fairs, without these things making an evil impression on his tender mind? Alas! no—children cannot resist the baneful influences they exercise over their souls—"

"Oh, do come along, father!" implored the boy.

"Would it not be more precious to you, husband, to see our dear boy as eager for his school or church as for the abominations you have now excited him to desire?"

"To be sure it would, wife. And I say, Tom—d'ye hear?—now if I take you to the fair, you must be a good boy when I'm at sea again, and do what your mother tells you, whether it be to go to church, or an errand, or to school."

"Yes, father—but do come on. The fair will all be over."

"It were well for you, my child, if it never began."

"That's all stuff, ain't it, father?" replied Tommy.

"Oh, no, no, Tom; you mustn't say that to your mother—she knows better than you what's good for you."

"You mean it all in kindness," said Mrs. Lisle to her husband, "but you will please me very much if you will not go to the fair."

"Why you see, Bess, I've promised the boy—"

"But bad promises are better broken than kept," interrupted the sailor's wife.

"Well, to be sure, that's true. But—but—as I *have* promised him, I'll go. But understand, Bess—I'll never take him again against your wishes."

Tom's mother pleaded again with the sailor that he would not take her boy to the fair; but Tom begged of his father to "come on;" and, alas for the parents! and alas for the child! on they went.

While they are on their way to the fair, we will describe Master Tommy to our young readers. Well, then, he was a very pretty, round-faced boy, eleven years of age. He was a favourite with his playmates, and very clever at ring-taw, leaping, cat's-head, French and English; and indeed he always took the lead in all the sports he engaged in. But, mark!—Tom, clever as he was at play, was the veriest dunce at school that ever sat on a form. He hated the name of school and of church, and any boy that does that is sure to meet with a wretched end, and lead an ignorant life. Had poor Tom been as fortunate in having an intelligent father as well as mother, we should have had only to record his good deeds rather than his bad ones. To have seen Tommy skipping delightfully along with his father, his face beaming all over with delight, and his blue eyes lit up with joyous animation, it would have been difficult to have come to the conclusion that he was a very wicked boy, disobedient to his mother, and only fond of his father while he was being indulged.

But see!—Tom and his father now approach the fair; discordant noises of drums and trumpets, the showman's cries of "Walk up!—Walk up!" "Be in time!" and the hum of the people gathered in the market-place to see all that was to be seen, met their delighted ears for some time before they reached the actual spot. No sooner did the sailor enter among the crowd, than he caught up Tom in his arms, and the boy gazed around, while his blue eyes were opened to their full, and bespoke nothing but wonder.

Let it be said that the sailor, his father, enjoyed the delight of his boy Tommy as much as the stupid sights and scenes about him; and we must also observe, that when an oath fell upon his ear, he thought of the words of his wife, that it was decidedly wrong that his little boy should have been brought within its sound; and could he at this moment have seen his wife weeping at his folly at home, his repentance would have been of a more durable character. But Tommy's merry chuckle at Mr. Merryman's antics quickly dispelled the better thoughts that occasionally came to the sailor's undisciplined mind.

Little Tom was now led to a gingerbread-nut stall, and the many delicious things he saw there bewildered his choice,—first he would have his father buy him some of this—now that; now some of "them there," with the bright gold on,—now some of "they in the glass with the red and blue comfits in 'em." Tom had a little of all; and as his pockets were filled by his foolish father, it was always with the injunction that "he was to save some for his mother." After the boy's pockets and hands were filled, the sailor filled his own more capacious ones for his dear Bess at home.

The wonderful sights of the fair now engaged their attention, and the sailor, with his son reinstated in his arms, pushed through the crowd to a show, and after witnessing the silly things outside, ascended the steps of the caravan to see the show within. Tom thought the actors and actresses were real kings and queens, and that they killed each other in downright earnest. The sailor, too, had the fullest faith and appreciation in the nonsense being enacted before him, and he ate his nuts in tears at the pathetic story which he witnessed.

While they were enjoying the tragedy, the blast of a horn without, and the loud challenge for all to "be in time to see the great lion Nero feed!" were heard. Tom would not let his father rest until he got him from the tragedy to the menagerie opposite. When the boy heard Nero roar he was almost afraid to ascend the steps; but on his father's assurance that the lion was fastened in a strong den, Tom's fears were pacified, and they entered to behold most of the popular beasts of the forest. Tom clung fast to his father, as he looked from cage to cage, and gazed on forms he never saw before. What he enjoyed most of all was to see his father feed the sagacious elephant with gingerbread-nuts, and at length ventured himself to offer a nut to the stupendous creature. The monkeys were next regaled, and they much amused little Tom, who well supplied them with Spanish nuts from the extended pockets of his blue jacket and trousers.

One thing to another, as fast as their fancy suggested change of scene—from the wonders of the menagerie to the fat boy,—from the fat boy to the dwarf—from the dwarf to the giant—from the giant to the child with two heads and no feet, and from thence to the wizard's cavern.

The wizard! Tom was much pleased with him, and wondered, and was highly amused to see him make a plum-pudding in his hat, and to make a live pigeon jump out of a gold watch. "Seeing is believing." and both the boy and the father had full faith that all they saw of the wizard's performance was as free from trick as the most real thing in life.

This exhibition over, they again mingled with the crowd in the fair, in quest of new entertainment. "This way for the Riders! This way for the Riders!" "Now, boys, be in time—in time!" Tommy needed not the last invitation,—the very sound of riding quickened his young blood, and his father was dragged energetically through the crowd to the enchanted spot.

"Well, this is nobby!" he exclaimed, as he stood before the roundabout with horses of all colours fixed thereon. "Let me ride on that dear little pony over there, father," pointing to a variegated carving of a and nostrils and eyes startlingly dilated, the former as red as paint could make them. Tom's foot was soon in the stirrup, and his slim figure soon in the saddle. This beat everything else he had been enjoying at the fair, at least his looks of happiness said as much. "So nobby, father!" he would call out to the sailor every time he was whirled round by the man inside the machine. Tom's extacies continued until he had fairly worn out the patience of his indulgent father, and when he was summoned to descend from his fond position, he obeyed with obvious reluctance; and as Mr. Lisle led him from the spot, ever and anon he looked back in envy on those who were mounted on the horses, and wished and longed for his equestrian treat over again.

"I like it better than all the rest of the fair put together," he observed, as the sailor, warned by the coming darkness, wended towards home. "Do let me have another go!"

"No, boy, no; it is getting late, and we must travel home to your poor mother. I'll buy a little fairing for her, and then we'll go."

Tom hated the words of "home," and "we'll go." He had never been so happy in his life, and he could have stopped within sound of "This way for the Riders!" the whole of the night.

The excitement was over, and as the sailor journeyed through a meadow to his little house, he grew melancholy and sentimental. He thought he had done wrong in introducing his son where so much evil abounded, and he became impressed with the dreadful feeling that one day he should still be more sorry for it.

"And so you have enjoyed yourself, my boy?"

"Haven't I, though!" replied Tom, in the most pleasurable tones, with a paper of nuts in one hand, comfits in the other, and a large kite slung on his back. "There, father, if I had all the money in the world I would spend it at a fair—it is so nobby!"

"I don't like to hear you say that, Tom—because it would be very wrong to do so. Fairs, you know, Tom, are bad places; and I now see, with your mother, that I did very wrong to take you. Tom, my little man, you must mind what your mother says,—she has had a better schooling than I have had, and knows right from wrong, and what's good for me, and good for you, and she wishes us both well. Fairs, you see, Tom, are all nonsense, after all; and, I say, you must try to forget what you have seen and heard."

"Forget, father! I wouldn't for the world! Nor I couldn't either, that's better. Why I shall never forget that dear little pony I rode on!"

"D'ye hear, Tom?" said the sailor, coaxingly; for he was alarmed at his son's words, and saw more plainly still the evil he had committed. "D'ye hear, Tom? Forget it all, I say; and tell your mother so; and when I come back from sea again, I'll buy you a live pony,—that'll be better than that trumpery

"By a good deal! But it will be a long time before you come back again, father; and I don't like to wait."

"You must learn patience, boy, and mind what your mother says when I'm away. I say, Tom, how is it you seem fonder of me than your mother?"

"Because you let me have my own way—buy me everything—and take me to the fair," he quickly answered. "While mother buys me nothing but books, and takes me nowhere but school and chapel."

"And which do you think is your best friend of the two?"

"Oh, you, father!"

"In ten years time you won't say so, Tom, I'll bet a penny. Why how are you to learn without going to school? And how are you to love God, without going to chapel? And without edication, Tom, you'll be as ignorant as I am, that can scarce sign my name when I takes my money; and without you go to church, God will forget you—mind that, lad. We are now near home, and I hope you will not talk to your mother about the evil we have seen—it will distress her too much, and she will blame me."

"Evil, father! then why did you take me?" ejaculated Tom.

"That's where you have me—and that's where your mother will have me. Howsomever, I did take you, there's no denying that—and there's no denying that I'm sorry for it. You know, Tom, when a person is truly sorry for a thing, they never do it again—and as long as I live, you never go again with me to a fair."

"Perhaps by next fair, father, I shall be big enough to go by myself. I shall be twelve years old, before that."

The more the sailor conversed with the boy, the more he became assured of his folly and the temptation he had subjected Tom to. With dejected spirit and melancholy countenance, he reached home, where he found his wife more depressed than himself.

Just before her husband's return, she had received a kind visit from her widowed landlady and her little daughter Jane, both of whom regretted and sympathised with her for the distressing apprehensions she had about her son, and indulged the hope that they would never be realised. Mrs. May, at the request of the sailor's wife, promised to speak a word to Mr. Lisle on the necessary training a child required, and endeavour to influence him to exercise a wiser discretion in the indulgence he lavished on his son. Little Jane also promised, with her mamma's permission, to lend the lad some of her best books. This unexpected kindness cheered the grateful heart of Mrs. Lisle; but as the widow and her child were about to depart, she relapsed again into the melancholy attitude in which Mrs. May first accidentally found her.

For want of space we must postpone the mischief of the Country Fair, and the deep sorrows and disgrace it hereafter brought on little Tom Lisle, to our next Number.

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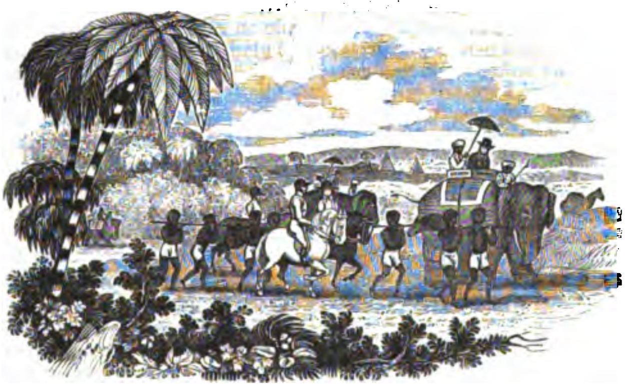
The motives we ought to set before a child are, first, to obey and please his heavenly Father, and next to please and render happy all who surround him. What can we expect of a child who is *taught* only to consider his own benefit, or comfort, in all he does.

ANIMALS IN THE SERVICE OF MAN.

THE ELEPHANT.

"Calm amid scenes of havoc, in his own
Huge strength impregnable—the elephant
Offendeth none, but leads a quiet life
Among his own contemporary trees,
'Till nature lays him gently down to rest,
Beneath the palm which he was wont to make
His prop in slumber: there his relics lie,
Longer than life itself had dwelt within them.
Bees in the ample hollow of his skull
Fill their wax citadels, and store their honey;
Thence sally forth to forage through the fields,
And swarm in emigrating legions thence.
There little burrowing animals throw up
Hillocks beneath the overarching ribs;
While birds, within their spiral labyrinths,
Contrive their nests."



In size and strength, the elephant excels all other animals.

These stupendous creatures are inhabitants of the tropical climates of Asia and Africa, living in large herds or troops, and reigning the almost exclusive possessors of immense woods and luxuriant plains; it is peaceable and quiet, unless attacked by some stronger and more powerful animal, or by their dreaded and relentless foe—man. The chief haunt of the Elephant is the boundless forests in the neighbourhood of some river, in which he can enjoy, under the cool shade of trees, the luxury of a bath, protected equally from the scorching rays of the sun, and the tormenting stings of insects.

There are two principal species of elephant—the Indian and the African. The African species has immensely large ears, and a rounder head than the Indian elephant. The latter inhabits Cochin China, Pegu, Siam, Hindoostan, with the adjoining islands, especially Ceylon.

The elephant is remarkable for its capability of being tamed, and for its eminent services to man in the countries adapted to its mode of existence. A distinguished traveller says:—

"I performed many long journeys upon an elephant given by Ragobah to Colonel Keating. Nothing could exceed the sagacity and affection of these noble quadrupeds. If stopped to enjoy a prospect, he remained immoveable until I had finished my sketch. If I wished for ripe mangos growing out of the common reach, he selected the most fruitful branch, and breaking it off with his trunk, offered it to the driver for the company in the *houdah* (the castle or palanquin on its back), accepting of any part given to himself with a respectful salaam, by raising his trunk three times above his head, in the manner of the Oriental obeisance, and as often did he express his thanks by a murmuring noise. When a bough obstructed the *houdah*, he twisted his trunk about it, and, though of considerable magnitude, broke it off with ease, and often gathered a leafy branch either to keep off the flies or as a fan to agitate the air around him, by waving it with his trunk. He generally paid a visit at the tent door during breakfast, to procure sugar-candy or fruit, and be cheered by the encomiums and caresses he deservedly met with. No spaniel could be more innocently playful, or fonder of those who noticed him, than this docile animal, which on particular occasions appeared conscious of his exaltation above the rest of the brute creation."

Anecdotes of the intelligence of the elephant abound. The following is related in the "Oriental Annual:"—A *mahoot* in India is a person who drives the elephant; he always sits on the neck, and generally urges the animal forward by words of endearment; but when it is refractory, goads it with a short iron spike. A mahoot wishing to go to the bazaar to purchase something for domestic use, and having an infant child which had lost its mother, gave it into the care of the elephant he guided, giving her a verbal caution, which she seemed perfectly to comprehend, to be vigilant in the discharge of her trust; he then quitted the spot on which the elephant was picketed, leaving the helpless infant on the ground before her. Some English officers hearing the caution given to her, endeavoured to seduce her from her trust. They tempted her appetite with her favourite fruits, but the noble creature kept her head steadily over the child, even while she eyed the fruit askance, longing after it. Next the officers got long bamboos with nooses at the end, and with them tried to draw away the child from the position in which the parent had left it. The elephant then began to look angry, disdained the fruit, and exhibited an aspect of firm resolve. After some further trials, the officers gave up their unworthy attempts. The mahoot returned, found the elephant immoveable, and received from her trunk the little creature safe and smiling. Then with a triumphant flourish of her trunk the elephant turned to look after the fruit, and ate it with the utmost relish.

We here conclude the first sketch of the elephant; but shall return to the subject in a subsequent number.

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Examination.—Examinations are formidable, even to the best prepared, for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man can answer.

THE PHILOSOPHIC MOUSE.

CHAPTER V.

You will no doubt blame me for not being more systematic in the division of my narrative. Some evenings' amusement I have related wholly in one chapter, but without naming dates. Other interesting information I have given, without accounting for the time when I received it; whether morning, evening, noon, or night.

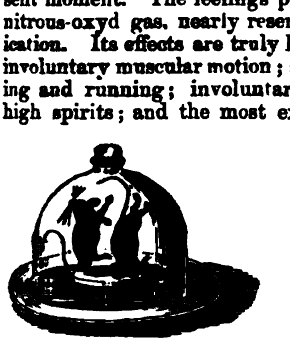
Mr. Philosopher was merciful to me, in comparison with what some philosophers would have been, if they had caught me. I heard him read an account of some cruel experiments, which I will relate. Mr. —— made twenty-four experiments on warm and cold-blooded animals, by various modes of removing or destroying the brain, or cutting off the communication between it and the heart, or spinal marrow. Ten experiments were made on rabbits, and the remainder on frogs. (I was glad to hear there were no mice.) He found that the circulation of the heart was not arrested by blows on the head, so as to crush the brain, without greatly injuring the spinal marrow; that the heart retained its irritability for twelve hours after the nerves of the head had been completely detached from it; and that the spinal marrow has some influence on the heart. Nevertheless, although the heart retains its contractability after the nerves of the brain are removed, he admits that violent joy will destroy its functions quicker than decapitation.

I wish the cruel experimentalist had known these expressive lines of Cowper:

"I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though grac'd with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

While he was reading, in came, running, little Miss, with (what I was sorry to see) a mouse-trap, containing a companion for me in my imprisonment. This caused a general stir, and finally led to my being enclosed again, but with my new companion, under the receiver. This certainly was one of the pleasantest experiments that could possibly be conceived. My companion enjoyed it as much as I did. We were placed in a receiver, I said; but this receiver had previously been filled with a gas called nitrous oxyd. It supports combustion better than atmospheric air, and almost as well as pure oxygen. I felt pleasure thrill through all my veins, the moment I was introduced. What the result would be, I never perplexed myself about;

for my whole desire seemed to be, to enjoy the present moment. The feelings produced by inhaling nitrous-oxyd gas, nearly resemble those of intoxication. Its effects are truly ludicrous, producing involuntary muscular motion; a propensity to leaping and running; involuntary fits of laughter: high spirits; and the most exquisite pleasurable sensations, without any feeling of languor or debility afterwards. My companion walked about on his two hind-legs, and jumped as if he were mad. I stood on my head, then leaped up to the very top of the receiver. The company who were looking on, seemed much to enjoy our comic mood. My companion once jumped upon my back, then tumbled over head and heels: this made them laugh most immoderately. At last, when we had been in about four minutes, we lost all voluntary motion. They then thought proper to introduce us to our senses, by remanding us to our prisons.



(To be continued.)

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SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

Sir Charles was born at Whitehall, in 1782. He was a weak and sickly child; but, from the first, of indomitable spirit.

As a child, Charles Napier was demure and thoughtful, and his expressions generally had a touch of greatness: thus, when only ten years of age, he rejoiced to find he was short-sighted, because a portrait of Frederick the Great hanging in his father's room had strange eyes; and because Plutarch said Philip Sertorious and Hannibal were one-eyed, and Alexander's eyes of different colours; he even wished to lose one of his own as the token of a great general, unknowing then that none of God's gifts can be lost with satisfaction. But a longing for fame was with him a master passion, and in his childhood he looked to war for it, with an intense eagerness: yet nothing savage ever entered his mind. His compassionate sensibility was that of a girl; it was displayed early and continued till death. When he could but just speak, hearing for the first time the caw of a single crow, probably a melancholy one, which infancy could detect, he stretched forth his little hands, and weeping, exclaimed with broken infantine accents, "*What matter? poor bird? what matter?*" And only by repeated assurances that the bird was not unhappy could he be pacified. Danger he sought as conducing to reputation, but indifference to it was not, as supposed, any part of his temperament. He was of very sensitive fibre; yet with astonishing force of will he could always call up daring and fortitude to overbear natural timidity. Unlucky as to accidents—they beset him from childhood to latest age—he was never deterred thereby from striving in all perilous feats of youth in youth, and daring actions becoming age in age. Once in leaping, he struck his leg against a roughly rivetted bank with such force as to tear the flesh from the bone in a frightful manner; he was but ten years old, and the wound was alarming, yet he sustained the pain and fear with a spirit that excited the admiration of stern men. His moral resolution was very early shown. A wandering showman, a wild-looking creature, short of stature but huge of limb, half-naked, with thick matted red hair and beard, and a thundering voice, was displaying his powers on the Esplanade at Castletown. A crowd of people gathered, and, after some minor displays, the man, balancing a ladder on his chin, invited, or rather, with menacing tones, ordered a sweep to mount and sit on the top, but the boy shrunk in fear from the shouting, gesticulating ogre. Charles Napier, then six years old, was asked by his father if he would venture? Silent for a moment, he seemed to fear, but suddenly looking up said yes, and was borne aloft amidst the cheers of the spectators. Again: at ten years of age, having caught a fish when angling, he was surprised by the descent of a half-tamed eagle of great size and fierceness, which, floating down from a tree, settled upon his shoulders, covered him with its huge dark wings, and took the fish out of his hands. Far from being frightened, he pursued his sport, and on catching another fish held it up, inviting the eagle to try again, at the same time menacing the formidable bird with the spear end of the rod. Plutarch would have drawn an omen from such an event. About this time he was taken to the Hot Wells of Bristol, where Mr. Sheridan, being acquainted with his father, took much notice of the boy, and once offered him a present of money, which was instantly rejected. "Papa told me never to take money, and I will not have yours: but I thank you" Sheridan was surprised, and rather characteristically said to the father, "Your boy is a fine fellow, but very wonderful."

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The Three Teachers.—To my question, how he could, at his age, have mastered so many attainments, his reply was, that with his three teachers "every thing might be learned, common sense alone excepted, the peculiar and rarest gifts of Providence. These three teachers were, *Necessity*, *Habit*, and *Time*. At starting in life, *Necessity* told him, if he hoped to *live* he must *labour*; *Habit* turned the labour into an *indulgence*; and *Time* gave every man an hour for every thing, unless he chose to yawn it away.—*Salathiel*.

THE HAPPY HOUR.

PUZZLES.

17. **Spell** "the flesh of a calf" with two letters.

18. Spell a word which is sometimes used instead of the word "extravagance," with two letters.

19. Its very odd, although the number's even,
But the half of twelve is exactly seven.

20. A man was looking at a portrait, and he said:
Uncles and brothers have I none,
Yet that man is my father's son.
Whose portrait was he looking at?

CHARADE.

21.

My *first* is used by all the correspondents of the "Companion" when they write to the Editor. My *second* is frequently used to place plants and flowers upon. And my *whole* (which is also used by the correspondents of the "Companion") is of no use to them unless it contains my *first*.

ENIGMAS.

22.

My *first* is oft by ladies borne;
My *second's* the reverse of out;
My *whole's* an article of food
Which boys at evening cry about. C. S.

23.

My *first's* a snarling, sneaking dog,
Which barks as you go by;
My *second*, would-be actors do.
When rivals they defy;
My *whole's* a fruit, that, fresh or dry,
We eat in pudding or in pie. C. S.

24.

My *first* is a bird;
My *second* a fish;
And my *whole* is an insect.

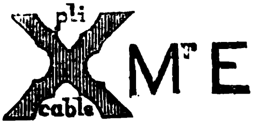
25.

PRSVRYPRFCTMNV
RKPTHSPRCPTSTN

But one letter is wanting to make a perfect sentence. What is it?

HIEROGLYPHIC SENTENCE.

26.



27.

The Miraculous Vessel.—Take a tin vessel of about six inches in height, and three in diameter, and having a mouth of only a quarter of an inch wide; and in the bottom of the vessel make a number of small holes, of a size sufficient to admit of a common sewing needle. Plunge the vessel into water, with its mouth open, and when it is full, cork it and take it out again; then, as long as the vessel remains corked, no water will come out of it, but as soon as it is uncorked the water will immediately issue from the small holes at the bottom. It must be observed, however, that if the holes at the bottom of the vessel be more than one-sixth of an inch in diameter, or if they be too numerous, the experiment will not succeed; for in this case the pressure of the air against the bottom of the vessel will not be sufficient to confine the water.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

First Class.

Little Ben (you are determined to win a prize; you will well deserve one).—**Noddy** (no more than we anticipated).—**Mary** (where is poor Lizzie? oh, you have left her in the second class) —**Busy Bee** (it is only "busy" people that can keep the place you have at length achieved).—**Emma** (very late, but very good).

Second Class.

Brutus (we have to thank you for the many good things you have forwarded; when you see them published, it will still further show you our appreciation of them).—**Thomas G. Wales** (we shall be glad to see an improvement) —**Elisa** (no, we really cannot place you in the first class until you guess all).—**Lizzie** (although we sympathise with you in the loss of your companion, we cannot but admire Lizzie's honesty in that she did not let you copy her solutions; take heart, and emulate your sister, and rest not until you settle with her in the first class: your handwriting assures us that you are an intelligent girl).—**A. S. Harland** (better than the last, but still room for improvement).—**Agnes, Annie, & Polly** (three little sisters, who write that they have lost their papa,—not that he is dead, only that he has gone away; and that on Southsea Beach they sat down and puzzled over the Pastime of the Boys' and Girls' Companion; we shall be very glad, and always glad, to hear from this dear little trio).

STANZA TO MAY.

O May! all nature loves thy form,
And anxious waits thy sight;
Through many a drear and snowy storm
At last doth shine thy light
Through yonder April's gentle shower,
That opes thy coming ray,
And all convene in that gay hour
To greet the month of May.—J. **Merrick.**

*** Although the above stanza is pretty, yet the author must clearly understand that there is ample room for the improvement of his muse. We have inserted the lines more out of regard to our promise than from any intrinsic excellence they possess.

Baker & James Newling.—Your letters arrived too late for consideration. All communications must be with us on or before each Thursday, for answer in the following Number.

◆

ANSWERS TO PASTIME.

(*Page* 47.)

No. 13.—Blow with considerable force down one side of the glass upon the edge of the half-crown. The sixpence will be expelled by the force of the air, and will fall either upon the upper surface of the half-crown, or upon the table. A little practice will render the performance of this feat very easy. 14.—Take one of the strings, and pass it in a loop upwards, under the string which binds the wrist of the opposite person, then draw the loop through, and enlarge it, and by passing it *over the hand*, the release may be easily effected. 15.—The string must be put through the armhole, and over the head, then through the opposite armhole; then the hand must be put up underneath the waistcoat, and the string drawn down around the body until the former drops down about the waist, when you may jump out of it. 16.—When the cat is away the mice will play.

*** *With the present Number may be had, price one penny, a beautiful Needlework Design, printed in colours, of a "Coral Pattern Mat," with description for working it. This forms the Frontispiece to Part I., now ready, price sixpence.*

*** *Correspondents will meet with prompt attention. Contributors to our Pages will please to enclose stamps, should they require their communications to be returned if not accepted.*

Address to Editor at Printers', 23, Middle Street, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

"SHALL I BE IDLE?"

"Roving o'er the garden free,
Little honey-gathering bee,
For awhile your toil forego,
Come and play with me."—
"No, no!
Soon will pass the summer hours,
Soon will fade the gayest flowers,
And the winter will arrive,
Ere I have filled my little hive,
If that I should idle be;—
No, I cannot play with thee."

"Little dog, how fast you run!
Stay, I want a bit of fun!
In the daisied fields I go,
Wilt thou follow?"—
"Idler, no!—
I've a master good and kind,
Pleasing him, I pleasure find;
Now I haste his home to guard,
Wherefore then my steps retard?
If unfaithful I could be,
Would he feed and care for me?"

"What, thou silly tiny ant,
Canst thou with that burthen want?
How you wander to and fro!
Come and play with me."—
"No, no!—
Ere the sunny hours are o'er
I my little barn must store,
And with industry and care,
For my little ones prepare;
If I pleasure now pursue,
What in winter shall I do?"

"Little bird, come hop this way,
Surely you will with me stay;
Toil and care are not for you—
Flutterer, tarry."—
"No, adieu
If my weary pinions rest,
It must be within my nest!
There my little unfledged brood
Now are chirruping for food;
Faint and hungry will they be,
If I tarry, child, with thee!"

What! all busy! none I find
Unto idleness inclined;
All the path of duty tread,
Labour for their daily bread.
While they thus their hours employ,
Shall I be an idle boy?
No! I yield to wisdom's rule,
Gaily hasten on to school;
Turn again, my books, to thee!
Trifler! no! I will not be!

J. P.

◆

Censure.—Censure is a tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

THE BOY AND THE BRICK.

A boy hearing his father say, "'Twas a poor rule that would not work both ways," said:—"If father applies this rule about his work, I will test it in my play."

So, setting up a row of bricks, three or four inches apart, he tipped over the first, which, striking the second, caused it to fall on the third, which overturned the fourth, and so on through the whole course, until all the bricks lay prostrate.

"Well," said the boy, "each brick has knocked down his neighbour which stood next to him; I only tipped one. Now I will raise one, and see if he will *raise* his neighbour. I will see if raising one will raise all the rest."

He looked in vain to see them rise.

"Here, father," said the boy, "is a *poor rule;* 'twill not work both ways. They knock each other down, but will not raise each other up."

"My son," said the father, "bricks and mankind are alike, made of clay, active in knocking each other down, but not disposed to help each other up."

"Father," said the boy, "does the first brick represent or resemble the first Adam?"

The father replied in the following *Moral*:—"When men fall, they love company; but when they rise, they love to stand alone, like yonder brick, and see others prostrate and below them."

◆

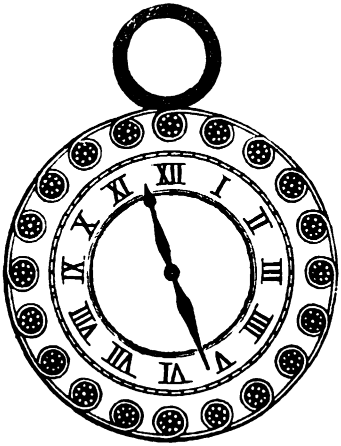
THE GIRL'S WORK-TABLE.

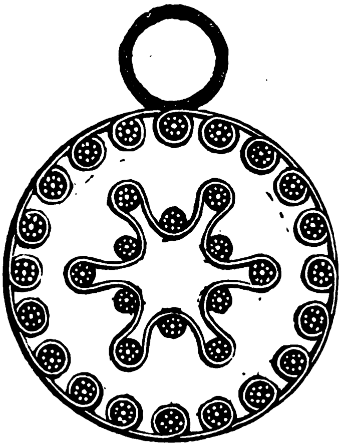
By MADAME EUGENIE.

THE WATCH PINCUSHION.

This pretty little article has so much the appearance of a gold watch set with turquoise, that it requires looking at rather closely to find out that it is only a pincushion. It is made in the following way:—

Two rounds are to be cut out in cardboard, the size of our illustration. This is best done with the help of a pair of compasses, as it is necessary that they should be very exact. Then take two small pieces of gold-coloured silk, and cut them round a little larger, so that they may well wrap over the edges of the cardboard; then fasten them on with stitches at the back all round, from one side to the other, so that they may be not only quite secure, but flat on the face, and smooth on the edges. Then draw in, with Indian ink, the face of the watch, and sew on one small black bead in the centre. As the figures ought to be very neatly put in, some young ladies may like to ask an elder brother, or even a papa, when he is





at leisure, to do this for them. If they do not happen to have a piece of silk of the proper colour, the best way is to purchase the shortest measure they are able of maize-coloured ribbon. A deep tint of maize is very nearly the colour of gold.

When the two rounds of cardboard have been thus covered, and the face of the watch drawn in, the turquoise beads are next to be arranged round the edges of both, as well as in the central ornament at the back. Then a gold thread is to be taken and carried neatly in and out, according to the pattern, round these clusters of turquoise. The best way of securing the ends is, to make a hole with a needle just under one of the sets of beads, and putting the ends through to fasten them down on the wrong side. Let it be understood, that it is only the centre of the back that is now to be finished off with the gold thread, and not the edges of the watch.

Then take a few thicknesses of flannel, and stitch them through and through, so as to make them into a compact form; and having done this, cut them round very accurately to the shape and size of the round of your watch. Be careful not to make this too thick, as it would spoil your work to have it clumsy, and flat watches are fashionable. Then take a very narrow ribbon exactly of the same colour as you have been using before, and sew it round the front of your watch; after which, put in your flannel, already prepared, and sew in the back exactly in the same way. The stitches should be very small, and a very fine silk ought to be used. It may, perhaps, be rather difficult to procure a good ribbon sufficiently narrow for the edge, as it ought to be rather less than a quarter of an inch in width, but it does quite as well to fold one in two, which makes it stronger.

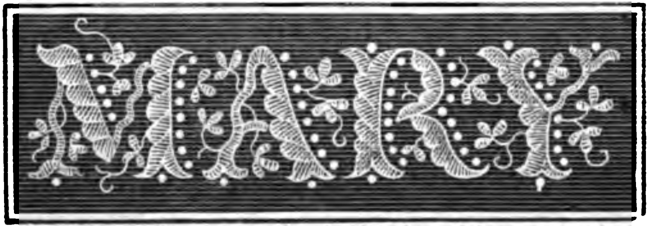
When the watch pincushion is thus formed, it only remains to finish it off with what appears to be the gold setting of the turquoise. For this purpose, the gold thread must be taken and carefully carried all round the little clusters of beads, and on from one cluster to another, covering the stitches round the edge. The beads in our pattern are very small, and of a bright turquoise colour; but if there should be any difficulty in procuring them of the same size, and some a little larger are taken instead, then it will be better to use only five, for fear of spoiling the delicacy of the effect.

It now only remains to take a wire button the size of the ring of the watch given in our illustration, and having cut out the thread centre, wind the wire ring round and round with the gold thread as regularly as possible, fastening the ends, when they meet, with a needle and the maize-coloured silk, and, without breaking off, sewing the ring on to the top of the watch, having before taken care that the join of the ribbon which forms the edge shall come in the same place.

We can assure our young lady readers that this is one of the prettiest pincushions that was ever invented.

◆

THE NAME OF "MARY."



This pretty name is to be worked in satin-stitch, with very fine cotton. It is quite an ornament used as a handkerchief corner. No. 80 of Messrs. Walter Evans & Co.'s Perfectionné Cotton will be found the proper quality for the embroidery of these extremely elegant letters.

THE BOYS' & GIRLS' COMPANION FOR LEISURE HOURS

No. 6, Vol. I.] SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1857. [Price One Penny.

DON'T TELL;

OR, MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

BY MARY BENNETT.

CHAPTER VI.

I AM now going to tell you how Margaret Walton first learned to deceive.

numerous Manchester family, in humble circumstances. She was recommended to Mr. Walton by an acquaintance, to be an attendant on his children, and especially as a nursemaid for Margaret, whose mother had died in her infancy. Margaret was about five years old, when her new nurse came. She soon liked "Winny," who dressed her in the newest style, was constantly praising the beauty of her face and figure, and indulged all her whims and caprices. Winny trained her first to conceal from her father her brother's vices, to "prevent disturbances," she said; but Winifred was artful and covetous, and would have winked at anything for her own advantage. Frederick was liberal to her, and he kept her secret, so long as she kept his. Winifred was in the habit of visiting and meeting her own private approved, and the nursery expences were not a little swelled by contributions to those friends in one way and another. Sometimes they came to tea—sometimes she took dinner or supper to them, and so on. Margaret's clothes also were very frequently "done with" much sooner than would have been the case if Winny's friends had not been able to make such good use of them. In short, a system of deception was going on, which the father scarcely suspected. He never troubled himself about family affairs, if they did not trouble him. His impatient spirit suffered everything about him to drift along as it would, rather than endure annoyance. He would rather have seen the house burned down than trouble himself to root out a moral mischief in it. Thus, Winifred Taylor went on her own way a long time undisturbed. She knew how, at any time, by indulgences and favours to obtain the silence of the children, while she was estimated very highly by Mr. Walton and his friends for her incomparable services, as a general attendant to Margaret and Frederick. But God speaks to all children through their consciences and affections, and there was a slight struggle sometimes in Margaret's mind as to the right and wrong of Winny's conduct, and as to her own participations. But when a domestic who has gained the power of managing a child, and is constantly in the habit of influencing it, and controlling it, says, "Be sure you 'don't tell,' and I will make you a raspberry tart, or knit a pair of lace stockings for your dolls, take you to a nice place I know, or offers some other pleasant bribe,—what is to be expected? And after a little time, it is discovered, to the grief of the parent or guardian, that their darling has learnt to hide things from their knowledge, and to deceive. And well will it be, if the child do not go on hiding and deceiving through the rest of its life!

A little accidental discovery regarding Winny led to her hasty dismissal by Mr. Walton, but he could not trouble himself to investigate the whole of her conduct in his house; and in consideration of her "care of Margaret," Winifred Taylor was permitted to enter another situation without anything being said to her disparagement. Winny then lived a few months in London, when, happening to see an advertisement of Miss Everitt's for a schoolroom maid and wardrobe keeper, she eagerly seized the opportunity to apply at Ivy House, where she knew that Margaret and Frederick Walton were; and Miss Everitt, aware of nothing to her disadvantage, but conceiving her to be a very useful and suitable person, engaged her.

Frederick was walking about with his hands in his pockets, when he heard a ring of the bell at the back entrance; then he saw a man dragging boxes and band-boxes into the passage, and heard a lively woman's voice, which made him start; a moment after, a hand caught his.

"Master Fred., how are you?"

There stood "Winny" herself. But he hardly knew whether to be pleased or displeased, remembering many things in Manchester. Winny looked half fearful, too, as she remarked "How tall you have grown, and quite a man, and more good-looking than ever." At which the vain boy lifted his perfumed hair with his white fingers, and tried to look disdainful of the compliment, but could not.

"I am come to be your schoolroom maid," said Winifred: "won't you be glad to have me to attend on you once more?"

"You will not attend on me in this place!" said Frederick, contemptuously. "For it happens I am just going to leave it."

Winifred discovered at once that something was amiss. She asked for Margaret!

"On the lawn," said Fred.,—"just out there."

Winifred hastened whither he pointed; and Margaret, equally astonished with her brother, but more delighted, threw herself into Winny's arms, and burst into a fit of crying. Both had good impulses, and good feelings at times, as everybody have. Winifred kissed and caressed her, and called her her "truest lovely darling." Then (the Curate and Miss Everitt being closely engaged within the house, preparing for the distribution of prizes to the pupils on the morrow) Margaret led her old attendant to her favourite place of confidential conference, the orchard, where there were plenty of whispering corners. And a great deal they had to whisper about, you may be sure; for Margaret told Winny all that she had disclosed to Annie, and very much more; whilst Winny was very glad to find out that there were still ways and means for exercising her former power, and preventing disclosures that might do her no good with *particular* people.

CHAPTER VII.

THE boys' schoolroom was swept and dusted, the forms put out of the way, a large table placed under the window, and on the table a number of prizes were nicely arranged; the

Curate looked at them carefully, wrote on some, and having seen that all was in order, took his hat and gold-headed stick, went out, and locked the door. Fred. watched him from a window cross the green by the pond, and turn down a narrow lane opposite.

On one side that lane was a row of rustic cottages standing in plots of garden ground, where green peas half ripe were hanging in their pods from the small boughs, and new potatoes were coming up, and cabbages and lettuces were ready for the pulling; and here and there grew balsam, pansies, summer daisies, and other cottage flowers with sweet herbs.

Some of the cottages were tidily kept, and looked pretty and bright, and their inmates returned the Curate's kind greetings in their best manner; but the other dwellings were, for the most part, dirty and untidy, and the inmates low in all their habits and tastes. The children rolled about the doorways idle and untaught, and some were fighting; for these also the Curate had kind words and profitable ones, but they tried to avoid him, and shrunk back into their miserable homes as he approached. The last cottage was neither a model of dirt nor cleanliness. The husband and wife who kept it had six children entirely to maintain, besides two out at service. One of those two was Tom, the page at Ivy House. Tom's father worked on the great farm adjoining, but his pay was not over eight shillings a week, at the best of times; and his wife had to toil to feed her little ones, instead of trimming the garden or adorning the house. She was often overpowered with weakness and fatigue; but, poor woman! she did her best in her hard lot, and struggled on from day to day with meek submission.

Her husband was an upright but severe man. He had sense above the average of his class, and ardently wished for a different kind of life, but never had energy or enterprise enough to try for it; and his temper was soured by what he deemed "slavish service," for the sole benefit of others. His morals were good, and he wished his children's to be so, and it was his boast that he looked "pretty sharp after them." But he was too sharp to succeed: he made his boys and girls afraid of him, hence they kept their own counsels, and he was as ignorant of what was forming in their hearts and souls, as he was of the interior of Africa. If he saw them conduct themselves decently, and behave with tolerable obedience, he fancied all going on well.

The Curate opened the gate of the leafy, weedy garden before the cottage, and walked up the irregular footway, formed of flag-stones of different sizes and shapes, to the door where the cottager stood in his smock-frock and heavy nailed shoes, just returned weary from his work.

Josh. Greenhill paid homage to no man, and was barely civil even to the Curate, who talked with him at the door a few minutes, looking at the setting sun, making observations on the weather, and inquiring how the fruit and vegetables were coming on, and what prospects there were for the harvest.

"It matters little to me," said Josh., "be the harvest good or bad; for if bad, we can't be worse off; and if it be good, we be none the better for't."

"Your life is one of many hardships," said the Curate, pityingly; "but you have *some* comforts."

"What be they, sir?"

"You and your family have food and clothing, though humble."

"Very humble, sir," laughing disagreeably.

"Better than His who had nowhere to lay His head. Besides, you have pure air, light, the fields, the trees, the flowers; yon glorious sun now going down behind the woods, with a pomp and beauty earthly works could never equal. Your daily work is of a wholesome and invigorating kind, very different from that of the poor weaver, for instance, who sits all day at his loom in a close atmosphere. Why, my good friend, I could reckon up more blessings in your possession than the longest lifetime could exhaust. Is a honest conscience nothing? Is freedom from the anxieties of capital launched on speculation nothing? Bankruptcy does not ruin you; you have no genteel appearances to keep up, whether you can afford them or not."

"To be sure, to be sure. But all on't puts no money in my pocket, nor opens a brighter road for my children through the world; nor eases my bones, nor my wife's, from hard labour;—that's the fact, sir."

"Very hard facts, these are, Josh, I will admit. But after all, the 'peace which passeth all understanding' is worth all the fleeting enjoyments of this fading world—of your children, home, good affections and good principles,—these are the best of inheritances, even for this life; and surely it is a delightful hope that we are fast hastening to that land where all tears shall be wiped away, and where there shall be no more pain or trouble."

(To be continued.)

◆

"THIS WAY FOR THE RIDERS!"

BY JOHN BENNETT.

CHAPTER II.

OUR young readers may remember that in our last chapter Master Tommy Lisle was strictly enjoined by his father, on their way home from the country fair, not to distress his mother with a relation of the sights and scenes he had heard and seen there. But Tom's little heart was far too full of "This way for the Riders!" the tricks of Mister Merryman, and the wonderful wizard—the chattering monkeys—the roaring lion, and the big elephant—the towers of gilt gingerbread, and the millions of comfits—the great crowd—the speaking, squealing, screaming trumpets, and the thundering drums;—we say Tom's heart was too full of these things—the impression had been too deep and fatal,—for him to pay the least respect to his father's commandment.

So you see, dear boys and girls, this was the first evil that occurred through going to the country fair. Remember, God has enjoined on youth obedience to parents, and none of you dare neglect His laws without displeasing Him who made us, and Whom it should be the highest ambition of all to love and reverence. Farewell to that child who presumes to disregard the lightest wish of father or mother! Farewell to that child who brings sorrow and disgrace on those whom it should be his loving duty to honour and obey! The little birds will sing a song of gratitude to those who are kind to them; the little speechless flowers with their perfumed lips will smile on those who moisten the sun-burnt ground in the rain's absence:—then how much more have parents a right to expect from children for their unceasing care towards them in sickness and health, and their continued toil to clothe, educate, and feed them? Children, never let your little minds be so much in love with toys, or sports, or country fairs, or other snares that trip upon your heels, to leave no room for due attention to the words and desires of those in authority over you.

Full of the fair, directly Tom came in sight of his humble home, he left the hard-worked hand of his over-indulgent father, and as well as the big kite at his back, and his puffed-out pockets of fairings would allow him, bounded to the door, knocked impatiently, ran past his mother through the little passage, up the crooked stairs, into the dim room, and then out again upon the stairs, breathlessly calling—

"Come, mother, make haste with the light! I have such a lot of things to show you—hark at my trumpet!—a tu! tu! tu! tu-u-u-u! Come on!"

"Dear Tom, I must wait for your father," returned Mrs. Lisle.

"Oh! never mind him!" said the boy, blowing another blast with the trumpet—a tu! tu! tu! tu-u-u-u!

"Who should I mind then, if not your father?—he who is so kind to me and you."

All the return she got was a tu! tu! tu! tu-u-u-u! with the noisy trumpet; followed by "This way for the Riders! Be in time!"

At this instant up came the tired sailor, who was affectionately welcomed by his wife, and who seemed half ashamed to meet her who had warned him of the danger he was exposing their boy to. This shame arose from the inward conviction that he had done wrong, and the apprehension (it is a feature of the sailor's mind to predict events) that some evil would follow out of this visit to the country fair.

When they reached their room, Tom, to his father's regret, began his description of the fair. The little fellow had not much respect for figures, and everything he saw that day was *millions*. There were millions of lions, and millions of shows, and millions of people. His good mother, ever watchful for Tom's improvement, thought this no unfitting opportunity to instruct him as to what a million was; and after a little judicious catechising, Tom's million of lions came down to a single one. But he persisted there were millions of nuts and comfits, and wound up that part of the discussion with a tu! tu! tu! tu-u-u-u! on his trumpet.

The sailor kindly introduced a bag of nuts into his wife's hand, saying—

"I don't s'pose you'll enjoy them, Bess—you know for why."

"In truth, Tom, I don't like the place they came from; I associate so much evil with it. Swearing, intemperance, theft, make up the congregation of these fairs; and on youth, Tom, they make fatal impressions. First impressions are powerful things—they wind themselves around the heart, as mine did for you, dear Tom."

"And so did mine for you, Bess; and not all the water of the sea could wash them out. But how beautiful you talk. Do you know, Bess, when I'm on watch in the still night, and when I and my ship seem the only things in the world, many of your words, that I despised on shore, hover about me, d'ye see? like—like—well, there, I don't know what exactly like; but they seem to bless me, and I hear a whispering all round the ship, and all over the waters, 'she's right! she's right, Tom!'—and then—and then——Let alone that bag, you little rebel! he exclaimed, when he espied Master Tom stalking round by his mother, his eyes fixed on the bag of fairing, and his hand outstretched to take it. The boy, quite unconcerned, with a laugh, spun round on his heel, and cried, "This way for the Riders!" a tu! tu! tu-u-u!

Whatever impression the sailor and his wife were making on each other, they were making none on Tom,—he was too much engrossed with his fairings to pay any attention; and it must be told, that he was also too much occupied with thinking how he might possess himself of the bag of gingerbread nuts on his mother's lap.

"Law, mother, if you can't eat them nuts, I know who can."

"You greedy little scamp! haven't you had enough, but you want your mother's, too!" exclaimed the sailor.

Tom made no other response than a tu! tu! tu-u-u-u! and as he could not get his mother's, he sat down and ate the remainder of his own.

At length, fairly worn out with the day's excitement, and when the last crumb in his pocket was exhausted, Master Tom laid his head on the table and fell fast asleep. His mother observing this, disturbed him to kiss his father, and then led him to his rest, first instructing him in his prayers. They were hardly said, ere he was again fast bound in sleep.

Mrs. Lisle returned to her husband, and they sat up in pleasant conversation for some time before retiring for the night. On entering their bedroom, they were shocked to hear Tommy screaming in his sleep "This way for the Riders! This way for the Riders!" His mother, with difficulty, again awoke him from his feverish, restless slumber; and half asleep and half awake, he sat up in the bed, rubbed his drowsy eyes, and once more said, "This way for the Riders!" then sank into quieter repose.

With the early morning, Tom awoke, his thoughts as full as ever of the fair, and the bag of nuts that his father presented to his mother. Some time before his parents came down stairs, many a noisy blast had Tom blown on his trumpet, while searching for the nuts, which at length he found. He did not care that they were his mother's—he had forgotten that his father had forbade his taking them last night—he would risk all anger—it wounded not his disobedient heart to be called a greedy boy—the delicious spice-nuts were more precious to him than mother's love or father's approbation,—and he quietly sat down to them, and consumed them all ere his parents made their appearance.

Breakfast was over before the nuts were found wanting, and, of course, Tom was asked if he had seen them. The boy paused—hesitated whether he should say Yes or No. One wickedness is always sure to lead to another; and Master Tom decided on saying No—and he said "No!" as boldly as if he had been telling the truth.

"That's a lie, Tom!" cried the father. "I see by your looks you have had the nuts—there's the bag at your feet, and crumbs on your lips, and on your clothes!"

With shame, the boy hung down his head, when his mother took him by the hand, and lovingly and earnestly warned him of his first step in crime.

"Let me give him a sound flogging, Bess! that's the best thing for boys that tell lies! Tom, I never thought you were *that* sort of chap."

"Tell your dear father, my child, you will never grieve him so again. Look in his face, and see how you have troubled him."

"Bah! Bess—don't let him speak to me! Tell a lie, eh! for a few beggarly nuts. Upon my word, a big chap like you ought to know better!"

"Depend upon *me*, husband," said Mrs. Lisle, watching the misery pictured on the honest face of the sailor, and willing to appease his rising wrath,—"depend upon *me* for the correction of Tom's errors,—make *me* responsible for them; for I am with him always, and will not rest until I have made him a son worthy of so good a father."

"I know all that, Bess; but we sailors, d'ye see? we have no fresh things to think and talk about on our voyages, and we are obliged to think over, and over, and over, of the events that occurred on shore when we were last there. Now do you know, my dear, this affair will trouble me on the voyage more than enough? Sailors, Bess, only *think* at sea;—when they leave their ships, they too often leave their wisdom behind, I admit; but on the ocean, they have plenty of time, d'ye see? to reckon up themselves and others; and I can tell you, they don't spare either. Things become magnified, too, at sea; and that boy's lie will come before me on watch as big as a murder! Curse the fair! say I; and me for taking him there! Give him a dozen, Bess, or I will for you!" he added, making his way to the trembling boy, who slunk behind his mother.

"No, no husband—angry passion makes no impression."

"What will then, wife?—what will?"

"Kindness, tempered with skill and intelligence."

"And haven't I been kind to him? and hasn't he told us both this morning a downright lie?"

"You *have* been kind, Tom; but kindness without watchfulness—kindness that is blind, and that exhibits itself only in ministering to the lower desires of others, is perhaps more hurtful, more injurious, than severity."

"Ah! I see which way you're driving, Bess, without more preaching. The fair—the fair—that's what you mean!"

"I certainly was going to take the fair as an example of my meaning. And I'm sure you will agree with me that it is always better to lead our children amidst sights and scenes that are pure, instructive, and holy, than where evil abounds."

"That's right enough, Bess. But I always follows my heart in everything I do—and I don't think we can be much wrong there. Come here, boy, and shake father's hand, and let me hear that you are sorry. Had you told a lie at sea, Tom, by George! captain would have given you a sharp dozen; and you may thank your mother that I did not."

As well as Tom's shame would let him, he approached his kind-hearted father, who folded him to his manly bosom, and stroked his white hair, and bade him always "Tell truth and shame the devil."

"Are you sorry, Tom?"

"Yes, father."

"Are you *very* sorry, Tom?"

"Yes, father."

"D'ye think you can keep a promise, if I give you a new shilling?"

"Oh, won't I, father!"

"Husband, let no bribe be given!" said Mrs. Lisle. "Of what value is a promise kept at the expense of gifts? Promises *thus* kept are only done so out of respect to the payment, rather than their sacredness."

"Well, then, Tom—you know, I'm off to sea very soon—will you make father a promise without the shilling?"

This proposition mightily lessened Tom's enthusiasm, and his only response was a sullen "Yes."

"I should think so, indeed!" added Mrs. Lisle. "What is it you would have him promise you, husband?"

"Why, never to tell a lie again?"

Tom made the promise, and in our next chapter our little readers shall see how far he was good boy enough to keep it.

His fond father was again at peace with him, and his mother directed him to prepare for school. Tom shuddered at the name, and begged that as his father would shortly sail for the Indies, he might be allowed to stop with him until he went.

"What d'ye say, wife?" asked the sailor, who would have been as glad as the boy at the proposed arrangement. The appeal was vain; Mrs. Lisle had too much regard for school to permit any waste hours from it. Country fairs and schools! oh, the difference that arose in Tom's mind as he compared them. However, he reluctantly obeyed his mother's injunctions, and, unnoticed, he put his trumpet in his pocket, bade his parents good morning, and stole off with a different step and a different face to that he exhibited when his father led him to the fair.

But as at home, so at school, the fatal impression the fair had made upon him was more obvious than ever. With great glee, everything painted in the radiance of the rainbow, his adventure was told to Bill Smith, Harry Townsend, William Oliver, Ben Bradbury, and indeed to any who were disposed to neglect their school duties to listen Once indeed he ventured a tu! tu! on his trumpet, and it was well for him that none of his fellows replied to the stern inquiries of the schoolmaster,—"Who is that making that noise? Who is it, I say?"

A few days after the sailor's ship was prepared for sailing, and the crew were summoned to their duties. It was a placid moonlight night when the sailor took farewell of his dear wife, and child, and home. All were greatly affected as they stood on the shore, with the ship in the distance, and the boat laying by, to convey the sailor hence;—perhaps never again to return. Little Tom sobbed loudly, while the mother's heart was full to bursting at the painful separation. The sailor, too, wept as the others.

"Come, Bess, girl,—this is not the first time we've had to part. The sea that takes me from you shall soon bring me back again."

"God grant it, dear Tom!" exclaimed his wife. "I shall watch over you, darling, though you be far away: and I shall pray for *you*, love, even when I forget myself."

"Aye, aye, Bess, I know all that. And I never forget to mutter a prayer for you, and pipe my eyes for you and the boy, when no one sees me but the stars and the God who made them. Now, Tom, father's off in earnest—you're sorry, lad, aint you? Poor boy, I see you are I may give him a shilling *now*, mayn't I, dear Bess? Why, you'll be a man before your father returns again."

He here caught the boy in his arms, and held him tightly to his bosom—then he embraced his wife—then he again took the boy, and would have spent the night in his alternate embraces, had he not been warned by the boatman that time pressed.

The boatman's summons rang like a knell upon the heart of the sailor's wife, and she looked with terror at the pretty ship in the distance, waiting to bear her husband from her. One more fond embrace—another—and then she stood by in tears, while the sailor fell on his knees to take a last farewell of little weeping Tom.

"Father's going, my boy! so you will attend to his last words, won't you, Tom?"

"Yes, father."

"Ah, to be sure, I know you will. Three things you must promise me—that's not many, is it, Tom?"

"No, father—and if it was a great many more, I would promise."

"Mind, lad, it is easy to promise, but not so easy to perform. So I will not ask too much from you. First, then, you must never forget God,—that's the main thing. Well, then, there's your mother, Tom,—she's been a good mother to you, and you must be a good boy to her, that's the second thing. Well then, there's your school, Tom,—if you ever want to be a better man than your father, you must attend better there. D'ye see, Tom? You must remember three things—your God—your mother—and your school. You promise, don't you?"

"Yes, father."

"Well, well, that's a good boy," said the sailor, patting Tom's head, and rising from his knees. "God bless you, Tom!—and He will, He will, if you are good, and don't distress your mother. Take her hand, my boy, and lead her home, for the moment has come when I *must* say farewell! Dear Bess, I leave little Tom to cheer and comfort you. Bless you—bless you both!"—and dashing a tear from his eye, he hurried off. "Now, boatman, row

me off. It's hard to part, mate; but as it must be, it *must* be."

The boat put off, and Mrs. Lisle, holding her weeping son by the hand, stood like a statue watching the boat as it made towards the ship. Nor did she leave the spot until her tearful eyes could discern no longer the vessel that bore him hence.

When the ship was lost to their gaze, Mrs. Lisle and her boy made their melancholy way home. As they entered the room, the moonlight was shining on the sailor's picture that was suspended over the mantel-piece. Oh! how fondly and how long she gazed upon it. Then she sank upon her knees, with Tom by her side, and prayed in tears to Heaven for her husband's welfare, and to give her strength to bear his cruel absence.

Let it be said for master Tom, that he was sincerely impressed with his mother's grief, and did all he could to soften it.

(To be continued.)

THE PHILOSOPHIC MOUSE.

CHAPTER VI.

Now, my dear children, I have some melancholy information for you. My companion, who participated with me the pleasures of the gaseous experiment, is now no more a mouse. Alas! companion of a day. Alas! poor mouse, thou hast made thy exit from this world of cheese-rinds and philosophy. However, I will not make fruitless lamentations over thee, as it appeared necessary, for the sake of experiment, that one of us must die; and self-love induces me to congratulate myself that thou wert the victim. Oh! I have committed myself. I have said the death of my companion was necessary for the sake of experiment: believe me, this sentiment I disown. I should have said, "Mr. Philosopher thought it necessary, for the sake of experiment." You know, my nature is not capable of harbouring such ideas as the destruction of our race, to satisfy the curiosity of man. Of course, I do not include the whole race of men, but only the race of philosophers and experimentalists. As soon as it was determined that one of us must die, and my life was already promised to be spared, the only difficulty then remained, how the victim should be deprived of life, without maiming the body (which would unfit it for the experiment), or subject it to unnecessary torture. For

> "The poor beetle that is trodden on,
> In corporeal sufferance, feels a pang as great
> As when a giant dies."

It required not much time to determine the mode of death; for the head of our philosopher seemed full of expedients. He determined to immerse our brother in carbonic-acid gas. Accordingly, a receiver was prepared, containing it; and the executioner (he deserves to be called so, and not philosopher) proceeded to his business. I was a looker-on, and observed, the moment he was immersed he struggled, as if convulsed, and died. It was most likely an easy death, because it appeared instantaneous; though the sensation must have been similar to suffocation. However, now he is dead. But the experiment for which he was killed was to bring him to life again, apparently, and it succeeded to the utmost of our expectations. It was to be done by the power of electricity.

Electricity was the subject to which this evening was devoted. Perhaps, before I proceed to relate the experiment with my lifeless companion, or the other experiments with the electric fluid, it will be more in order to explain the principle and general phenomena of electricity. This I will do presently: but two of my grand-children have just brought me a piece of mould-candle, and until I have satiated my appetite I cannot proceed: for the smell is particularly grateful to my senses, and I fancy I almost hear the repast cry, "Come eat me, come eat me."

Electricity is that power or property, which amber, sealing-wax, glass, and a variety of other substances, called electrics, are known to possess, of attracting light bodies, when excited by heat or friction; and which is also capable of being communicated, in particular circumstances, to other bodies. When bodies possess their natural share of this fluid, or such a quantity as they can retain by their non-attraction, it is then said they are in an unelectrified state; but when the equilibrium is disturbed, and they either acquire an additional quantity from other bodies, or lose part of their own natural share by communication to other bodies, they exhibit electrical appearances. In the former case, it is said they are electrified positively, and in the other negatively. All substances that are electrics are non-conductors; that is to say, the electric fluid will not pass either over their surfaces, or through their pores. The most observable non-conductors are—amber, glass; all vitrifications, even of metals; all precious stones, of which the most transparent are the best; all resins and resinous compositions; sulphur, baked wood; all bituminous substances; wax, silk, cotton; all dry animal substances, as feathers, wool, hair; also, white paper, white sugar, and sugar candy (if I had some of the latter, I could conduct them somewhere); air, oils, chocolate, and the ashes of animal and vegetable substances.

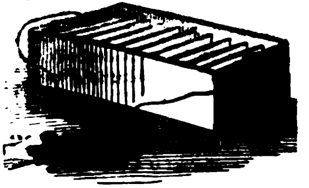
Any person may produce the electric fluid by the friction of a stick of sealing-wax. The presence of the fluid will be known by its attraction for light bodies; such as small pieces of feather, or scraps of light paper, &c. &c.

The fluid is supposed to move with great ease in those bodies that are called conductors, but with extreme difficulty and slowness in the pores of electrics. It is further supposed that electrics contain always an equal quantity of this fluid, so that there can be no exchange or increase on one side, without a proportionate decrease or loss on the other, and *vice versa*; and, as the electric does not admit the passage of the fluid through its pores, there will be an accumulation on one side, and a corresponding deficiency on the other: then, when both sides are connected together by proper conductors, the equilibrium will be restored by the rushing of the redundant fluid from the overcharged surface to the exhausted one. Thus, also, if an electric be rubbed by a conducting substance, the electricity is only conveyed from one to the other, the one giving what the other receives; and if one be electrified positively, the other will be electrified negatively; unless the loss be supplied by other bodies connected with it, as in the case of the electric and insulated rubber of a machine. This theory serves to illustrate the other phenomena and operations in the science of electricity. Thus, bodies differently electrified, will naturally attract each other, till they mutually give and receive an equal quantity of the electric fluid, and the equilibrium is restored between them. The cause of lightning, unaccompanied with thunder, may be illustrated from this theory; viz. two clouds, the one charged positively, the other negatively, attract each other. The flash of lightning is caused by the electric fluid passing from one cloud to the other, and thus producing an equilibrium. Lightning accompanied with thunder is caused by an explosion of hydrogen gas, accumulated in the higher regions of the atmosphere, and exploded by the passing of the electric fluid from one cloud to another; so our philosopher, however, accounts for it. The principle of the Leyden phial, or shock-jar, is explained in the above theory. The shock is caused by the rushing of the fluid from the inside coating of the jar, which is positively charged to the outside coating, which is negatively charged.

Particles of the electric fluid repel each other, with a force decreasing as the distances increase. In those bodies which are called non-electrics, such as water or metals, it moves without any perceivable obstruction; but in glass, resins, and all bodies called electrics, it moves with very great difficulty, or is altogether immoveable.

One of the most remarkable facts I observed in electricity, was the rapid dissipation by sharp points, and the impossibility of making any considerable accumulation, in a body which has any such projecting beyond other parts of its surface. Hence, the use of a sharp-pointed iron rod placed at the top of buildings, to protect them from the effects of lightning. The dissipation of the fluid was attended with some remarkable circumstances, which gave the appearance of the escape of some material substance. The dissipation in a dark place was accompanied by a bright train of light, diverging from the point like a firework. A stream of wind blew from the point, and would quickly have electrified the air of the room.

The electrical battery,—the apparatus which was used to bring our deceased friend to apparent life,—is composed of a number of Leyden phials to accumulate the electric fluid; and it was the portion of the fluid contained in the battery which, when passed through the body of our brother, made him squeak. This was repeated, to the no small amusement of the company; and to prove to them that he was dead, Mr. Philosopher ran a pin quite into him; but no signs of life whatever were discovered. He was then placed again in the circle of the battery, and upon discharging it, he squeaked very loud, and jumped the distance of a foot. The experiment was repeated, and he jumped quite off the table. This was satisfactory to every one: show my approbation no other way than by frisking about my cage, and squeaking to them. Now, my dears, I had much better have let alone this squeaking business, for it brought me into notice, and I was laid hold of, to see how I liked the electric fluid. But they did not discharge the battery through me; no, they did not do that; but they gave me a taste of it by insulating me, that is, cutting off my communication with the earth, by means of non-conductors, and then electrifying me by connecting me with the machine, which made all my hair stand on end, and greatly increased the motion of my heart. I understand it is used medicinally, being a great promoter of the circulation of the blood, and all other juices of the body.



When a conductor was applied to me, a considerable portion of the fluid passed off in the form of a spark. It hurt me so much, that I jumped off the insulated stool (a stool with glass legs). I was not going to stand any more of that fun.

I saw a very pretty experiment with a piece of loaf-sugar. (I wished to have nibbled it.) The battery was discharged through it, and, as it was insulated, it remained luminous for some time. It appeared of a beautiful green light. Another experiment was firing tow, by means of the fluid; and there were a variety of others, such as firing gunpowder, spirits of wine, burning metals when in a state of minute division. But I will not quite tire your patience; only it is necessary to apologise for the rough and concise sketch which I have given of this important and pleasing subject.

(To be continued.)

◆

The Robin Red-breast.—A little robin red-breast came in the depth of winter to a cottage window, looking wistfully as if it had a mind to come in. So the peasant opened the window, and admitted the trustful little being within his dwelling. There it picked up crumbs from off the floor, and soon became familiar with the children of the house, who grew very fond of it. But on the approach of spring, when the trees burst into leaf, the peasant opened his window and let his little guest escape; so the robin flew into the neighbouring copse, and there sang his joyous songs. Summer soon passed away, and on the return of winter, the robin appeared again at the window, bringing his little mate with him. Then the peasant called together his children, who rejoiced as they saw the two birds looking trustfully around; and the children said, "The little birds look at us, as if they wished to say something to us!" The father answered, "If they could speak, they would surely say, 'Trustfulness begets trust, and love ever awakens love!'"

THE HAPPY HOUR.

PUZZLES.

28. Spell dried grass in three letters.

29.

Y Y U R Y Y U B
I C U R Y Y For Me.

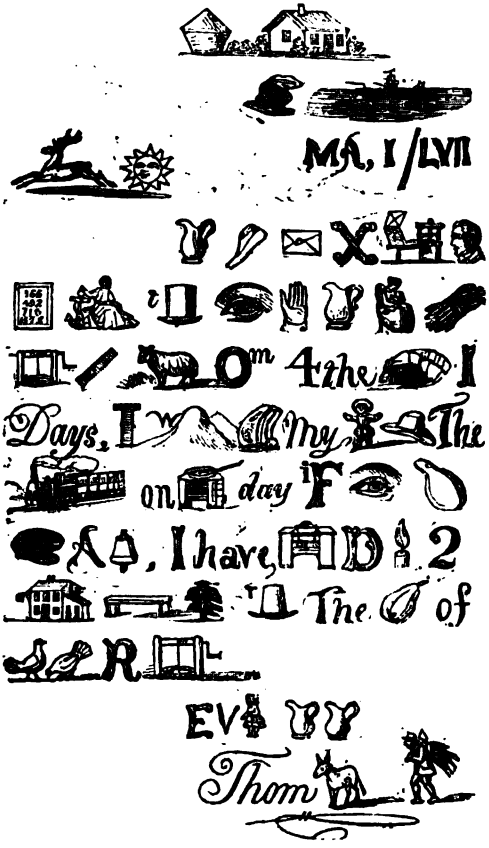
30.

ENIGMA.

My *first* is what children generally like ;
My *second* is a very useful article ;
My *whole* generally contains my first.

31.

HIEROGLYPHIC LETTER.



◆

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

First Class.

Richard (you deserve our approbation, and we most willingly accord it).—**Emma** (our remarks to Richard equally apply to you). **Baker** (this honourable award is for solutions connected with No. 3).—**Brutus** (matter for the "Happy Hour" is always acceptable; we regret you did not send what your kind note refers to).—**Noddy** and **Little Ben** (you well maintain your enviable places).

Second Class.

Henry Wales (nicely drawn).—**Maggie S.** (creditable in all respects; handwriting promising; your puzzle is accepted, and will appear in our next).—**John Buckley** (we are glad to find you possess an inquiring mind; let nothing you do not understand, and that is worth knowing, pass by without eliciting information from any who can give it. The "Angel and Child" is a poetical story; we associate with the name of angel everything that is good and beautiful, and the author has adopted it in his story only as a type of heavenly things).—**R. Cairnie** (quite right in the address; we are obliged for your contributions to our "Happy Hour").—**Cæsar** (you have assumed a great name; we hope you will honour it; Cæsar would not have been content with the Second Class, but he was older than you before he achieved *his* greatness, so we have no right to despair of you; we will excuse the bad writing if you will endeavour to mend it, which you may do by practice).—**Busy Bee** (you must be weak in the wing, or you would longer maintain the high position you achieved last week).—**Mary** and **Lizzie** (you could not rest apart).

T. F.—For those who wish to teach themselves French, we cannot recommend a better little book than that published by Mr. Collingridge, Long Lane. It is entitled "French in a Fortnight," price 6d. We shall resume our Pets when opportunity offers.

James Newling.—You will find your request complied with in this number. Hieroglyphic books, although very interesting and instructive, are not much in vogue now. In our boyhood we learnt much from them, and it is for that reason we introduce them occasionally in our "Happy Hour." We have great sympathy with temperance among the young, and you may depend we shall lose no opportunity of forwarding your views.

John.—Your little story is under consideration; the subject we can have no objection to, but it will depend on its treatment how far it will suit us. We are very much obliged for the offer of it.

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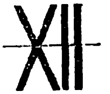
ANSWERS TO PASTIME.

(*Page* 58.)

No. 17.—V L. 18.—X L.

19.—



20.—His own portrait. 21.—Ink-stand. 22.—Muff-in. 23.—Cur-rant. 24.—Cockroach. 24.—The letter E is required to complete the sentence. 26.—Inexplicable Mystery.

*** *With No. 5 was published, and may be had, price one penny, a beautiful Needlework Design, drawn and engraved expressly for the "Companion," printed in colours, of a "Coral Pattern Mat," with description for working it. This forms the Frontispiece to Part I., now ready, price sixpence.*

*** *Correspondents will meet with prompt attention. Contributors to our Pages will please to enclose stamps, should they require their communications to be returned if not accepted.*

Address to Editor at Printers', 23, Middle Street, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

THE DYING MOTHER.

On a night dark and dreary,
In a room all so dreary,
Lay a mother on a pallet of straw;
Her infant was hushed in its slumberings sweet,
And two little cherubs breathed soft at her feet.
On their little truck bed,
While close at their head
Stood an angel, his love-vigils keeping.

The cold wind was blowing,
And fast it was snowing,
And the heart of that mother grew chill,
As she thought of the morn when her charge should awake,
With no one to feed them—none pity to take;
For the angel of death
Was shortening her breath—
In the midst of her babes she was dying!

How awful is dying,
With the heart torn with sighing,
For the loved ones that linger below—
For the sweet little babe with its soft silken smile,
And the cherub-eyed twain, uncorrupted with guile—
Oh, how could she go,
And leave them below,
In a world full of pain and of danger!

While she lay thus in sorrow,
And thought of the morrow,
With the angel of death at her side,
There broke on her vision a glorious light,
And brighter than day seemed the noon of the night,
And a light form descended,
And over her bended,
And she knew that from heaven he came.

On the mother he smiled,
And he kissed the sweet child,
While thus he unfolded his mission:—
"I am sent"—and he smiled on the mother again,—
"I am sent to release thee from anguish and pain;
And thy spirit to take,
And thy child's for thy sake,
This night to thy Saviour in heaven.

"No more shalt thou part!
Then clasp to thy heart
The form of thy soft-breathing cherub;
But leave to the care of thy Father in heaven
Thy motherless ones—for to them shall be given
An angel of light,
To guide them aright—
Look! now by their side he is watching."

He ceased, and the angel of death hover'd near,
And touched with his dart
The mother's warm heart,
And stilled all its wild throbbing pulses.
Then stooping, he kissed from the child's rosy lips
The fragrance of life—as the young morning sips
With her first golden ray,
The dew-drop away,
That hangs on the violet's bosom.
And folding the mother and babe to his breast,
The angel soared up to the home of the blessed.

THE WAY TO MAKE PLENTY OF MONEY IN EVERY MAN'S POCKET.

At this time, when the general complaint is that "money is scarce," it will be an act of kindness to inform the moneyless how they may reinforce their pockets. I will acquaint them with the true secret of money-catching—the certain way to fill purses, and how to keep them full. Two simple rules, well observed, will do the business. First, let honesty and industry be thy constant companions; and, secondly, spend one penny less than thy clear gains. Then shall thy hide-bound pocket soon begin to thrive, and will never again cry with the empty belly-ache; neither will creditors insult thee, nor hunger bite, nor nakedness freeze thee. The whole hemisphere will shine brighter, and pleasure spring up in every corner of thy heart. Now, therefore, embrace these rules and be happy. Banish the bleak winds of sorrow from thy mind, and live independent. Then shalt thou be a man, and not hide thy face at the approach of the rich, nor suffer the pain of feeling little when the sons of fortune walk at thy right hand; for independence, whether with little or much, is good fortune, and placeth thee on even ground with the proudest of the golden fleece. Oh, then, be wise, and let industry walk with thee in the morning, and attend thee until thou reachest the evening hour for rest. Let honesty be as the breath of thy soul, and never forget to have a penny when all thy expenses are enumerated and paid; then shalt thou reach the point of happiness, and independence shall be thy shield and buckler, thy helmet and crown; then shall thy soul walk upright, nor stoop to the silken wretch because he hath riches, nor pocket an abuse because the hand which offers it wears a ring set with diamonds.—*Franklin.*

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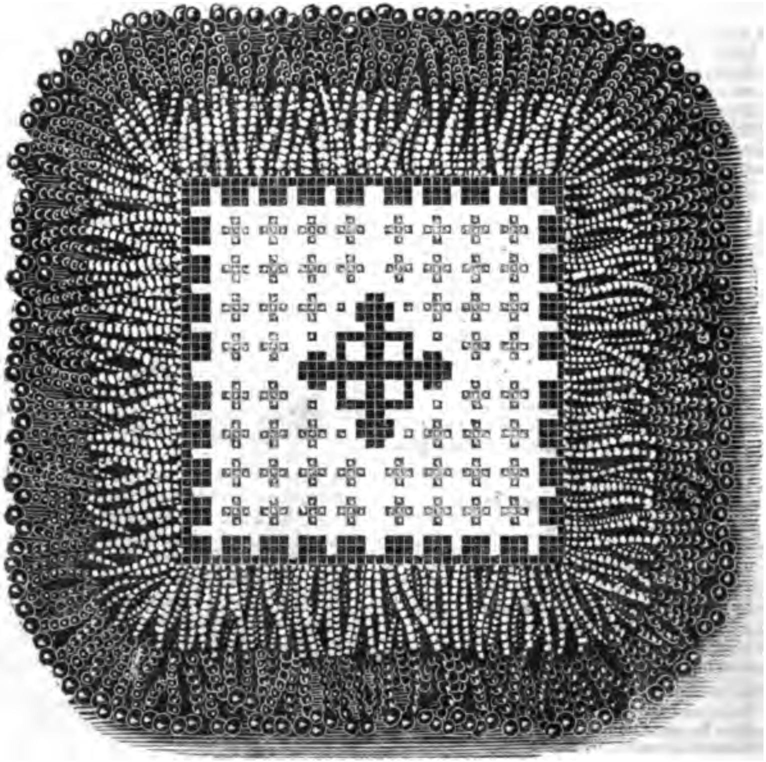
THE GIRL'S WORK-TABLE.

By MADAME EUGENIE.

SCENT SACHET.

This elegant little Sachet is one of the most tasteful arrangements for introducing a pleasant perfume into the drawers in which young ladies keep the various articles of their wardrobes. It is made of the brightest shade of blue seed beads, transparent white and gold beads. The material on which these are worked is very fine white sampler canvas.

The size of the canvas must be measured by the centre square in our illustration, being left sufficiently large for tacking over the edges and turnings in. Then, counting the stitches, a bead must be taken on the needle, and fastened with a slanting stitch on each thread of the canvas. The first line is a row of blue, the second three blue, and two white alternately. This will be the commencement; but



SCENT SACHET.

counting the stitches in the illustration and following them accurately will be the most certain way of ensuring success. The blue border goes all round, the ground is the transparent white, the stars are gold.

When the two squares have each been worked, care having been always taken to fasten off the thread at the back, they must be laid upon each other, the edges being turned neatly in, and sown together with small stitches on three of the sides. Then a very thin layer of cotton-wool is to be laid flat in the inside, having first had a few drops of some sweet essence placed upon it, of whatever sort of perfume may be preferred, or a few grains of musk may be introduced; but this of course is all according to taste. When this has been done the fourth and last side of the Sachet must be sown up, thus finishing the interior square.

It now only remains to ornament the Sachet with the fringe, which gives it a very elegant finish. This is done by first putting the needle through the two thicknesses of canvas, close to the blue border at any corner of the square, then threading fifteen of the white beads, twelve of the blue, three of the gold, twelve of the blue, and fifteen of the white, which completes the loop. The needle must then be passed through the next thread of the canvas, and this must be repeated all round. The beauty of this fringe depends upon its being done with great regularity, and care being taken that a loop may come between every thread of the canvas, which makes a very rich as well as elegant fringe.

We are quite sure that our young lady readers will be much pleased with the effect of the Scent Sachet when it is completed, and find it a very agreeable and ornamental article in their drawers.

THE BOYS' & GIRLS' COMPANION FOR LEISURE HOURS

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DON'T TELL;

OR, MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

BY MARY BENNETT.

CHAPTER VII.—*Continued.*

"AH! sir, that is *my* hope," said Mrs. Greenhill, looking weak and wan, as she came up to them round the side of the cottage, where a footpath went up through the ascending weedy ground to a back gate, opening on a byway leading to the farm, where she had been helping the maids in the kitchen and dairy.

The Curate entered the cottage with her and Josh. There was one room downstairs and one upstairs. The baby was asleep on the lap of a girl of seven, and a little boy was lighting up the fire with sticks that he had gathered. Two little ones were playing on the floor with the remnant of a doll and a wooden horse. All the children were stricken mute by the father's presence, they feared him so; but they smiled on the Curate when he gave them a penny each, and sent them off to the village toy and cake shop.

"Is there anything the matter with my Tom?" asked Mrs. Greenhill. "I thought he looked rather strange when he came in yesterday, and I saw him shed tears as he stood by the window."

"Nothing more than this," replied the Curate. "I had been questioning him rather strictly about a letter that I gave him to post for me some few days ago. No answer to it has arrived, and I am fearful that it has miscarried in some way. Tom tells me positively that he posted it himself safely."

"There now!" ejaculated Mrs. Greenhill, looking towards Sarah, the girl who was nursing; "I thought there was something—that I did."

"You know, mother," said Sarah, "when Tom came home for his shoes, he said, Master Fred. gave him a shilling to get a letter from him. He was afraid it would not be posted."

"You was to have said nothing about that, Sarah," said Mrs. Greenhill, angrily.

Sarah glanced at her father's threatening face, and hung her head.

"Frederick Walton your son meant?" said the Curate, inquiringly.

"Yes, sir; the young gentleman and Tom have been rather friendly, I believe. I have been sometimes going to speak to you about it; for, from things I have heard, I do not fancy Tom has learned any good from him. Master Fred. has been liberal with his money to Tom, but I had rather my boy be penniless than learn bad ways."

"Mrs. Greenhill, I respect your feelings; and I assure you I keep as careful a watch as I am able over Frederick's proceedings. But as respects my letter, I see very clearly that it never was posted, and it is a matter of some importance."

"I never heard a word about it till now," said Josh. Greenhill. "My wife and the children keep everything from me that they can."

"You are so hasty, Josh.," said the wife, fearfully; "we are afraid to tell you anything that might make you angry."

The cottager turned sharply to the Curate. "Tom told you he *did* post that letter himself?"

"He did, positively, when I questioned him closely about it; for, in fact, I suspected how the matter stood. It was addressed to Frederick Walton's father, and complained of his son's conduct at school."

"Which the young gentleman very well understood, no doubt; and that was why he tempted my boy to let him have it.—A shilling, wife, did you say, Tom had for this nice bit of work?"

"Master Fred. gave him a shilling."

"And the letter, of course, never reached where it ought to. Well, sir, I am very sorry a boy of mine should tell you a deliberate lie."

"And so am I," said Mrs. Greenhill, weeping in her anxiety for Tom, and grieved at his disgrace. "I am afraid, sir, you won't forgive him this time. But I don't know what we shall do with him home. We can hardly live as it is; and he is a hearty boy."

"I shall not discharge him for this offence, but I must speak to him very seriously."

"Oh! do, sir, and many thanks; and show him how wrongly he has acted."

"Send him home, sir, to me," said Josh., shortly and sternly. "I will teach him to lie! He shall remember it for his lifetime."

The mother and children looked terror-stricken, and the Curate, for their sakes, set before the incensed father every plea that he could think of to excuse the offended, and he promised that he himself would punish Tom, and make him ashamed of his conduct.

When the Curate had gone, Josh. Greenhill rose from his seat like a madman, and went out to look for Tom. The mother instantly despatched her elder children to seek their brother, and warn him to keep out of his father's sight; but it was of no use: unfortunately, the boy, unconscious of what was impending, was leisurely walking in the very direction the father went.

Josh. followed him silently a few minutes, then stepped aside to the hedge, and cut a stick for the intended chastisement; and the first intimation Tom had of his father's approach was a severe blow across his shoulders, which made him spring on one side, and cry aloud with pain.

"Walk home, you young dog!" cried Josh., in fierce and determined tones. "You'll lie again, will you? You posted the letter, eh? It will be a dear shilling's worth for you, my boy!"

Tom's heart was ready to break with fear. It was a terrible shock, and he was quite unprepared for it. He dared not resist his father, who drove him along to the cottage gate, and into the garden, striking him as he went.

Out rushed the distracted mother, and the little children after her, crying bitterly. Josh. heard them not—heeded them not. He forced the boy into the cottage. Tom caught at the side of the doorway and entreated to be forgiven, but the only answer was:

"You shall never tell a lie again, if I can help it."

A moment after, the door was bolted on the inside, and Tom vainly shrieked on his knees for mercy; Mrs. Greenhill trying to force open the window, in the greatest agony of distress. The punishment was protracted and cruel, and the poor mother ran with her infant in her arms to seek the help of the Curate.

Crossing the green, she encountered the cause of all this tumult, standing by the pond, flinging stones into the water to frighten the ducks.

"Woe be with you!" she cried, panting and hoarse. "My poor Tom will be half killed by his father through you this night. You made him tell that lie about the letter, you wicked fellow! You bribed him to it! Cannot you lie for yourself, without corrupting a poor lad who has nothing to live by but his truth and honesty? Oh, my Tom, my Tom! His father is beating him to death!"

I have said that God speaks to all children sometimes—did He not speak then to that spoiled and vicious young gentleman? Yes—as with the roll of an earthquake.

Tom was really liked by Frederick. He knew the boy to be as true a lad as ever spoke—knew that his own money and influence alone had led him astray.

"Where *is* Tom?" he quickly demanded, calling after her as she was hastening on to Ivy House.

"At home, bolted in with his father, who will kill him in his wrath. Oh, my Tom, my Tom!"

Fred. started off with a swift and light step; he leaped rather than ran down the lane, to the cottage of the Greenhill's, about which the neighbours were collected, exclaiming against Josh.; but at the same time, although the sounds of the blows and of the boy's cries were truly dreadful, no one ventured to force an entrance, nor to shield the sufferer.

This is the way too often with our brave English people, especially of the humbler classes. They will not interfere with what does not concern them, though it be to save the helpless from extreme ill-usage or death.

Fred. burst through the crowd, past Tom's crying sisters and brothers. "Cowards!" he exclaimed to those who stared on him; and applying his shoulder and foot to the cottage door, he tried with all his might to burst it open; failing in this, after several efforts, he dashed at the window with a short run, scrambled up, and without knowing exactly how it was accomplished, sprang into the cottage, and darting on the father, whose face was ashy white, with large drops of moisture running over his brow, wrested the stick from his hold, flung it out at the cottage window, and unbolted the door. In came the neighbours, when the exhausted cottager sat down, and his face sank on his arms on the table. He had not left in him the strength of a new-born infant.

"Tom, my poor fellow, have you borne all this for me?" said Fred., with strong compunction.

Tom was violently trembling from head to foot. His clothes had been half stripped off. His shoulders were bruised and bleeding—he could hardly be recognised. He stared at Fred.—gasped—but could not speak nor weep.

Tom's jacket and cap were lying on the floor; Fred. caught them up, threw the cap on Tom's head, and the jacket over his shoulders, with the arms hanging loose, and drew the trembling feet over the threshold, round to the back gate and the by-path, one end of which led to the farm, the other to a wood by the heath. Fred. half supported Tom into the wood, before Tom's mother had returned to the cottage with the Curate, to hear from the neighbours a highly coloured description of Tom's rescue.

"Bless you! he drove at the door and window like a young lion," said one. "I believe he would have gone through the brick wall, if he could have found no other way."

"He is a spirited young chap, as ever I set eyes on!" cried the smith, a powerful man, who had stood quiet all the while Tom was under his father's hands, though in the next garden he had heard everything.

The Curate was glad to find that his wayward pupil was not wholly lost to gratitude and good feeling. It gave him hope that the boy might be reclaimed.

"But where is he—and Tom?"

"They went toward the wood," said the neighbours. Mrs. Greenhill, with her infant, hurried thither, anxious to comfort her boy in his pain; but she could see nothing of him or Fred.

A gipsy boy was sitting at the foot of a tree, and in answer to her inquiries, he pointed down an opening among the trees.

The Curate by this time was on the spot, and recognised the gipsy boy whom he and his pupils had met in the road skirting Mr. Beatson's grounds.

Seeing Mrs. Greenhill ready to faint with fatigue and distress of mind, the Curate persuaded her to return to the cottage, while he himself went in the direction the gipsy boy indicated. But though he went some distance, and looked in every direction, he saw nothing of the missing boys; and when he returned to the spot where the gipsy boy had been sitting, he had disappeared; and it suddenly occurred to the Curate that he might have been purposely sent in a wrong direction; for he recollected how confidential Fred. had appeared to be with the gipsy in the road.

(To be continued.)

THE PHILOSOPHIC MOUSE.

CHAPTER VII.

I HAVE now come to the period when I gained my liberty. Had there been any other end to answer by my remaining longer in captivity, I had been detained. But as the experiments were finished, I was, like a disabled pitcher, of no use; therefore I was liberated. They took the precaution to carry me to the bottom of the orchard, and let me drop over the wall. By thus doing, I was considered as out of reach of the house (for in the house we are known by the expressive name of vermin); they little thinking I was possessed of what Dr. Spurzheim calls *the organ of space*, and, therefore, capable of finding my way back, whenever I pleased.*

But I was, as I said, at liberty; and I assure you I most heartily wished the string that was tied to my tail, at liberty too. "Liberty," I exclaimed, "thou art a blessing little heeded by thousands, while thousands more abuse thee, knowing not thy worth."

> "Liberty! thou choicest treasure,
> Seat of virtue, source of pleasure;
> Life without thee knows no blessing,
> No endearment worth caressing."

But it was my intention to travel a little way into the country, previous to returning home, for the sake of seeing a little of the manners and customs of country mice; thinking, possibly, I might make improvements, either in respect to the preservation of stores, or certain modes of cunning practised in times of danger.

I first made for some lodging, that I might sleep secure; thinking, by a good night's rest, to recruit my strength, which had been a good deal exhausted with watching, anxiety, and fear, while in the trap. It was my intention to reverse the order of nature, while on this excursion, for the sake of viewing the country, and making some other observations; therefore I chose to sleep at night, and travel in the day.

As soon as I perceived the morning dawn, I went forth to meet the sun, and travelled, as near as I could judge, N.E. by E.

I then proceeded to reconnoitre the country before me, and the moment I arrived at the summit of the hill, a most beautiful landscape broke upon my view. Here I only wished for one of the family, that I had left the evening before (named William), with his sketch-book. Indeed, the remembrance of this landscape reminds me of some charming water-colour drawings, which Master William was so kind as to exhibit to the company one evening. Let me here recommend the art, as one of the most innocent, pleasing, and refined amusements; nay, more than amusement. It is an art that elevates the mind—that gives additional pleasure in viewing a fine landscape. I hesitate not to say, that a person acquainted with the art of landscape painting, can, and does, enjoy a fine prospect, or a picturesque scene, as much more than a person unacquainted with the art, as that individual does more than a blind man; and not only does it enable him to enjoy beautiful scenery, but beauty of *every* description.

Landscapes and extended views, are the most generally pleasing of all the parts of drawing; and, at the same time, the most universally useful, both to the man of taste and business. It is no mean qualification, to be able to delineate on the spot the view of an adjacent country. Thus, we are enabled to bring home, and contemplate in our closets, the beauties and wonders of nature, from all parts of the globe. The fertile plains of the warmer climates; the sterile rocks and mountains of the frigid zone; with the numerous train of cataracts, promontories, caverns, rocks, mountains, rivers, and lakes.

I must beg pardon for this digression: the charming prospect it was that introduced it; and now the charming prospect I was obliged to leave, for the sake of introducing something into my interior, the which I had first to seek. While wandering about, I entered a turnip-field, belonging to a neighbouring farmer; and, when nearly half across it, I fell in with a family of field mice.

I addressed myself to the father of the family, requesting him to give me something to eat, for I was much fatigued, and had travelled a long way. He then very obligingly invited me to enter their apartment, and partake of their meal, which they had just sat down to. I said, I must beg to be excused entering the hole, but should be obliged if he would send me food to the top of the hole.

He immediately assented; and we sat down, very soon, to some grains of wheat (brought from their store-house), nuts, and wild roots.

As our company became satiated, they retired; and, latterly, I was left with my host and a relation of his. The conversation, I have no doubt, had been improving to the greater part of the company, as all attended to the observations I was led to make.

I could not help remarking the difference between a party of mice, and (what I had been witness to) a dinner party of the human race; the former left off eating when they were satisfied, the latter continued eating and drinking till they were stupified; and in tite, but degrading themselves far below the brute creation.

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* "*Organ of Space.* This teaches the relative positions of objects to each other, and enables us to recollect places. This organ consists of two elevations over the eye-brows, at their inner end. Astronomers, travellers, and voyagers, have this organ highly developed; as in Newton, Captain Cook, &c. Animals also possess it, and find their route from very remote places. Instances of dogs carried in coaches from Vienna to Petersburg, from Paris to Marseilles and Naples, and yet they found their way back to their original homes. Cats have, likewise, been known to travel several miles, and carry their kittens. Swallows, storks, quails, &c., not only return to the same climate and country, but to the same window, bush.

I proposed now taking a little excursion with my two remaining mess-mates, intending to return early, and occupy a lodging they had pointed out to me for the night. We had not proceeded far on our way towards the farmer's house, when we were terribly alarmed by the barking of a spaniel very near us, which caused us to decamp. My companions soon popped into their hole, and I hastened to occupy my proposed lodging for the night, which was in the decayed stump of a tree. Here I slept very sound during the greater part of the night, but was disturbed before sun-rise, by something pulling my tail, which I had not drawn into the hole after me. I found it to be some neighbouring mice, sent there by my companions of the day before. When they found I moved, they all scampered away; and I took the opportunity of moving off, unperceived, to prosecute my intended tour.

I directed my steps towards the farm-yard, thinking there to find a breakfast; but was again alarmed by the barking of a large dog. When I found he was chained up, at the same time I found there was no occasion for alarm; I persevered upon the same, and got into the hen-house. Here there was good-picking. When I had laid a good foundation for the day, I turned tail, and proceeded across a potato-field; swam a ditch; and fell in with a croaking community, whose manners and customs I thought to have gained some information upon. Accordingly, I interrogated one of these amphibious gentry. Whether he did not understand me, or whether it was their uncouth method of salutation, I know not; but the nasty, cold thing jumped at me, and knocked me backwards into the water, tail and all. I got out as fast as I could, and left this land of frogs, not much pleased with the reception I had met.

Now, my readers, you will have the laugh of me. In crossing the next plot of ground, I got entangled with the snare of a bird-catcher. He had placed some twigs, overspread with bird-lime, on the ground, and, unfortunately, as I passed, my tail caught and stuck to one of them. This was a new trial, and a most mortifying one it proved to be; I took much pains, but to no purpose. Proceed I could not, on my adventure. The only expedient I could hit upon, was to return, dragging the lime-twig after me, to those gentlefolks who treated me so kindly.

It was with the most incredible labour I proceeded; stopping to rest occasionally. The sun had got some way past the meridian, before I gained the field, in which I hoped to get relieved from my encumbrance. As soon as I came in sight, the young mice first perceived and saluted me. Oh, how confused was I! The laugh became general throughout the family, and it was with much difficulty I could get to be heard.

I was soon liberated and then took my leave, (though with an embarrassed countenance,) and made the best of my way home. It was dark before I gained the wall of the orchard, the which I soon scaled, and proceeded for the lawn which led to the house. When I had mounted the garden paling, I perceived the company, whom I had left two nights before, assembled on the lawn; but, as I have considerably extended this chapter, I will refer you to the next for an account of their occupation.

(To be continued.)

ADVICE TO THE YOUNG.

Improve every moment to some valuable purpose. Cultivate an intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures. Reverence the name, the laws, and the worship of God. Devote your time, on the Sabbath, to the duties and business of religion. Live in the constant practice of the duty of prayer. Cherish a sense of your accountability to God, and of your need of the renovating influences of His divine Spirit. Forget not the debt of gratitude you owe to your parents. Treat them with kindness and respect. Listen diligently to their counsels and admonitions. Accustom yourselves to look forward to the hour of death, and to contemplate the scenes that will follow. Early consecrate your time and your talents to the service of God and your fellow-men. You are now the hope of your parents. From you they expect much. Make them happy by living lives of religion and sobriety, and by preparing to fill their places with dignity, when they shall be sleeping in the dust. Remember that the eyes of God are upon you, and that you are not beings of a day, but are formed and acting for a state of immortality.

ANIMALS IN THE SERVICE OF MAN.

THE ELEPHANT.

(Continued from p. 56.)

The kingdom of Malay in India is celebrated for wild elephants, which abound in large herds in the extensive forests; but the elephants of Siam are most esteemed for their sagacity, strength, and beauty. These tremendous animals are caught by means of tame ones, who decoy them into a narrow enclosure on the water where they cannot escape, or who have ropes with nooses fastened to them; and when one of the wild herd has been decoyed away from the rest, the noose is thrown over his head, and he is thus confined to his tame brethren, who endeavour to curb his fury, and reconcile him to his captivity; caressing him and enticing him to eat, and sometimes, when he is furious, chastising him with their trunks, until he becomes docile and submissive. Another method of securing the restive elephant, is to bind him to a tree in the manner shown in our engraving, until his fury has spent itself. This is accomplished with little danger with the assistance of the tame elephants.

You will very easily believe that a herd of wild elephants browsing in complete tranquillity, and sometimes sporting with each other, amidst the thick and extensive forests, or on the immense plains, must be an impressive spectacle. A single herd will comprise upwards of a hundred elephants, subsisting chiefly upon the coarse grasses in the opening of the forests, and on the leaves and young branches of tender shrubs and trees. The old and young associate with the utmost friendship and goodwill, and the eldest pair invariably conduct the others, who follow wherever their leaders may choose to go. Each herd consists of separate families, and when they come to a resting-place, they may be seen in groups, the male, female, and young of different sizes sporting about, bounding round each other, and leaping from side to side, with all the playfulness and gambols of lambs and kittens.

Almost the only animal (besides man) which the elephant fears in its wild state, is the rhinoceros, which bears an inveterate hatred to the elephant race; and its immense strength, its hard, insensible skin, and stout, sharp horn, render it a dangerous foe.

The herds occasionally invade the cultivated fields, consuming vast quantities of the green sugar canes, rice, bananas, and other crops, and trampling down and destroying the remainder with their huge feet. In these invasions they are bold and formidable, and unless the inhabitants can drive them off with torches and cannon shot, by kindling fires and hallooing, they must look on and observe the ruins of

The ancient Roman people used to assemble in great multitudes to witness in the circus wild beasts contend with each other and with men. Pompey was the first who introduced wild elephants fighting with men. He had eighteen elephants at one time in the circus. About fifty-four years before the Christian era, a remarkable circumstance is recorded of the Roman people being so deeply affected by the behaviour of the elephants in the circus that they showed mercy to them — the only instance of mercy to animals ever recorded of them. One of the contending elephants received a javelin through its eye, his fellows rushed forward in a general charge to save him, and coming forward with great force against the iron railings of the circus, broke them down and injured several of the spectators. The elephants, however, were soon in the power of their practised assailants; and the historian Dion says,—the spectators so compassionated the animals when they saw them raising their trunks to heaven, roaring most piteously, as if imploring the gods to avenge the cruel treachery which had compelled them to come from their native forests, that they demanded that they should be saved. Pliny, relating the same anecdote, states that the populace were so touched by the terror which the elephants exhibited, and so full of admiration at their sagacity, that, regardless of the presence of Pompey, and forgetful of his munificence, they rose from their seats and demanded that the combat should end. But habit appears soon to have reconciled the people to the

"THIS WAY FOR THE RIDERS!"

By JOHN BENNETT.

CHAPTER III.

"Your God—your mother—and your school!" our boys and girls will remember, were the sailor's last words to Master Tom. Though *he* should forget them, we trust those for whom this story is written never will. However roughly and unadorned the sailor's parting words were given, our young highest wisdom, and that their welfare in life, and their hope in death, mainly rest upon their keeping faith with the honest, affectionate injunction the humble sailor made to his son.

Time and prayer partially subdued Mrs. Lisle's grief for her husband's absence, and she gave herself up to an enlightened solicitude for her son. We regret to say the occasion often occurred that she had to awaken his memory to his father's parting words. Often would she walk with him to the very there would she make Tom repeat them to her, and did everything in her power to impress upon him the importance of them. But the effect was transient,—the words did not reach Tom's heart. While his mother spoke, his attention and interest were more in the things around him, than in deference to her. When she thought she was making most impression, he would abruptly interrupt her by exclaiming :—

"I say, mother, look at that gull! isn't he cutting along? isn't he screaming?" Or he would fill his hands with the smooth pebbles at his feet, and sport them on the surface of the sea. Or he would suddenly run out with the tide, and would laughingly wait to be chased back by its playful foam.

On these occasions the mother would wisely desist from intruding more serious things on her son, and would even, when she could command cheerfulness and energy sufficient, enter with him into his boyish pleasures—but all with the hope to turn it to better account hereafter. With the pure pursuits of children, Mrs. Lisle had great sympathy, and the young found her the most interesting of companions, for while her purpose was to instruct them, she rarely failed to please. Miss May, the landlady's little daughter, would often coax her mamma to the sailor's cottage, that she might hear Mrs. Lisle tell her some of her husband's sea adventures—his descriptions of the foreign countries he had been in—the animals and people that inhabited them—the wonderful sights that he had seen in the sky—the phenomena of the sea, and the fish that dwelt in it.

Master Tom's first disobedience and forgetfulness to his fond father's injunctions, was exhibited in his reluctance to go to school. Although he was placed under the kindest of schoolmasters, yet *that* place was his dread. Everything that he could invent to deceive his mother in favour of keeping him at home, he would do. He would even feign illness, and if that did not succeed, he would sometimes take the bolder step and play truant. When this was discovered, his mother almost began to despair of him. She knew not what more she could do to stop him in his wicked tendencies. She read with him, walked with him, talked with him, sat in the meadows with her needlework while he has been flying his kite, or on some grassy knoll while he angled in the pools.

As with the school, so with the chapel—he hated both. Now, although his mother was kind, she was firm; and when Tom succeeded in obtaining his own way, it was either by falsehood, or taking an opportunity to absent himself until the school or chapel hour had passed.

Alas! as we have observed before, little Tom was too much wrapped in the things about him, than in He who made them. Never mind what his mother was discoursing of, Tom would interrupt her with whatever rose in his mind.

"I say, mother, Charley Mumford had such a whacking to-day, for hitting Bill Barclay, out of school!" he exclaimed on one occasion while his parent was endeavouring to lead his untutored mind from "Nature up to Nature's God." On another, while she was directing his attention to the colours of a lovely flower, his comparison could rise no higher than "that it had as many colours as Master Merry-man at the fair." While on a third occasion, and when they were returning from their evening devotions, coming over an old wooden bridge, that forded a stream, and while the blood-red sun was slowly sinking in the west, the mother said :—

"Tom, you were a good boy not to go to sleep—it looked attentive, and respectful to the preacher. What were you thinking about?"

"This way for the Riders!" replied Tom, with the greatest effrontery.

"Hush! my child. I am grieved to hear that."

"Why, I couldn't keep myself awake if I had been listening to Mr. Fulford; and you know, mother, you told me not to sleep in church, and so I thought of the fair. And now you are not pleased."

"Ah! Tom, Tom, you'll break your mother's heart if you go on in this manner. What! thinking of the nonsense of a fair in the house of God! I would rather you would have slept than that your thoughts should have been so flagrantly occupied. If you grow up this way, I'm sure I do not know what will become of you. Shall I tell you now what the preacher said?"

"Let me tell you first, mother, that Harry Potter's father has bought him such a beautiful watch!"

"My child, what should that concern me, or you either? You ought not to envy your schoolmate, or care about it!"

"What, mother! not care about a watch? Don't *I* though! Why, mother, what do you care about, if not for fairs, and watches, and—"

"Hush! hush! I care, and care much, that you should be so silly. You know you grieve me."

Tom waited for no further lecture, but placing his hands in his pockets, hopped, skipped, and jumped away from his mother, and when she arrived at her cottage door, she found him sporting with a yellow curly-tailed dog on the grass plot by which their home was surrounded. Over and over went the boy—over and over went the dog; the former showing his delight by screaming and laughing, the latter his, by barking and snarling.

Mrs. Lisle was much shocked to find her son thus closing his Sabbath, and it was some minutes ere she could make her displeasure known through the loud yet merry "Ha! ha! ha!" of Tom, mingling with the playful "bow! wow! wow!" of the delighted dog.

Tom's father had been on the sea for twelve months, and another fair had come round. By this time, Tom had really become a very wicked boy, and his mother had lost all control over him. He went abroad without her—formed evil companionships—forsook his church—neglected his school.

Another fair was at hand, and Tom became restless to take his old position among the "Riders!" Nothing, no nothing now, did Tom think about, or talk about, but the fair. Mister Merryman capered in his excited brain, and jumped up as if he were never coming down again—the wonderful wizard, appealed once more to his wonder—the wooden horses appeared still more beautiful than when his father took him, and flew round faster—and his mouth and pockets were steeped in sweet fairings. But Tom was not satisfied with all these delicious imaginings, he must have more solid comfort from them. He *would* go again. But how? Everything had been tried to win his mother over, but she had too much regard for him to consent.

"Then I will go without her consent," he said to himself. "But then I have no money, and I cannot enjoy the fair without that. I'll get it, though, somehow. I'm not to be done out of the fair."

While he thought how to do this, his elbow by accident knocked his mother's locked workbox off the table, and he heard the sound of money within. His mother was in her bedroom,—he looked round him—then he took a little hammer from the table drawer, and forced open the delicate lock,—stared with delight when the silver met his view—and without much compunction, or fear, he took five shillings from the box, placed his Glengary cap on his head,—stepped silently down the little stairs, and ran as fast as his legs would permit to the fair, where he soon squandered the money he had so wickedly stolen from his mother.

Mrs. Lisle had placed the money in her box to pay her rent, and it was late in the evening ere she missed it. Oh! how the poor mother's heart bled when she had to upbraid her darling, her only child, for a thief. That Tom had robbed her to go to the fair, instantly occurred to her, and she swooned on the floor, and there being no one in the house, it was very late before she recovered.

"Tom! Tom, my child, where are you?" she half unconsciously said. But there was no answer. Tom was riding swiftly round in the whirligig.

As well as the mother's strength would enable her, she put on her bonnet and shawl, and with dismal step went in pursuit of her boy. As she crossed the meadow that led to the fair, she heard the village church clock strike ten; and the summer stars that twinkled in the sky when she left home, had given place to black sulphureous clouds. She quickened her step, muttering to herself, "Where can my child be? My God, pity me! pity me!"

Mrs. Lisle reached the fair, just as Master Tom, his money all spent, had left it; and thus they missed each other.

The excitement over, and the money spent, Tom's feared to go home. Slowly he sauntered along, as darker and darker grew the night. Large drops of rain overtook him in the field his mother had just quitted; and the cattle, whose instincts led them to take shelter from the coming storm, stood with downcast yet reverential looks beside the edges. In the distance rolled the dreadful thunder; and the dark meadow was every now and then lit up with the destroying lightning. Tom was in the midst of the field when the storm raged in all its fury. His wicked heart quaked within his little breast; his trembling legs well-nigh lost their balance; and he screamed with fear and apprehension!

It was now so dark that he feared to move a step, and stood trembling by an old oak, and regretting that he had not better kept his father's commands. His mother's prayers had reached Heaven, and God spoke to Tom's heart in the thunder and lightning. He felt his shame, and prayed father, mother, and his God to forgive him. At this moment the forked lightning swiftly descended, and shivered the great oak at the boy's feet. Scream after scream escaped the wretched boy, as he drew back with alarm from the tree! God alone could bring him to a sense of his shame, and He mercifully brought him to his knees in deep repentance for his offences.

In this pleasing position he was found by his grateful mother, who, after searching all round the fair in vain for her son, was retracing her wretched steps homeward.

"Mother! dear mother! forgive, forgive me! I will never do so any more—I'm sure I won't!"

"Forgive thee, child!" she exclaimed, folding him to her agitated heart, "indeed I will! Oh! how thankful I am to God that He has mercifully heard my prayer for you, and that He has stopped you in your evil career. My dear, you would have been in prison soon, and sent your mother and father to their graves with broken hearts. Oh! my child, never forget your gratitude to your Maker for saving you, and turning you from your wickedness."

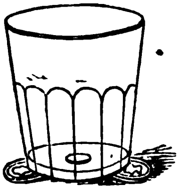
Mrs. Lisle led her little boy lovingly home, and never after the storm had she occasion to complain of him.

"Don't tell father when he comes home!" pleaded Tom.

"I make it a point never to conceal anything from him, my child—it would be improper to do so. But I will tell him in such a way that he shall rather bless than punish you."

Great was the change produced in master Tom. His mother's lightest word was obeyed, his prayers to God were never omitted, nor his church ever abandoned; while he showed how much he loved his school by the improvement he was making. Tom grew up to be a good and clever man; and when his father and mother grew old, he provided a home for them; and when they died, he erected a grateful

THE HAPPY HOUR.



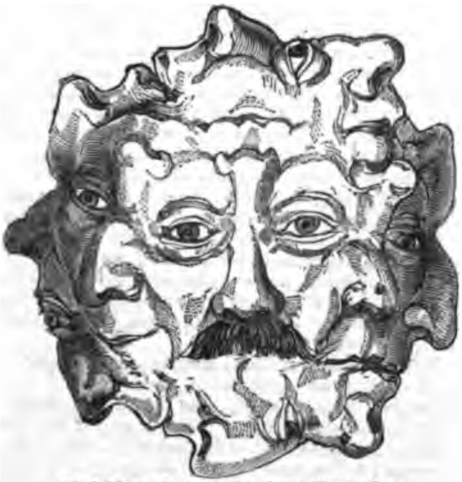
32.

DINNER-TABLE PUZZLE.

Lay a sixpence between two half-crowns, and place upon the larger coins a glass, as in the diagram. Remove the sixpence without displacing either of the half-crowns, or the glass.

33.

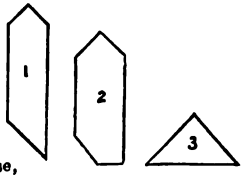
PUZZLE OF THE HEADS.



Find fifteen faces in the above illustration.

34.

PRACTICAL PUZZLE.



Procure a card, and with a knife,
Cut out the shapes you see
Delineated at the side,
And numbered, one, two, three—
Yes, four of each. When this you've done,
Endeavour to produce—
With all the twelve, an octagon.
Though this may seem obtuse,
It can be formed, I promise you,
For it has been done by me.
So persevere, and you'll admit
I'm right.—G. M. F. G.

◆

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

First Class.

Thomas Porter (very fair; do not rule lines when you write, for you will find, by and bye, you will not be able to write straight without them).—J. W. Kighley (we are much pleased with your neat note; write a little smaller).—Antonio (you are quite welcome, and nothing could be better than your first performance; do not lose the ground you have so worthily won).—Brutus (we cannot speak too highly of your admirable letter, and our appreciation of your contributions will be shown by our acceptance of them).—Henry Wales (you should have been here last time; it was an error placing you in the second class).—Busy Bee (ah! roaming again).—Mary & Lizzie (together, at last, in the first class).—Baker (our remarks to Brutus equally apply to you).—Maggie S. (many thanks; puzzles accepted).

Second Class.

Albine (writing very good; but we detect bad spelling; for example, you place the e *before* the l in the word Puzzle).—Timothy (you are greatly behind time; this award is for solutions in No. 5; our Number is obtainable anywhere on Tuesdays, and our correspondence must be to hand by the Thursday following).—Thomas Parnell (all in good time; we shall be glad to see you in the first class).—Richard (we are sorry to see this fall off, and hope you will soon recover yourself; thanks for the poem, it shall have consideration).—Emma (we have great hope that you will yet win a prize).—W. Ramsden (for answers in No. 5; we hope you will not be so late again).—Cæsar (we regret the hint in our last Number has not been taken; but Rome was not built in a day, so we must wait a little longer for the gratification of your promotion).—Ida May Foster & Flora Melville (both very promising; answers carefully written).—Little Ben (do not be grieved, for you have maintained the first class longer than any; you will soon reinstate yourself).—Jessie (we are pleased to enrol you amongst our "Happy Hour" friends, and trust you will find in it the entertainment it is designed to afford).—R. Cairnie (we regret you did not attempt the letter, we are sure you would have succeeded).—Frank & Charlie (send earlier; ages not required).

Errata.—The solution of No. 18 should have been X S, and not X L, as printed.

TO OUR READERS.

Dear Boys & Girls.—*While our success has been as much as we had any right to expect, it is still not so much as we desire. Recollect, what is good for you, is good for your friends; and if you find our Companionship an agreeable one, we are sure you will serve us so far by recommending us to all you know; and in return, we promise to make our Magazine far more worthy the kindness we ask from you. We shall be glad to pre-pay a packet of prospectuses to any who will forward their address.*

◆

ANSWERS TO PASTIME.

(*Page* 70.)

No. 28—Hay.

29.—Too wise you are, too wise you be;
I see you are too wise for me.

30.—Sugar-cane. 31.—

Hay Cottage, Battersea, May 1st., '57.

Dear Son,—Your last letter expressed some hope that I and your mother would welcome you home for the holidays. I will meet my son at the train on Friday, if I am capable. I have great delight to inform you that the pair of pigeons are well.

Ever yours, Thomas Woodman.

⁂ With No. 5 was published, and may be had, price one penny, a beautiful Needlework Design, drawn and engraved expressly for the "Companion," printed in colours, of a "Coral Pattern Mat," with description for working it. This forms the Frontispiece to Part I., now ready, price sixpence.

⁂ *Correspondents will meet with prompt attention. Contributors to our Pages will please to enclose stamps, should they require their communications to be returned if not accepted.*

Address to Editor at Printers', 23, Middle Street, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

THE QUARREL.

BY MARY BENNETT.

How now, Johnny! Can a child
Speak so fiercely, look so wild—
Scarcely four years old, to show
Eyes that flame and threaten so?

Stamp imperious on the floor,
Cheeks with crimson blood flush'd o'er;
Defiant gesture, breathing hard,
A pretty picture, on my word!

All because your elder brother
Took one marble, gave another—
Took a marble that you prize,
With handsome markings, rosy dyes;

Gave you one of common gray—
'Twas unfair, but all in play,
As you would have seen anon,
If you had but patience, John.

He, kind boy, had bought for you
Other playthings—marbles, too;
If he teased you, it was meant,
All in love and merriment.

Johnny hung his curly head:
"Are we friends?" his brother said;
Johnny in his arms he held,
Passion check'd, and fury quell'd.

Repentant, lovingly they wept,
Pray'd together ere they slept;
Closed their eyes in faith and peace,
Thus should every quarrel cease.

◆

THE ECHO.

One day little George happened to cry out in the fields, "Ho! Ho!" and he instantly heard the same words repeated from the neighbouring thicket near him.

Surprised at the sound, he exclaimed, "Who are you?" upon which the same voice also returned, "Who are you?"

George cried out, "You must be a very foolish fellow." "Foolish fellow!" repeated the voice from the thicket. George then began to grow angry, and he uttered words of defiance toward the spot from whence the sound proceeded.

The echo faithfully repeated all his words. He then ran home, and complained to his father and mother that a wicked boy was concealed in the wood for the purpose of mocking him.

"Ah, now, you are complaining of your own self,' replied his father, who then read to him from a book about the Echo, and afterwards said:—"Know that you have heard nothing but your own words; for even as you have seen your face reflected in the clear water, so you have just heard your own voice in the woods. If you had uttered an exclamation of kindness, you would have received the same in reply."

It is thus in every-day life. *The conduct of others towards us is generally an echo of our own.*

◆

THE GIRL'S WORK-TABLE.

BY MADAME EUGENIE.

SCARLET AND WHITE ANTI-MACASSAR.

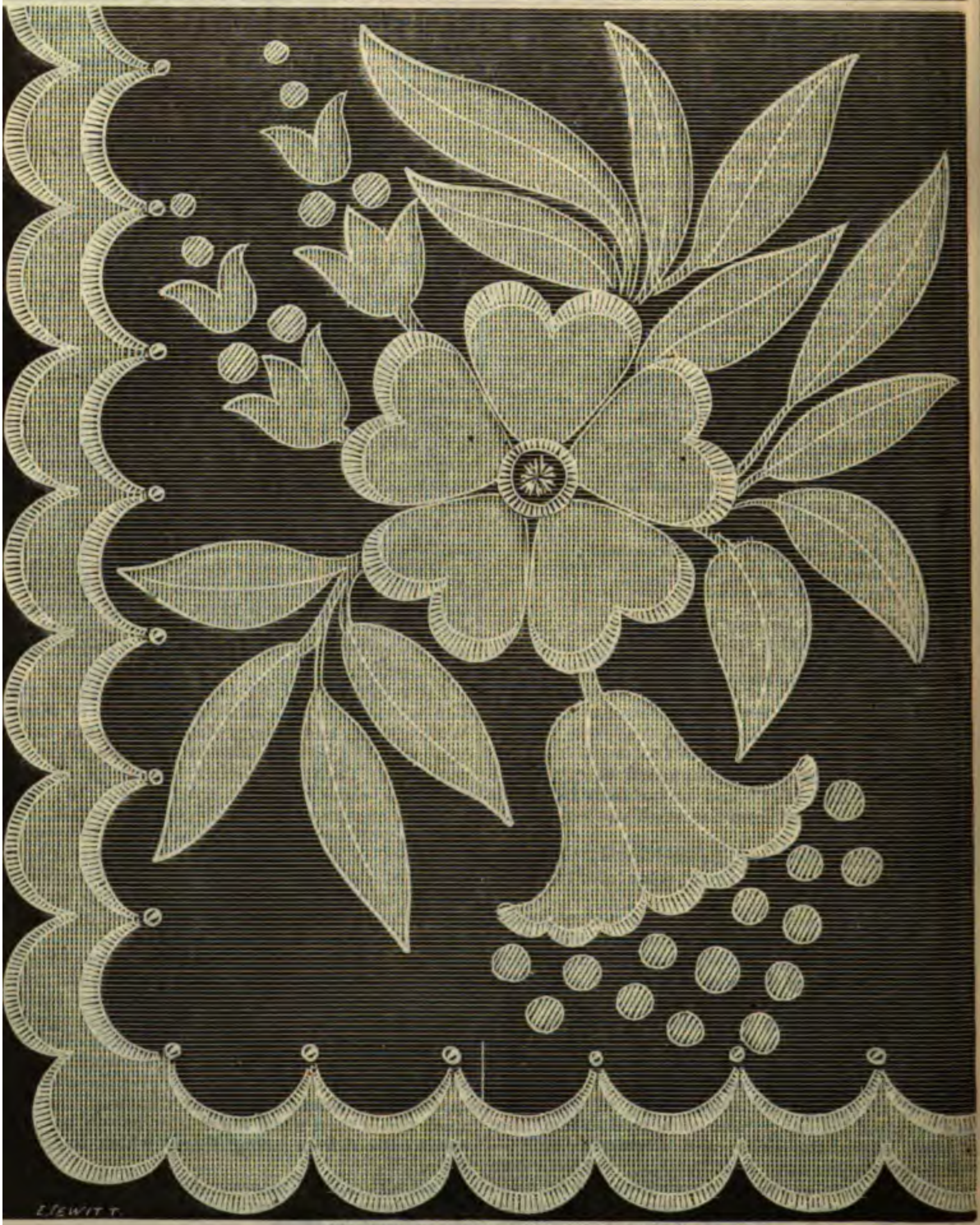
OUR young lady lovers of the Work-Table will find this new-fashioned style of work extremely pretty. The ground being scarlet and the pattern white, produces a very lively and striking effect.

In executing this piece of needlework, the first thing is to procure a square of *mousseline de laine*, and a square of cambric muslin, both of the same size. This being done, the design which we have given must be traced upon the cambric muslin all round, beginning at the corner. The group of flowers is also to be scattered over the centre of the anti-macassar at regular distances. In preparing the pattern, the best way is to do it on a large sheet of paper, the proper size, so that there may be no mistake in the work after its commencement. Having thus arranged the pattern the full size, it must be traced on the square of cambric muslin, and when this is done, it must be tacked on to the square of *mousseline de laine* in a great many cross lines of stitches, with fine cotton, so that the two materials may lay quite flat, without the least wrinkling or slipping about.

After this, everything is quite plain and easy. The pattern is to be traced out in No. 24 of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co's. perfectionné cotton, taking care that the stitches always go through the two materials. Then chain-stitch the sprigs all round with the same maker's cotton, No. 10; then, with the exception of the edges of the petals of the flowers, which must be in raised button-hole stitch, as shown in the pattern, work a raised spot in the centre of the flowers. The border-scallop is to be worked in raised button-hole stitch, the part between the two rows being left in the white cambric muslin.

We have not yet mentioned the clusters of spots which form a part of one of the flowers in the group. Before these are worked, the superfluous cambric muslin must all be cut out, leaving the scarlet ground with the sprigs resting upon it. When this has been done—the spots are to be put in, by working them each way in embroidery stitch, to give them a raised appearance. Being worked in this way, they are much closer than when the muslin has to be afterwards cut out from among them, which is difficult to do.

This sort of Anti-macassar is extremely pretty, as well as being quite new, and many ladies are much pleased with its effect.



SCARLET AND WHITE ANTIMACASSAR.

THE BOYS' & GIRLS' COMPANION FOR LEISURE HOURS

No. 8, Vol. I.] SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1857. [Price One Penny.

DON'T TELL;

OR, MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

BY MARY BENNETT.

CHAPTER VIII.

HAD Annie disclosed to Miss Everitt what Margaret told her on the heath respecting the letter, Tom most probably would not have been placed in the position that led to his telling a wicked falsehood; for the Curate would previously have seen the whole truth, and the page would have been reproved privately, and the painful scene at the cottage would not have taken place.

It would have been known also to the Curate in what manner Frederick had written of the school, and that money had been sent to him to return home with, and that that money was in Fred.'s possession,—an important circumstance, as it fell out.

Life, my dear readers, is such a strange piece of machinery, that if one small wheel go wrong, it may derange the whole works.

Annie, Margaret, and the new wardrobe woman were in the young ladies' dressing room; and Winny's task was to brush and curl the hair, during which operation, she spoke to Annie about Margaret's uneasiness, lest what she had told her on the heath should be made known to her governess.

"Perhaps you have mentioned it to her already," said Winny, "when you went to town with her?"

"I have not repeated a word of anything Margaret has told me," said Annie.

Then you have no occasion to be uneasy, Margaret, dear," said Winny. "I cannot think this pretty little girl is a tell-tale, she looks too good and kind. You would never tell of her, would you, Miss?"

"Never," said Annie. "But you do not know how unhappy it makes me to have such a secret. Governess thinks I am behaving very ill,—I can see she does."

"How is that?" said Winnifred, quickly: "does she fancy anything?"

"I think she does."

Margaret became excited. "Oh, dear! Winny, she will find it out, and what shall I do?"

"Don't distress yourself, my sweet Margaret; if Miss Campbell does not tell her, she cannot find out. What can we give your dear little friend, that she would like?"

"Oh! she admires my pearl necklace very much. You know, Annie, you often wished that you had one like it. See!—is it not beautiful?" holding out the tempting ornament. "I will put this on your neck, and it shall be your own, if you you will not tell."

"No, dears, not on her neck, or your governess might object," said artful Winny; "put it by in your trunk, Miss Campbell; then you can look at it sometimes, and may wear it, in a little while. And look here! is not this a pretty shell? My brother is a sailor; he brought it from Africa; you shall put that in your trunk, too."

Such charming gifts, what innocent child could resist? Annie put the shell in her bosom, and the necklace in her little pocket, while her hair was curled.

"You said you would not be my friend any more," pouted Margaret.

"What you told me, made me afraid of you."

"Why, where was the wrong of it?" argued Winny. "Nonsense! Was master Fred. to send such a letter as the Curate's to Mr. Walton? was it likely? and was it not right, if he found himself unhappy here, to write and request leave to come home? It was not all wrong, Miss Annie; only, to be sure, it would appear so to the Curate and your governess, because they do not like their pupils to leave them."

So Winnifred perverted truth.

"Now, Miss Campbell," she whispered, as Annie quitted the toilet, "you must put the necklace and shell away in your trunk, in one of the pockets, out of reach, or your governess will be inquiring about them."

Annie did as suggested, and then felt something like an animal who has concealed articles improperly obtained; for she had always been accustomed at home to perfect candour and sincerity.

She was in her little room in the ivy corner, turning over a few books that lay on the chest of drawers, and opening one after another.

They had been selected for her by her mother, and words of tender remembrance and counsel were written in different places.

There was one small black leather book, which Annie half feared to touch now. It contained moral and religious precepts for her daily meditation.

The writing was her mother's throughout. Annie opened a page, and read shrinkingly, as if the words were fire:

He that worketh deceit, shall not dwell within my house. He that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight.

Deceive not, dear child, (said the mother's book), *neither in small things nor in great, those whose duty it is to guard you. A small deceit may bring great evils.*"

"I am deceiving governess, and helping others to deceive her," thought Annie, pressing her hands upon her eyes. "But Winny says it is of no consequence. It cannot be deceit, just to take a necklace and shell and put them in my trunk. They were given to me. I have no occasion to show them to governess if I do not like."

"But why secrete them?" whispered a good angel within her. "It is a little deception; and your mother tells you, *a small deceit may bring great evils.*"

"I will give them back to-morrow," said Annie.

"Give them *now*," urged the angelic voice.

Annie opened the trunk, and took them out, held them to the light, and was irresolute.

"It is such a beautiful necklace! and the shell is shaded in lovely colours—and it came all the way from Africa!"

They were put back—and the trunk fastened. But Annie could not resist opening the black leather book again:

Never take a bribe for concealing what you know to be wrong. If anything is offered you with that view, reject it instantly.

"Go at once," said the good angel. "Return the gifts of Margaret and Winnifred. Whether you tell or not what they are afraid of, return the deceitful bribes. *A small deceit may bring great evils.* Listen to your mother's voice."

Annie stubbornly lingered.

The book still spoke:

If you find it difficult to do what is right, look up to your heavenly Father to strengthen His feeble child.

"Look up," said the inward voice. "Return the gifts. Go to your good governess. Have no secrets from her. Open your heart to her."

Annie saw her duty, but stubbornly resisted it. *To-morrow*—and *by and bye*—ended the debate, as it has done many others of a like nature daily, since the human race began.

Annie heard a loud purring, and a beautiful cat came about her feet, looking up in her face with a pair of eyes singularly soft and expressive.

"I have been in the kitchen for you, beauty," she said, sitting down on the floor to feed it, and taking from her pocket a little packet of clean paper tied up, she opened it, and disclosed to puss, what puss knew beforehand would be in it, some very nice bits of meat, with which the kind cook obliged Annie every day for this especial purpose. Annie played with the cat while feeding it, and was never weary of watching its graceful movements, its speaking eyes, and silken, glossy coat.

When puss was done with, and Annie had seen that no traces of its repast were left to annoy the housemaid, the little stool was just out on the balcony, and Annie sat quietly down among the leaves.

Twilight sank softly down on the green, over the pond and the trees, over the heath and the wood.

With her head nestled among the ivy, Annie remained still for some time.

The harsh scream of the peacock from the lawn sounded at a considerable distance.

The evening twittering of the active business-like house-sparrows, preparing for roost in the ivy, was something worth hearing. Young birds and old vied with each other in rapid "*cheep-cheep*" discourses on the affairs of the day, and also, I am apt to think, on the goodness of their Maker, in giving them nests, food, the sunlight, and their green leafy coverts.

How happy they were, as one by one they hid themselves, closed their winking eyes, and slept through the dark hours, to wake, and twitter, and flit about with the first golden beams of the early morning.

Annie, sitting on the balcony with her head nestled in the ivy, slept like the birds.

She did not hear Tom's mother come screaming for the Curate.

She did not hear the voice of Margaret, sometime later, calling out, "Annie! where are you? What do you think? Fred. is gone somewhere, and cannot be found!"

Miss Everitt, returning from her walk, looked for Annie, and found her sleeping still, sitting on her little stool in the covered stone balcony, nestled in the ivy like the roosted birds.

So pretty she looked in the pale twilight, it seemed a pity to disturb her. Miss Everitt lifted her gently, and laid her on her bed. Annie woke, and her hand slid over the neck of her governess; but she hid her face, ashamed to meet those penetrating eyes.

Frederick is not to be found," said Miss Everitt. "The Curate has been out looking for him these two hours. The page is with him. Tom has been severely whipped by his father, for telling a lie."

Annie was struck dumb with consternation.

"Go to bed, child; I will send Winnifred to light you. How do you like her?"

"Oh, very much!" replied Annie.

"Are you sure that is quite true?" whispered the inward voice.

"She was Margaret's nurse in Manchester," said Miss Everitt. "I hope she is a worthy person. Margaret seems to be attached to her; but I am afraid that is no proof of her goodness. Good night. Go quietly to rest. Frederick may return soon; I trust he will."

Left to herself, Annie waited for Winnifred; but the new attendant was too much engrossed with the search for Frederick to attend to anything else.

It grew dark. Annie undressed, and stepped into her neat little bed; but she sat up, listening, and waiting, and looking out through the small window, framed in dark green ivy, on the clouds that were rolling up heavily over the sky. The little door in the casement had been left open, and a gust of wind suddenly swept into the room, and tried, as Annie fancied, to wrench the little door off its hinges. It swang to and fro, and the whole window quivered beneath the shock of that sudden blast.

Then there was a profound stillness, and the air Annie breathed was oppressive and sulphureous.

A few minutes, and the room was filled with a glare of lightning; and a crash of thunder followed, that sent Annie cowering down under the white sheets, holding her ears, and shutting her eyes, while her heart beat fast.

Another flash, and still another. The village green was enveloped in blue flame. The thunder rolled grandly, and almost continuously; and the flashes of lightning followed one another faster and faster; and, after a time, the rain fell as if the windows of heaven were opened for a second deluge.

"Oh! where is Frederick now?" was Annie's thought; and it was the thought of every one in Ivy House that tremendous night, for he had not returned, and the Curate had met with no success in his search.

Puss mewed, not liking the general disturbance; Annie ventured to peep up a moment, and hold out a hand to her. Puss at once accepted the invitation, sprang on the bed, turned round, and lay down close to Annie's face, and was embraced by Annie's arms.

(To be continued.)

◆

THE PHILOSOPHIC MOUSE.

CHAPTER VIII.

As soon as I entered the lawn, my heart beat with increased vigour. I found the company were assembled round a telescope. I drew near, if peradventure I might gain some information upon astronomy. It was a charming night, very favourable, because very clear.

> "The gliding moon, through heaven serene,
> Pursued her tranquil way,
> And shed o'er all the sleeping scene
> A soft nocturnal day."

Upon approaching this company of the human race, I felt a calm and tranquil pleasure, which the language of mice cannot describe. I was serene as the evening, though sanguine to add to my stock of knowledge. The moon had entered its first quarter; its light, therefore, was not strong enough to obscure, or much to diminish, the brightness of the fixed stars; consequently, did not render the light of the planet Jupiter faint to appearance. This was the object to which their attention was principally directed. They first directed their sight-invigorating tube to the planet Venus, because she was fast descending, to be obscured from sight in the western horizon.

I shall endeavour to comprise as much information as possible, in a few words, fearing, if I extend the explanation to any length, I shall tire the patience of your young ones, for whom I have more particularly written this; therefore, I will only lay down the first principles of astronomy.

The sun, moon, stars, and planets, appear to be all at an equal distance from us; though it is more than probable that some of the stars are many millions of miles nearer to us than others. The sun is demonstrated to be nearer than any of the fixed stars. The moon and some of the planets are known, by ocular proof, to be nearer to us than the sun; because they sometimes come between it and our eye, and hide the whole, or a great part of his disk from our view. They all, however, appear equally distant, and as if placed in the surface of a sphere, whereof our eye is the centre.

The stars may be distinguished into two kinds; the one dispersed through the whole heavens, differing in their degrees of brightness, but remaining always at the same relative distance from each other; these are called fixed stars, or only stars: the others moving among the foregoing, with different velocities, which are called wandering stars, or planets.

As stars do not change their relative positions one to the other, they have been divided into several groupes, to each of which is assigned a figure. These assemblages are called constellations. For instance, a number of stars near the north pole, is called the Bear, because the stars which compose it, are at such distances from each other, that they fall within the figure of a bear. There are two constellations called the Bear; but they are distinguished by the Great Bear, and the Little Bear.

To those who are unacquainted with celestial observation, it might, at first sight, appear almost impossible to number the stars; yet their relative situations have been so carefully observed by astronomers, that they have not only been numbered, but their places in the heavens have been ascertained with greater accuracy than the relative situations of most places on the surface of the earth.

The greatest number of stars that are visible appear on a winter's night, when the air is clear; but even then, a good eye can scarcely distinguish more than one thousand at a time, in the visible hemisphere; for, though on such a night they appear to be almost innumerable, this appearance is a deception, that arises from viewing them in a transient and confused manner. The constellations of the modern astronomers contain nearly five thousand stars.

The Galaxy, or Milky Way, is one of the most remarkable appearances in the heavens. It is a broad circle, of a whitish hue, surrounding the whole celestial concave. It is supposed to be a multitude of exceedingly small stars, too small to be discovered by the naked eye. The combination of their light diffuses this shining whiteness through the heavens.

The number of stars in the universe infinitely exceeds those I have been speaking of. An ordinary telescope will discover in the heavens ten times as many stars as are visible to the naked eye. Dr. Herschel says, in passing over the heavens, with his telescope, the universe increased under his eye: 44,000 stars, seen in the space of a few degrees, seemed to indicate that there were 75,000,000 in the heavens.

I shall now give you a very concise account of the planets, beginning with the one nearest the sun, and shall take them in order, as their distance increases from that body. The sun is the centre of the system, round which all the planets revolve, and from which they receive light and heat.

The opinions of philosophers are various with respect to the matter of which the sun is composed; but these opinions are mere speculations and hypotheses; with the truth of which, the philosopher and the ploughman are equally unacquainted.

Our philosopher thought that speculations of this description had never been deduced from experiment. He flattered himself that, at least, the novelty of the idea he was going to communicate to the company would afford them some amusement; the which I will relate, dear children, presuming, too, that it may afford you some amusement. It is a generally received opinion that the sun is a body of fire, giving out, to all the planetary worlds (connected with our system) light and heat.

He asserted that the sun was not a body of fire, and deduced his reasons from the known properties of oxygen gas. He asserted, and maintained by experiment, that the presence of oxygen gas is essential to combustion, and that, without the presence of it, no fire whatever can exist. He maintained that matter would not burn with lustre sufficient to afford so dazzling a light, as the light of the sun, in an atmosphere like ours, of which, but one-fourth is oxygen; therefore, if it is matter in a state of ignition, it must be supplied with an atmosphere of pure oxygen to afford such dazzling light.

When the immense bulk of the sun is considered, whose diameter is 890,000 miles, its circumference 2,670,000 miles—when this immense bulk is considered, and the consumption of oxygen that must be requisite to maintain so great a bulk of matter in a constant state of ignition, we are led to inquire how the oxygen is and has been replaced, for the space of nearly 6000 years. Where is the great laboratory of nature? for it is presumed, since the creation of the world no miracle has been requisite to keep in order the motion and all the phenomena of universal nature. The planets are kept in their orbits by the power of gravitation towards the sun, and not by miracle. Our limited reason, then, draws this conclusion, that the Creator would work by means, and not by miracle, in producing the stupendous portion of oxygen necessary to maintain the sun in a state of ignition.

(To be continued.)

TRY! *

UNDER this title, "Old Jonathan" has written an interesting and improving book for Boys,—nor do we see why Girls may not profitably read it. He has aptly taken for his motto:—

"If you find your case is hard,
Try, try, try again.
Time will bring you your reward,
Try, try, try again.
All that other people do,
Why with patience should not you?
Only keep this rule in view,
Try, try, try again."

What we cannot say of many books we can say of this, that the introduction to "Try" is not the least interesting part of it, and we beg to submit it to the earnest attention of *our* Boys and Girls:—

"Boys! I am going to TRY and write something for you. I was a boy once, and I can remember a good deal of what I used to think and feel when I was a boy. And I dare say, as hearts are so much alike, you think and feel just as I used to do. Hence I will try and write what I hope, under God, may be of use to you. But at the outset I would have you know, that what I am about to tell you is all strictly *true*."

"Well now, as it is usual with ministers to take a text as a sort of starting-post, I think I cannot do better than take one. But my text is to be very short. Boys, you know, are not fond of long texts, as they have often to repeat them when they get home, or at school next day. T—R—Y! That's my text."

"I. T. *T* stands for *thought*. I need not tell you, for I am sure you know it too well, that there are many kinds of thought. There are good thoughts and bad thoughts. Thoughts that come from God, and thoughts that come from Satan, and our own bad hearts. There are thoughts about time, and thoughts about eternity. Thoughts for the body, and thoughts for the soul. Angry thoughts, and peaceful thoughts; selfish thoughts, or thoughts about what we shall get and have; generous thoughts, or how we can help others. But out of the many thoughts which pass and repass the mind, it is one kind of thought of which I want now to speak. It is that sort of thought which boys have when they hear or read of others. They hear or they read of men who have been useful men and happy men, and, what some people call, great men; and they think, 'Ah! but they never were as I am. They must have had what I have not. They had good homes, or great friends, or plenty of money, or what not; and all this was the secret of their success. This was why they became such useful men or such happy men.' Now, dear boys, these are very wrong thoughts; for, in most cases, those who have become great men and good men, had not, as boys, what you speak of. For too often it is that when boys have such good homes (as they are called), or great friends, or so much money, they think they need not give heed to our text—TRY.

"II. R. *R* stands for *Right*. When we are about to try to do this or to do that, it is well to *think*, 'Is it right?' And as it may be hard to know now and then whether to go here or there, or whether to do this or that, is *right*, I will tell you a very ready way to find out if it is *right* or not. Think of and repeat over these four short words, 'THOU, GOD, SEEST ME.' This will be almost sure to decide the matter. And if helped to do what is *right*, take my word for it you will be a ten times happier boy, than if you take your own way, and do what is *wrong*. I will tell you why. I knew a boy once to throw a stone—a very bad practice, mark—and with that stone he broke a window. It was dark, and he ran away. But he thought, 'Is this *right?*' Should I like any one to serve me the same? So he went to the shop, and told the person who kept it, that it was *he* who had broken the window. Now it was at first quite a task—really an effort—to do this; but he was all the happier afterwards. He could not have passed that shop without thinking of the broken pane, if he had not gone and done what was *right*. It is much the easiest and much the best way. Again, I knew a boy once who had a very proud heart; he thought a great deal too much of what others thought of him. But one day he was put to a very severe test. His master sent him upon an errand. It was to go to a shop in a very fine street, where a good many ladies and gentlemen used to deal, and to ask the shopkeeper for a *halfpenny* which his master said he owed him. The boy walked up that fine street, and, thinking what he had to do, said to himself, 'I'd sooner pay the *halfpenny* myself a dozen times over; but would it be *right?* Did not my master send me? Are not his commands all the same, whether it is for a penny or a pound?' So, feeling it was *right*, into the shop he went; and, when asked what was wanted, said, his master had sent him for a *halfpenny*. It was a *trial*, but it was a *triumph*, too. Why? it was *right*."

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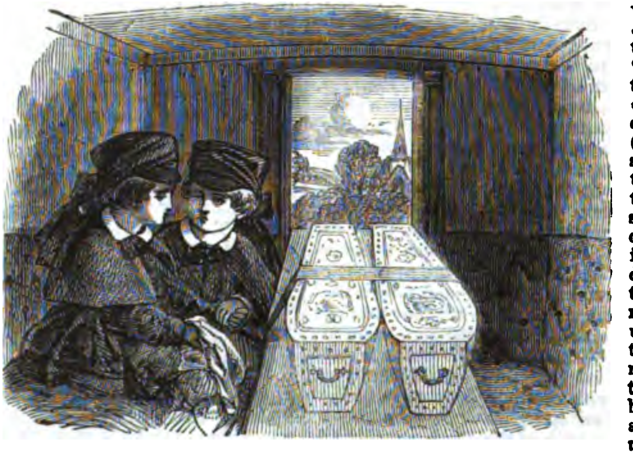
* *Try:—A Book for Boys.* By "Old Jonathan." London: W. H. Collingridge, Long Lane. Price 2s. 6d.

"III. Y. *Y* stands for *years*. A *year* seems a long time when 365 days have to come and go before it ends; and when five, or ten, or fifteen years have to pass away ere such things as boys set their minds upon can be had. They are apt to want patience, and to say, 'Oh, it's no good to think of it. Why should I *try?* What's the use?' This is anything but *right*, and too often leads to what is *wrong*. If, on the other hand, the mind was set, first, to *think*, and, secondly, to *do* what was *right*, it is strange how quickly months and years seem to glide away."

Full too, is the volume of truthful pious episodes, and pretty illustrations. In confirmation of this we extract the following, which shows the effect of death on youthful affections:—

"Arthur saw John's sorrow upon his papa's departure, and he resolved, as far as in him lay, to make up the loss. Whatever they had been before, they were to be still more devoted now. They were to be bosom-friends indeed. They walked and talked by day; and commonly by night were deep in conversation long after they had retired to rest. They had a liberal share of toys; but their delight, for most part, was in books. Whilst the Book of books was ever near them, in their bed-room they had three long shelves, and these well filled with history and narrative.

"But, as though their attachment was as yet incomplete, another circumstance arose to cement the bond of union, and to bind them (if possible) yet closer to each other. Richard (John's brother) one day was taken very ill; he grew worse and worse, and speedily died. Here was another void, which made John turn to Arthur, as if to say, 'Make up this further loss.' Three days had scarce elapsed, ere Louisa (the babe) was seized, and she died too. There, at either end of the sofa, lay these precious ones, lovely in the sleep of death. Many went to the house of mourning, to gaze upon a scene so touching. But one now remained of that interesting trio; but one of a group about which a father's love and a mother's tender devotion had so entwined.



"Once again the mourners meet—and the coaches come to carry to a mother's grave the sacred relics of her offspring. Once they were in life, and scarcely in death divided. See those two devoted youths, as they sit side by side, upon their mournful mission. What are their words—what their reflections—as they gaze upon those tiny coffins, and listen to the measured tread of horses? What means that deep-toned bell? What this halt? What this procession? What those solemn words, as they echo o'er these tombs, 'I am the resurrection and the life?' What this open grave? What that hollow sound, as 'earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' drop upon the ear?"

We conscientiously recommend this elegant little work to our readers, feeling assured that the good practical lessons it inculcates cannot fail to prove highly beneficial to those who read it.

◆

DOMESTIC PETS.

THE KING CHARLES' SPANIEL.

The dog tribe is very large. Besides the pretty little "Domestic Pet" exhibited in our picture, and better known by the name of "King Charles' Spaniel," we have the shepherd's-dog, the cur-dog, the Greenland-dog, the bull-dog, the mastiff, the bandog, the Highland greyhound, the gazehound, the greyhound, the Italian greyhound, the lurcher, the terrier, the teazle, the harrier, the fox-hound, the blood-hound, the Spanish pointer, the English setter, the Newfoundland-dog, the small and large water spaniel, the springer, the turnspit, and the pug.

We have here only enumerated the most important of the species, and perhaps, hereafter, we shall treat our readers to a few interesting particulars regarding each.

"The dog," observes Cuvier, "is the most singular, the most complete, and the most useful conquest that man has made. The whole species is become our property; each individual is entirely devoted to his master, adopts his manners, distinguishes and defends his property, and remains attached to him even unto death; and all this springs, not from mere necessity, nor from constraint, but simply from a true friendship. The swiftness, the strength, and the highly developed power of smelling of the dog, have made him a powerful ally of man against the other animals; and were, perhaps, necessary to the establishment of society. It is the only animal that has followed man all over the earth."

Some zoologists are of opinion that this faithful friend of man was originally derived from the jackal, for no trace of it is to be found in a primitive state of nature; while others, again, affirm that the race of dogs originally sprang from the wolf.

The young of the dog are born blind, and do not see till nine days are fully expired; they sometimes see on the tenth, and sometimes not till the twelfth. At the fourth month the teeth begin to change, and at two years the growth of the animal is considered complete. A dog is reckoned old at the expiration of five years, and the limits of his existence rarely exceed twenty years. It is confidently stated that, in all the varieties, if a dog has any white on any part of the tail, that colour will invariably be found at the tip.

There have been many very beautiful and affectionate poems written on dogs. Who, of our young friends, does not remember the blind man's grief for his poor dog Tray?

The mastiff ranks as the most noble of the dog species, and most protective to man's property; the bull-dog as the most ferocious; the greyhound the fleetest; the Newfoundland-dog as the most sagacious; the shepherd's-dog as the most useful to man; while King Charles' spaniel, from its size and beauty, has taken precedence in our parlours, and become the "domestic pet." Owing to King Charles the Second's admiration of these dogs, they bore his name; the Merry Monarch was rarely seen abroad without two or three of them at his royal heels; and the ladies of the present day have so much esteem for them, that they are privileged to lie in their laps, or they are led into parks and gardens by silken strings.

The present duke of Norfolk is said to possess two varieties of the King Charles' spaniel, of great beauty. They are on a familiar footing at Arundel Castle, and are admitted to the apartment in which the duke dines; and his grace has been known to select the first cuts for them off the joints of which he himself was partaking. They are introduced into nearly all the family pictures. The Queen and Prince Albert are said to be enthusiastic admirers of these beautiful little creatures, and a superb kennel has been erected for them at Windsor. King Charles' and Blenheim spaniels have been bought in London at from 150 to 200 guineas. The former is distinguished by the shortness of the muzzle, the round and bullet-like shape of the head, the prominent eyes, length of ears, and *colour* black and tan.

There are differences of opinion regarding the proper food for these dogs. Some persons do not give them meat, believing it to be unfit for them. The teeth of the dog, however, clearly indicate that he is a carniverous (flesh-eating) animal. It is said that a milk diet has considerable influence in preventing the distemper. In kennels, under the care of an experienced keeper, dogs are fed with meat boiled into a kind of soup; this is thickened with oatmeal till it can be cut with a knife when cold.

When dogs are supplied with milk, the quantity of meat given to them should be diminished by one-half. It is an evil to be continually feeding and pampering a dog. One good meal a day is sufficient. Many diseases will be escaped by this regimen.

It is a good thing to let young dogs run and play in the grass. Instinct prompts them to eat some of the grass, which has been found to have a good effect in mitigating the distemper. If the grass produce sickness, so much the better.

When pet dogs are washed, do not use soap, as it prevents the dog licking himself, and thereby makes him dirty. The white of an egg beaten up and rubbed into the hair, then washed out with warm water, makes them beautifully clean and glossy.

Whenever the health of a dog is doubtful—whenever any unusual symptoms appear—he should be tied up, so that there can be no chance of his breaking away.

Hydrophobia (to which dogs are liable in the hot season) may lurk in the system of a dog long before it becomes manifest. Always supply them with plenty of water, and on the approach of summer, a little sulphur should be put in it; an aperient medicine should be given twice or thrice during the summer.

Mr. Loudon, writing on Hydrophobia, says:—

"It is generally supposed that a dog cannot be mad if he will take water; but in the early stage of the disease, dogs drink a great deal: it is only when madness has actually commenced, that they show a horror at the sight of liquids; sometimes, indeed, they will continue to drink till they die. When a dog is first attacked, he evidently suffers from fever; he becomes restless, yet languid; he is always changing his position, and yet does not seem inclined to move when he is called. As the disease increases, the dog starts convulsively in his sleep, and appears affected with delirium, as he frequently snaps at nothing. Sometimes the dog will utter a furious bark, and spring forward, as though he would seize some imaginary object. This is generally a fatal symptom; and it is remarkable that it is sometimes observed in human beings affected by hydrophobia, in the early stage of the disease."

◆

OUR HISTORIC TREASURY.

THE DEATH OF PRINCE WILLIAM,

SON OF HENRY BEAUCLERK.

"Woe was in England's halls that day,
Woe in her royal towers;
While low her haughty monarch lay
To wail his smitten flowers:
And though protracted years bestow
Bright honour's envied store,
Yet on that crowned and lofty brow
The smile sat never more."

HENRY THE FIRST, surnamed Beauclerk, reigned from 1100 to 1135.

William the Conqueror left three sons—Robert, the eldest, duke of Normandy in France; William Rufus, to whom his father bequeathed the crown of England; and Henry, the youngest. Rufus was accidentally shot by an arrow that Sir Walter Tyrrel discharged at a deer in the New Forest, which, glancing from a tree, struck the king to the heart. He dropped dead instantaneously. His younger brother Henry was hunting near at the time, and instantly seized the dominion of which death had deprived the Red King. Thus he wronged his elder brother Robert, whom afterwards he dispossessed of Normandy also, and in a battle Robert was taken prisoner, and led a captive to England. Twenty-eight years after that Robert died, having all the time been his brother's prisoner, while that unnatural brother reigned prosperously over all Robert's dominions. But Providence visited him in a remarkable manner. Just at the height of his felicity, he led his son and heir, then eighteen years of age, to Normandy, to receive the homage of the barons of the duchy. They came back to the sea side at Harfleur on their return to England, accompanied by Prince William and his sister and a gay party of ladies and nobles. When about to embark, a sea-captain, owner of a bark called the "White Ship," solicited the privilege of conveying the prince over the sea, saying that his father had carried the Conqueror to England in his vessel. Henry would not accept the offer for himself, but he consented that the prince and his treasures should proceed by Fitzstephen's "White Ship." It was a new and beautiful vessel, equipped in a style suitable for its freight; more than 140 young nobles embarked in it, with Prince William and his sister, and a half-brother. The king had set sail, and was fast speeding over the serene bosom of the deep, while the "White Ship" lingered in the harbour, the crew and the splendid party of voyagers jesting and drinking merrily. It was the end of November: darkness set in early, and the prince urged the drunken crew to hasten and overtake the king. On went the "White Ship" swiftly on its fatal course, when in a moment it struck on a well-known rock, covered then with the tide. The side of the vessel was beaten in, but Fitzstephen, the captain, mindful of the prince, hurried him into a boat, and he would have been saved; but hearing the cries of his half-sister, Mary, Countess of Perdre, he insisted upon the sailors rowing back to take her in. Many others then, who were left on the wreck, sprang into the boat, and it sank immediately. All perished! 140 young men of the best families both of England and Normandy, together with prince and princesses. The shrieks of the drowning were heard on the shore, and even reached the king's ship; but he was spared for a short time longer the knowledge of the cause. In the midst of the drowning people in the water, Fitzstephen buffeted his way towards a butcher named Berauld, who clung to a mast. "Where is the prince?" he asked. "He is gone," answered the butcher. "Then I will not outlive him," said the captain, and plunged to the bottom. In the morning nothing was visible of the "White Ship" but part of a mast; and all its careless revellers were cold and silent beneath the waves.

King Henry landed in safety at Southampton, and waited for his children and their friends, who came no more! For three days he hoped they had put into some distant port in England, and no one dared to undeceive him. At last a little boy was sent to the king to relate the painful story. The monarch fainted away, and after he recovered he never smiled again, although previously he had been free and lively in his conversation and manners, and particularly fond of pleasantry. The best trait of the perished prince was that which cost him his life—his tenderness for his sister. Otherwise he was very unworthy of his royal inheritance. He was a slave to low vices. Though, as I have said, only eighteen years of age, he was proud, haughty, and insolent; and it was too well remembered of him that he had said, "when he came to be king of England, he would yoke the natives to their ploughs, and make them draw like beasts."

An old chronicler says:—"He thought of his future reign and greatness; but God said, It shall not be thus, thou impious one; it shall not be. And so it fell out, that his brow, instead of being gilded with the crown of gold, was beaten against the rocks of the ocean."

◆

SHETLAND PONIES.

THESE useful animals are frequently put to severe shifts in foraging for themselves. When their scanty pasture on the common is more than usually bare, they betake themselves to the sea-beach, and feast on tangle and sea-ware; while not a few fall victims in the endeavour to reach some tempting tuft of grass they perceive in the crevices of the banks and precipices. They are rarely ever fed by their owners, except during a long continued snow; and, poor fellows, they generally take care to be at hand when weather of this sort is to be expected. Indeed, their instincts are so much more prompt and unerring than man's sagacity, or "weather wisdom," that we unhesitatingly calculate on this very circumstance, that the *horses*, old and young, come to their owner's home-stead, or are found standing outside the wicket that leads to the common, immediately before a fall of snow. They are at once admitted, and fed with hay,—if there is any provided,—if not, with dried moor-grass or oat straw. At the gentlemen's houses there may thus be seen as many as forty; indeed, then, and only then, may the owner see all his stock together at a time. If a foal be weakly, or a colt changing its teeth, it will probably be brought into the kitchen, where the children feed it with oat-cake and sweet-milk, and thus it becomes tame and familiar; so much so, that we have frequently seen the little creatures, if permitted, trot in and out of the parlour rather noisily, to be sure, but with perfect decorum. Some of them are very small, from thirty-three to thirty-six inches high; only once have we seen one so diminutive as thirty inches when full grown, and then it could be carried in a person's arms, and become a welcome, though singular guest, in an English drawing room.

◆

THE HAPPY HOUR.

PUZZLES.

35. Explain how the oldest man that ever lived died before his father.

36. Name the seven wonders of the world?

37.
ENIGMA.

I am a word of four letters; and am found in the cold regions of Iceland, and in the hottest part of the torrid zone; in the depths of the sea, and in the air. I am liable to be called away at any time; and once lost, can never return.

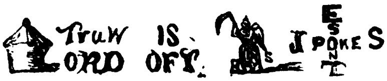
Little Dorritt.

38.
CHARADE.

My *first* is a well-known and very useful animal, of which a great number is seen in the streets of London; my *second* is a biped which is seen in every part of the habitable world; without my *third* we should not be at all so wealthy a nation as we are at present; my *whole* is the art of riding well.

Brutus.

39.
HIEROGLYPHIC PROVERB.



C. W.

◆

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

First Class.

Emma Louise (it is not necessary for you to send answers to our back puzzles; we are pleased you like your "Companion," and trust you will recommend it to your friends).—**Brutus** (if all our friends showed so much practical interest in our work as you have done, we should soon be the "Companion" to a most extensive circle; we shall have a very handsome volume, which our 26th number will terminate; a packet of bills shall be forwarded to your address, and we tender our grateful thanks for your volunteering to distribute them).—**J. W. Kighley** (you certainly exhibit patience under your afflictions; this is a great virtue, and more lovely still when manifested in youth; bills shall be forwarded; our best thanks for your attention).—**Maggie S.** (we have much pleasure in acceding to your request, and more so that this mark of our favour has been well merited; we discover a little excitement in your note, and although it is evinced in our behalf, yet it is always dangerous to act under its influence; we are sure R. M. S. will agree with us, and if she can find the opportunity, no doubt will explain our meaning more fully; we take an interest in the moral and intellectual welfare of all who make us their "Companion."

Second Class.

Bessie (if we are quizzical, you are critical; however, we must admit your remarks were correct as regards our early numbers, but we are sure you have intelligence enough to perceive that we have improved as we have gone on,—and we shall not be content until we have attained further excellence; your writing exhibits a little carelessness, otherwise it is passable).—**William Ramsden** (we shall be very glad to see an improvement in your spelling).—**Harrick** (promising).—**Selina Brown** (in every respect a very pleasing letter, and it must make your Mamma very happy to have such an obedient little daughter).—**Forget-me-Not** (all pastime is acceptable, but we aim at being *original;* we do not limit the ages of our correspondents, we are at the service of all; we take as much interest in, and have as much sympathy with, the boy or girl of ten as with their seniors).—**Richard** (nicely-written solutions; we hope you will be more regular; many thanks for your endeavours to circulate our Magazine; bills shall be posted to your address).—**Emma** (you were late enough to have guessed the whole; we hope to see more progress, for you were one of our earliest friends; the word "scratch" in your note is incorrectly spelt.

R. M. S.—We gratefully beg to acknowledge your kind letter, expressive of so much interest and pleasure in our undertaking; our modesty will only allow us to publish two stanzas of your praises in favour of our Magazine; when your muse takes another theme, we will not clip its wings so shortly:—

If Philosophy should suit your taste,
A mouse will teach you that. In haste,
Then, come and buy that pretty work,—
The "Boys' & Girls' Companion."

Charades, Enigmas, Puzzles, too,
Will set you thinking, 'tis most true,
For little folks to answer, in
The "Boys' & Girls' Companion."

⁂ Our next number will contain a new, interesting, and instructive Game, called the "Epingle Puzzle," which will afford constant amusement to those who engage in it.

◆

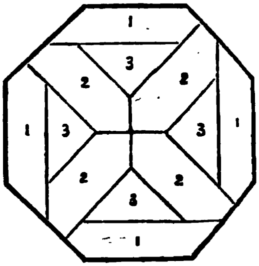
ANSWERS TO PASTIME.

(*Page* 82)

32.—Having placed the glass and coins as indicated, scratch the tablecloth with the nail of the fore-finger, in the direction you would wish the sixpence to move, and it will answer immediately.

33.—As you begin at the right side, and proceed round, there are four faces; turn round to the left, there are five; in the middle there are three; turn it upside down, there are three more; in the whole making fifteen.

34.



◆

OUR PRIZES.

To stimulate our Boys and Girls in their progress of our "Happy Hour," it may be as well thus early to state, that the Prizes will be distributed at the end of the year, when the names and addresses of those who are entitled to them will be published, simultaneously with their being forwarded to the respective fortunate winners.

To the Boy or Girl who has been oftenest in the First Class, will be presented any article that may be selected to the value of

TWO GUINEAS,

and a beautifully printed Certificate of Merit.

Our Second Class prizes will be to the value of

HALF-A-GUINEA,

and a Certificate of Merit printed in gold.

Still further to encourage competition in our Classes, we shall institute a Third Award, consisting of a

CERTIFICATE OF MERIT,

printed in gold.

The Certificates will be framed; and on each will be written the name, and suitable inscription.

Dear Boys and Girls,—You have nothing more to do but to persevere; and as well as winning prizes, you will improve your minds, which, after all, is the greatest prize that any can hope to win.

⁂ *Correspondents will meet with prompt attention. Contributors to our Pages will please to enclose stamps, should they require their communications to be returned if not accepted.*

Address to Editor at Printers', 23, Middle Street, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

THE SOWER TO HIS SEED.

Sink, little seed, in the earth's black mould,
Sink in your grave so wet and cold—
There you must lie;
Earth I throw over you,
Darkness must cover you,
Light comes not nigh.

What grief you'd tell, if words could say;
What grief make known for the loss of the day!
Sadly you'd speak,
Lie here must I ever?
Will the sunlight never
My dark grave seek?

Have faith, little seed; soon yet again
Thou'lt rise from the grave where thou art laid;
Thou'lt be so fair,
With thy green shades so light,
And thy flowers so bright,
Waving in the air.

So we must sink in the earth's black mould,
Sink in the earth so wet and so cold;
There we must stay,
Till at last we shall see
Time change to eternity,
And darkness to day.

◆

A KISS FOR A BLOW.

One day a minister went into an infant school. He had been there before.

"Please to tell us," said a little boy, "what is meant by *overcoming evil with good?*" The minister began to explain it, when a little incident occurred which gave him a striking illustration.

A boy, about seven years of age, was sitting beside his little sister, who was only six years old. As the minister was talking, George—for that was the boy's name—got angry with his sister for something, doubled up his fist, and struck her on the head.

The little girl was just about to strike him in return, when the teacher seeing it, said: "My dear Mary, you had better kiss your brother. See how angry and unhappy he looks."

Mary looked at her brother. He looked sullen and wretched. She threw both her arms about his neck and kissed him.

The poor boy was wholly unprepared for such a kind return for his blow. His feelings were touched, and he burst out crying.

His gentle sister took the corner of her apron and wiped away his tears, and sought to comfort him by saying, with endearing sweetness and generous affection, "Don't cry, George; you did not hurt me much." But he only wept the more.

But why did George weep? Poor little fellow! Would he have wept if his sister had struck him as he had struck her? Not he. But by kissing him as she did, she made him feel more acutely than if she had beaten him black and blue.

Here was a *kiss for a blow*—love for anger; and all the school saw at once what was meant by "*overcoming evil with good.*"

◆

THE GIRL'S WORK-TABLE.

BY MADAME EUGENIE.

SPECTACLE CASE.

Many young ladies have friends and relations to whom they feel it to be a great pleasure to be able to make little offerings of affection. The Spectacle Case is one of a very useful kind, as well as being ornamental; and, on all these accounts, we have selected it as one of the articles for insertion in this week's Number of our "Companion."

The Spectacle Case is to be worked on very fine canvas. The foliage is done in white, shaded with a soft grey; the staff, around which the sprays of leaves are clustering, and of which little more than the ends show, is gold-colour, or yellow. The ground is a light, brilliant, French blue. The border is done by making the little pattern in black, on a yellow or gold-coloured ground.

When the wool-work is finished, the parts must be stitched on a piece of cardboard cut to the right size, and lined with silk; then the back and front parts must be neatly sewn together. The prettiest way of hiding the stitches, is to go over them with a row of seed-beads, either gold or chalk-white, taking a bead on the needle at every stitch.

We have said that the leaves are to be worked in white shaded with grey. White floss-silk, or shiny cotton, has a better effect than Berlin wool for the parts which are really white.

◆

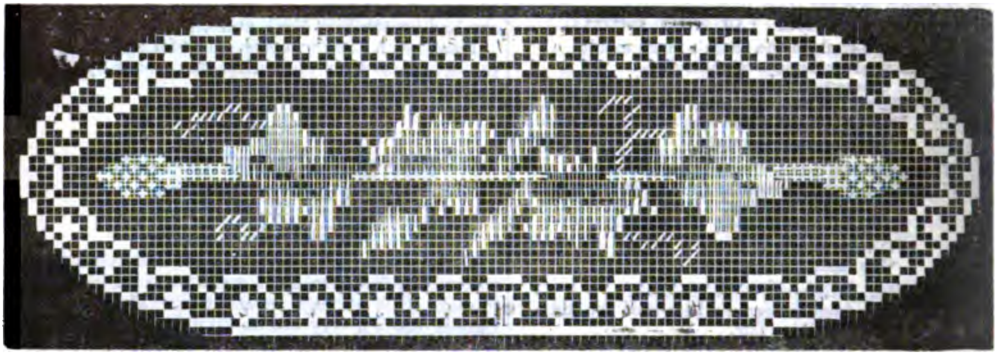
INITIAL WREATH.

This Flower Wreath is intended to contain, within its interior, the initials of the name of the person for whose use it is intended. It looks extremely well in the corner of a pocket-handkerchief, making quite an ornamental corner; but it is also perfectly suitable for many other purposes. It requires to be worked very neatly, for, if the flowers become confused, it loses half its beauty. The proper cotton is Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s No. 30 Perfectionné Cotton.

◆

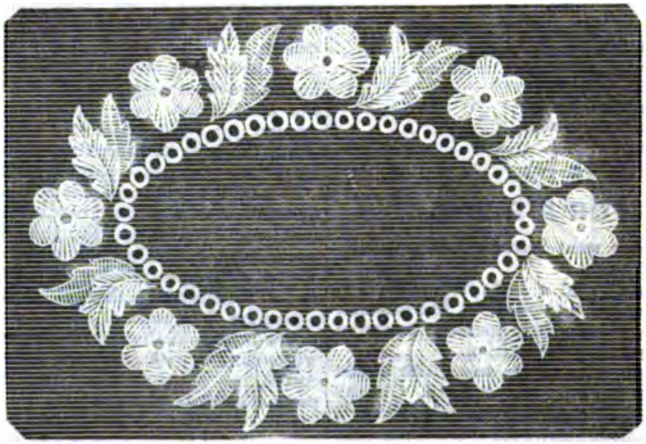
EMBROIDERY BORDER.

Embroidery is such pleasant work, that most young ladies like to have a small piece in hand, ready to take up at any or all of those leisure half-



SPECTACLE CASE.

hours which are constantly arising; indeed, it is very good management always to have some such sort of work ready to go on with, as it is really surprising to see how soon a pretty pattern of embroidery comes to a conclusion in this way, without seeming ever to have required much labour. The design which we have given in this Number will be found very useful for this purpose. It is suitable for trimming various articles of dress, being both light and pretty. The part between the centre and edge of each flower is to be cut out; the line being carried across which connects the two together. No. 16 of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Royal Embroidery Cotton is the best for working this pattern.



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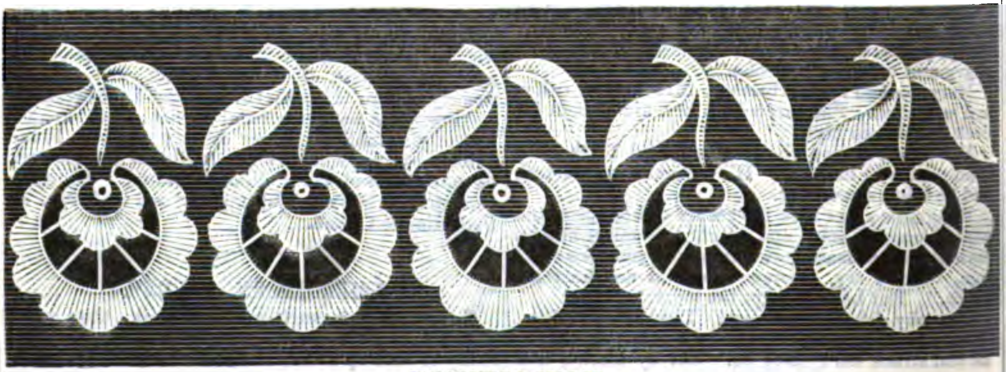

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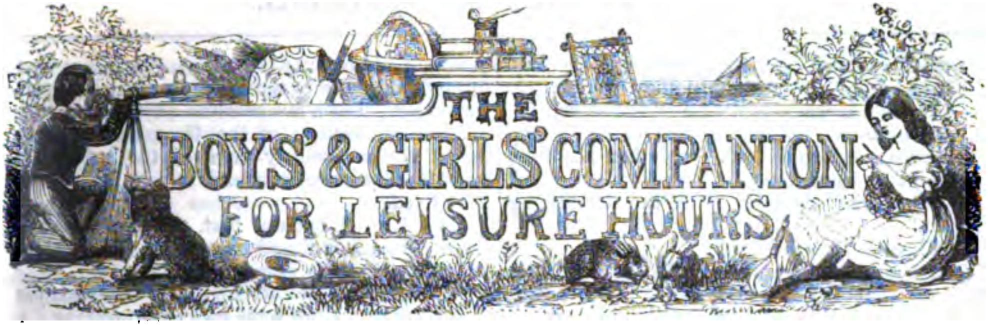

THE BOYS' & GIRLS' COMPANION FOR LEISURE HOURS

No. 9, Vol. I.] SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1857. [Price One Penny.

DON'T TELL;

OR, MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

BY MARY BENNETT.

CHAPTER IX.

WINNY now came to the door of Annie's room, peeped in, and seeing the cat and her lying quite still, went back and reported that they were asleep together. The Curate smiled, and bade her not disturb Annie by removing the animal just at present. The other pupils were also in their beds; the teachers remaining with those who were most alarmed. But none of the grown people of the establishment rested that night, the excitement arising from Frederick and Tom's disappearance was too great.

Towards morning the thunder ceased, and the lightning faded away in the distant heavens; the gusts of wind, however, increased in power.

Just as the day broke with a sickly light, and the wind had risen to a hurricane, the gateway bell rang, and there stood Tom's little brother Ned, hardly able to keep his feet, swayed to and fro by the blast. The child looked as if he had not been in bed for a week.

"Please will the Curate come to mother?" he said, dolefully. "She is very ill, and the doctor is not at home."

The Curate came out at once; but the noise of the wind was now such, that Ned and he could not hear each other speak until they were inside the gate, and it was closed against the storm.

"We have seen nothing of Tom or the young gentleman yet," said Ned. "Mother has been fainting ever since she came back from the wood. The baby cries so, too! Sarah can do nothing with it."

"Where is your father?"

The boy evidently abhorred the name. "He went to the 'Robin Hood' while mother was seeking Tom. He was drinking there when the thunder began. I haven't seen him since, and I don't want to!"

"Is your mother very ill?"

"Very bad, sir," said Ned, rubbing his eyes with his dirty fists. "She says she shall die, and wants you, sir."

"Go back, Ned; tell her I will come directly, and bring my daughter with me; and we will see what can be done for her."

Miss Everitt instantly threw on her mantle and close bonnet, and desired Winnifred to fetch a large basket, in which was placed everything that Miss Everitt's foresight could think of as likely to be wanted for the poor woman. There was wine and brandy, and a stone bottle for holding hot water, and some milk, and a delicate roll; a few cakes to quiet the baby, and two or three clean articles of clothing and flannels, and several other things. Winnifred did not vastly like to be made a convenience of in this way for the sake of a poor person who could give her nothing, and she told Miss Everitt the wind was uncommonly sharp, it would give her the toothache.

"I will lend you a thick veil to protect your face," said Miss Everitt.

"But I cannot bear a sick room. I never could in all my life."

"Oh! in that case, you must not go," said the Curate. "I hope, my good young woman, you will never be *obliged* to bear it. When *you* are sick, would you like every one to keep away from you with excuses of this kind? It is a woman's duty to minister to the sick. If you have never learned this duty, I advise you to begin to do so at once."

The cook, by this time, had her bonnet and shawl on, and taking up the basket with hearty good will, she said to her mistress, "If you will take me, I may be of a little use; it shall not be for the want of trying, at all events."

They set forth, and had to cross the green with the hurricane blowing in their faces. Trees were groaning and rocking to and fro. Branches were torn off and flung to the ground, or whirled round in mid air. But a few resolute efforts, and they reached the cottage of the Greenhill's, whence issued the melancholy cries of the infant. It could hardly have screamed much longer and have lived.

Miss Everitt entered first, and found Sarah quite disheartened and worn out, beating the baby's back, and jerking it to and fro.

"Here, look!" said Miss Everitt, "see what you can do for it. Make some nice food; perhaps it is hungry."

"I dare say it is," said Sarah, "for it is a long time since mother fed it, and I haven't been able to make it anything."

"We'll soon set it to rights," said the cook, pleasantly; and, lo! it was really wonderful how quickly the fire blazed, and the little saucepan boiled, and the sweet warm nourishment invited the infant's lips.

The cook took it on her lap, and fed it right skilfully; and Sarah was enraptured to see the dear little thing snap at the spoon in its eagerness, and suck the contents like one famished. It was a real pleasure to all who saw the spectacle,—such a quantity never surely was eaten before by a baby. At last its energy waned, the spoon was received without enthusiasm, its eyes dropped quietly, and it sank into a tranquil sleep on the cook's motherly bosom.

"Was not that worth facing the wind for?" demanded the cook, triumphantly.

"I hope you think so," said Miss Everitt. "And now for the mother."

Sarah showed the way up the narrow stairs to the little chamber, where a sad sight presented itself. Mrs. Greenhill was lying on a small truckle bed, under a rough coloured rug. She was motionless, and her face the image of death. Her voice was broken, and so changed in tone that it might have issued from the grave.

"I thought you would come. My poor lost Tom! My baby—it cries for food."

"It is happy now. We have fed it well, and it is fast asleep," said Miss Everitt.

The mother pressed her hand, in boundless gratitude. The cries of the little one had hurt her much.

"Now, what can we do for *you?*" said Miss Everitt.

"Nothing," she answered. "I am dying. Let the Curate pray for me."

While the good man fulfilled this duty, Miss

Everitt went below; and as Mrs. Greenhill was extremely cold, Miss Everitt prepared hot brandy and water, and the cook got the stone bottle full of hot water, and heated flannels, and they went up, and put the stone bottle to Mrs. Greenhill's feet, and wrapped her in the flannels, and made her drink of the brandy and water, until she appeared to be a little revived.

The doctor came. Her life, he said, hung on a thread,—that thread was rudely severed.

The Curate and his daughter were sitting beside her, when a noise attracted their attention.

"Is it my boy?" asked Mrs. Greenhill. She raised herself and listened. No, it was his father. The stairs creaked beneath his heavy tread. He came to the doorway at the top, and saw her pallid face looking towards him from the low bed.

He had returned from the Robin Hood with a clouded brain, but the sight of that wan face roused him as from a dream.

"I have lived a sober life until this unlucky night," said he, desirous to excuse his disordered appearance. "Bessy, art thou ill?"

She turned her eyes from him, exclaiming, "What have you done!"

"More than I can justify, perhaps; but I was mad that *my* son should disgrace his honest name."

"My friend," said the Curate, very seriously, "you made one capital error in inflicting that punishment."

"What was that, sir?"

"You did not take time for reflection. You gave way to violent passions, and in so doing you rendered yourself liable to God's punishments, if not to man's also. The boy's offence was not in proportion to the agony you inflicted on him."

"Sir, you insult me. You wound me, in my own poor house."

"Gently, friend; gently. I can feel for you, and make allowances for you. But never again presume to punish until you have well considered, and calmly too, what you are about."

"Listen to the good man," said Mrs. Greenhill. "God's punishment is here for you. I am going. Be kinder to my children than you have been. They are afraid of you, and through this fear they hide half their little cares from you. They say to one another, *don't tell;* and so you can't set them right, you see, Josh., dear, when they happen to go in harm's way; and if you don't mind, they will grow up bad boys, and bad girls, which God forbid!"

"A habit of concealment, through fear, is a bad soil for truth to grow in," said the Curate.

"Well," said the cottager. "I will never lay a hand on one of them again,—or if I do, it shall not be when I am in a passion. I go too far then, I know I do."

"And you have no patience with their little faults. You speak sternly. Your look threatens. You forget the weak human clay of which you yourself and all of us are composed," said the Curate.

"Be milder, dear husband, and draw them to your heart more; then they will show you more of *their* hearts. Good-bye, now! Go down stairs. Look for my boy."

"Why, what is this. I can't believe it. You won't leave me, Bessy? Give me your hand, and say you will try to rally? Come, do now, that's a good wife; if you do but try, you will get through this bout, as you have got through many a one before.

"Not your *right* hand!" she said shudderingly, as he held it out to meet hers,—"that cruel hand!"

She became excited—screamed to him to go away—called wildly for her boy—fancied that she heard his cries—and expired, uttering wild entreaties to "fetch the Curate to save Tom from his father!"

"She is gone!" said Miss Everitt, kneeling beside her.

"It can't be!" said the cottager, "She was always an ailing woman. If you would all leave her to me, I would soon bring her round."

He pressed her cold hand to his lips.

"Come now, Bessy, rouse thee; its all over; thou know'st I will never flog the boy again; I meant him no harm. If he had been a good boy I would never have hurt a hair of his head."

"This is all useless now," said the Curate. "She hears you not. She is gone to her rest."

"Dead!" muttered the cottager, gazing at he with his red and swollen eyes. "Gone! silent hears me no more! Ah! Bessy. Thou has passed away in storm; but what is wind, or thunder, or even the pain of the boy I flogged, to th feelings that I shall carry with me to my las hour! Why did not a thunderbolt crush me before all this happened? Oh! Bessy. Oh! wife.

The children had crept up on the stairs. Th Curate and Miss Everitt went to them, and too them down, and left the cottager alone in hi grief. He was thoroughly subdued; and aft some time, the terrified children saw him com among them "a sadder and a wiser man."

From this hour, under the judicious advice the Curate, he sought to cultivate his children's affections, and to win their confidence; and when they offended, he took plenty of time for reflection, before he punished.

Let me whisper a word now to those who read this.

You may have parents or instructors whom you think severe. Never suppose that their harshness is, or can be, the least excuse for your wrong doing. Shun the actions that provoke them, lest a worse thing come upon you; and show by your patience and submission, that you deserve better usage.

And, mind, no good ever comes of "*don't tell.*"

(To be continued.)

THE PHILOSOPHIC MOUSE.

CHAPTER IX.

It is necessary now to look through this vast universe, if, peradventure, we may discover where this immense laboratory is situated.

1st. Oxygen, certainly, is not generated on the surface of the sun, if it is a body of fire; because fire tends to the very contrary, viz. to destroy oxygen.

2d. If it were ordained that each of the planets should supply a certain proportion, for which in return they should receive light and heat, how could it be conveyed to the sun, since the planet nearest the sun is at no less distance than 37,000,000 of miles?

3d. The earth appears to generate no more than what is necessary for the consumption of its inhabitants, and the support of necessary combustion on its surface. If our planet, then, has none to spare, we have no business to presume that other planets have. There appears, therefore, no method of supplying a body of fire, so immense as 2,670,000 miles in circumference, with an atmosphere of oxygen; and it is very evident it cannot exist, as fire, without oxygen. It must therefore be concluded, the sun is not a body of fire.

It is requisite, now, to advert to the hypothesis that appears most probable; in doing which, our philosopher clothed the ideas of others in words of his own.

It appears most probable that the sun is an opaque body, like our earth; but surrounded with a phosphoric atmosphere, the rays of which give us light, and, as they come in contact with our atmosphere, by chemical union they call forth caloric or latent heat, and thus produce the sensation of heat. It was, surely, as easy for the Creator to give the sun a phosphoric atmosphere, as to give the glow-worm a phosphorescent light.

The above opinion, after all, is but hypothesis; nevertheless, it appears the most probable of the two, because it gives a surface of immense extent, capable of being inhabited. In the other case, supposing it to be a body of fire, it is then a body uninhabitable, —at least for mice, for it would singe our hairs.

It is speculations, extensive as these, that make us shrink within ourselves; that show us our shortsightedness; and that oblige us to say, these things are unsearchable, and far past finding out.

But to return to the naming of the planets and the particulars I was going to give respecting them.

Mercury is the nearest planet to the sun. Its diameter is 3000 miles; it moves round the sun in eighty-seven days, twenty-three hours, and sixteen minutes; travelling at the rate of 110,680 miles an hour. The sun is about 26,000,000 times as big as Mercury.

Venus is the brightest, in appearance, of all the planets. Her light is of a white colour, and so considerable, that in a dusky place she projects a sensible shade. Her diameter is 7699 miles; her distance from the sun is 69,500,000 miles; and she moves round that body in two hundred and twenty-four days, sixteen hours, and forty-nine minutes, travelling at the rate of 80,995 miles an hour.

The next planet is the Earth we inhabit. Its diameter is 7,970 miles; its distance from the sun is 96,000,000 miles, and it goes round him in three hundred and sixty-five days, six hours, and nine minutes, moving at the rate of 68,856 miles an hour. The period that any planet is revolving round the sun is the length of of its year.

The Moon is the most splendid globe in the heavens (next the sun). It is the satellite, or inseparable companion, of the earth. That the moon appears so much larger than the planets is owing to her vicinity to us. The moon is 2,161 miles in diameter; her distance from the centre of the earth is 240,000 miles; she goes round the earth in twenty-seven days, seven hours, and forty-three minutes, at the rate of 2299 miles an hour, and accompanies the earth round the sun. We only see one half of the moon, in consequence of the moon's not rotating upon its axis; consequently the inhabitants of the other half have never seen the earth. The earth must appear to the inhabitants of the moon thirteen times as large as the moon does to us, and afford them thirteen times as much light, because the earth is so many times larger than the moon.

Mars is 5309 miles in diameter. Its distance from the sun is 146,000,000 miles. It moves round the sun in one year, three hundred and twenty-one days, twenty-three hours, travelling at the rate of 55,287 miles an hour.

Jupiter is 90,228 miles in diameter. His distance from the sun is 494,750,000 miles; he moves round that body in eleven years, three hundred and fourteen days, ten hours, which is the length of his year. He travels at the rate of about 29,000 miles an hour. Jupiter is attended round the sun by four satellites or moons. These are invisible to the naked eye; but through a telescope they make a beautiful appearance. They move round him in different periods of time, enlightening his nights, as our moon enligtens our nights, by reflecting the lights she receives from the sun.

Saturn, whose diameter is nearly 78,000 miles, is an immense distance from the sun, being no less than 916,500,000 miles. He travels round the sun in twenty-nine years, one hundred and sixty-seven days, and six hours, moving at the rate of 22,298 miles an hour. Saturn is encompassed with a ring, like the horizon of an artificial globe. This curious appendage encompasses the body of the planet, without touching it. Saturn is also furnished with seven attendant moons.

The Georgium Sidus was discovered by Dr. Herschell, called after him, the Herschel Planet. Its diameter is 34,299 miles. Its distance from the sun is immense, being 1,565,000,000 miles. It is attended by six satellites.

My dear children, there are other planets moving round the sun, but these I will not at present decribe to you. The above assertions appear very wonderful—I think too wonderful and stupendous for mice to comprehend: nevertheless, we are compelled to believe the facts, as the two-legged animals dictate it. They, you know, are lords of the creation; in understanding our superiors, and placed in authority, not only over mice, but over irrational nature, in all its various forms. I think, sometimes, it is a great pity their lordships cannot tell us whether there are mice inhabiting these immense worlds, and whether there is good-living there.

(To be continued.)

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OUR HISTORIC TREASURY.

PRINTING AND ITS INVENTORS.

(Continued from page 33.)

Boy.—You have told us, Aunt Mary, how the Germans invented Printing by moveable types, and we know a little about Coster, Guttenberg, Schoeffer, and Faust, the inventors; but you have yet to tell us who produced the first English printed books, and how moveable types and the printing press came first into use in this country.

Aunt Mary.—The first English printer was William Caxton, a most worthy, pious, and industrious man, the son of a yeoman of the Weald of Kent,—a London mercer's apprentice, afterwards agent for the Mercer's Company to Germany, and then attached many years to the court of Burgundy, the Duke of Burgundy having married the sister of the English sovereign, Edward IV.

Some of you may have seen the venerable and beautiful abbey of Westminster, in which her present Majesty was crowned, as well as most of her royal predecessors. That abbey is remarkable, also, as having been the place in which, in the year 1474, an English press was first set up by William Caxton, and whence English printed books first issued. It is not certain in what part of the abbey Caxton wrought, whether in one of the side chapels, in the almonry, or the scriptorium (the ordinary working room of the monks).

The first book printed in the English language was a favourite romance of that time, entitled "The Histories of Troy;" it was translated from the French by Caxton.

Caxton had not acquired the art, or brought his printing materials from Germany to England, without great difficulty, labour, and cost; and we cannot estimate too highly his energy, tact, and resolution in accomplishing so great an enterprise in the face of so many obstacles as he must have encountered; neither can we too much respect the steady industry of mind and hand which, after having set the English press in motion, kept it vigorously at work as long as his life lasted; for, from the year 1474 to 1492, Caxton rested not from his labours, and though a very old man, he both wrote and composed with the types on the very last day of life, the book he then finished translating being one of pious instruction. In a book printed by him a year before, he says: "Every man ought to intend in such wise to live in this world, in keeping the commandments of God, that he may come to a good end;" and to this good end William Caxton himself came, when near fourscore years old, having produced in print sixty-four works. After his death, his assistants carried on the art, and other presses were soon set up. Now, how vast the change since Caxton's days,—since all England possessed but that press of the abbey of Westminster,—when no printed Bible was to be seen in any English home, and when boys and girls had no printed books or magazines to amuse and instruct them! And for a long period after Caxton commenced, printed books of any kind were scarce and very costly. Very many years had to pass before people of humble means might enjoy the privileges of reading the productions of the press. Let us be careful that we value truly and thankfully our important advantages.

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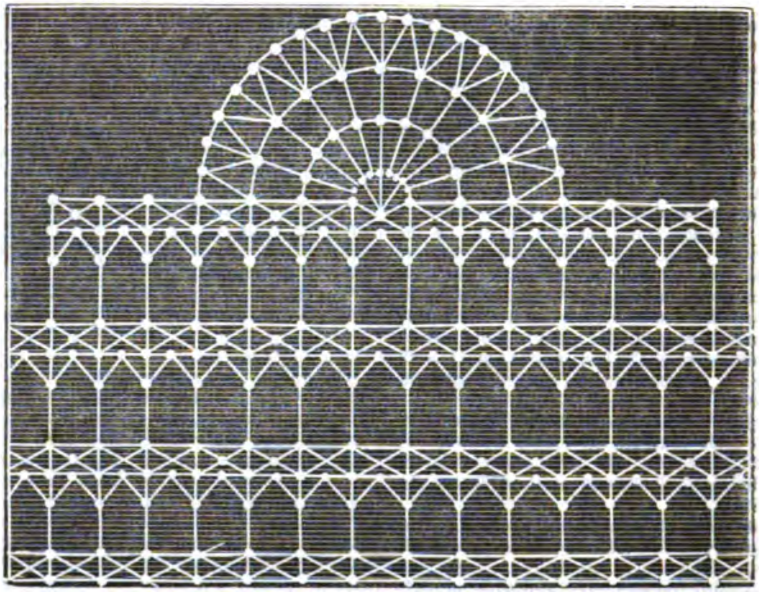
Redundancies in Speech.—"They are *united together*," should be "They are *united*," "I shall *fall down*," should be, "I shall *fall*; *down* is superfluous. You do not lift *up*; to *lift up*," should be, "to *lift*;" you cannot lift a thing *down*.—*Smith's Common Blunders.*



SCIENCE IN SPORT.

THE NEW EPINGLE PUZZLE.*

The history of education has had its reign of terror, experience has taught the fallacy of coercion, and every teacher now admits, that his success mainly depends on the art of combining instruction with amusement.

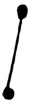
The new Epingle Puzzle, by its simplicity and successful application, cannot fail to throw a charm on the labour of acquiring several very important branches of education.

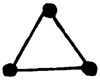
By this ingenious toy, reading, arithmetic, mathematics, crystallography, &c., may be clearly explained, and their various problems become almost imperceptibly learnt; for while the attention is engaged in constructing various forms suggested, it becomes easily familiarized with the principles of their combination.

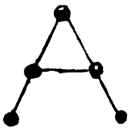
Having made these prefatory remarks, let us open the small box before us.

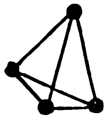
We find the inside to consist of two compartments, one of which is about eight times smaller than the other; the larger one is filled with white peas, a quantity sufficient to make a good penny-worth of peas-pudding; while the latter contains a considerable number of short wires, measuring 1¼ inch in length, and each wire or pin is perfectly straight, and pointed at both ends. The peas are to be soaked sixteen hours in cold water, and are then ready for use, and we can with ease work any form suggested.

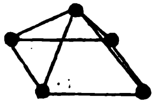
To form a triangle, we of course take three of the wires, and begin by inserting the ends of one into two peas about half through their diameters; to this object, we insert another wire in the upper pea, and then, by adding another pea and another wire, the triangle is completed. By continuing the sides of the triangle downwards by the addition of two more wires and two more peas, the letter A is formed. To form those letters or figures which consist of curves, it is necessary to use curved wires also. The pupil having learnt the simple forms, his progress rapidly follows: from a triangle he is taught to build a three or four sided pyramid, and by joining four more wires to its bases, he will soon acquire a knowledge of that well-known crystal the octohedron; the teacher, of course, not forgetting to impress upon his mind how many sides those forms consist of, and their true proportions to each other.











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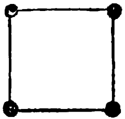
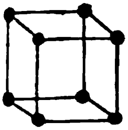
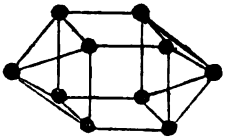
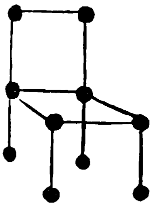
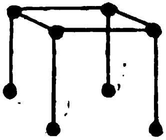
* We are indebted for the interesting particulars of this New Puzzle to Mr. H. Stone, the inventor, and he is the only person who makes the New Epingle Toy. Should any of our young friends wish to possess it, we subjoin his address, 10, Thornhill Place West, Pentonville. The price is 6d. per box.

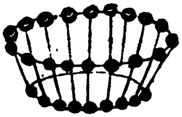












Again, having made a square, the learner may proceed to form a cube, and by adding more wires to two of its sides, will have a dodecahedron or twelve-sided figure; or, to speak more scientifically, the form of a dodecahedron, with its primitive crystal or cube. All the other forms of crystals may be learnt in the same manner. Those who are inclined to be less scientific, may amuse themselves by constructing chairs, tables, houses, baskets, or any other object they may fancy. A bird-cage may very easily be made, and of sufficient size and strength to be large and durable enough for use; and we may here remark that the peas, after being a day out of the water, become very hard, and adhere with such firmness to the wires that it requires a considerable force to detach them.

The most beautiful object we can recommend our readers to undertake to build, is a model of the Crystal Palace. It may be remembered that the Crystal Palace was constructed on the principle of multiples; so we would advise those who are bold enough to undertake this long job to begin by making a great quantity of the smallest-sized cubes the wires will form, and to be very careful, in their construction, to insert the pins exactly at right angles to each other, which will be the more correctly done by using a small square, so that when they are united together with the other wires so as to form the walls, &c., every part may appear symmetrical. By perseverance the building, with its arched nave, its numerous galleries and apartments, with all their external and internal arrangements, may be faithfully represented, with an effect which no other means could so easily and well accomplish.

◆

A Quiet Hint.—Avoid using "fine" language; speak good, strong, expressive English, such as Shakespeare and the best writers used. Many persons affect a grandiloquent language—ponderous, but poor; with them everything is splendid, superb, delicious, &c. They speak a jargon full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.—*Smith's "Common Blunders."*

THE VASE OF WATER.

Mary.—Look, Charles, this vase is covered with little drops of water. I wonder what causes it.

Charles.—Oh, it is because the vase has been dipped in the water, and the drops stand on it, of course.

Emma.—That cannot be, for I poured the water in myself when I arranged the flowers, and it was perfectly dry then. But how curious it is! the little drops are just like perspiration. This is what old Mrs. Hall means by saying the tumbler sweats, and she says it is a sign of rain.

Mary.—I remember hearing her say so, and when Julia asked her the reason of it, she said it was the warm weather. Mr. Hall said the air pressing on the water causes it to come through the pores of the glass.

Emma.—I do not think that is the reason; for last Monday, when the wind blew so hard, and the rain beat against the windows, you know father was afraid they would be broken in, and he said he did not think glass would stand such a pressure, and yet the water did not come through.

Charles.—Let us go and ask mother the reason. She always tells us everything we ask her.

Mary.—No, not always; for yesterday, you know, we asked her to find the Dead Sea for us, and she told us we must find it; then we should remember where it is.

Charles.—Yes; and she said we must learn to examine for ourselves, and not depend too much on others. It is pleasant, to be sure, to find out things ourselves, but then it is so much trouble.

Emma.—Trouble! brother Charles, trouble! I hope you do not call that a trouble. Come, let us try some experiments. Here are some tumblers; now we will fill one with water, and while we wait for the little drops we will look at our drawings.

Charles.—There; it has been ten minutes, and there is no water on the tumbler. Where did you get this water, Emma?

Emma.—From the pail by the door; but let us get some fresh from the pump, and try it again. Never give up, as mother says.

Mary.—Five minutes! Look, there is the water on the one filled last, but there is none on the first tumbler. Now, what is the reason of this?

Emma.—Oh! I have observed a fact, as our teacher would say. When we put very cold water into the tumbler, we see the moisture; but when the water is warm, like that from the pail which stood in the sun, the drops do not appear on the tumbler.

Mary.—You are an observing little body, Emma, and now can you tell why it is so?

Emma.—No, sister, I cannot. But here comes mother; she will tell us, I am sure.

Mother.—My children, I have overheard your conversation, and am much pleased to hear you inquire into the reasons of things in this way. And now, as my little Emma has used her observing powers to such good advantage, let her employ her reflecting faculties, and think what becomes of all the water which falls in rain.

Charles.—It dries up, mother; does it not?

Emma.—It evaporates, and forms clouds again, mother.

Mary.—Yes; and the clouds fall again in rain, and it evaporates, or turns to vapour again; and so on all the time.

Mother.—You have answered very well; but Charles will please remember, "it dries up" is not a very expressive phrase. This vapour is constantly rising in particles so minute that we cannot perceive them, and it is this which settles on the tumbler when you pour cold water into it. The heat or temperature of the water being less than that of the air, the vapour is cooled, and made to assume the form of water. Similar to this is steam, which is condensed by coming in contact with a cold vessel. I think you understand me; and now for the warm water in the tumbler. The temperature of this was nearly the same as that of the air, so the vapour was not condensed, of course.

Emma.—I understand you, mother; for steam would always be steam if it was kept heated, but when the heat is taken away it becomes water.

Mother.—So the warm water, keeping the vapour warm, prevents it from being condensed; while the cold water, by taking the heat from the vapour, causes it to form in drops on the vessel. So with the windows. When there is much moisture in the room, and the air on the outside is colder than that inside, you see the particles on the window in little drops; and in very cold weather they make the beautiful frostwork you so much admire.

Mary.—Now, mother, tell us why this is a sign of rain.

Mother.—When this occurs, it is an evidence that there is much vapour in the air; and this fact is sufficient of itself to show us that rain will soon follow. Learn from this to observe facts, as Emma says; and though you may not at the time understand them, keep them for future explanation.

◆

THE SCHOOL-FELLOWS.

When the late Sir Robert Peel and Lord Byron, the poet, were at Harrow together, the latter, who was then about fourteen, gave testimony of a most noble and generous feeling. A bigger boy was little-minded enough to take advantage of the youth and weakness of the *poor* little Robert, who was his fag, to oblige him to perform for him in that capacity offices which the child looked upon as derogatory to his dignity, and against which he consequently protested, and which he persisted in refusing to do, although his tyrant had recourse to harsh treatment in order to enforce obedience. On one occasion the unprincipled and miserable wretch determined to beat his victim into submission; and that he might for the future be convinced that resistance on the part of one so weak as himself would be quite useless, he inflicted a kind of bastinado upon the inner fleshy part of the poor little fellow's arm, twisting the limb, as he did so, in such a manner as to torture the child severely. By the sufferer's side stood Byron, tears in his eyes, and an indignant blush of shame upon his cheek, and trembling with rage that he was not strong enough to fight the pitiless and mean tyrant. At last he asked him how many more stripes he intended to inflict on him.

"What is that to you, you young rascal!" said the brute.

"Because, if it be all the same to you," answered the courageous lad, "I will take the rest instead of him."

◆

BOYS' MARBLES.

There is something ingenious in the manufacture of these toys. The greater part of them are made of a hard stone found near Coburg, in Saxony. The stone is first broken with a hammer into small cubical fragments, and about one hundred, or one hundred and fifty of these are ground at one time in a mill, somewhat resembling a flour-mill. The lower stone—and which remains at rest—has several concentric circular grooves; the upper stone is of the same diameter as the lower, and is made to revolve by water or other power. Minute streams of water are directed into the furrows of the lower stone. The pressure of the runners on the little pieces rolls them over in all directions; and in one quarter of an hour the whole of the rough fragments are reduced into nearly accurate spheres.

◆

ADVENTURE WITH A TIGER.

The *Cape Town Mail* has the following account of an adventure with a tiger:—"A young male tiger was killed on Wednesday last, at the farm, Medbury, about ten miles from Graham's Town, but not until after two of the parties engaged in this affair were placed in considerable jeopardy. It appears that on the morning of the day in question, the servants brought intelligence to Mr. Mathews jun., that they had seen a young tiger, and wounded it. Being in the field at the time, he started off with a coloured man, unarmed, leaving directions for two servants to follow with guns. They came to the place where the tiger was said to have been seen, and as the dogs seemed carelessly to enter the bush, the two pursuers imprudently followed, and now in their turn became the pursued; for, shortly afterwards, they found the dogs warmly engaged with the tiger, and being without either stick or knife, they retraced their steps a short distance, that they might view the combat without incurring needless danger. They had not gone far when they found the dogs were giving way, and at length in full retreat towards them. The coloured man at once fled, and for the other to have remained would have been foolhardiness, for certain death must have ensued, so he likewise started—the dogs and the tiger gaining rapidly on them. A pretty pickle to be in! After running till almost exhausted, they found that the tiger had also slackened his pace owing to loss of blood from the wound received in the morning. The dogs, finding this, kept the tiger at bay until two armed men arrived. One attempted to fire, but he was so alarmed that he could not fire. The other, having a little stronger nerve, fired with correct aim, and killed the tiger on the spot. Two other tigers, old ones, have been seen in the neighbourhood, and will be ferreted out if possible."

THE COW-HERD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

A YOUNG heifer was grazing on a green pasture-land which lay close to a garden. The boy who was employed in tending the animal happened to look up at a cherry-tree, whose fruit hung in such rich and tempting clusters, that he longed to pluck and eat some of the glowing berries—so he left off watching the cow, and clambered up the tree.

Now, as soon as the beast was left to itself, it abandoned the soft green herbage, and broke into the garden, where it began browsing on the herbs and flowers, many of which it crushed beneath its feet. No sooner was this perceived by the boy than he sprang from the tree, and running into the garden, seized the heifer, and, in a fit of rage, began to abuse and treat it cruelly.

His father, who had, from a little distance, observed all that had passed, now approached, and looking gravely at him, said: "Tell me, my son, whether is this chastisement more justly due unto thee or unto the beast, which cannot discern right from wrong? Wast thou less greedy in the indulgence of thine appetite than the creature whom it was thy duty to lead? And how canst thou then dare to exercise so pitiless a judgment, forgetting the while thine own responsibility, and thy sin?"

The boy hung down his head and blushed.

LAURA BRIDGMAN;

OR,

THE DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND GIRL.

IT has been ascertained, beyond the possibility of doubt, that she cannot see a ray of light, cannot hear the least sound, and never exercises her sense of smell, if she has any. Thus her mind dwells in darkness and stillness as profound as that of a closed tomb at midnight. Of beautiful sights, and sweet sounds, and pleasant odours, she has no conception; nevertheless, she seems as happy and playful as a bird or a lamb; and the employment of her intellectual faculties, or the acquirement of a new idea, gives her a vivid pleasure which is plainly marked in her expressive features. She never seems to repine, but has all the buoyancy and gaiety of childhood. She is fond of fun and frolic, and, when playing with the rest of the children, her shrill laugh sounds loudest of the group. When left alone, she seems very happy if she has her knitting or sewing, and will busy herself for hours; if she has no occupation, she evidently amuses herself by imaginary dialogues, or by recalling past impressions. She counts with her fingers, or spells out names of things which she has recently learned in the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes. In this lonely self-communion she seems to reason, reflect, and argue: if she spells a word wrong with the fingers of her right hand, she instantly strikes it with the fingers of her left, as her teacher does, in sign of disapprobation; if right, she pats herself on the head, and looks pleased. She sometimes purposely spells a word wrong with the left hand, looks roguish for a moment, and laughs; and then, with the right hand, strikes the left, as if to correct it. During the year, she has attained great dexterity in the use of the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes; and she spells out the words and sentences which she knows so fast, and so deftly, that only those accustomed to this language can follow with the eye the rapid motions of her fingers. When Laura is walking through a passage-way, with her hand spread before her, she knows instantly every one she meets, and passes them with a sign of recognition; but if it be a girl of her own age, and especially one of her favourites, there is instantly a bright smile of recognition, and a turning of arms—a grasping of hands, and a swift telegraphing upon the tiny fingers, whose rapid evolutions convey the thoughts and feelings from the outposts of one mind to those of the other. There are questions and answers—exchanges of joy or sorrow,—there are kissings and partings, just as between little children with all their senses.

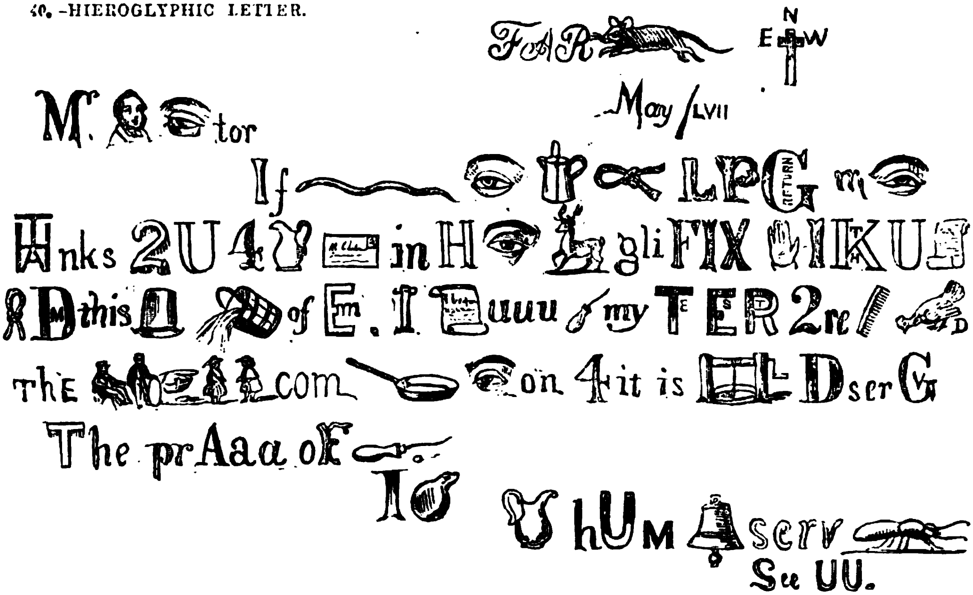
THE WEEKLY REST.

ANOTHER six days' work is done
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blest.

In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

THE HAPPY HOUR.

40.—HIEROGLYPHIC LETTER.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FIRST CLASS.

HENRY SEWELL (well deserved *now*; last week we rather gave way to our wishes for you as an esteemed correspondent).—**FRANK** (cannot be better, and it gives us much pleasure to find that we have attracted so clever a boy).—**JESSIE** (we missed your name last week, and we were much pleased to hear from you again).—**RICHARD** (your poem shall have our decision in our next).—**EMMA LOUISE** (a very nice, kind letter—well composed and well written; our best thanks for your complimentary remarks and for your endeavours to forward the interests of our "Companion" amongst your friends).—**J. W. KIGHLEY** (our highest ambition is to please and instruct, and the approval of our friends is the highest reward we covet; your correction was received).—**BUSY BEE** (where did you fly last week? however, it is evident the holiday has done you good, for there is a freshness and spirit in your note that we could not find before; how long will it last? Give us more faith in your constancy).—**BAKER** (good as usual).

SECOND CLASS.

TIMOTHY (better success to you).—**THOMAS PARNELL** (the enigma is very good, but before we place it before our young friends we shall have to recompose it, for it is very imperfect as it is).—**EMMA** (not so good as last, and you will remember we held an unfavourable opinion of that: but we are not blind to your perseverance, in which we have great faith in overcoming difficulties).—**NELLA** (name and address not necessary until the distribution of the prizes; your chances are promising).—**CÆSAR** (we shall be so much pleased to see an improvement in your writing; your notes are neatly composed, but the writing for a clever boy, which evidently you are, is not creditable; by all means write straight).—**R. CAIRNIE** (you give ample reason for not writing last week, and we are much delighted with your sensible letter; there is no end to improvement, but your writing is exceedingly good; Electricity will have an early place in our columns).—**IDA MAY FOSTER** (the charade shall be published the earliest opportunity).—**ANNETTE** (we were almost disposed to place you in the first class; for although your answer to the seven wonders was incorrect, it was very clever; we are pleased that you have joined us).

GEORGE GROVE.—Pray accept our best thanks for your packet of good things; we feel sure our boys and girls will be grateful for it, when they taste its sweets.

WILLIAM LAWS.—As you were wrong in all your answers, we could not place your name in the classes. Do not be discouraged—next time we hope you will be more successful.

ALFRED EATES.—See answer to **BRUTUS** in No. 8, FIRST CLASS; also "Our Prizes," in same page. Your writing will be no hindrance to your getting into the First Class; although we would wish you to be more correct in your spelling, and always, when writing in the first person, use the capital I. For forwarding the interests of the "Companion," accept our best thanks.

◆

ANSWERS TO PASTIME.

(*Page* 94.)

36.—1. The Colossus at Rhodes; 2. The Mausoleum, or Sepulchre of Mausolus; 3. Diana's Temple at Ephesus; 4. The Pyramids of Egypt; 5. The Statue of Jupiter at Olympia; 6. The Walls of Babylon; 7. The Palace of Cyrus. 35.—The oldest man that ever lived was Methuselah, whose father was Enoch, who never died. 37.—Life. 38.—Horse-man-ship. 39.—A true word is ofttimes spoken in jest.

NOTICE.

Those correspondents who have taken the trouble to write for prospectuses to distribute among their companions, will be supplied immediately. The preparation of a new bill has caused the delay. With such friends success is certain.

Address to Editor at Printers', 23, Middle Street, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,
  Give ear unto my song,
And if you find it wondrous short,
  It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
  Of whom the world might say,
That still a Godly race he ran
  Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
  To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
  When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
  As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
  And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends,
  But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
  Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets,
  The wond'ring neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
  To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
  To every Christian eye:
And while they swore the dog was mad,
  They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
  That show'd the rogues they lied,—
The man recover'd of the bite,
  The dog it was that died.

◆

HOGARTH'S PICTURE OF THE RED SEA.

Hogarth was once applied to by a miserly old nobleman to paint on his staircase a representation of the destruction of Pharaoh's hosts in the Red Sea. In attempting to fix upon the price, Hogarth became quite dissatisfied. The miser was unwilling to give more than one-half the real value of the picture. At last, Hogarth, out of all patience, agreed to his patron's terms.

Within a day or two the picture was ready. The nobleman was surprised at such expedition, and immediately called to examine it. The canvas was painted all over red.

"Zounds!" said the purchaser, "what have you here? I ordered a scene of the Red Sea."

"The Red Sea you have," said Hogarth, still smarting to have his talents undervalued.

"But where are the Israelites?"

"They are all gone over."

"And where are the Egyptians?"

"They are all drowned."

The miser's confusion could only be equalled by the haste with which he paid his bill. The biter was bit.

◆

THE CROWNED SKELETON.

Aix-la-Chapelle, in Germany, derives its name from the tomb of Charlemagne. He gave instructions that, when he died, he should be buried in a royal position; not prostrate as slumbering dust, but seated in the attitude of a ruling monarch. He had the mausoleum erected after the model of the chapel which had been reared over the sepulchre of our Saviour at Jerusalem. In a tomb within this chapel he was placed upon a throne. The Gospels, which, I suppose, he had often read whilst he was living, he would appear determined to study thoroughly after he was dead. He directed they should be laid upon his knees before him; by his side was his sword—his celebrated sword; upon his head was an imperial crown; and a royal mantle covered his lifeless shoulders.

Thus was his body placed, and thus did his body remain for about one hundred and eighty years.

One of his successors resolved he would see how Charlemagne looked, and what had become of the riches that adorned his tomb. Nearly a thousand years after Christ the tomb was opened by the Emperor Otho. The skeleton form of the body was found there, dissolved and dismembered,—the various ornaments that I speak of were all there too; but the frame had sunk into fragments, the bones had fallen disjointed and asunder, and there remained nothing but the ghastly skull, wearing its crown still,—and nothing left to signify royalty but this vain pageant of death in its most hideous form!

The various relics were taken up, and are now preserved at Vienna; and they have often since been employed in the coronation of the Emperors of Germany, in order to signify their greatness and their being successors of Charlemagne.—*Dr. Massie's Summer Ramble.*

◆

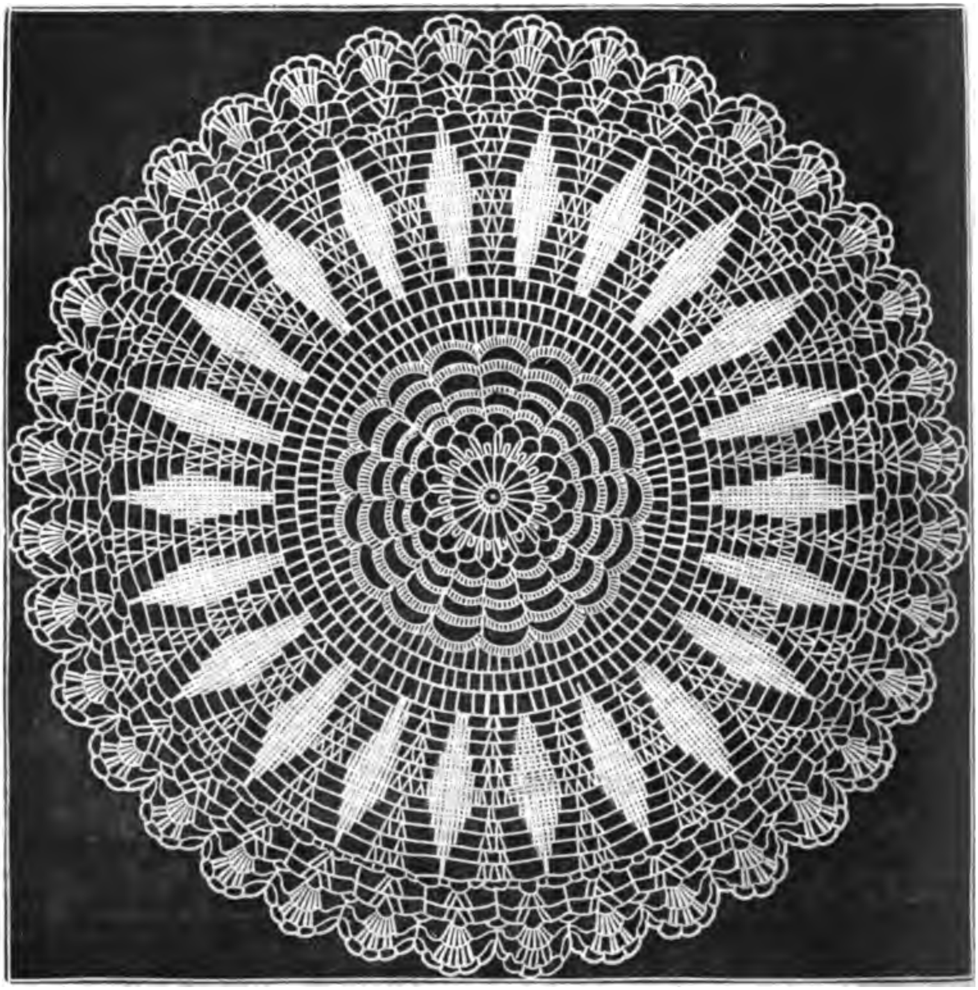
THE GIRL'S WORK-TABLE.

By MADAME EUGENIE.

CROCHET MAT.

These pretty mats are very useful for many purposes. Consulting the illustration will greatly simplify the work. Commence by making a chain of twenty loops, join, to form the circle, and then work round with simple crochet (that is, not putting the thread over the needle).

Second Row.—Work twenty stitches of single



CROCHET MAT.

crochet (the thread once over the needle, we mean), with one chain between each stitch; working in every stitch of the centre ring.

Third Row.—Six chain, two simple crochet; repeat all round, forming twenty double loops.

Fourth Row.—Five chain all round, hooked into the double loops.

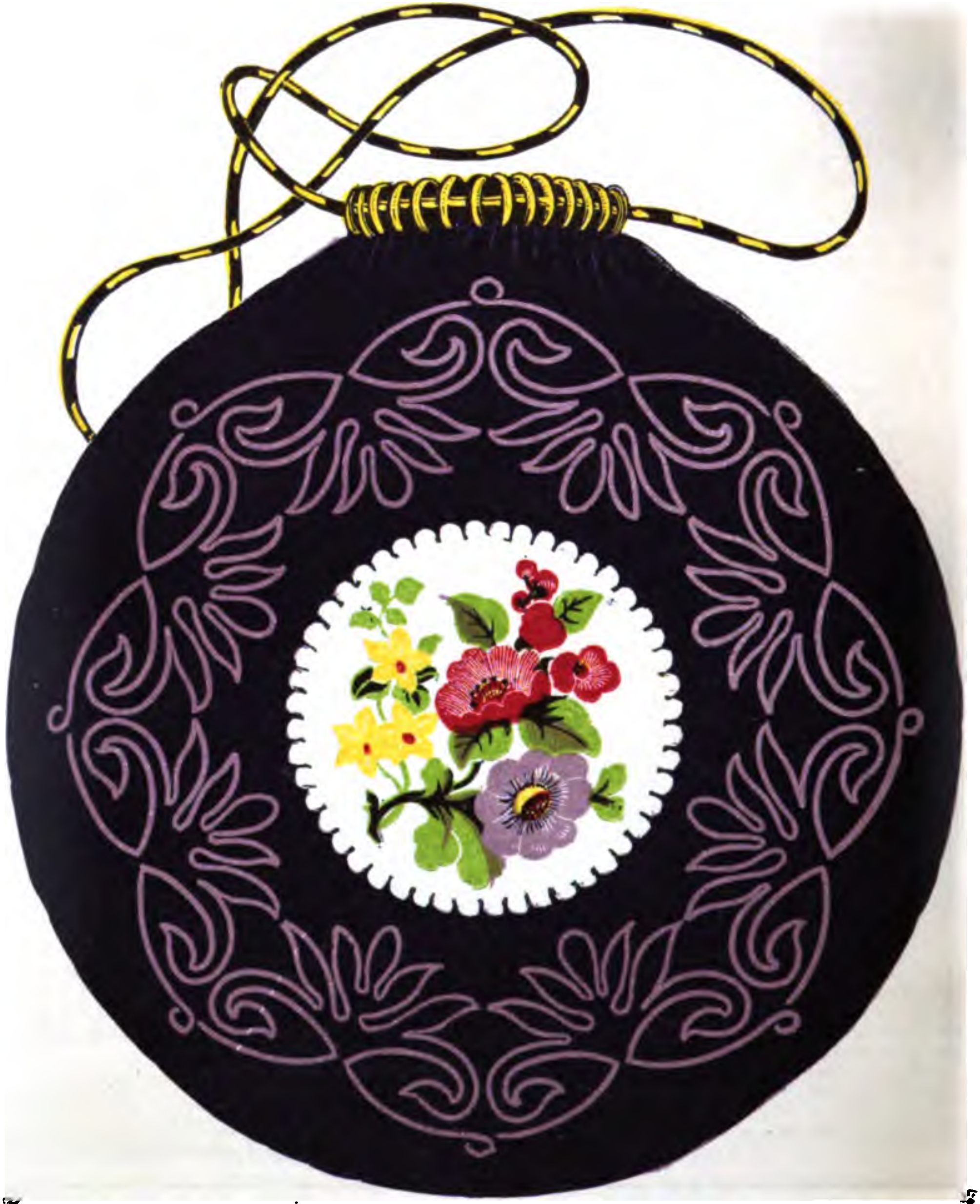
Fifth Row.—Five chain hooked into every one of the last scallops. This row is the first thick row in the illustration. This is made thick by buttonholing round with the crochet needle. The next three rows are exactly the same, only increasing the length of the chain in each division, in each row. As the centre of the mat is the only part requiring especial explanation, being a variation from the usual crochet, we have endeavoured to make it plain; but for the remainder it will only be necessary to consult the illustration, which is so beautifully clear, and so correctly engraved, that it is scarcely possible to make mistake.

THE FLORAL BAG,

FOR

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' COMPANION.

[FOR DESCRIPTION, SEE No. 14, JULY 4, 1857.]



ADAMS & GEE, PRINTERS, LONDON.]

THE BOYS' & GIRLS' COMPANION FOR LEISURE HOURS

No. 10, Vol. I.] SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1857. [Price One Penny.

DON'T TELL;

OR, MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

BY MARY BENNETT.

CHAPTER X.

WE must now see what adventures befell Frederick and the page.

Frederick liked to astonish everybody, and to set his teachers and the school in commotion. This made him prominent—gave him importance; thus feeding his restless pride, which could not endure the tedious uniformity of common life.

A wild idea of running away with the gipsies had several times crossed his mind, especially when he felt himself to be a little humiliated; and he had a private understanding with Sly, the gipsy boy, whom the party from Ivy House met in the by-road attached to Mr. Beatson's grounds. It was arranged between them that Frederick should come to the tent to which Sly belonged, located at present in a place called Deadman's Hollow, and stay there for a day or two before going to Manchester; Frederick was, of course, to reward Sly for conducting him thither, and making him known to the inmates.

But although the gipsy watched about the neighbourhood of the school day after day, and night after night, hungering for the promised reward, no Frederick sought him, until Sly, happening to be listening in the dry ditch of the lane near the Greenhills' cottage, looking for various matters, and particularly for a stray fowl or chicken for his mother's stew-pot,—heard the disturbance which led to Frederick's bold rescue of Tom, and saw the two boys go toward the wood, whither he followed; and when they turned into the wood, he came close to Frederick and cautiously inquired, "When are you coming?"

"Now," said Frederick, glad to see him there. "I and Tom Greenhill. He must go with me. I shall take him to my home in Manchester, and he shall be our page. I know my papa will have him, if I wish it. Is your tent still in the Hollow?"

Sly nodded.

"Lead there, then!"

"Money!" said Sly, holding out his palm, which was as brown as a mummy's; his face, too, was of the very darkest brown, nearly black; and his eyes were large, and bright, and joyous: they danced in light, and laughed in merriment. There never were such merry eyes, as he looked up in Fred.'s face coaxingly, with his head on one side.

"Wait a little," said Fred.; "you must help to get us off first, they will be looking for us, you know."

The gipsy dived into a thicket of trees on the right, and Frederick was afraid he had gone altogether; but he soon reappeared, creeping on his hands and knees like a wild animal; then, after spinning round and round in the strangest manner, he turned his feet towards them, beckoned them to follow, and crept back into the thicket of trees.

The other boys had to stoop, and then to walk on all-fours, like Sly, to get under the tangled boughs, which quite screened, from any one passing through the wood in an ordinary way, a snug little green spot at the foot of an immense oak tree. Here Sly hid them with much skill among the tall weeds and grass, and then left them to go and watch.

He soon came back, and told them to "lie still, as the master was dodging about." He described with glee how he had sent the Curate to search in wrong directions, and, laughing, sat down with his back to the oak tree, and drew out of his pocket a pretty mouse, as white as new-fallen snow, with bright pink eyes. It ran up and down his arms and shoulders, up and down his legs, and at last appeared on the very crown of his head, looking perfectly at home and contented.

Sly fed it with choice bits of crumbs out of his pockets, and appeared to be very fond of the tiny creature.

The fast increasing darkness now began to make the boys desirous to get to the tent; and the wind, rushing through the trees with tremendous force, bending low the stoutest branches, and breaking many of the weaker, rendered a coming storm apparent.

Unpleasant prospect for a youth who had always been luxuriously sheltered, and knew nothing of what it really is to be exposed to the vicissitudes of weather, or to hardships of any kind.

Some taste for romantic adventure was all his fitness for a gipsy life; and a poor amount of fitness that is, as you will easily believe.

Frederick rose to his feet, and assisted his companion to rise; but Tom's limbs were very stiff and painful, and he could scarcely stand. He had but the torn remnant of a shirt left to cover his bruised back and shoulders, and his trowsers were torn like his jacket. Some of his bright buttons had been wrenched off, and some of the cloth with them.

The gipsy came to look at him, and seeing his sad condition, looked about for certain leaves, which he knew would cool and heal the wounds. After a short search he plucked some, and flattening out each broad, moist leaf, he laid them one upon another, so as to cover thickly the bruised or broken skin, and then bound the whole with Frederick's fine white silk-handkerchief. This done, he buttoned the jacket at the neck, after drawing on one sleeve; the other was impracticable at present.

Tom was very much relieved by this cooling application, and it was scarcely finished when the first flash of lightning quivered among the trees.

Fred. then began to run, but Tom could not keep up with him, he limped behind; and Fred. coming back to help him on, Sly again asked for money, and Fred. again refused until they were under shelter, for the storm and the fast increasing darkness alarmed him much, as it did the page also; but the gipsy boy cared little for it,—he laughed at them; and when the wind and thunder vied with each other in majesty of sound, he raised his shrill voice and sang out a wild song in some unknown language, which mingled strangely with the solemn voices of nature.

"Don't, Sly," exclaimed Fred., coaxingly. "Do not be singing in such a tempest."

Sly only sang the louder, and walked on his hands, with his bare feet thrown up into the air.

"The fellow is mad!" said Frederick to Tom.

"I only wish we were in the tent, if we are to get to it at all."

Every few seconds now, the dark wood was filled with sudden light—sometimes like splendid moonlight—sometimes of a more fiery aspect; but beautiful beyond description.

The light or the flame was not withdrawn at once, but fluttered and flickered; and as it seemed to dart into the wood from one direction, so it appeared to vanish in the other.

The brassy clouds hung most near and threatening from east to west, and the light or flame broke from openings of the western clouds, and sprang over to the east, thence lighting up the north and south. The flashes were not single, but two or many rapidly followed each other, gaining as they went.

Fred. had been to all appearance a bold boy, a daring boy, but he had never before been exposed to a thunderstorm in a wood at night. His courage quickly disappeared under this test.

Tom was crying, too.

"Let us go back to the school, shall we?" said Frederick. "We cannot stand this, you know."

"Oh! do go back!" said the page.

"Sly, go with us back to the green?" said Frederick.

"The Hollow is just round by that fence," said Sly, carefully nursing his pink-eyed white mouse in his bosom.

Fred. could not see the fence, but he urgently exclaimed, "Let us go there, then; only be quick. I am wet through already,"—for now the rain began to pour down in a flood.

Still the gipsy boy asked for money, and his pertinacity vastly annoyed Frederick. "Cannot you wait?" he said angrily. "Get us into your tent, will you; or under shelter of any sort, then I will find you a shilling. I cannot tell where I am for this storm."

"Nor I," said the page.

Every part of the wood and its neighbourhood had names among the gipsies, known only to themselves; and it only mystified Frederick when he was told by Sly that they were in the Bramble Cover; and the Weazel Path was on the right; and over there was Black Will's Den; and close by it, the Grey Ghost's Walk.

The thunder drowned his voice. When it was hushed, Sly said, "Our people have often seen the ghost down there; it walks every night."

Alas! Fred. was a very great coward now. The most pusillanimous boy in Ivy House was a hero compared with him. He perspired—he quaked—his teeth chattered; and instead of keeping up Tom, the page had to exert himself to keep Fred. up, at the same time entreating the gipsy boy to lead them out of the wood quickly—which he had no real intention of doing.

"Come on to the tent!" he cried, indicating their distress. "What are you afraid of? I am out in all sorts of nights. I have seen lightning cut off great boughs as clean as a scythe could; and I have seen the cloud-fire in all shapes, up yonder—like a rainbow it was once; another time I see it go up like sky-rockets; and once a thunderbolt fell at our tent door. Well, I am not afraid, though I never went to one of your grand schools, where you grow so wise, that a poor gipsy is like a stupid donkey beside you; I never was afraid of anything, but the Grey Ghost that walks yonder."

"I shall not go past that turning," said Fred., as they approached the Ghost's Walk. "Lead me out of the wood directly, to some shelter, and I will give you five shillings."

"Here then, this way," cried Sly, darting down a short green steep to a mud hovel, that was occasionally a gipsy haunt.

It was a very small building of wood and stones, thatched over, and without a door. The lofty trees closed thickly over it, so that the rain had as yet hardly wetted the roof.

"You can wait here till the night clears up," said Sly, "and I will look for Black Will's lantern; he keeps it handy here, but it would puzzle you to find it."

Sly went behind the hovel, and took from a hollow tree a lantern, with candle and matches; then groping his way into the dark abode, he soon shed a light over the bare walls.

There was a pair of wooden stools, and a three-legged deal table there, and on the hearth were the remains of a recent fire. The air without was hot and sulphureous; but to brighten the place, Sly lit up some turf and dry sticks that lay heaped in a corner. That was some comfort. The bright blaze of the sticks seemed to make the lightning less visible—less dreadful.

So Frederick and his companion sat on stools by the hearth, and tended the fire; and the gipsy boy got into a corner on some turf and straw, eating a dry crust of bread, and amusing himself with his little white mouse.

Presently he asked for the five shillings; but Frederick would only give him half-a-crown, until he was safe out of the wood. He drew from his pocket the strong and handsome gilded-leather purse that came from his father, when the last parcel of good gifts came to him and his sister from Manchester.

Sly's merry eyes were glancing keenly from the corner at the gilded purse, out of which, Frederick, with his usual love of display, emptied five-and-twenty shillings into his hand, and told Tom his father had sent twenty shillings of that money to take him and his sister home.

"Here, Sly, catch!" cried Fred., tossing half-a-crown into his dusky hand.

Sly secured it, with a curious laugh, and then proposed that they should all go to sleep on the turf and straw, to which the others readily assented, glad to shut out the horror of the tempest from their senses, and to gather close to one whose fearless and joyous presence was not a little encouraging.

So all three slept in a corner of the wood.

(To be continued.)

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THE PHILOSOPHIC MOUSE.

CHAPTER XII.

When the astronomical observations were concluded, the company retired; and this retreat was executed with greater expedition than I could follow, or I meant to have entered the house with them, and regained my home that night; but as the doors were closed before I could come up, I scouted across the lawn, and took up my night's lodging in a hole in the wall, at the back of the shrubbery. I chose this position for security, as well as its being conveniently situated for entering the house, as soon as the doors were open in the morning.

I rose early, and as I was pushing for the house, saw across the lawn, the Lily of the company, thus early attending her garden. The sun was up, and she

"——stooping to support
Each flow'r of slender stalk, whose head, though gay,
Hung drooping unsustain'd."

The sight was beautiful—a Lily attending her sister flowers. Flowers recompense the hand that cultivates them; pleasing by their beauty, and by their fragrance gratifying the sense. There is a pleasure, known only to a few, in attending a garden.

"Marking the matchless workings of the power,
That shuts within its seed the future flower;
Bids these in elegance of form excel,
In colour these, and those delight the smell."

When the various advantages arising from a garden, and the pleasures attending the cultivation thereof, are considered, it will be accounted for why it is, and has been, the delight of men of every nation. It would occupy too much space to enter into the subject in all its bearings, otherwise I might take a retrospective view of the garden of Eden, and discuss an almost infinity of advantages branching from the cultivation of this, and every other garden, down to the present time; not omitting Lily's, which can claim the advantage of introducing the subject into this my letter.

Experiment appears to be a great source of amusement, to every individual of the company with whom I had, for a time, become acquainted. I will name two, which are properly botanical experiments. Lily had inverted a gooseberry-tree in her garden; that is, she had buried the branches in the ground, and left the roots, exposed to the action of the air and the influence of the sun, in an upright position. This she had done before the sap rose, that the life of the bush might not be endangered. And now, that which was the root of the bush was covered with leaves, and, apparently, promised a good crop of fruit. This was an attempt to invert the order of nature, and the experiment fully succeeded. Any other tree or bush might successfully be inverted, provided care were taken to choose a robust and healthy subject. The other experiment was with some Indian-corn seeds, which had undergone a preparation, previous to setting them in the earth; the result of which, Lily was anxiously waiting. Some had been soaked in water, some in milk, some in prepared carbonate and chalybeate waters, some in a solution of the muriate of soda, (common salt,) and some in the muriatic oxyd; others had been set without undergoing any preparation, to ascertain which would make their appearance above ground the first; expecting the growth of the seeds would be quickened, from having undergone some of the above preparations. But, as this remains to be determined, you must be content, children, without the knowledge of the result, or at least wait some other opportunity.

I remember hearing of a celebrated Roman, (Manius Curius,) who, after triumphing over the Samnites, Sabines, and Lucanians, and who, though he was the greatest man in Rome at the period, was content to live in a cottage, and cultivate his little spot of ground with his own hands: so fond was he of a garden, and so sensible of the pleasures arising from the cultivation of it. Here the ambassadors of the Samnites found him sitting in the chimney-corner, dressing turnips, and offered him a large present of gold; but he refused it, and gave them the following answer: "A man who can be satisfied with such a supper, has no need of gold; and I think it more glorious to conquer the owners of it, than to possess it myself."

CONCLUSION.

I HAVE heard that in former times, a nobleman's daughter received such an education as would surprise even the youngest of the present race of human beings, however humble their attainments in literary knowledge.

A nobleman's daughter, by the time she was twelve years old, knew the names of the four-and-twenty letters, so that it was impossible to bewitch her. She could play at hot-cockles, and blind-man's-buff; and when she was fifteen, she could tell the story of Jack the Giant Killer, and could name every mountain that was inhabited by fairies; though she was taught to make clothing and hose for herself, and all the servants of the family: such was the education of a nobleman's daughter in former times.

The education of modern times is, in many cases, more rational, the age being more enlightened. However, there is still much cause to lament the deficiency in the knowledge of both sexes. The age is led away by outward show.

An acquaintance with the principles of natural philosophy, tends much to counteract the narrowness that belongs to human souls in general; and this is one principal means that enables the understanding to stretch itself.

Youth and beauty are everywhere received with particular kindness, and the faults or foibles which usually attend them, are overlooked amidst their natural attractions; but, as advancing years cast a damp on that vivacity, and impair those graces of person which enchant the imagination and disarm the judgment, the defects of character are more clearly discerned; and discerned, too, without a disposition to treat them with former indulgencies. Therefore, it appears absolutely necessary to obtain knowledge, and desirable to digest that knowledge into wisdom, for the sake of obtaining esteem in the season of old age, when every other charm that could link the individual to society fails.

Now, my dear readers, I will conclude with recommending the perusal of this long letter, not once twice, or even a dozen times; but until the information contained therein be well digested.

Your's, &c.

TAWNY.

P. S. I forgot to tell you, I made good my entrance into the house by the lawn-door, about eight o'clock in the morning. I find my home a home of repose, and hope here to go to roost.

◆

THE WAY TO EMINENCE.

Many years ago a little boy was entered at Harrow School. He was put into a class considerably beyond his years, and where all the scholars had the advantage of previous instruction, denied to him. His master chid him for his dulness, and all his efforts then could not raise him from the lowest place on the form. But, nothing daunted, he procured the grammars and other elementary books which his class-fellows had gone through in previous terms. He devoted the hours of play, and not a few of the hours of sleep, to the mastering of these; till, in a few weeks, he gradually began to rise, and it was not long till he shot far ahead of all his companions, and became not only the leader of the division, but the pride of Harrow. You may see the statue of that boy, whose career began with this fit of energetic application, in St. Paul's Cathedral; for he lived to be the greatest oriental scholar of modern Europe—it was Sir William Jones. When young scholars see the lofty pinnacle of attainment on which that name is now reposing, they feel as if it had been created there, rather than had travelled thither. No such thing. The most illustrious in the annals of philosophy, once knew no more than the most illiterate now do. And how did he arrive at his peerless dignity? By dint of diligence; by downright pains-taking.—*Hamilton's Life in Earnest.*

◆

THE GENERAL AND HIS FATHER.

GENERAL MAISON, afterwards Marshal of France, was once asked by the Great Napoleon, whether he was descended from the ancient French family of Maison. He replied: "Sire, my father is a peasant." A noble answer, uttered by a brave and noble heart, in whose estimation an *honest* parentage was of more value than the adventitious circumstances of a noble rank or elevated position. These are like the laurel crown, which rests gracefully and fittingly upon a hero's brow, without, however, adding to his worth or his renown.

The following scene is related of the general by a soldier in his service.

"When I was serving in the French army, and was quartered with my regiment in a town, whose name at the present moment escapes me, it was rumoured among the soldiers that our general had just received a visit from his father. Now we were all anxious to see him, and do him honour; for we loved our chief, who was a fine, brave fellow; and although very strict with us on parade, or on the field of battle, was at all other times our friend and protector.

"One fine morning when we were all under arms, behold! our General approached, surrounded by his brilliant staff, and supporting on his arm a rough, honest-looking old peasant. At his word of command, the troops formed themselves in a semicircle around him, and he presented himself before us with the old man leaning on his arm. He raised his hand, as if desirous to speak, and immediately there was a deep silence. 'Companions-in-arms!' said he, with that full, sonorous voice, which was so familiar to us all, 'Here is my father! I wish to present him to you all; he is, as you

may perceive, a peasant. So was I, also, in my early youth, at which period I caused him much sorrow and anxiety, for I entered the army against his will; however, he pardoned my disobedience, and loved me still. Fortune has favoured me; and, by degrees, I have risen to the rank in which you now behold me. Hence, you may learn, fellow-soldiers, that by bravery, and a diligent discharge of your duties, you may aspire to a similar position. I have told you that this good father has always loved me, and in proof thereof, he has, at his advanced age, walked thirty leagues, with the sole purpose of embracing me.'

"So saying, he turned round and embraced his venerable father; the good old man being so overcome by the emotions which this speech awakened within him, that the large tears rolled silently down his cheeks, and in vain he essayed to speak; but his eyes rested on the General with indescribable tenderness and satisfaction.

"We were all deeply affected by this scene, and many an eye wept then which had never been seen to shed a tear before."

◆

OUR BIOGRAPHIC TREASURY.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

In the year 1642, in the plain but substantial manor-house of Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, was born Isaac Newton, the greatest philosopher the world has hitherto seen.

> "God said, 'Let Newton be, and all was light!'"

He was an assiduous, sagacious, and faithful interpreter of nature; who asserted in his philosophy the majesty of God, and exhibited in his life the simplicity of the Gospel. No finer example as boy or man could we select to place before our imitative young readers: Isaac Newton's whole life is full of instruction, but we can only at present glean from it a few passages.

He was not a quick schoolboy, until he was stimulated to excel by the cruelty of a boy immediately above him in his class. This tyrant at length kicked him so severely in the stomach as to occasion him very great pain. It affords a pleasing proof of the nobleness of his disposition, that the only revenge he sought was that of excelling his persecutor. He immediately applied himself with great diligence to his studies, till he succeeded in getting above him in the school; and the stimulus once received, he never rested till he had attained to the top of his class.

He was a sober, silent, thinking lad; observant and constructive. There are many remarkable stories told of his experiments in practical science. When a very little boy, he provided himself with a complete assortment of little tools—saws, hammers, files, and the like, which he acquired great dexterity in handling; and while his companions were busy in the playground, the little philosopher would be industriously labouring in some quiet corner, to invent or complete some mechanical work or model.

In his twelfth year he was sent to the public school at Grantham. A windmill was being erected near, and he employed his leisure time in watching its progress, and acquired so thorough a knowledge of the machinery, that he constructed a small working model of it, which he placed on the top of the house where he lodged, and delighted himself and his young friends by observing it put in motion by the wind. The machinery was so complete a copy of the original as to excite general admiration; but this he further improved upon by an ingenious contrivance for propelling it by means of a mouse, which was stimulated to exert its power by unavailing attempts to reach some corn placed over his head,—this he styled his miller.

The next mechanical contrivance of Isaac's was a water-clock. On the top of an upright box he placed another, adopted as a reservoir of water, which was perforated with a small hole, and by the continual dropping of the water, a float was kept in motion, that turned the index of the dial-plate as it rose. The young inventor perfected this ingenious contrivance with such care, that it was used as a clock long after his departure.

Another thing he invented—for which, we are sure, all our young friends will respect his memory—PAPER KITES, to which he delighted to add paper lanterns, lighted, and send them flying over the country on dark nights, like fiery flying comets, to the astonishment of the rustic folk. He also made picture-frames for his own drawings. And there was not a better time-keeper in the country than ISAAC'S DIAL, long afterwards preserved. It was formed by him upon one of the walls of the house, a very remarkable natural sun-dial, or shadow-dial, for it was by carefully noting the moving shadows passing gradually along the walls and roofs, that he was enabled to construct it. Which of you, dear readers, have noted the moving shadows passing along your walls and roofs,—have noted them with sufficient patience and accuracy as to know the hour of the day by them?

When he was a student at Cambridge University, he kept note-books,—as we strongly recommend each of you to do,—and from them we learn that when he was twenty-two years of age he purchased a prism, not to learn of it merely what was known, but to study light as it had never before been studied,—from light itself; and so he became at last the interpreter of the mysterious secrets of light to an awed and astonished world.

To him we owe the grand discovery that *light consists of rays differing in colour*, and that each colour has its own specific and unchanging angle of refraction; as, for example, the red rays are invariably the least bent from the straight line, and the violet rays are always the most so. These principles he applied to the telescope, which he newly constructed, so that Newton's reflecting telescope forms the basis of all the modern improvements in that instrument. His first reflecting telescope was only six inches long.

The telescope is a tube containing glass lenses, or optic glasses, that bring distant objects near to the sight. It had been discovered in *principle* by Roger Bacon, of the thirteenth century, and was first practically invented by Galileo, the great Tuscan philosopher, but he left it of very limited power. Newton seized the idea, as one of the utmost value to science, and constructed telescope after telescope, each of increased power, until he produced one which magnified nearly a thousand times. The very first time he directed this new instrument to the heavens, he discovered three of Jupiter's moons.

Newton's great work is called the "Principia," which has obtained immortal fame. Its principal subject is the law of gravitation,—that grand discovery which revealed for the first time to the human race the system of the universe. It originated thus: Sitting one day in his garden at Woolsthorpe, Newton observed an apple fall from a tree, and this led him to think and inquire *how* it came to fall; *why* it came to the earth instead of darting off in any other direction; and soon he demonstrated that the power which brought the apple down, keeps the planets in their course, and prevents this earth itself from flying off into boundless space.

So profound were the discoveries of the material universe disclosed in the "Principia," that only two or three of Newton's contemporaries throughout Europe were capable of understanding it; that book forms an epoch in the history of the world.

But most wonderful of all, the marvellous philosopher was a humble Christian. A short time before he died, he said, that to himself "he appeared like a child on the sea-shore, who had been amusing himself with gathering a few shells, while the great ocean of truth lay undiscovered before him." And Newton was right. The wisest and best of mortals can look but a little way into the vast temple of the Deity. Pride is the weakness of ignorance.

The habits of Sir Isaac Newton (for he was knighted by Queen Anne) were very simple. His table was furnished chiefly with vegetables and fruit. His style of living was plain and unostentatious; yet he was most generous and social, though only delighting in a few congenial friends. His mind was strong and vigorous to the last; and he lived to the age of eighty-five, dying full of years and honours, and was buried in state in Westminster Abbey, where rest nearly all our greatest men.

◆

KITE FLYING.

Boys require amusement as well as learning or labour. Some parents are for keeping their boys always at work either with the head or hands, forgetful of the requirements of nature, and that they are injuriously taxing the powers of mind and body. It is a main part of domestic economy to maintain health in the members of a family, without which happiness certainly cannot be had. *Play* is necessary for the health and happiness of children;—hence the quaint old couplet,—

> "All work and no play,
> Makes Jack a dull boy."

But in point of fact, *work* may be made play; contrive to interest the minds of boys in any matter, and then, however hard or difficult it may be, they will find their amusement in it.

There are other parents who are worried by their children perpetually teasing them with—"I don't know what to do, I wish I had something to play at." Instead of devising an harmless sport, or a game conveying useful instruction, the reply too frequently is, "There, do anything you like, only don't plague me." Thus boys are left too much to their own resources, and frequently fall into bad habits or bad company.

Boys at school are often at a loss for new games; they require the excitement of something new; or rather, of continual change in their sports; so we find they adopt the general round of hoops, tops, kites, marbles, &c., in order to keep up an interest in their play.

We purpose to give a little assistance to all parties, to try to please both parents and boys; but young friends, remember, that the wisest man says, "there is a time for work," as well as a "time for play," and do not therefore abuse your liberty by idleness, but "work while you work, and play while you play."

Kites afford excellent amusement, both in making and flying them. Our own boys have one upwards of six feet high, with a tail sixty feet long. When the wind is favourable we are accustomed to employ this kite in towing a boat on the Thames. In a strong breeze we are drawn along with great rapidity and steadiness, even up stream. A kite of such a size requires very strong string or small cord to fly it, as it pulls so that one person cannot hold it. When it is mounted we usually fasten the cord to a gate or post. The kites that are bought at shops are poor things. It is much better that boys should make their own; this affords an exercise of their ingenuity, as well as an amusement. A lath called a *straighter* must be procured, four feet long, an inch wide, and a quarter of an inch thick. The *bender* must be a cane or hoop planed thin at the edges, and should be of the same length as the straighter. Tie the cane firmly on the end of the lath, as at A in figure 1: bend down the ends C and D, and fasten them in the bent position by strings passing from the points as shown, where knotches must be cut, in order that the string may not slip on being tied. When this is done, the frame of the kite is completed. The best thing to cover it with is thin glazed calico, as it may be put on all in one piece. If paper is used, the sheets must first be pasted together with the edges lapping over each other about half an inch. Lay the frame on the calico or paper, cut it out to the shape, leaving an inch to be turned over and pasted to the frame. Some small pieces must then be pasted over the lath and the strings at the back to keep it secure in the middle. Two holes must be made in the straighter at E and F, through which a piece of strong string is to be put, and fastened at each end, with a knot to keep it from coming through the holes. This is called the *belly-band*. The string to fly the kite with is to be tied to this belly-band; care must be taken to tie it in the right place, if it be too low, the kite will turn round and round in the air, if too high, it will plunge about and pitch. A little experience will soon teach the proper place to fasten it. The tail should be at least ten times as long as the kite. It is much better not to have slips of paper tied into it, but only a *bob* at the end, that is, a large tassel made of paper and cut into fringes, and sufficiently heavy to keep the kite in its true position in the air. Tails made with slips are nearly always troublesome, from getting entangled; and as the wind shakes them more than it does a plain string, the kite is not steady balanced.

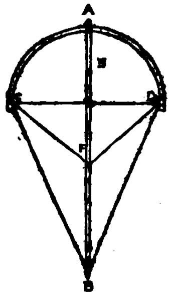


Fig. 1.

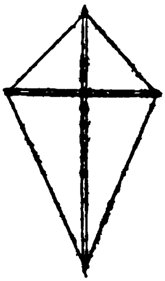


Fig. 2.

When the kite is flying, you may send up a *messenger*, which is a round piece of paper or card-board with a hole in the middle, this is put on the string, and the wind soon carries it up to the kite.

A hollow tube of paste-board, with four little sails attached, forms another kind of messenger. The sails are to be made of coloured paper, similar to the little wind-mills often sold in the streets. When the tube is placed on the string, the wind acting on the sails causes the messenger to rotate or spin round; and this, as it ascends, forms a very pretty object.

Kites are frequently made of other shapes. Fig. 2 is another form, which is called a *drake;* but that we have described (Fig. 1) is the best in form, as well as for flying.

We well recollect our astonishment and delight as school-boys, one fine afternoon, many years ago, at seeing two large kites sailing along over our play-ground. Having obtained permission, we ran in haste to the street, and there saw a gentleman taking a journey in a small carriage drawn by the kites. The cord becoming entangled in the church-steeple afforded us amusement for some time, in witnessing the management required to extricate it; but this being at length accomplished, the kite-drawn traveller speedily progressed on his journey from London to Bath, which we afterwards heard he accomplished successfully.

◆

Early Rising.—I can hardly believe that person to be a Christian, who (unless ill health positively forbid it) has not acquired, or at least who is not constantly, perseveringly, and prayerfully endeavouring to acquire, this blessed habit of early rising. It is strengthening both to soul, body, and spirits; more so, much more so, than any one who has not experienced its happy effects can have the least idea of.

THE HAPPY HOUR.

PUZZLES.

41. Which is the longest letter in the alphabet?

42. Which letter in the alphabet has no existence?

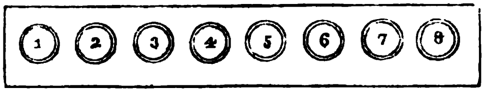
43.

A puzzle I to you submit, it certainly is not plain—
Take forty-five from forty-five and let forty-five remain.

44.

PUZZLE OF THE COUNTERS.

Place eight counters, or coins, as in the diagram; it is then required to lay them in four couples, removing only one at a time, and in each removal, passing the one in the hand over two on the table.



45.

CHARADE.

I'm with the humble and the haughty;
Moth and monarch feel my power;
Earth could never do without me;
I'm in the sunshine, and the shower.
Would you know my occupation?
'Tis I who help to make your thread.
Should you seek my habitation—
I think you'll find me in your head.

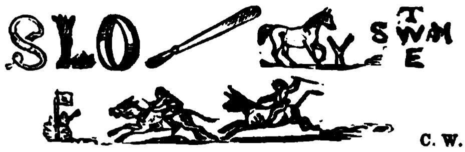
46.

ENIGMA.

My *first* is a Spanish title, and when read backwards signifies a motion of the head; my *second* belongs to a look; and my *whole* is the common name of a useful though very much illused animal. **Little Dorritt.**

47.

HIEROGLYPHIC PROVERB.



C. W.

◆

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SOLUTIONS RECEIVED FROM

Hughes.—C. W.—Timothy.—Maggie S.—Rose.—Bessie.—Romulus.—Eustace.—Albine.—J. W. Kighley.—Flora Melville.—Richard.—Jessie.—Adah.—Nella.—Albert Patin.—R. Cairnie.—Ida May Foster.—Baker.—Thomas Parnell.—Cæsar.—Sarah.—Brutus.—Little Annie.—Little Dorritt.—R. M. S.

R. M. S.—Charade accepted.

Maggie S.—The Prizes will be awarded for the solutions to the "Happy Hour." When the prizes are distributed, we shall require to know the names and addresses of the winners, that we may see where to forward them.

Rose.—Writing excellent; and composition most promising.

Bessie.—Little girls should never despair, especially those whose privilege it is to live in an age where knowledge of all kinds is spread on every hand to make them wise and good.

Romulus.—Stir up your bookseller, he ought to be able to supply you with your number by Wednesday; if he fails to do this, try another.

Henry Eustace.—The polka you have submitted would cost, at least, two pounds to produce. Persevere with it amongst the music publishers; if it possesses merit, they will soon discover it, and purchase it from you, which would be far more desirable than that you or your friends should plunge into speculation.

Albine.—Your request for a braided pincushion shall be submitted to **Madame Eugenie.** Your solutions last week came too late for classification.

Little Annie.—Pattern for an ornamental candlestick shall also be submitted to the "Work-Table."

J. W. Kighly.—Delighted to find an improvement in your health.

Flora Melville.—The charade sent is accepted.

Little Dorritt.—Many thanks for your enigmas, &c.

Brutus.—We will attend to your request. There is a good deal in your suggestion which requires consideration.

Sarah.—The back numbers are kept in print till the close of the volume.

⁂ Prospectuses have been posted to all those who have kindly volunteered to distribute them, and we take this opportunity of tendering our thanks for the trouble bestowed on our behalf.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Life of a Dog. By Thomas Miller. (Dean & Son, Ludgate Hill.)—[We shall take an early opportunity of laying before our young friends some choice extracts from this edifying and interesting little volume.]

Wonderful Looking Glass. (Dean & Son.)

Old Mother Hubbard. (Dean & Son.)—[With comic *moveable* illustrations, which are far more ingenious than useful.]

The Lady's Book of Fancy Work. (Jewitt, 1, Picket Place, Strand. Published in Sixpenny Parts).—[Cheap and invaluable Manuals on the subjects on which they treat.]

"I COULD NOT GET A PENNY."

Such was the excuse a little friend and subscriber to the "Companion" made to us last week, when we asked him the reason that he had not, as usual, sent us in his solutions to the "Happy Hour." It at once occurred to us that doubtless hundreds of our young subscribers were in the same situation as our "little friend," and that often they are obliged to forfeit their places in the classes, and jeopardise their prizes because they cannot always find a penny for the postage. Again, many of our young friends reside in the country, and they are prohibited, by distance, from sending in time. There is an injustice in our present arrangements, which, now we see, we are anxious at once to remedy; and

WE HEREBY GIVE NOTICE,

that on and after the number dated May 30, we shall only publish the solutions to the matters contained in this page ONCE A MONTH, instead of weekly, as heretofore, and only in the *last* No. in each month will the awards in the classes be made. This arrangement, we hope, meets the difficulty, "I could not get a penny," for you will have an opportunity to join the classes now for a stamp monthly, instead of weekly. *All*, we hope, will now be able to participate in the

PRIZES

announced in Number 8. Another advantage will also be gained by this alteration—it will afford us more room for giving a greater variety and amount of interesting pastime; for the space that we have hitherto devoted to the classes will in future be occupied with mere useful matter.

All that we shall now require you to do, will be to make a memorandum of your answers, and keep them until you are solicited to send them in, which will be duly announced in the number previous to that in which they will be required for examination and award.

Let our friends be assured this alteration has been made for the general convenience of our subscribers, and not to save ourselves trouble. All who still please to write to us weekly, we shall be glad to hear from them, and shall be delighted to answer any questions, either scholastic or moral.

Address to Editor at Printers', 23, Middle Street, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

How does the water come down at Lodore?
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in;
It hastens along, conflictingly strong,
Now striking and raging, as if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among.
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Sporting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Round and around,
Collecting, disjecting
With endless rebound,
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in,
Compounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the sea with its sound,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and glowing,
And running and stunning,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And dinning and spinning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering,
And falling, and brawling, and sprawling,
And driving, and riving, and striving,
And sprinkling, and twinkling, and wrinkling,
And sounding, and bounding, and rounding,
And bubbling, and troubling, and doubling,
Dividing, and gliding, and sliding,
And grumbling, and rumbling, and tumbling,
And clattering, and battering, and shattering,
And gleaming, and streaming, and steaming, and beaming,
And rushing, and flushing, and gushing, and brushing,
And flapping, and rapping, and clapping, and slapping,
And curling, and whirling, and purling, and twirling,
Delaying, and straying, and playing, and spraying,
Advancing, and prancing, and glancing, and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and boiling, and toiling,
And thumping, and bumping, and jumping, and plumping,
And dashing, and flashing, and splashing, and clashing,
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

SOUTHEY.

◆

THE PROPHETIC DEW-DROP.—A delicate child, pale and prematurely wise, was complaining on a hot morning that the poor dew-drops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dew-drops, that live the whole night through and sparkle in the moonlight, and through the morning onwards to noonday. "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat, or swallowed them up in his wrath." Soon after came rain and a rainbow, whereupon his father pointed upwards. "See," said he, "there stand the dew-drops gloriously reset—a glittering jewellery—in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers on earth blossoms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words, for soon after the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like a dew-drop, into heaven.

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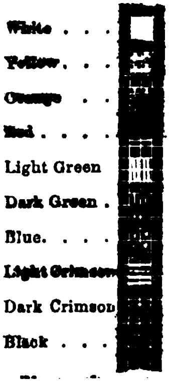
THE GIRL'S WORK-TABLE.

BY MADAME EUGENIE.

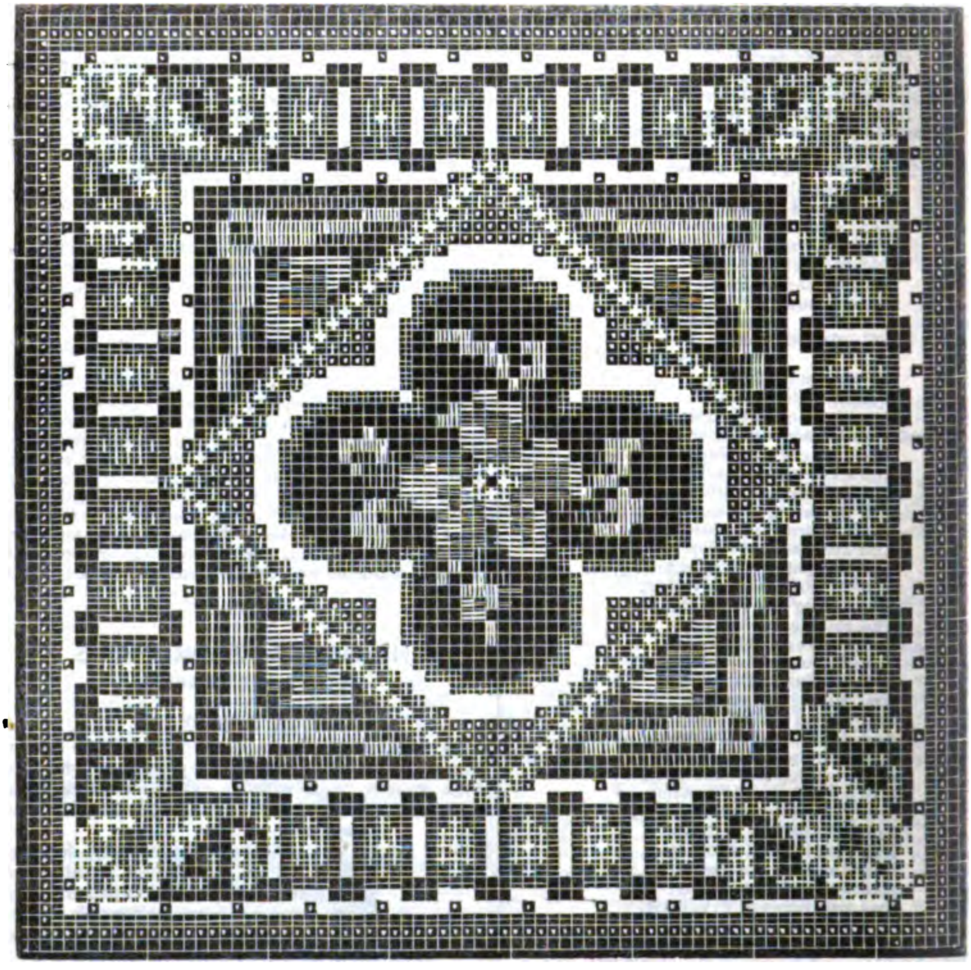
URN STAND.

As most young ladies like to contribute to the adornment of their own happy homes, we this week supply them with an article which is both useful and ornamental at the sociable English tea-table.



This design is intended for one of those of polished wood, now generally preferred to the urn-rug, which was in use before this article was invented. We do not think the Stand more handsome, but it certainly is more convenient, as it raises the urn higher up from the table. At the same time, if any young lady desires to work it as a rug, our design is equally appropriate. All that will be necessary, is merely to add a rich border fringe all round.

Our design is to be worked in Penelope Canvas. The scale of colours given with our illustration



URN STAND.

crimson; the leaves, of course, being green. Here we will make one observation—always, in choosing shades for wool-work, take care to have two or three shades between. When the shades are few, this is the more necessary. For want of knowing this rule, many elaborate pieces of work look very unsightly; and few persons are aware of the reason.

To go on with our description—the ground of the scolloped centre, on which the flower rests, is black; the first marginal line, brown; the second, white, which looks the best in glossy cotton; the parts within the diamond are bright French blue; the lines round the diamond, three shades of orange; the corners of the squares, on which the diamond is laid, are two shades of crimson, and two shades of green; the ground of the same corners, black. The border is to be worked white, where it is left white in the illustration; and that which is left black, is also to be worked black; the interiors are two shades of orange. Beyond the border, the three lines are worked red, blue, and black.

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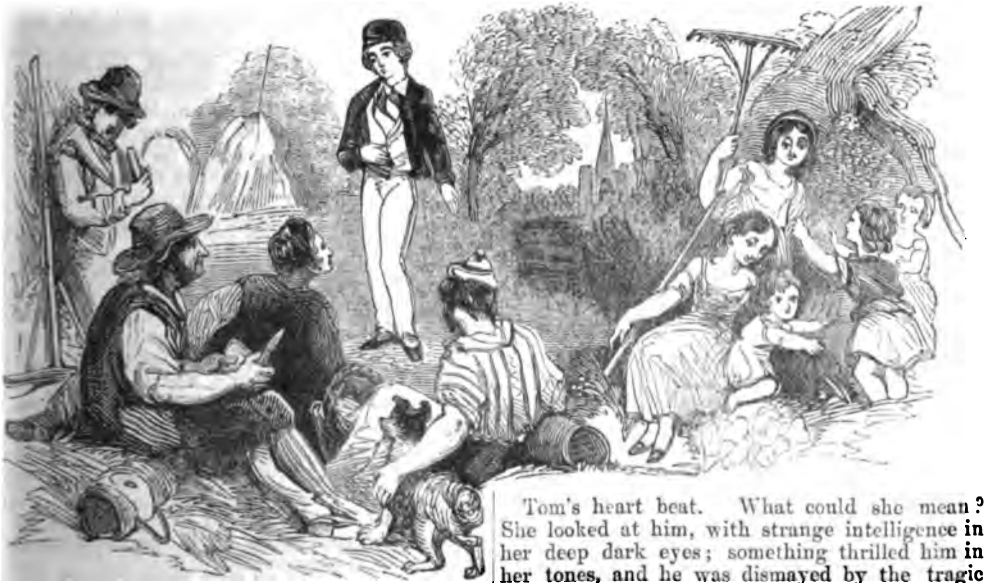
THE BOYS' & GIRLS' COMPANION FOR LEISURE HOURS

No. 11, Vol. I.] SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1857. [Price One Penny.



DON'T TELL;

OR, MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

BY MARY BENNETT.

CHAPTER XI.

THE page was awakened at broad daylight, by whispering voices. A gipsy woman was there, talking in a rapid and angry voice to Sly, her son. She stopped when she saw Tom sitting up, rubbing his eyes. After a moment's silence, she said in solemn tones, "All is quiet enough at the cottage now!"

Tom's heart beat. What could she mean? She looked at him, with strange intelligence in her deep dark eyes; something thrilled him in her tones, and he was dismayed by the tragic expression of her brown wrinkled brow, over which dropped black elf-locks escaping from her beaver bonnet; whilst she placed herself before him, in a striking attitude, holding up her forefinger.

"I passed your cottage door at daybreak, and who stood there but the Spirit of Death! His broad cloudy wings waved upwards, and covered the window where your mother lay on her bed. I passed again an hour after; the dark spirit was not at the door; but I looked inside, and he stood on the cottage floor, and his cloudy wings filled all the place."

After this mysterious speech, (gipsies study to render themselves mysterious), the woman stood silent and solemn before the wondering page, who looked aghast. Presently she burst out in a loud and startling voice:

"Away with ye home! What do ye here, when she who nursed you at her bosom lies dead in her chamber?"

"Who?"

"Who think you? Your own mother, poor soul! The cloudy wings have wrapped her round, and covered up her weeping eyes. Away! Get home, and see what ye have wrought!"

Tom spoke no word in reply, but rose up; and as Frederick started from his sleep, the page grasped his hand, and said, in a broken and sobbing voice, "You know it was all through you; and now my mother is gone, and I——" He could not go on, but wiped his eyes with his sleeve, hurried out of the hamlet, and walked away through the wood as fast as he could go.

"And what is *your* pleasure, my fine young gentleman?" said the woman to Frederick.

"It was arranged between Sly and me," said Frederick, "that I should come a day or two to your tent before going to Manchester, where my home is. I meant to have taken Tom Greenhill with me, because he has got into trouble on my account,"

"How was that? I want to know about it. Tell me true, for I am a witch, you know; and you must not dare to deceive me!"

Frederick was not (by daylight) so superstitiously disposed as the page: he knew the folly of credulous belief in supernatural pretensions, that have no root in sacred authority. However, he gave her a true account of the affair.

"So, through you," said the woman, sharply, "a good lad told a bad lie,—that is, according to your curate's Christian notions; through you, his father did what he will have to repent of all his lifetime; and through you, his mother has died of distress of mind this night! How can you sleep so sound?"

"His mother dead?"

"'Tis true, she is. And all this has come of your *don't tell* to the poor page!"

Fred. turned pale.

"Look here!" said the woman, "we poor gipsies are born and bred up in ditches, and hollows, and hovels like this,—we learn nothing much that is good,—how can we? *We* never tell each other's secrets beyond ourselves, for we are outcasts, you know; and we *must* hold together in our wandering life. But *you*,—have you not had a Christian birth, a Christian home? Have you not learned to read good books? Have you not been taught by a good man? have you not had good friends, good companions? How is it, then, *you* do wrong things, and say to this one and to that one '*don't tell*?' Surely the sun in heaven ought not to be more open or bright than *your* truth. Go back—go back, I advise you, and profit better by what you learn. Our tents are no places for the like of you. We should get blame from your friends, too, when they found out where you had been. No, no; go back to your school, and be thankful you did not fare worse last night in this den of darkness."

So saying, she left the hovel, and bade Sly follow her.

The little savage—for he was no better—stopped a moment to search for his mouse, which he looked for among the straw, but it was not there; presently he saw it creeping along under the thatch of the roof, whence he took it; and then, as a sharp whistle sounded from a distance, he said, "That's for me," and bounded off, as merry and light as a bird on the wing; but by no means leaving Frederick so.

Actually hungry for the first time in his life, the pampered, spoiled child of fortune found himself alone and unprovided for, with no pleasant feelings. Where was his breakfast—where were the servants—where was his toilette—how was he to get to Manchester? For I am sorry to tell you that Sly had taken his purse, as he soon found, for the purse was gone from his pocket; and though he searched for hours, in the hovel and about it, and about the wood, he saw it nowhere.

At last he was too hungry to wait any longer without food, and he set off in search of some, having some loose pence left.

He came to a hay-field, where the haymakers were sitting under the shade of a hedge, eating coarse bread and cheese, and drinking home-brewed ale out of their little barrels.

At their feet was a clear running stream, flowing over a pebbly bed, and making a pleasant noise as it went—

"Little river,
Young for ever."

It was ever playing and singing, like a happy child, and like a child who would never grow older or sadder.

And over the stream floated clouds of those tiny insects which, in May and June, are born at sunrise and die at sunset,—whose whole life is comprised in one brief day. But what a happy life!—sporting round and round, hither and thither, with their legion of brothers and sisters, ever playing and dancing, and singing, too, though so faintly one must listen in deepest silence to catch the fairy strains. The cloud of sportive insects sinks to the edge of the clear brook, and rises again from it, and hangs poised in air.

The field was one flood of sunshine, with passing shadows flitting over from wandering thunder-clouds, the fragments of last night's storm.

The wind had sunk to a fresh, mild gale, most welcome to the heated haymakers, as they sat enjoying their homely repast.

Frederick went up to the rustic group, and asked if they had any bread and cheese to spare for one who was very hungry, and could pay for it.

"If you like to sit down with us, and fare as we do, I dare say we can find you some among us," said an old, but still florid and healthy-looking man.

Frederick gladly accepted the invitation, and sat down on the grass between two farm-labourers, who helped him plentifully, and laughed to see how eagerly he ate. A few yards off, three lazy girls with their hay-rakes beside them, sat close to the stream, watching the gambols of several young children, who were bathing their faces and feet in the brook, and splashing and flinging water over one another.

Frederick got as much coarse bread and milky dutch cheese as he could eat, and he drank out of the little barrels, which yielded enough for all. But every bit and drop was gone that the haymakers had brought to the field.

Frederick then gave them all the money he had about him, which amounted to tenpence; but when he told them that he had been caught in the storm last night in the wood, and his purse had been stolen by a gipsy boy, they refused to take more than sixpence, saying he might want the other halfpence before he got home—with the sixpence they were well satisfied. One of the haymakers then asked him if he was not one of the Curate's boys, which Frederick could not deny, and then the old man bluntly inquired how he came to be out so long by himself.

"I fancy you have run away," said he.

Frederick did not deny it.

"Well, now," said the old man, "if I was you, I'd run back again."

Frederick said he was afraid he should be obliged to do so, as he had lost his money; for he could not go forward whither he wanted to go without it.

"Ah! the gipsies are a bad lot, young sir; they are brought up to theft; though some of them, I believe, try to live honestly. That boy you mention, I have often seen prowling about the farm; he is a cunning little rascal."

The haymakers took a friendly leave of Frederick as they returned to their work among the windrows, turning over the hay with their rakes, and putting up the ripest in heaps. Frederick looked on a little while, and then washed his face and hands in the brook, and cleaned and arranged his clothes as well as he could, for they were in a sad plight with rain and dirt; then, with a mortified and downcast air, walked in the direction of Ivy House, fearing what his reception might be. This step he saw no way of avoiding; he could not travel without money; and as to any more night adventures, he had no relish for them; and to get under respectable shelter once more, appeared to him now most desirable.

So he reached the green, and the ivy corner, and there stood still, irresolute, and in dread. Then he said to himself:

"The Curate knows now that I had his letter from Tom, and he will require to know what I did with it. But he has not learnt yet what false things I wrote of him and of his school to papa—that is one comfort—unless papa has written to tell him, which he would not do—oh! no. But now I think of it, Margaret said she had told that little paragon, Annie Campbell: perhaps, through her, it has all come out. Then I shall be in a nice predicament!"

Frederick sighed in deep perplexity.

Presently looking up to the little carved stone balcony, and to the little window inside it, framed in dark ivy, he saw Annie's fair and pensive countenance looking down on him, as she tried to attract his attention.

He whispered up to her, and she bent down towards him.

"Have you told of us?"

Annie shook her little head in a very decided way.

He nodded his thanks, for he was touched by her constancy.

"Shall I venture in?" he whispered again. Annie could not make out the words this time; but she ran into the house to look for his sister. Meeting the wardrobe-woman on the stairs, she told her softly, Frederick Walton was come back, and waiting outside, "looking so ill and tired." Winny fetched him in directly, but not unseen by the Curate, who, from his library window, had watched Frederick and Annie, and heard the questions put by Frederick, to whom now he sent the Latin master, desiring Fred. to go to his room, and change his dress; and at the same time he directed the master to get whatever might be necessary, as he saw that he looked not a little changed in health and spirits by his adventures.

"And tell him," said the Curate, "he has done wisely to return; and has nothing to fear but himself. Let him rest, and keep his room for the present."

This message was a wondrous relief to the offender, whose heart was more moved by such a reception than it would have been by all the violent punishments that could have been inflicted.

The Master saw that he needed sleep, and advised him to lie down, which Fred. did; and then with difficulty said—his proud spirit rising—"You may let the Curate know, if you please, that—that—I am sorry." And with this effort he buried his face in the clothes, and wept passionately.

The Latin master, as he reported this to the Curate, said, "that the sight of the sharp struggle in Frederick, between obstinate pride and true repentance, was one of the most affecting things he had witnessed for a very long time."

"We shall reclaim him yet," said the Curate, hopefully.

"I trust so," repeated the worthy young Latin master. "It is a difficult task, but not impossible."

"It requires peculiar skill and judgment," said the Curate, walking to and fro in his library. "I am not at all confident that I have adopted the best means with him. He has been wrongly managed at home, and requires great patience and forbearance. He must be forgiven seventy times seven, if he is to be won at last. Watch over him carefully, Gresham, while I consult with my daughter, and consider the matter."

(To be continued.)

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Comparative Light of the Sun and Moon.—The splendour of Solar Light is more than 300,000 times that of the Full Moon: in other words, if the firmament were paved with 300,000 full moons, their united splendour would be inferior to that of the sun.—*Timbs' Things not generally Known.*

THE BOYS OF THE BIBLE.

BY AUNT MARY.

No. I.—ISHMAEL.

In commencing a series of papers on the Boys of the Bible, we have chiefly in view those young people who have already learned something of Scripture, and are not entirely destitute of information on other branches of knowledge that are most intimately connected with the Sacred Narrative.

We shall require those whom we especially address, to bring to the perusal of these papers a thoughtful attention and a serious mind; and really, to *study* the subjects for themselves, it would be desirable to have at hand paper and pencil to trace diagrams of the places mentioned, referring to all the books they have at command, that are in any way elucidatory of the subject.

But our object is not alone intellectual;—we also seek to stir up young hearts to good affections, and to higher aspirations, by the grand or affecting ideals which we shall here present, from the oldest, the most poetic, and the most interesting of all books.

Abraham, the father of Ishmael, the most eminent character of the Bible, excepting only One, was born and dwelt in the midst of the family and kindred of his father Terah, in Ur of the Chaldees.

A map of the countries adjoining to Canaan (Palestine), illustrating the times and travels of the patriarchs, will show you the position of Ur of Chaldea. Palestine, you are aware, forms a portion of the eastern border of the "Great Sea," or the Mediterranean; the rest of the eastern coast is now called Syria, formerly Aram; and at its northern extremity was situated Ur of the Chaldees. Thence came Abram to live in Canaan, obeying with true faith God's command: "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, into a land that I will shew thee." And God promised him—"*I will make of thee a great nation;* and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing." In these words are comprised God's *first* covenant, or agreement, with Abram, the purpose of which was to affect the Hebrew race chiefly, of which he was to be the founder. But another covenant was also added, of momentous import to all human kind —"*And in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed.*" This was the key, indeed, to the rest of Abram's remarkable and otherwise incomprehensible story.

Abram—a name signifying Exalted Father—was called out of his own land to a strange country, possessed by depraved heathen tribes, that he might there found a new and peculiar nation, which was ultimately to possess this region, and of which God Himself was to be king, and in which all families of the earth were hereafter to be blessed by the birth of the Saviour—a Hebrew descended from Abram;—although, as He afterwards said of Himself, "Before Abraham was, I AM."

Uncommon events and miraculous incidents stud the whole line of years extending from Abram to Jesus Christ. Everything on that line pointed towards some grander events—some incidents yet more wonderful, looming in the distance; and the life of Ishmael links itself with the opening act of this grand drama.

Abram entered Canaan, and reached the plain of Moreh, where the Lord appeared to him,—we know not in what manner,—and expressly said: "Unto thy seed will I give this land." At Moreh, Abram built an altar of worship to the Lord; as he did again on a mountain between Bethel and Hai, to which place he removed, and there pitched his tent, and "called on the name of the Lord." Thence Abram journeyed on southward, and entered Egypt (adjoining Palestine on the south); but, after a time, returned again into, what was new to him, the "Promised Land." He was, by this time, very rich in cattle, in silver and in gold, and, we must add, in slaves also, for slavery was in its full force in the East, as it is still. He now journeyed from the south, to the very altar which he had set up when first he entered the land, and there "called once more on the name of the Lord." After this, he dwelt with all his substance in this Promised Land of Canaan, rich and powerful, of which we have a striking proof—when his brother's son, Lot, being taken captive, Abram was able to arm for the forcible rescue no fewer than three hundred and eighteen trained warriors—all bondsmen, or slaves—"born in his own house."

Abram had been married very many years to Sarai, a beautiful woman, but now grown old, as her lord was. They had no children, and Abram could not discern how God's promise could come to pass, that his posterity should be a great nation, and possess the land of Canaan. His appointed heir was Eliezer of Damascus, a bondsman, and his steward, born in his house. God, however, assured him that this should not be his heir, but his own son should be his heir; and his posterity should yet be numerous as the stars in heaven. "And Abram believed in the Lord, and he counted it to him for righteousness."

Sarai, of course, shared in Abram's anxiety respecting the fulfilment of God's promise, and as she was childless, she gave to her husband one of her own numerous handmaids or slaves, named Hagar, to be an inferior wife to him, "that I may obtain children by her." In India and China, to this day, wives who are childless often act like Sarai, it being the custom in those and other adjoining countries for a mistress of female slaves to regard them and their children entirely as her own property, and, when she pleases, as forming a part of her own family.

Hagar thus became an inferior wife to Abram, and then proved ungrateful to Sarai for her elevation: "Her mistress was despised in her eyes." Sarai was angry, and Abram made no attempt to shield Hagar from the consequences of her own folly. Sarai was not very gentle or meek under the circumstances, but rather the contrary: and when Sarai "dealt hardly with her," poor Hagar fled from "her face." And the angel of the Lord found her by a fountain of water in the wilderness, by the fountain in the way to Shur; this is still the common caravan road between Palestine and Egypt, hence she is supposed to have intended to return to Egypt, her native land.

This is the first mention of an angel in the Bible. The word in Greek, *angelos*, and in Hebrew, *melach*, simply denotes a messenger.

He said: "Hagar, Sarai's maid, whence comest thou, and whither wilt thou go?" And she said: "I flee from the face of my mistress, Sarai." And the angel of the Lord said unto her: "Return to thy mistress, and submit thyself under her hands." And he went on to promise that her posterity "should not be numbered for multitude." "Thou shalt bear a son, and shalt call his name Ishmael, because the Lord hath heard thy affliction." The name Ishmael signifies "God hears," or "God attends." The angel continued: "He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him." The word *wild* has great force in the original, meaning a wild-ass-man,—fierce and untameable as the wild ass,—which you will find well described in Job xxxix. 5-8; a description which singularly applies to the wild Arab tribes, who are mostly descended from Ishmael.

The character of the true Arab is exactly, even now, as the angel described Ishmael's: "His hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him." The Arabs are a free, wandering, lawless, pastoral, plundering, town-hating race; dwelling in tents only, in the barren deserts; holding fast their wild independence as their most precious inheritance; and in dress, diet, and general manners, living just as Ishmael and his father Abraham lived. In the fulfilment of this prophetic passage, we have a remarkable proof of the Divine origin of the Scriptures.

Hagar called the angel who had spoken to her El Roi, the Visible God; for, she said, "Did I not here see him visible by me?" Wherefore the well was called Beer-lahdi-roi, the Well of the Living Visible One. It is plain from this, that the Angel of the Covenant was an actual presence—a person of Divine aspect, using Divine language.

Hagar obeyed him, and returned to Sarai. Her son Ishmael was born, the promised heir, it would seem, to all his father Abraham's greatness. Abram was then eighty-six years old.

From this time we hear no more of Ishmael until

he was a boy of thirteen. These years he must have passed in his father's house,—his position partly that of a slave, but more that of a beloved son and heir,—his own mother a poor bondwoman; but Sarai stood in the position of a mother of rank to him, for to her he legally belonged, and she evidently had fully adopted him according to her original intention.

But again the Lord, or His messenger, appeared to Abraham, and said: "I am the Almighty God; walk before me, and be thou perfect. And I will make my covenant between me and thee; and thou shalt be a father of many nations." This has been strictly fulfilled—the Arabians, Edomites, Midianites, Turks, Israelites, and all believers in all nations call Abraham, FATHER. The name Abram, God now changed to Abraham, which signifies *father of a great multitude*. He also changed Sarai's name to Sarah, or Princess. At this time, she was ninety years old, and Abraham ninety-nine; but the patriarchs lived and retained their natural powers to more advanced ages than are permitted to us.

Greatly, however, was Abraham surprised when the Lord spake to him thus of Sarah: "I will bless her, and give thee a son also of her: yea, I will bless her, and she shall be a mother of nations: kings of people shall be of her." But Abraham no longer desired this great change; he pathetically exclaimed—"O that Ishmael might live before Thee!" Ishmael was now the son of his love—the heir of his house. But God said: "Sarah, thy wife, shall bear thee a son, indeed, and thou shalt call his name Isaac"— meaning laughter, because Abraham laughed when the promise was made,—a promise that he deemed impossible. In this new son of his old age, God's everlasting covenant was to be established, and with his posterity after him. But God said also: "As for Ishmael, I have heard thee. Behold, I have blessed him, and will make him fruitful, and will multiply him exceedingly, and I will make him a great nation; but My covenant will I establish with Isaac."

And in the year following, this child of holy promise was born, the second of that great line in which all the nations of the earth were to be blessed. What rejoicings, what feastings, were now made for the new heir! Poor Ishmael was set aside wholly, at least in the public estimation; he had sunk suddenly from a position of exalted hope and expectancy to one of painful humiliation and uncertainty. Isaac had supplanted him—had taken away his splendid inheritance. Doubtless, Ishmael felt the change bitterly, for he was high-spirited, bold, and violent. We scarcely wonder to find him mocking Sarah, who had hitherto been so liberal and indulgent to him. Rash, unfortunate boy! Sarah was not of a temper to bear mocking: she said to Abraham, "Cast out this bondwoman, for the son of this bondwoman shall not be heir with my son, even with Isaac." This was very grievous in Abraham's sight, because of his son Ishmael, whom he tenderly loved.

But God said unto Abraham, "Let it not be grievous in thy sight, because of the lad, and because of thy bondwoman; in all that Sarah hath said unto thee hearken unto her voice, for in Isaac shall thy seed be called. And also of the son of the bondwoman will I make a nation, because he is thy son."

Abraham trusted God's word. He rose up early in the morning, and took bread and a bottle of water and gave it unto Hagar, putting it on her shoulder, and the child, and sent her away, probably intending her to return to her own land. However, she departed; and a painful, melancholy, indignant departure it must have been, sent away thus, poor, desolate, disappointed, and unprovided for, except with a little bread and water. Nothing can be imagined more affecting or more hopeless, apparently, than this situation of Ishmael and his mother, turned out from an abundant and wealthy home to wander in the wild waste of Beersheba—Ishmael cast down from almost a princely position, as Abraham's heir, to a depth of poverty, solitude, and misery almost inconceivable. *Cast out!*—Oh, what anguish and suffering were wrapped up in those two words!

But Ishmael's very name should have reminded Hagar that "God hears," even when the water was spent in the bottle, and unhappy Ishmael, her disinherited boy, lay dying of thirst and exhaustion under a few sheltering shrubs. "Let me not see the death of the child," she said, and sat down a good way from him, and lifted up her voice and wept.

Theirs was now a situation of horror indeed. The furnace heat of the sandy desert makes water of priceless value to all who journey on it. The thirst of the desert is an agony as great as any the human frame can suffer, and death quickly follows if that frightful thirst be not relieved.

Ishmael, although a youth, being less inured than the poor bondwoman, his mother, to the trials of the desert, began to fail sooner, and needed the assistance of her support. But when the usual symptoms came upon him—when his eyes became painfully inflamed, and his parched lips and tongue chapped and swollen—when his brain seemed to grow thick and inflamed, and he was deafened by the hollow sound in his ears,—he lay down to die.

But, oh! wronged and afflicted boy, God is at hand. "God heard the voice of the lad, and the angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven. What aileth thee, Hagar? Fear not, for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is. Arise, lift up the lad, and hold him in thine hand; for I will make him a great nation." And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water; and she went, and filled the bottle with water and gave the lad drink. And God was with the lad, and he grew, and dwelt in the wilderness, and became an archer. And he dwelt (though in no settled habitation) in the wilderness of Paran, and his mother took him a wife out of Egypt."

The wilderness or great desert of Paran lies external to Palestine, the ancient Canaan: it is the great desert-belt of Arabia; and here the descendants of Ishmael yet wander. Some learned authorities regard him also as the founder of the whole Mohammedan race.

In this brief view of the boyhood of Ishmael, let us especially note that God hears the young in distress; that He will be the friend of the friendless; that He watches over the poor and needy, and over those who are deserted by their natural guardians. They may suffer bitterly for a time, but let the heart rest in hope on God; He is near at hand for all who call upon Him. In the uttermost extremity of wretchedness, He can deliver. Let the name and story of Ishmael, then, not be lightly forgotten. Sorrow and wrong may be the portion of some who read this; but let them fear not,—God hears.

◆

FLOWERS AND MOONSHINE.*

An elegant little book of graceful fancy, pure feeling, and tender pathos. Some of the stories are too long drawn out, for brevity is the soul of story-telling, as of wit; but, on the whole, we safely recommend them for a dreamy hour. Young and old should sometimes come out of the working-day world, in which most of their lives must be spent, and repose in fairy-land. We are of opinion that our boys and girls will thank the author for the following:—

There was once a poor woman who lived not very far from a large town. This retreat was quiet and solitary; being removed from the main road, she saw nothing of the bustle, traffic, and thoroughfare that, like the slimy trail of the serpent, which giving but a faint indication of the thing it would fore-shadow, prepares one in some measure for what may be expected, should that congregate mass of life and matter, called a city, be reached. What she heard of its life, was as a hoarse *sigh*, giving warning she was in a world of *men*, without, however, disturbing her seclusion.

She had one child, a son, named Maurice, and with him, her only, greatest treasure, she lived peacefully on earth; but not in the *world*. With the inhabitants of the latter she had little in common, excepting her poverty. But, despite her poverty, she had ever a garment ready to clothe the needy, a garment that the poorest are not too poor to have in their power to give; while the richest, be they clad in costliest stuffs, for the want of this garment may often shiver—the garment of Love, Charity, Kindness, I mean. Undoubtedly Dorcas possessed such a garment. It is far warmer than even flannels and gowns, and what is better, it has at least one other good qualification, it never wears out; it is like the raiment of the children of Israel in the desert; if it be of the real good sort it rather increases in the excellence of its quality the more it is used; the down grows on it, it is such a living garment, this one of Love. St. Paul speaks of it also. But who wears it must beware of making holes in it; an unkind word or action will cause such a rend as can scarcely ever be mended; even an ungenerous thought will make a bare thin place the easier to be torn at some future time; and let us remember, that only our own unlovely words do such mischief.

This widow had once known prosperity, and might have again known it, could she have resolved to become untrue to her heart. But with the highest feeling of independence, she lived happily, unknowing and unknown. The produce of her garden, and some slender means of which she was still possessed, put her beyond actual want. And in that little garden, whose four walls seemed to shut out the strange world and enclose her own, the days of her child were spent. Much happened in this small space, that we hear nothing of in history, but which, nevertheless, had occasioned both pain and joy,—emotions more truly appreciated, because sneered at by the world.

Maurice's favourite spot in the garden was under one or other of two spreading trees which stood at a little distance opposite the house.

On the grass-plat below, looked up a few flowers, with their "children's eyes," and met the equally innocent gaze of Maurice, who watched over them with a tender love. They were his only play-fellows and companions. "You are known by the company you keep," says the old adage; and so might our little hero, whose heart was intimate with nature and delighted to rest on her breast. His feeble spark of life was being fanned to a noble flame, by the pure and noble breezes which played around him as he sat under his favourite trees, watching the leaves as they kindly nodded to each other. "They are surely conversing together," he thought, and his heart could understand their language. Sometimes sitting amongst the branches he would hear a sweet whispering going on about God, the stars, the sun, and pretty flowers that bloomed under their protection. Then the wind would rise and blow and rustle through the trees. It was delightful to see how lively they became, gesticulating with their long arms, and discoursing more loudly. They were obliged to raise their voices, else they could not have been heard when the wind was so rude and boisterous. Occasionally, however, when he was calm and gentle, he, too, would converse with Maurice, and tell him some of the thousand things he had seen in strange countries.

All the flowers Maurice loved very dearly. A sad spectacle it was to him whenever Autumn approached; for then the wind, no longer mild and invigorating, would come sweeping along, cruel and cutting. Maurice imagined something disagreeable had happened in his journey round the world, since homeward-bound as he is hastening, he pours his ill-humour on the innocent flowers. Well if it be all expended ere he arrives home. Touched by his unfriendly hand, those tender things will bow their heads, and although they willingly forgive him, they are so gentle and noble, yet they never recover, but sink into an early grave.

Such-like was the intercourse, and the extent of learning acquired by this dear child from his instructive companions; unless, perhaps, I may add some tales of the wonders of the great city, listened to at his mother's knee. That was the real and veritable Fairy-land to him. Often had he begged of his mother, in the earnestly pressing, but easily diverted way of a child, to carry him thither.

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* "A pretty and fanciful little work, by Dudu, with fairy illustrations, suitable for a dreaming child, who loves the little elves that dance by moonlight and who revels in fairy lore." Richardson Brothers, 23, Cornhill; Dean & Son, Ludgate Hill; and Menzies, Princes-street, Edinburgh.

It was a long day's labour to go there and return home, and his mother had always evaded his request, aware how little pleasure any such expedition could give to her Maurice, still so young. In his short life, she had seldom, and then only on most necessitous occasions, made this journey, always preferring to supply her few and pressing wants from a village lying at an equal distance with the town on the other side of her cottage. But at this time, the late spring of the year, one of those few and far between urgent occasions to visit the town presented itself, and now she did not feel sufficiently resolute to refuse either herself or her son the pleasure of his accompanying her thither; the more especially, as he could walk stoutly by her side, and had already performed almost a like feat in respect of distance. They might also hope for "a lift" from friendly possessors of conveyances townward bound, and the extreme beauty of the weather at this season formed another strong inducement.

The following early morn accordingly found them on their road; a most important one, considering this to be Maurice's first introduction to the *world*. He did not fear to become an active member, for, like a pure flake of snow, airy and light, whiling his childhood's hour on the playful winds, he slowly gravitated towards earth, touched its dark surface, and dissolved into a thing more airy than before. Ah! better thus than to lie till trodden into a blackened mass, or made perchance to swell the greedy triumph of some proud rushing conqueror, and in his train lashed on to the Ocean of Eternity.

Not disappointed in their hopes of getting "a lift," the mother and son arrived in the city. But, alas! the feeling of delight soon vanished. Almost deafened by the variety of sounds, and blinded by the dust, they sought in vain for a friendly face in the crowds that passed them, who might direct them on their way; the extensive improvements made within the last few years now quite bewildered the poor widow, and caused her to lose her path through the streets. How cold were the looks that met theirs! and did they at any time perceive a smile play over the face that seemed turned towards them, it was only the somewhat peculiar dress of the strangers that had excited ridicule.

In spite, however, of their unpleasant position, Maurice allowed his eyes to wander in confused amazement over the houses, shops, streets, and brilliant equipages, concerning all which his knowledge had merely been through a very imperfect description.

Weakness and heat at length overcame him, and he fell senseless to the ground.

On recovering, he found himself in a large confectioner's shop, his mother and a young lady hanging over him, waiting anxiously for signs of reanimation. The young lady was very beautiful, and her soft voice, expressive of affectionate solicitude, was the most charming music he had ever heard. She happened to be in the shop when Maurice was carried there, and, touched by his condition, she testified a hearty sympathy, and assisted in restoring him to consciousness. Observing him now quite recovered, she bade him, in the kindest manner, enjoy to his heart's content the enticing delicacies that surrounded him on every side—not forgetful of the poor widow either, in whose simple account of herself and her boy she had felt deeply interested. Nor did Maurice, now in full possession of his faculties, diminish the interest already inspired. In parting, the lady gave the promise of an early visit to their quiet retreat, and sent her servant to guide them safely through the intricate streets. And now, on their road home, how extended in comparison of the morning were the subjects of little Maurice's prattle! the principal one being his lovely protectress. While in the shop, he had scarce ever removed his eyes from her, in that simple love of the beautiful, so generally implanted in the hearts of children; and, his eyes no longer occupied, his tongue took up the tale, making ever and anon, it is true, swift excursions into other regions—regions of sweet cakes and strange faces, brilliant "red coats" and prancing horses, but sure of returning again to the refrain of his song, "the beautiful lady."

They reached home very weary, still not so weary as to prevent Maurice from running into the garden to bid his flowers "good night," and to promise them a recital of all he had seen on the morrow. One little flower stood there that had her eyes already fast closed, and his heart was sad to think that she should sleep in the open air, while he would be in his warm bed. He instantly decided to take her into the house with him, laid her gently on the pillow, and made her comfortable, as his mother did him.

His simple prayer offered up devoutly at his mother's knee as usual, he too betook himself to his little crib, and was soon sunk into sleep. But, fatigued and excited by the exertions and occurrences of the past day, his rest was uneasy, and towards morning he awoke, turning restlessly in his bed. He looked if the flower still slumbered, but he saw she had slipped from the pillow, quite out of sight—and, oh! what is the matter with her, dear little sister? Her eyes are fast closed still, and the colour, the beautiful colour of her cheeks, is fled.

"Perhaps she is pining for her companions," thought Maurice, and he hurried out into the garden with her, softly lifting the latch, that he might not disturb his mother; for he remembered how pale she appeared, when he kissed his "good night" on her trembling lip the previous evening.

[Want of space will not allow us to finish in this Number this interesting story. The conclusion will be given in our next.]

◆

THE HAPPY HOUR.

PUZZLES.

48. If I kiss you by mistake,
What war-weapen do I make?

49. Use me well, and I'm everybody;
Scratch my back, and I'm nobody.

50. What is that which is neither flesh nor bone, and yet has four fingers and a thumb?

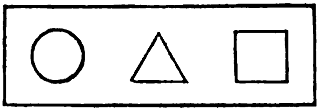
51.

stand take to taking.
I you throw my

ALBERT PATER.

52.

THE PUZZLE OF THE THREE HOLES.



Cut a piece of card-board about four inches long, the shape of the diagram, and make three holes in it as represented The puzzle is, to make one piece of wood pass through, and at the same time exactly fill each of the three holes.

CONUNDRUMS.

53. Why is the Prince of Wales like a dark cloud?
FORGET-ME NOT.

54. Why is Ireland likely to become the richest country in the world?
FORGET-ME-NOT.

CHARADES.

55.

My *first* is what a traitor is; my *second* is an article of dress; and my *whole* is a crime which some children are very guilty of.
LITTLE DORRITT.

56.

My *first* is to oscillate; my *second* is a weapon; my *whole* is the name of a celebrated English Poet.

57.

My *first* is the colour of a mouse; my *second* an article for the dressing table; my *whole* the name of a Liberal M.P.

58.

My *first* is an animal; my *second* is the place to cross a river; and my *whole* is a county town in England, and the seat of an University founded by King Alfred the Great.
LITTLE DORRITT.

ENIGMAS.

59.

When o'er the world my *first* begins his reign;
My *whole* its sweet melody also begins;
My *second* is the reverse of out;
My *third* is what sailors see with fear;
And my *whole* is the name of a sweet singing-bird.

60.

My *first* is allied to a kernal of wheat;
My *second* is a measure known to little and great;
And my *whole* is a bird. Its name pray repeat. BAKER.

61.

My *first* is a word which, to save you some trouble,
Means more than single—in fact it is double;
My *second*, when fairly placed to the view,
Relates not to me, although it does you;
And by my whole you will surely be met,
If you search with care through the alphabet. BAKER.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

62.

Complete I am a resting-place; beheaded I am the act of chewing and swallowing; curtailed I cover two thirds of the globe; and transposed I am the principal article of trade between England and China.
BRUTUS.

63.

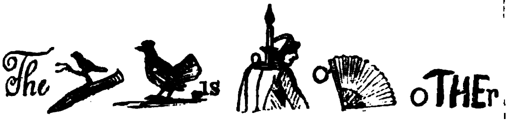
I am used by all who keep a shop;
Cut off my head, I'm brought to table;
I'm one of two, if my tail you crop;
Guess what I am if you are able.
Then cut off head and tail, and you
Will see what you would like to do. ALBINE.

64.

My *whole* is a matter of nought;
Behead me, to one I am bought;
Take off my tail as well as head,
On is all that may be read. ALBINE.

HIEROGLYPHIC PROVERB.

65.



C. W.

ALLITERATIVE POETRY.

WHEN a twister a twisting will twist him a twist,
For the twisting his twist he three times doth entwist;
But if one of the twists of the twist doth untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.

Untwisting the twine that untwisteth between,
He twines with his twister the two in a twine;
The twist having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisteth the twine he had twisted in twain.

The twine that in twisting before in the twine,
As twines were untwisted, he now doth entwine;
'Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more between,
He twisteth his twister, makes a twist of the twine.

MAGIC MUSIC.—One person leaves the room, and an article is hidden. He is to discover it by listening to music played by one who carefully regulates his *forte* and *piano* according to his nearest to, or distance from, the object.

◆

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ELIZA.—Those who have sent the most correct solutions will be entitled to the best prizes. None but those who answer all the propositions are placed in the first class. See notice in No. 1.

ANTONIO.—"Better late than never" is true, and it is also true, and a truth more worthy of acceptance, that it is better *never to be late*. By devoting more time to the "happy hour" you will, we are sure, acquit yourself more creditably.

MAGPIE.—We cannot judge of your charade until we receive the solution.

OUR YOUNG FRIENDS

Will please observe, that we have now printed

ONE MILLION PROSPECTUSES

for their distribution; and that, if they will kindly forward their names and addresses, a packet shall be immediately posted to them.

*** *Answers to the Puzzles, &c., in the "Happy Hour" will be given with the last No. in every month.*

Address to Editor at Printers', 23, Middle Street, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

GOD IN NATURE.

How blithe the fields and meadows look !
How bright the sun shines on them ;
There's not a corner or a nook,
But gladness is upon them.

The butterfly is sipping sweets
In lovely flowers that lay ;
And his repast when he completes,
He mounts and flies away.

The ants laboriously toil,
To lay up winter store ;
But cheerfully they tread the soil,
Till the day's work is o'er.

The roses are in fullest bloom,
Revealing all their charms ;
And sending forth a sweet perfume,
That all the air embalms.

Then, like the wingèd butterfly,
To higher realms than this,
When earthly cares are passèd by,
Aspire and mount to bliss.

" Hie to the ant, thou sluggard, hie,
Learn her ways and be wise ;"
Prepare against the time to die,
For mansions in the skies.

And like the rose that grows so fair,
In God's own beauty rise,
Shed virtue's perfume everywhere,
From earth unto the skies.

The works of nature emblems are,
Which if thou well discern,
Will teach thee lessons higher far
Than thou art wont to learn.

RICHARD.

◆

RESPIRATION OF MAN.—The atmosphere covers the surface of the earth, as an ocean, about fifty miles deep. A man's chest contains nearly two hundred cubic inches of air ; but in ordinary breathing he takes in at one time, and sends out again, about twenty cubic inches—the bulk of a full-sized orange ;—and he makes about fifteen inspirations in a minute. He vitiates, therefore, in a minute, about the sixth part of a cubic foot ; but which, mixing as it escapes with many times as much of the air around, renders unfit for respiration three or four cubic feet. The removal of this impure air, and the supply in its stead of fresh air, is accomplished thus : the air which issues from the chest, being heated to near the temperature of the living body, namely, 98 degrees, and being thereby dilated, is lighter, bulk for bulk, than the surrounding air at any ordinary temperature; it therefore rises in the atmosphere, to be diffused there, as oil set free under water rises ; in both cases a heavier fluid is, in fact, pushing up and taking the place of a lighter. In aid of this process come the greater motions in the atmosphere called winds, which mingle the whole, and favour agencies which maintain the general purity.—*Dr. Neil Arnott.*

◆

THE GIRL'S WORK-TABLE.

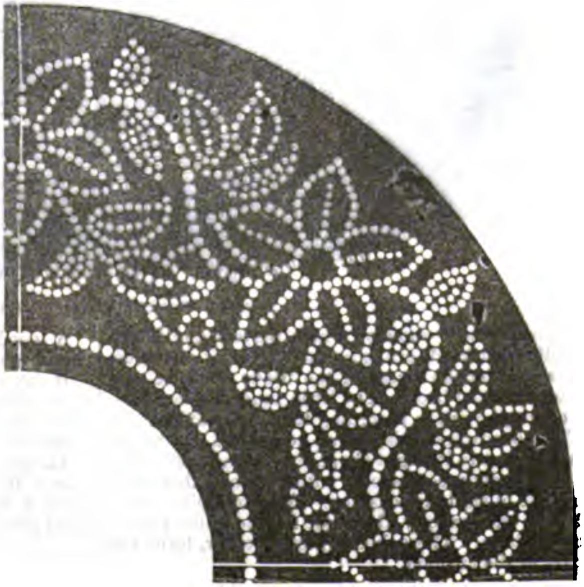
BY MADAME EUGENIE.

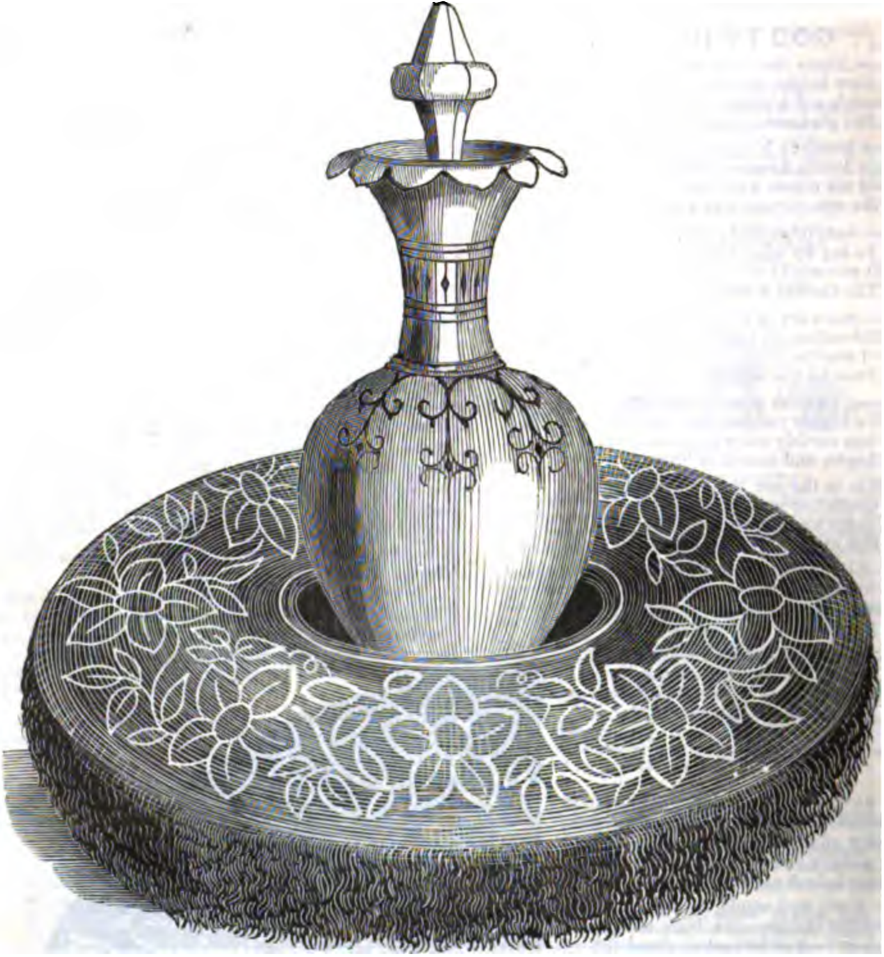
TOILET FLOWER-STAND PINCUSHION.

As a pretty pincushion is always both a useful and ornamental article on a toilet table, we this week offer our young lady readers one in crimson velvet and white beads, which we think they will find extremely well worthy of their attention.

The centre of the pincushion is cut out so as to form a place for a small scent jar or glass, to contain violets or other sweet-scented flowers. The cushions are sold ready prepared for their ornamental cover, as the shape is rather difficult to form and fill as neatly as it is desirable. We would also recommend that our design should be sent to a Berlin shop to transfer the pattern to the velvet, which removes every difficulty.

When this has been done, the pattern must be carefully filled up with small beads, according to the outline traced. Two kinds of white beads are required—the chalk-white and the clear white. Our





TOILET FLOWER-STAND PINCUSHION.

illustration will show on which parts of the design the different kinds are to be used. Great care must be taken that the thread of the beads shall be well fastened at the back. The little inner border must, of course, be put in according to the engraving.

The beadwork being thus completed, the velvet must be cut to its right shape, care being taken that it shall exactly correspond with the parts that form the case of the inner cushion. A second piece must also be cut exactly the same for the under part of the cushion. These being put together, form the cover of the cushion.

A good white fringe is now to be sewn on all round, and this pretty article will be completed.

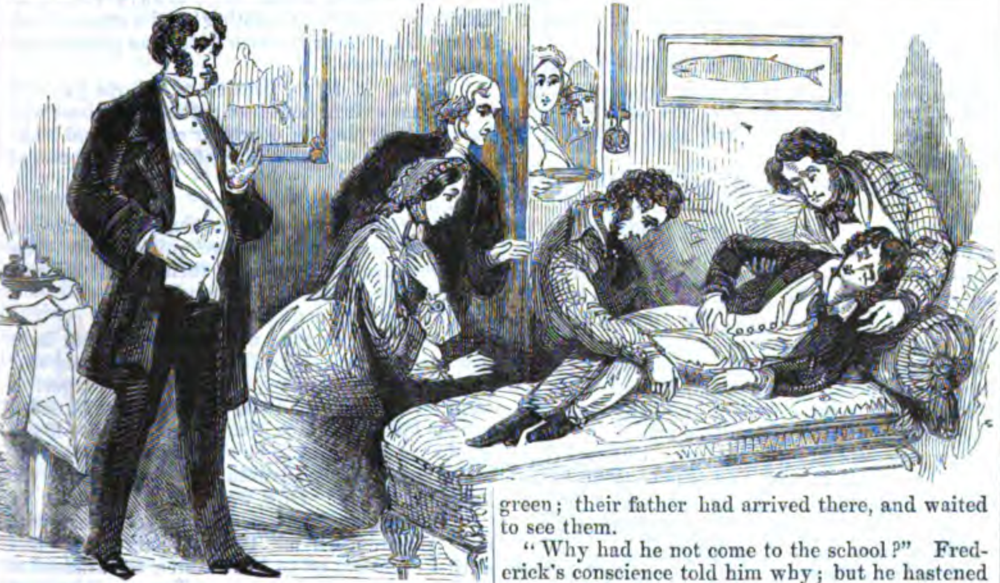
If any young lady should prefer steel beads to the white, they can be used in the same way, and they also look remarkably well; but in this case the fringe should be crimson—the colour of the velvet.

The pincushion may also be braided either in coloured braid upon a white ground, or gold braid upon a blue velvet, or any other colour to match toilet covers, &c., of the room.

◆

THE BOYS' & GIRLS' COMPANION FOR LEISURE HOURS

No. 12, Vol. I.] SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1857. [Price One Penny.



DON'T TELL;

OR, MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

BY MARY BENNETT.

CHAPTER XII.

THE next morning, Frederick still appearing to be unwell, the Curate sent his breakfast to his chamber; but it returned nearly untasted,—"his head ached."

Soon after, his sister came to him, and surprised him with the intelligence that they were sent for to the principal inn of the parish, adjoining the green; their father had arrived there, and waited to see them.

"Why had he not come to the school?" Frederick's conscience told him why; but he hastened to attend the summons.

The Curate had written again to Mr. Walton, at Manchester, after Frederick's intolerable behaviour at Mr. Beatson's house, where he exhibited so much bad feeling, through his pride and envy, and love of contradiction.

This time the letter went safely—the Curate took care of that; but Frederick's prior statements had prejudiced Mr. Walton's mind—and his was a mind very much given to prejudice, as every one's must be, who is too impatient for quiet scrutiny, and for balancing doubtful points.

He thought it very clear that his children had been placed too much on a level with the other scholars, whereas he considered that their large money expectations, and his own superior position in society, as a retired manufacturer, a gentleman of wealth and consequence, ought to have impressed upon preceptors of judgment the importance of exemption, in their case, from rigid school-laws.

So, on the whole, he determined to cut the matter short, by paying the Curate's bill, and fetching them home at once.

He resolved beforehand to listen to nothing more against them from the Curate;—to do so would be only humiliating, and unpleasant, and troublesome. Therefore, when he arrived in the neighbourhood of the school, he put up at the best inn he could find, and sent for his children to come to him.

Margaret soon appeared, in the charge of Winnifred, to whom Mr. Walton merely gave a slight nod of recognition. He met his daughter with some warmth of affection, and some irritation of temper.

"So, Margaret, I am obliged to come on purpose to take you and your brother back. I have had no little trouble about your education, and I expect it will end that you will get no education at all. Fred. writes me a very sad account of the school. He says the masters are vulgar and tyrannical; he has to submit to many indignities; the governesses are careless, and ignorant, and unkind, except to especial favourites, in which class you are not included. He considers it impossible for either of you to improve here; and says you have been very unhappy. Is all this true?"

Margaret looked up in his face. She read there boundless trust in her and Fred. She looked down. She looked at Winny, who spoke for her:

"Miss Walton is afraid of her governess, sir."

"Perhaps so. Where is my son?"

Fred. had hung back a little by the door, uneasy in his mind. He now came boldly forward.

Mr. Walton shook hands with him very heartily, and they sat down together, Margaret standing close to her father, embraced by his arm.

"You look pale, my boy."

"I dare say I do. I have had a disagreeable adventure."

"What was that?"

"The page at our school has been shamefully ill-treated by his father, through the Curate, who made a disturbance at their cottage because Tom gave me a letter to post for you, which the Curate had written, and which I took the liberty to open."

"Very wrong of you."

"I acknowledge it; but I knew that it was filled with false complaints of myself and sister, and I did not like you to be disturbed by such stories of us. I knew you would forgive me for it, when I explained."

"I don't know. I have a great mind to be very angry. I am afraid you have not been behaving well."

"They will tell you so, I dare say, if you will listen to them; but I hope you will not. There have been a lot of tell-tales there; and I have not been one of the Curate's favourites—the reason is, I never thought it worth while to stoop to any of them. *Your* son had no need to do so."

"That's right, Fred., boy; always hold your head high," laughed the father; and a strong, loud, hearty laugh he had, which Fred. was glad enough to hear just now.

"I mean to do so, papa; and I hope you will believe me as to my conduct, rather than those who have been trying to domineer over us, and make us scapegoats to bear all the offenses of the rest of the school."

"I ought to hear both sides."

"But you will not mention that I wrote to you about the school until I have quite left it. You must promise me that—and then I will tell you something else that I have done."

"Well, well, I will not."

"I ran away, papa; and you would not have seen me here now, only I lost the money you sent me. I could not endure the school any longer. I went away with poor Tom, the page, and intended to take him with me to Manchester, and see if you would not have him to be our page at home."

"A very pretty adventure, indeed! And you lost your money! How was that?"

"Through a gipsy boy, who played tricks with me. He promised me I should lodge in his tent until I could get off to Manchester, and instead of taking me to it, he led me and Tom to all sorts of dismal places in the midst of the storm, frightening us terribly, and at last I found my purse gone with all the money; and when that was gone, the gipsy went too, and I saw no more of him."

Mr. Walton burst into a very loud laugh, which was repeated again and again.

"Well done, Fred.! Would'nt you like to run away again?"

"Not exactly. I shall not soon forget that night."

"And so you came back—eh? How you must have looked when you marched into the school."

Again Mr. Walton laughed, and could hardly cease.

"What did they say to you?" Another laugh. "You expected a flogging—eh?"

"They never dared to flog *me*," said Fred. with excited dignity. "I should think not."

"Faith! you deserved it, though. What *did* they say?"

"I have not seen the Curate. He sent out orders for me to go to my room, and change my dress. I was wet to the skin in the storm, very dirty, and my clothes torn with scrambling through the underwood."

"And what became of your companion?"

"He went home. The gipsy told him his mother had died that same night. She was a kind mother, and it will be a heavy blow for Tom."

"Well, if you like to take him to Manchester, and think he will behave well, you can. He will be useful in some way, I have no doubt."

Frederick thanked his father, and went directly to fetch the page to speak with Mr. Walton.

The Curate and Miss Everitt were then announced.

They had never before seen Mr. Walton. What they knew of him was learned only from correspondence. They saw a full, stout gentleman, who spoke in a particularly loud voice, with a cold, haughty, and impatient manner. He was a person of great consequence, and expected to be treated so, that was very plain.

Frederick's falsehoods had also taken such strong possession of his mind, that he was now colder, haughtier, and more impatient than usual.

He greeted his children's instructors—good and careful instructors they had been—with a distant bow, requested them to be seated, and then briefly informed them that he had journeyed from Manchester expressly to take his children back, and would be obliged to the Curate for his trifling bill, receipted.

At the same time he rang the bell for pen, ink, and paper.

"When do you wish them to go?" asked the Curate.

"Immediately!" answered Mr. Walton, in a very peremptory manner.

"I hope, sir," said the Curate, rising, "you are satisfied that I and Miss Everitt have discharged our duties to your son and daughter conscientiously, and that we have carefully sought their improvement since you entrusted them to our care?"

"We will not enter into that now," said Mr. Walton, looking at his watch impatiently, which he meant as a hint to them that they were not to take up his time.

"I very deeply regret," continued the Curate, "that we have not succeeded with your children as we could have wished. But Frederick's conduct——"

"I must trouble you, sir, for your bill and receipt," said Mr. Walton, haughtily, his purse in his hand.

The Curate took the writing materials from the waiter, wrote his bill and receipt, and the money was instantly paid, with a sovereign over for the domestics, which Mr. Walton insisted upon having divided among them.

"How soon, pray, can my children be ready?" he asked, "as I wait entirely for them."

This was asked of Miss Everitt, to whom Mr. Walton had not previously deigned to address a word.

Her reply was prevented by a sudden tumult outside, and the name of "Mr. Walton" several times loudly repeated.

Mr. Walton quickly opened the door, and saw his son in a half senseless condition brought into the inn passage by two men.

"This way!" cried Mr. Walton; "bring him in here—what is the matter?"

They placed Frederick on the couch in the room, and said that they saw him taken suddenly ill in the lane: he leaned against the hedge, and then fell to the ground; when they raised him, he told them to take him to the Clarence Inn, to his father.

Mr. Walton put money in the men's hands, and sent one of them, at the Curate's suggestion, for Mr. Meredith, surgeon and physician in ordinary to the whole parish, though only professionally entitled to the appellation of "surgeon."

It was evident to the most casual glance that Frederick was seriously ill. Besides being sick and giddy, his cheeks, head, and hands, were burning hot, even while he shivered violently. His eyes were bloodshot and excited, and an expression of intense anxiety was diffused over his whole countenance.

"What ails you, my boy?" inquired Mr. Walton.

Fred. could not answer. Every moment he grew visibly worse.

Mr. Walton had always shunned the sight or hearing of illness, of which he had known nothing in his own experience, and very little in his family. He was utterly at a loss in any of the emergencies of the human frame. He could only stand helpless now, his purse in his hand, sending messenger after messenger to hurry the surgeon.

But the Curate and his daughter had made it a part of their regular duties to do good to the sick and helpless; they lost not a moment in doing all they could for Frederick, quite regardless of the evil return made them for their good instructions to him and his sister; they opened his shirt collar, bathed his head and face with vinegar and water, placed him in an easy position in a fresh current of air from the window, made him take a dose of simple medicine, and so earnestly enforced *quiet* on the part of all about, that Mr. Walton himself retreated to another room, conscious that his excited demeanour must have a bad effect on his son.

Mr. Meredith, a plain useful doctor or surgeon, of large experience, but little pretensions, hurried in; and immediately on looking at his patient, and inspecting his skin, on which spots appeared, he inquired where the boy had been lately, and in what company, as he was infected with the very worst kind of typhus fever, such as sometimes arises amongst the lowest poor, who live, in all respects, in the worst possible manner.

Frederick had caught this terrible fever in the house where he slept; for on the same bed of hay and straw that he and the other boys slept on, a gipsy, "Black Will," had very recently died of this fever.

(To be continued.)

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TRADES AND PROFESSIONS.

THE CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST.

"MAN must live by the sweat of his brow"—a divine law, which the boy of twelve or fourteen should begin practically to understand. His choice should now be made of the trade or profession for which he is by nature and education best fitted. "Sweet is the destiny of trades." God made all men for work. Determine, when you have chosen your employment, to adhere to it, and to respect it. Honour your work, and your work will honour you. Resolve to learn it thoroughly; to master its difficulties; to make the most of its opportunities; and to rise by it, if you can, to an independent and superior position in the social scale.

To guide you to choose wisely at this most important epoch of your life, we purpose giving you some information concerning the leading trades and professions, and commence with what might be styled the professional trade of the CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, who is nothing more nor less than a shopkeeper who retails drugs and chemicals to the public, which he buys from the Manufacturing Chemist. You must, in the first instance, clearly distinguish between these two pursuits, which are widely different. If you seek to engage in chemical processes, and to learn the scientific principles of chemistry, you must be apprenticed to a Manufacturing Chemist; and if you limit your ambition to the dispensing of drugs and chemicals, and the mechanical preparation of them for retailing in small quantities over the counter, you must go to the ordinary Chemist and Druggist.

Little mental ability will be required for the latter trade: the qualities most requisite are, cleanliness, neatness, order, delicacy of hand, a gentlemanly demeanour, and quiet attention. No school-Latin is requisite, for the Latin used in prescriptions is very different from that, and will be learnt with ease after a few weeks of your apprenticeship.

You commence the business of a Chemist with the use of the *pestle* and *mortar*, for the pulverization of substances. This requires much patience and perseverance. It is not so easy as it appears, to be able to grind with celerity and success, to use the pestle in that peculiar manner, and at that precise point of the curve of the mortar, which will ensure both.

There is nothing injurious to health in the employments of a Druggist, provided moderate care be taken during the preparation of deleterious drugs, not to inhale them—this should be carefully avoided.

The largest mortar in a druggist's shop or warehouse is made commonly of cast iron, and fitted with a close cover containing a hole to admit the pestle. But many substances are pounded, which are of so penetrating and acrid a nature, that the operator is obliged to cover his mouth and nostrils with a wet cloth, and to stand with a current of air blowing at his back, so as to carry off the particles which may escape.

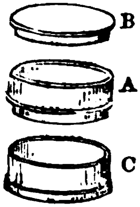

Fig. 2.

The *sifting* of poisonous or very subtle materials is managed in a close sieve. Fig. 2 shows one of these.

The centre, A, is a single sieve, an article much in use in a druggist's shop; it is made of different degrees of fineness, and of wire, hair, gauze, or perforated parchment, or muslin. B is a cover or lid, covered with leather, and fitting into A. C is a receiver, closed at the bottom, and receiving at its mouth the lower part of A. When these three parts are connected, the finest powder may be sifted without any annoyance to the operator:

Beside using the pestle and mortar, you will have to learn and practice something also of the process of solution, infusion, decoction, maceration, filtration, &c.; or the reduction of solids in whole or part into liquids; and a few other very chemical processes, which, however, rather belong to the mechanical parts of chemistry than to its science; and most that you will have to do in this way, as well as the making up of prescriptions, belongs to the later years of your apprenticeship.

But, from the commencement, you will have to attend to the making of pills by means of a pill-roller, the preparation of ointments, and the spreading of plasters.

Plasters resemble ointments in their form and mode of application, but they are of a more solid consistency than ointment. They are certain medicinal substances spread upon linen, cotton, leather, paper, &c. Plasters are often formed of a neat shape upon leather, &c. by an ingenious contrivance, which may be briefly described. Suppose a litharge plaster, the *emplastrum plumbi* of the Pharmacopœia, commonly called *diachylon*, were wanted of the form of a heart. A piece of paper is folded, and first cut in the form *a* fig 3. It is then cut out as shown in *b*, which when opened appears of the form *c*; a piece of leather is then cut according to the external outline of *c*, and placed down flat, with the paper upon it; a stick of diachylon is then taken, and a clean hot iron (called a plaster iron or a spreading iron) is rubbed against one end of the diachylon stick, which causes it to melt and fall down upon a piece of paper, and from thence to the leather. When a sufficient quantity is thus collected, the iron distributes the plaster over the exposed portion of the leather, the edge of which is protected from the diachylon by the paper; when the diachylon is equally spread, and has become cold, the paper is taken off, thus leaving a plaster of the form *c*, in which the diachylon is spread within *p*, and is surrounded by a margin of clean leather. The object of this margin is to prevent the matter of the plaster, should it melt by the heat of the body, from flowing out and soiling the dress.

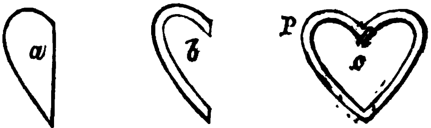

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4, represents one form of the spreading iron, with its wooden handle.

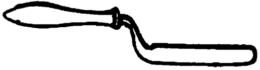

Fig. 4.

A great proportion of your time will be taken up with weighing out, and preparing ready for sale, the articles in common demand.

The cleansing of bottles, glasses, and other vessels, is, of course, the duty of the apprentice; as well as the daily dusting and nice arrangement of all the various articles sold in the shop.

A druggist's apprentice must be "neat-handed" as Milton's Phillis; and if he has the advantage of possessing an elegant taste, so much the better, for a well-furnished druggist's shop is susceptible of a high degree of polish and display, inviting customers, and reflecting lustre on the artistic dispenser.

The term of apprenticeship may be five or seven years. At the close, supposing that you do not go into business for yourself, there is always a demand for young men as assistants and dispensers. Perhaps in no trade is there less difficulty experienced in obtaining situations,—or we should say, *in-door* situations, for *out-door* assistants are not much in request. The salaries, combined with board and lodging, are very fairly remunerative, and the young man generally enjoys the privilege of a genteel and comfortable home, in which he meets educated and accomplished society. For these reasons we highly recommend this business to the sons of professional men, and to the upper middle classes generally.

The sale of drugs yields large profit, independently of medical practice, which should never be joined with it, unless the party professing it be properly qualified. Druggists are sometimes members of the Apothecaries' Company. If apprenticed to an Apothecary for five years, you may acquire some knowledge as a medical practitioner, and afterwards begin business as a licensed Apothecary, who combines the business of a chemist and druggist, with the treatment of common ailments and diseases, giving his advice free and deriving his profits from the medicines which he sells.

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THE LIFE OF A DOG.*

This is just a book that boys *must* welcome—and girls, too—for which of them are not interested in the Life of a Dog? It is a subject suggestive of infinite variety and amusement. The comic and noble qualities of dogs are sufficient for any number of books—produced by writers like Thomas Miller. The volume before us has the right humour for it, with much sly sarcasm on the race which is vulgarly supposed to be superior to the canine. Some of our own family have laughed heartily over the adventures of the hero; and we are not sure but that tears may have fallen over his sorrowful experiences. We should rejoice to see realised, in all in whom we take interest, feelings such as animated this honest dog, who is an example of many virtues, and especially of

True Independence.

"I was not happy with the poor lame boy, although I was greatly attached to him; other dogs less conscientious might have been; but when I found him pinching himself to feed me, giving me the very bit out of his mouth when he needed it himself, I felt that I ought not to stay with him, but look about to do something for my own living. So I left him with a feeling of grief and pity, though I would have given him my very tail if I could have served him by doing so, for in my experience I have ever found the most kindness from those who had the least to give; it may be that the poor have

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* *The Life and Adventures of a Dog.* By Thomas Miller. London: Dean and Son, Ludgate Hill.

WATER FOR DOGS.

fewer things to love than the rich, or that they have a fellow-feeling with everything that suffers; that having to endure a great many privations, they can—— 'Bow, wow, wow!' I must not give way to my feelings; there, I've wiped my eyes with my paw, for what can I do for the poor but pity and love them, when I am only a dog?"

Dog Gratitude.

"Some think dogs have no gratitude—but they have, although they seldom make any display of it. Many a dog have I known keep watch all night over the house at the Fleet Street entrance of Clifford's Inn, though the kind dog-loving soul, who every day puts out tubs with 'Water for Dogs' written up over them, never knew that he had such faithful and grateful guardians outside. No one ever heard of that house being robbed, nor ever will, while a dog is left alive that has the power to bark; nay, I have known a dozen of us meet together there in the moonlight, and get up a serenade, to show how much we loved this good water-giving Samaritan.

"It's true enough, we didn't meet with much applause from the neighbours, who threw up their windows, and ordered the police to disperse us, but if they had no ear for music, the fault was their own; everybody cannot be dogs, however much they may try—more's the pity! As for myself, I have run a full mile before now, without stopping, to get out of the noise of what mankind call singing"

The Devoted Terrier.

"I thought, during my wanderings with the sailor and waggoner, that I should not much like to be a country dog, as some of their occupations must be very wearisome. I spoke to one poor terrier who was keeping guard over an old horse that was feeding in a lane, and asked him if they brought his dinner? He told me that he neither got bite nor sup from morning till night; that before he started off to tend the horse, they gave him a bone, or a few bits of the rind of bacon, sometimes a crust, but very seldom; that all he had beside was a drink at the road-side brook; and that he seldom or never had a dog to come and see him. I advised him to cut it, and leave the old horse to go where it liked, that it would be sure to be found in the pinfold at last, and there it would be out of harm's way. But he only shook his head, and said he was attached to the old horse; that he had been with it ever since he was a puppy, and slept in the same stable with it. I told him that leading such a life was like burying himself alive; he admitted it was; said he might pack up his traps, perhaps, and be off some fine day; and having told him my name, and where he could inquire for me, if ever he came to London, we rubbed noses, and I left him to resume his sleep on the green bank."

Ere we conclude, we must observe on another fine quality which animates the race, and that is, they "never fawn on any that they love not."

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WILD ANIMALS IN THEIR HAUNTS.

THE WILD BOAR.

The wild boar of Africa is here seen defending its young ones against the hunter's savage dogs. Fierce, cunning, and dangerous, as the wild wood swine—the *vildé varkins* of the Dutch colonists—of South Africa are, they are not wanting in strong natural affection, and will defend their offspring to the last breath.

It is related by a hunter—"This day I pursued several young pigs with a sow, to shoot one of them; but in vain. On a sudden, the heads of the old ones, which before were of a tolerable size, seemed to have grown still larger and more shapeless than they previously were—which momentary and wonderful change astonished me so much the more, as my hard riding over a country full of bushes and pits had hitherto prevented me from giving sufficient attention to the manner in which it was brought about. The secret, however, consisted in this: each of the old ones, while they were making off, took a pig in his mouth—a circumstance which also explained to me another subject of my surprise, viz., that all the pigs which I was just before chasing along with the old ones had disappeared."

The Wild Boar is in length about five feet, and the curled tail measures some eleven inches. It is covered with horrid looking bristles, and has two pairs of tusks, truly deadly weapons; the upper tusks project from the jaw about eight inches, the lower three inches.

The natives, it is said, would rather attack a lion in the plain than a wild boar; for this, though much smaller, comes rushing on a man as swift as an arrow, and throwing him down, snaps his legs in two, and rips him up before he can get to strike it and kill it with his javelin. The dwelling-place of this formidable beast is always underground, and it lies with its head to the entrance of the cave, ready to rush forth and attack all foes.

When suddenly surprised by the hunter, or brought to bay after a run, it charges headlong upon its foe, striking with its sharp tusks.

Its favourite feeding times are, early in the morning and late at night, when most of the wild animals of the woods and deserts roam abroad. The Cape colonists eat its flesh, as do the Bechuanas and some other African tribes, but the Kaffirs regard it as unclean.

The use of fire-arms against them has had a most decisive effect on the *vildé varkins*, in diminishing their numbers; on the borders of civilized places they are now so scarce, that Gordon Cumming, the great hunter, although he speaks of a River of Boars, yet mentions but one instance in which he met with the wild African Boar, whose range of territory has been—

"Where the stupendous mountains of the moon
Cast their broad shadows o'er the realms of noon;
From wide Kaffraria, where the giraffes browse,

With stately heads, among the forest boughs,
To Atlas, where Numidian lions glow
With torrid fires beneath eternal snow:
From Nubian hills, that hail the dawning day,
To Guinea's coast, where evening fades away,—
Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown,
Bask in the splendour of the solar zone,—
A world of wonders, where creation seems
No more the work of Nature, but her dreams:
Great, wild, and beautiful, beyond control,
She reigns in all the beauty of her soul,
Where none can check her bounty when she showers
O'er the gay wilderness her fruits and flowers."

In some parts of Persia, wild hogs are very abundant, and do a great deal of damage to the corn and cotton fields, which are never enclosed. The peasants, therefore, destroy them whenever they can find them; but never think of eating their flesh, the Persians being mostly Mohammedans, and persons of that faith would think themselves defiled if they tasted its flesh. To hunt the wild swine is an important undertaking in Persia; so many as twenty have been killed at one hunting, and their bodies left to the wild beasts, or to dogs. But when any European families are in the neighbourhood, it is the custom to make them presents of the game, for which, however, the receivers are expected to pay the servants who bring it; and etiquette seldom permits the European to decline these expensive gifts. Some gentlemen, indeed, complain very bitterly of the price which their Mohammedan friends make them pay for their pork. The Persians have no idea that hogs may be tamed. There is, however, a decided difference of appearance, though it is not very great between wild and tame hogs.

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FLOWERS AND MOONSHINE.

(Concluded from page 129.)

When in the open air, by the soft clear light, he perceives that the floweret is dead! His tears now flow fast, and one falls on the faded flower. All the brothers and sisters weep too, for in their eyes stand large clear drops, like diamonds. But while the poor faded flower lay on the ground, one sister in particular bent her head, and shed her tear over her prostrate companion. At this instant, a gentle rain also began to fall, testifying the sympathy of heavenly beings with the mourners in this little garden.—"The angels even are weeping," said Maurice.—A heaven-born tear fell on the flower—then she did not lie there long motionless, and with bowed down head. No! she stood upright immediately, and opened those eyes, that so shortly before had been closed in death.

Gradually, she seemed to lose the form of a flower, and a lovely face beamed where the corolla formerly had shone.

On her head was a crown, covered with jewels. In the centre sparkled three diamonds, the middle one of which completely outshone the other two.

It looked like the sun in heaven. This sweet person beckoned Maurice to approach, who, half afraid, half shy, stood there scarce believing the witness of his eyes. But speedily he regained a degree of confidence, and went forward to learn that he had much to see that night! And hearing a slight rustling noise, he looked round to discover the cause of it. Lo! he beholds at once, on right and left, before and behind him, dancing, thousands of the prettiest and the most tiny creatures. His beloved flowers he saw no more. Where they stood was the greenest of mossy spots; and there, hand in hand, forming a large circle, fairies wheeled and skimmed, and lightly skipped along, evincing every disposition to spend a merry night. Their voices were as the sweetness of a moonlight scene. Softly they laugh, and sport, and do not cease whispering and gossipping all the scandal of fairy-land.

Maurice never lost sight of the queen, so she with the diamonds seemed to be, and appeared to him to resemble the beautiful young lady he had seen on the former day; and the longer he looked, the more striking grew the likeness. Her noble figure and elegant motions fascinated him—he longed to tell her so, but felt himself riveted to the spot, unable to speak.

The games being ended, the queen took our little hero by the hand, and led him, followed by the others, who had paired and grouped themselves to please their own fancy, towards a door in the centre of the garden-wall on the right hand, which had never before been observed by Maurice. It opened of itself on their approach; and here a scene of enchantment was presented to the boy! He had never seen, nor heard, of other flowers than such as grew in his mother's garden; and, lo! here, luxuriating on a boundless plain, he beheld the most exquisite of every tropic collected together, the very galaxy of beauty! By a touch of her wand, the queen caused all to become animated. Their brilliant habiliments, sky-blue, grass-green, fire-red, golden-yellow, royal-purple, formed a resplendent rainbow; and dancing, skipping, springing, leaping, consisted their joyous employments. Very happy they appeared; their garments fluttered in the sunbeams (for the sun always shone there), and gave an undescribable charm to the whole spectacle.

Maurice stood breathless, transfixed with surprise and delight. His eyes could not be satisfied with seeing, nor his ears with hearing the sweet musical sounds that reached him. Immediately the fairies, in a circle, collected round him; for, standing there in his little night-dress, he was as strange a sight to them, as they were to him; and, before long, those gay, tiny creatures took courage to come quite near. Some became so bold as to settle on his head, determined to see what sort of product of nature his hair might be; others peeped into his eyes, using them as mirrors; a third party, thinking his nose was a mountain, commenced an ascent, without either guide or instructions—a few reached the highest ridge of the nasal projection, and there they stood looking out for a view. A fourth party stationed themselves on the chin, and, rising on their tiptoes, peeped cautiously over the lips into the great abyss of his mouth, the secrets of which they found themselves utterly incapable to fathom;—others, again, stood at a respectful distance, listening with awe to the experiences of their more adventurous companions till they almost believed they were their own.

To be explored and expounded as an unknown country, not being so very amusing to Maurice as to his little friends, he was growing tired, and upon a sign from his conductress, they were all off in a moment, playing at hop, skip, and jump, in the sunbeams. Then the Queen, pointing with her wand to a large and beautiful building, that stood in the middle of the plain, proceeded thither, accompanied by Maurice and her train. They entered a spacious marble hall; its coolness was most grateful to Maurice, who felt as if he had previously been all the while in a burning atmosphere. Every thing that he had seen the day before in the great city, he found again here, only much more charming. His lovely friend invited him to examine every thing most minutely, and gave him liberty to satisfy his curiosity as pleased him best. But nothing attracted him as much as the little fairies—thousands of whom were swarming about, jumping up and down from the large cakes, and pelting one another with sweetmeats. Long he looked, ever quite delighted with their pranks and amusing tricks. His guide now urging him to partake of the superabundant luxuries he saw before him, he was about to stretch out his hand, when suddenly a scream resounded from the further end of the hall.

The Queen, with Maurice at her side, hastened to learn the cause of the painful cry. They ascertained that, in contest with his companion, one of the royal subjects had fallen from a high cake and bruised his head considerably. His noble, kind mistress examined the injury, which had indeed almost proved fatal; then stepping quickly to a mother-of-pearl cabinet, she took out of it a golden box, which flew open at the touch of a diamond key that was suspended from her neck by a chain of pearls, and discovered an exquisitely bejewelled flask, having a very small figure on either side of the stopper armed with drawn swords.

To Maurice's question as to what this flask contained, the Queen replied, "The tears which are shed on earth, but those only which no unholy passion or sinful feeling has bid flow—such pure human tears are of great value, more costly than gold, and pearls, and diamonds, and possess the inestimable virtue of healing all wounds, whether of body or mind. With them I am going to soothe and comfort my subject." Saying this, the fairy Queen signed to the two sentinels, who drew back.

She withdrew the stopper with her own hand, and was preparing to pour the balsam upon the bruise, when the centre diamond of her crown dropped into the flask—the two figures remounted guard instantly to protect the precious contents. A darkness fell over the hall, and a confused humming sound reechoed through it. Maurice was sensible of a perplexing feeling weighing him down; but he was startled from it by hearing a voice calling him. Turning in the direction from whence it seemed to proceed, he saw his mother hurrying along the garden walk towards him.

The morning sun had just issued from his eastern chamber, and had cast his first warm rays on poor little Maurice, who, lying shivering in the cold dew, awoke to find himself in his own garden again, and where every thing appeared the same as usual,—the faded flower even lay beside him. He gasped and shuddered!

Full of care and trouble, the poor mother raised her one darling child from the ground, carried him into the house, and placed him gently in his bed.

Much and often did he relate, both sleeping and waking, of all he had seen that night. But the mother bent sadly over the boy, and her tears fell on him. The dear little fellow smiled, and said they would be treasured in the splendid flask, for they were precious.

After many anxious days, Maurice recovered sufficiently to bear his mother to carry him into the garden, while the sun shone, and where he would always visit his favourite tree under which he had particularly requested his mother to bury his beloved flower. Where it was lying a flower grew, a bud that promised to bloom in a few days, and he loved to sit and watch it.

He thought it might haply be his own flower come back. Vain hope! Two days after, it bloomed—but to be placed on the still heart of the sweet child, and to be watered by many a holy tear of maternal love.

He was laid where his beloved sister had been buried; and every year many beautiful flowers were seen to cover the grave.

Men say that in the early morn, before the sun has risen, and while tears are still standing in the eyes of those flowers on this grave, may be seen a lovely figure, like unto a queen, who comes to gather the precious drops into a bejewelled flask—but I cannot vouch for the truth of this.

◆

King Alfred the Great.—He never allowed his children to waste time in an idle or unprofitable manner. Besides their usual studies, which were frequent and regular, "they carefully learned the Psalms, and were continually in the habit of reading books." They loved their father dearly, and by trying to please him, became clever and studious.

THE HAPPY HOUR.

66.

"Tell us a story, sister dear,
We all are tired with play;
A fairy tale pray let us hear,
On this our holiday."
And sister, who likes well to please
These children when she can,
Took up the smallest on her knees,
And thus her tale began:—

I.

A hum through Fairy-land was heard,
The fairy-king has spoken;
Each fairy mark'd his lightest word,
His law must not be broken.

II.

"Fairies," he said, "I've been on earth,
To view the competition,
Held there by men of mortal birth,
At the Great Exhibition.

III.

"'Tis now my will, in Fairy-land,
Their labours to outdo;
So call my slaves at my command,
And bid them labour too:

IV.

"And let them make—'tis all I ask—
A dwelling place for me:
And he who best fulfils this task,
Shall well rewarded be."

V.

Masons and miners came with haste,
And carpenters came too;
Upholsterers arrived as fast;
Carders, a busy crew.

VI.

Some set at once to bore the ground,
Some built with sand and stone;
Some making bricks of clay were found;
In wood some work'd alone.

VII.

Some seized a soft material,
Which, having carded well,
They wove into a kind of ball,
Wherein the king might dwell.

VIII.

Some built a dwelling-place, to swing
Beneath a branch on high;
Its walls were paper;—but the king
Pass'd, quite disdainful, by.

IX.

Some their suspended dwelling made
Of smoothest, whitest card;
The king went quickly on, and said—
"This wins not our reward."

X.

With circles green one form'd a dome,
Stored it with crimson meet,
And thus prepared a curious home
Most wonderful and neat.

XI.

One, of her dwelling smoothed the wall,
And polish'd it with care;
Then hung it round, as for a ball,
With tapestry rich and rare.

XII.

Her tapestry, smooth and scarlet bright,
Astonished all the rest;
They thought the sentence just and right,
Which said she was the best.

'Twas for no fairy-king, some say,
These labourers work'd so hard,
With stone or wood, with sand or clay,
With paper or with card;

But this I know, when sought with care,
Above or underground,
Or high suspended in the air,
Their work may still be found.

Go seek them, dearest children all;
Forget not, as ye gaze,
Who made and taught these workers small,—
To Him give all the praise. T. B.

PUZZLES.

67.

Captain **BBBB** sent his **CCCC** to the **DD**

68.

St. Mary's ry, Southwark, June 10, 1857.

Dear Sir,

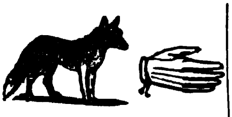
You (I must say) me, I am not passing, standing as far as my permits me, MY OPINION YOUR LETTER in the "Boys' & Girls' Companion." It is e e v x e c r e y r l e l s e p n e t o t. The named Journal 0 2 have a c i r c u l a t i o n all this country.

Your humble Servant,

Ē.

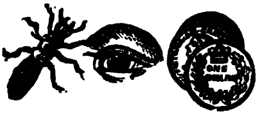
HIEROGLYPHICS.

69.



: The name of a flower.

70.



The name of a metal.

CONUNDRUMS

71. Why may we consider the Queen the poorest lady in England?

72. What is that which never any man did yet see; what never was; but always is to be?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Annie G.—Your kindness in recommending our Companion to your friends, has our best thanks, and we trust they will derive as much amusement and instruction from the study of it, as we are pleased to find you have.

Julius Cæsar.—Received with thanks.

Jessie.—Thanks for your contributions to our "Happy Hour;" permit us to compliment you on your handwriting.

Josephine.—Your high commendation is flattering to us, and we only regret we cannot make you a better return than by saying we shall be glad to see amendment in your writing; for an intelligent little lady, it is not creditable to send out carelessly written notes, and covered with blots; but we are pleased to find that you are conscious of these blemishes.

Psyche.—You have now a month to consider our enigmas before sending replies, and we do not think the task too much for the time allowed.

John.—Your poem on "Evening" has some pretty lines, and we are pleased to recognise throughout a pious feeling, glorifying the Creator for the beauties of the earth; but the poem, as a whole, is too incomplete for our columns.

Henry Botheration.—We do not approve of your taste in the choice of your *nom de plume*. We are obliged for the enigmas, &c.

Timothy.—Many thanks for your favours, which are accepted. You spell forty in two instances, *fourty*. We hope you will study to correct a fault of so much importance.

G. Spencer Day.—You are not too late to contend for the prizes. We shall always be glad to receive anything from you.

William Laws.—We thank you for your kind endeavours to promote our circulation, and for this purpose we have forwarded the bills you wrote for.

NOTICE.—Answers to the Puzzles, &c., in the "Happy Hour" of Nos. 10, 11, and 12, will be given in our next No. All communications should therefore be forwarded to the Editor on or before Thursday the 18*th of June.*

Address to Editor at Printers', 23, Middle Street, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

THE RAGGED GIRL'S SUNDAY.

By MARY BENNETT.

"O, DEAR mamma! that little girl
Forgets this is the day
When children should be clean and neat,
And read, and learn, and pray.

"Her face is dirty, and her frock—
Holes in her stockings, see!
Her hair is such a fright—Oh, dear!
How wicked she must be!

"She's playing in the kennel dirt,
With ragged girls and boys;
Whilst *I* on Sunday scarcely touch
My clean and pretty toys.

"*I* go to church, and sit so still—
I in the garden walk—
Or take my place beside the fire,
And hear nice Sunday talk.

"*I* read my Bible—learn my hymns—
My catechism say;
That wicked little girl does not—
She only cares to play."

"Ah! hush that boasting tone, my love;
Repress self-glorying pride;
You can do nothing of yourself—
Friends all your actions guide.

"Thank them, if you are clean and neat—
Thank them, if you are taught
To keep the holy Sabbath day,
Or do what else you ought.

"The nestling bird that waits for food,
With open beak and eager cry—
The new-born lamb, that on the grass,
Beside its dam doth lie,—

"Are not so helpless, child, as you;
Then let no proud thoughts rise:
Yon ragged girl has no kind friends
To make her good and wise."

◆

PLAYING TRUANT.

We never knew a boy who was in the habit of playing truant and wasting the golden hours of youth, to become a great and distinguished man. Most often the idler of early life is the laggard in the world's race. Truly happy is the boy whom parental or friendly care saves from this alluring danger of youthful days.

"The reason why truancy is so serious an evil, is not the loss of a day or two at school now and then, or any other immediate and direct consequence of it. It is because it is the beginning of a long course of sin; it leads to bad company, and to deception, and to vicious habits; it stops the progress of preparation for the duties of life, and hardens the heart, and opens the door for every temptation and sin, which, if not closed, must bring the poor victim to ruin. These are what constitute its dangers."

These words, written by a learned and good man, it would be wise for every child to ponder well. The fairest day would not then entice them, the merriest companion could not persuade them, nor the hardest lesson they might have to learn, affright them from this path of duty.

◆

TIT FOR TAT.

During the recent visit of Wombwell's menagerie to Yarmouth, an incident occurred wherein the extraordinary and well known sagacity of the elephant was singularly and somewhat dangerously displayed.

It is customary for visitors to present the animal in the course of its perambulations with gingerbread, biscuits, and other articles, for which it exhibits a remarkable degree of partiality, receiving them with its trunk, and quickly transferring them to its mouth.

One of the male visitors having placed a biscuit within the edge of his waistcoat pocket so as to leave a portion of it visible, the elephant, with its usual dexterity, removed it thence and disposed of it in the ordinary way without apparent dissatisfaction. The animal continued its journey round the circle of visitors, receiving various gratuities in its progress, till it again reached the individual from whom it obtained the biscuit, when it suddenly struck the man rather a violent blow with its trunk, creating some confusion, and not a little terror, among those who witnessed the occurrence, and were unable to account for this rather rude mode of acknowledging what was supposed to be an act of civility. It turned out, however, that the individval had put either a quid of tobacco or a portion of cigar into his pocket, in such proximity to the biscuit that the trunk of the elephant had appropriated both, and the animal displayed its resentment in the manner described for what he probably conceived to be a joke.

◆

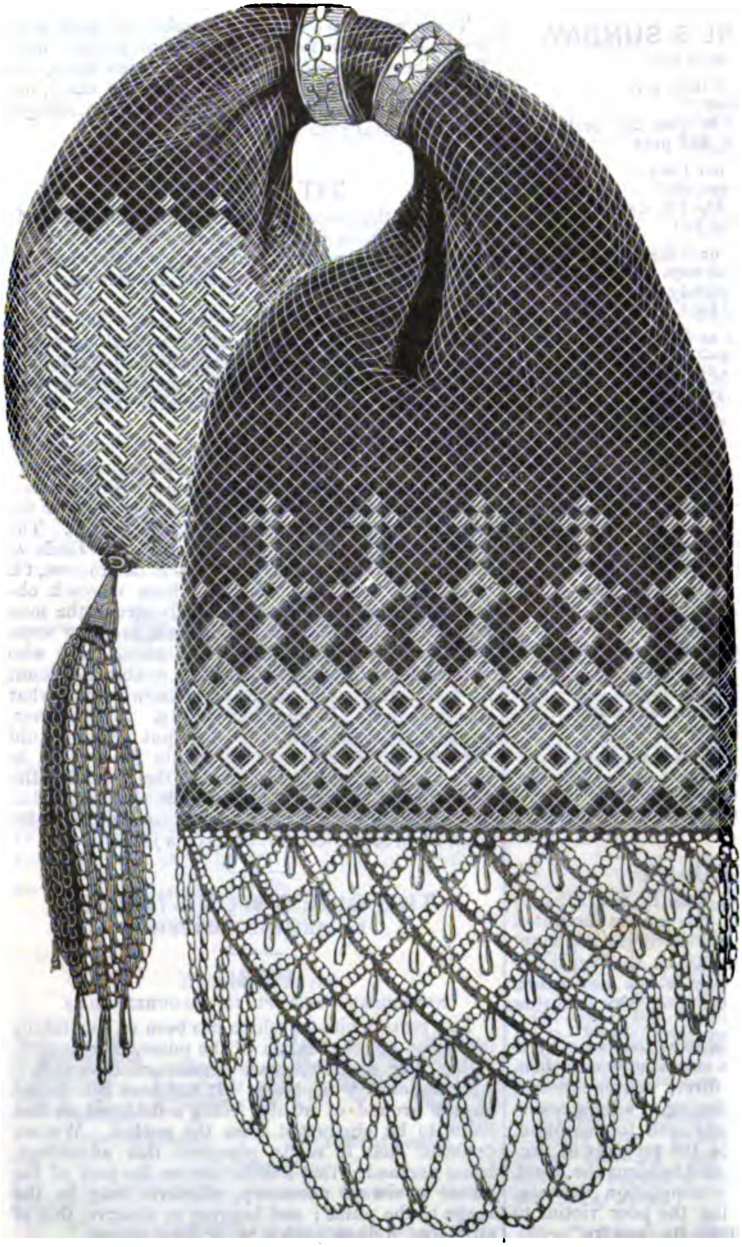
THE GIRL'S WORK-TABLE.

By MADAME EUGENIE.

PURSE,

NETTED AND DARNED IN COLOURED SILKS.

The porte-monnaie, which has been so long taking the place of other forms of the purse, is, at length, giving way to those more elegant articles which it had temporarily displaced. It had been introduced on the ground of utility, being considered as less liable to be abstracted from the pocket. We are doubtful that it really possesses this advantage, being persuaded that a little care on the part of the owner is always necessary, whatever may be the shape of the purse; and begging to observe, that of all places, a dress-pocket is the least secure.



But, on whichever side the advantages may rest, fashion is now resuming the use of the netted purse, which is one of the prettiest that has ever been invented.

There is, however, a little novelty in the style of this article, which distinguishes it from its predecessors of the same form. It is darned in coloured silks, so forming a different pattern at each end, which not only makes the silver end easily distinguished from the gold, but also gives greater variety of design. Thus, supposing the purse to be netted in black silk, the pattern at one end may be darned in violet and gold colour; at the other, in green and gold colour. Or, supposing the purse to be netted in crimson silk, then the darning will look well done in green and purple at one end; in gold colour and black at the other. We mention these colours only as suggestions, there being many other contrasts equally eligible.

To distinguish readily between the gold and silver end at night, or by uncertain lights, the shape is the best security—the one end being drawn in and finished with a tassel, the other left square. These purse ornaments are purchased with the slides, and many of them are now of very elegant design.

The number of loops cast on for this purse is sixty, which makes its length. The silk is the finer sort; and we strongly recommend the best in quality, as inferior kinds greatly affect the appearance of the work when completed.

◆

THE BOYS' & GIRLS' COMPANION FOR LEISURE HOURS

No. 13, Vol. I.]   SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1857.   [Price One Penny.

DON'T TELL;

OR, MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

BY MARY BENNETT.

CHAPTER XII.—*Continued.*

THE Curate communicated to Mr. Walton the surgeon's opinion. The latter lost all self-government, and assailed the Curate with fiery words.

"It is caught from the gipsies, sir. My son told me that he ran away because your school was hateful to him—he could not endure it any longer. He was wandering the night through with rascally gipsies; and, sir, if he dies, I shall lay his death to your charge."

"Mr. Walton, you are excited at present."

"Not at all—not at all. My son and daughter have been treated with indignity. They are proud, as I wish them to be. They could not brook the petty tyrannies of your paltry teachers. Sir, I have learned the whole history of your ill-usage of them; and I repeat most emphatically, that I attribute this calamity to you and your establishment; and if my heir, which Frederick is, should die from this present fever, I shall consider you have been the cause."

"Mr. Walton—Mr. Walton—this takes me by surprise. You are grossly unjust. But may I ask *how* you learned the history you allude to?"

"From my son himself—though I should not have told you so, if he were not in his present condition. As it is, and as it is likely to be, your displeasure can be of little moment to him."

"He told you to-day?"

"He wrote to me at Manchester, sir, a full account of the methods employed to harass and humble him. You should have taken it into your consideration, sir, that my children were not of mean parentage; and besides, their future expectations——"

"Were of not the slightest account with me," said the Curate, quietly. "We mistook each other, I fear, when first we corresponded. I receive pupils into my house to educate for society and the public schools. I make no difference between them—in my house they are perfectly equal. The laws of order, and obedience, and diligence, which I lay down, are for all alike, without distinction. I reprove, or punish, or commend, without fear or favour."

"No, sir, not without favour. I have been informed that you and your daughter indulge a few especial favourites, but my son and daughter have not been privileged to be included among them. Quite the contrary."

"Well, Mr. Walton, it is not for me to attempt now to change your very unfavourable views of my school. Still, I hope it rests on a good and solid basis. But I cannot express how it grieves me, as it will my daughter also, to find that Frederick has acted so base a part towards us. However, what now has to be thought of, is, how and where is he to be taken care of during his illness, which is likely to be severe, and of some duration, as well as danger."

Any trouble or perplexity overwhelmed or irritated Mr. Walton, and he was selfish, as proud and impatient people too often are,—glad to impose upon others the annoyances and humiliations they cast off from themselves.

He proposed, first, that Frederick should remain at the inn; but the landlord respectfully suggested that a fever so malignant in its nature would have the effect of driving away his best customers, besides endangering the lives of his own family; and, therefore, though most reluctantly and deferentially, he should feel obliged by the removal of the young gentleman immediately.

Money, in which Mr. Walton too much trusted, was of no avail—life and health, and the business he had reared, were of more value to the innkeeper than all Mr. Walton offered: Frederick must be removed instantly.

But whither? Mr. Walton next requested the Curate to receive him, quite forgetful how he had just wounded the benevolent feelings and the professional dignity of the worthy preceptor. But the Curate was equally forgetful of injuries received under the present circumstances. He cast them behind him as not worth a thought. Very far was he, or his daughter, from wishing to retaliate.

"What can we do in this difficulty?" he said to Miss Everitt. "To have this dear, erring boy placed in our hands in his extreme need, appears like the special work of Providence, to enable us to prove to him, and to his friends, in the most practical and unmistakeable manner, that we are not the hard, cold, unjust people he has stated us to be. Please God, we may work his reformation for this life, or prepare him for heaven."

"For which good objects," said Miss Everitt, "I would do anything that I conscientiously might do. But not receive him in Ivy House—that would be unjust to the other pupils."

"The school is scattered now for the holidays," said the Curate.

"True, but two or three of the scholars must remain, and these we cannot expose to the risk of infection."

"We cannot," said the Curate.

"Besides," said his daughter, "the pupils who have left will not return to a house with malignant typhus fever in it, and our institute would be seriously damaged."

"That would not be just to ourselves, if the boy can be otherwise provided for," said the Curate.

Mr. Walton would as soon have walked into the midst of fire or flame, as have faced this dreadful malady for the good of any one, yet he was indignant in the highest degree, that others were not prepared at once to sacrifice themselves and their connections for the good of his son and heir. In this state of feeling he sought the doctor, and asked what could be done—where his son could be lodged, and who could wait on him.

Miss Everitt had already consulted with Mr. Meredith on these points, and it was mutually agreed that a neat little dwelling, known as the White Lodge, now untenanted, and pleasantly situate on an eminence by the clear flowing river, about five minutes' walk from Ivy House, might be rented at once, (as it belonged to Mr. Meredith himself,) and Frederick might be removed thither. And the surgeon assured Mr. Walton that the disease was highly dangerous, and might spread through the entire village, and destroy half the population, if the sufferer were not carefully kept apart. No one should visit him but the persons who undertook the duty of waiting upon him, and they should adopt the precautions which the doctor would point out for preserving themselves, and preventing the spread of the disorder.

Mr. Walton took the lodge for a month, and paid handsomely in advance. The next point of difficulty was the nurse.

"I saw Winnifred here," said Mr. Walton; "let her remain with Frederick. She has received many benefits from me and my children and household. She has appeared attached to us, and Frederick likes her, and is well accustomed to her. I will reward her liberally if she discharge this duty well."

But Winnifred, when the proposal was made to her, was very sorry: no one could tell how sorry she was; it would have given her such pleasure to have served Master Walton, or any of their dear family. She was deeply obliged to them, and always should be; but she had a great dread of fever; some of her relations had died of it; she would be always thinking of them, and fretting accordingly, if she was to nurse Master Frederick. And she would be certain to catch the disorder, and die of it, and she was a poor sinful creature, &c. &c.

"You refuse to undertake this duty, then?" said Mr. Walton, looking at her, (she said afterwards,) "like a dragon or an ogre."

"I a'nt fit for it," said Winnifred. Mr. Walton turned his back towards her, and desired her to leave the room, which she quickly did, and the inn too.

"She is *not* fit," said the Curate. "Frederick would be trusted to poor hands, if left to hers."

"To whose hands then, sir, am I to trust my son?" demanded Mr. Walton.

It was a difficult question to answer. The surgeon, the Curate, the innkeeper, named individuals; but some were as unfit as "Winny," and others as unwilling: there was a panic in respect to this dreaded fever.

Again the money, in which Mr. Walton trusted, failed him in his need. Where now was pride and consequence? Who cared for the dignity of the Waltons, or for their money either, when weighed in the balance against a malady so dreadful?

But the innkeeper was pressing to have Frederick removed, yet would not at first lend a vehicle for the purpose, until Mr. Walton paid him so heavily for its use, that afterwards it might stand empty a sufficient long time to get rid of the contagion, without the master of the Clarence Inn suffering any loss. So, to the cottage by the river Frederick was removed, a few necessary articles of furniture and convenience being sent from Ivy House for his use, and arranged by Miss Everitt and the Curate, assisted by their kind-hearted cook; and to their charitable care alone, and to that of the surgeon, was he left. The Curate had proposed that Mr. Walton himself should remain with the boy during the worst of the disorder, assisted by himself and daughter, in order that every thing might be done towards recovery that could be done, and that Mr. Walton's mind might be satisfied on that point.

Mr. Walton scarcely thanked the Curate or his daughter for their offer, nor paused to think of its value or generosity. His own part in the plan was something startling. He was afraid—there was no denying it—he could not be shut up in a fever-house; he could not watch the frightful changes of that terrible disease—they would madden him. He had never ministered to any one.

What an instructive experience for Frederick. All on whom he had relied, failed him in his hour of need; those whom he had maligned, alone were there. His father durst not approach him; "Winny" would not come; his sister was not allowed to be with him; he saw no faces but those he was ashamed to see. His troubled conscience added force to the disorder, and in a few hours he was delirious, and rapidly approaching the crisis which would decide whether he was to live or die.

Mr. Walton remained at the Clarence, passing his hours in walking to and fro, waiting for tidings how Frederick went on; while the Curate and Miss Everitt, and good, earnest-hearted cook, battled as it were with death, in the cottage by the river. The surgeon remained nearly the whole of the second night beside Frederick's bed, and towards morning it appeared but too likely that the next tidings Mr. Walton would receive would be that he had no longer an heir.

Next day Mr. Walton rode off to town, and brought down a physician of eminence to consult with Mr. Meredith. While the doctors were at the cottage, the distracted father paced the river's bank incessantly, but would not enter the door.

The physician came out to him, and advised him to be prepared for the worst,—the boy *might* recover, but it was doubtful.

The Curate came out with moistened eyes, and, taking Mr. Walton's arm, led him, almost unconseiously, to Ivy House; there into the library, where Margaret threw herself weeping on his neck, murmuring "Oh, my brother!"

"Oh, my son!" cried Mr. Walton, in an agony of grief—from which the Curate retired, leaving him for the present to the free indulgence of his strong natural feelings.

(To be continued.)

◆

DISSECTION OF A DOLL.

A LITTLE girl began to dress her doll with leaves, which made a fine green scalloped gown; a single red poppy was pulled over its head as a cap, and tied on with grass; so that the little figure looked like a fairy, especially with the additional ornaments of a necklace and girdle fashioned of small red berries. Thus accoutred, it was set high up on the stem of a thistle, and the children both stared at it together until the boy had looked long enough, and then he knocked it down with a stone. By this rough proceeding the dress was disordered, and the little girl hurried it off, in order to make way for a fresh attire; when the mischievous boy, seeing the doll without any garment beyond the red cap, snatched it from the hands of his playmate, and tossed it high into the air. The girl ran screaming after it; but the boy contrived to catch it first, and threw it up again. As the girl made several attempts to regain her treasure, this process of teasing lasted for a considerable time. In the meanwhile the flying doll received serious damage from the boy's hand, especially in the knee of its only leg, through a small hole in which a few clover-seeds were clearly visible. Scarcely had the tormentor perceived the aperture than he became as quiet as a mouse, and, with open mouth, was actively employed in widening the hole with his nails, to discover the source of the clover-seed. His silence seemed very suspicious to the poor little girl, and, creeping up to him, she percieved with horror his evil intention. "Look here!" he cried, swinging the leg round before her very nose, till the clover flew in her face. When she made a grasp at it, screaming and crying, he bounded away again, and was not satisfied till the whole leg hung down as limp as an empty husk. Then he flung the ill-used toy away, and put on an extremely impudent and independent air, while the little girl stooped, crying for her doll, and wrapped it in her apron. Soon, however, she took it out again, and with mornful countenance contemplated the piteous object. When she saw the leg, she began once more to weep aloud; for this member hung from the trunk just like a lizard's tail. As there seemed no end to her tears, the mischievous urchin began to feel something like remorse, and he stood before the mourner with a contrite air. Observing this, she suddenly ceased from weeping, and hit him two or three times with the doll; whereupon he pretended to be hurt, and cried "Oh!" so naturally that she was satisfied, and now combined with him in continuing the work of destruction. They bored the luckless body full of holes, so that from every direction issued the clover-seed, which they carefully collected into a little heap of a flat stone, and then stirred it about and looked at it attentively. The only solid part of the doll now remaining was the head, and this especially attracted the children's attention. They deliberately separated it from the collapsed trunk, and peeped with wonder into its hollow interior. When they saw this curious cavity, and also looked at the clover, their first and most natural thought was to fill the head with the seed, and their little fingers were now actively employed in trying who could carry out this purpose the quickest, so that the head, for the first time, had something in it. Still the boy doubtless regarded it as a dull-brained thing; for he suddenly caught a large blue-bottle fly, and holding it humming in the hollow of his two hands, told the girl to empty the head of the seed. The fly was, accordingly, inserted, and the aperture was stopped up with grass. The children held the head against their ears, and then placed it solemnly on a stone; and as it still wore the poppy cap, it resembled, with the noise inside, an oracular head, and the children listened in profound silence to its utterances, with their arms twined about each other. However, all prophets excite dread and ingratitude, and in accordance with this general principle, the modicum of life in this scanty frame awakened cruelty in the hearts of the children, and they resolved to bury the head. So they made a grave, laid in the head, without asking the fly's opinion on the subject, and raised a handsome monument of stones. They then felt a sort of horror at having buried a thing endowed with life and form, and retired a good distance from the uncomfortable spot.

◆

THE BOYS OF THE BIBLE.

BY AUNT MARY.

No. II.—ISAAC.

THE remarkable story of the birth of Isaac, you have read in our narrative of Ishmael. This event took place in Gerar, in the south of Palestine; you will see it marked on a map of the times and travels of the Patriarchs. Here Abraham settled his family, his tents, his numerous servants, and his flocks and herds, after his journeys with them to and fro the land of Canaan, in which, you know, he was a stranger. Gerar, Isaac's birthplace, is elsewhere called Ashkelon, or Askelon, in the country of the Philistines. Isaac's mother, Sarah, was ninety years old, though still beautiful. Abraham was a hundred years old. Isaac was their first and only child, and the name given to him by God's command, signified *laughter*, to remind the patriarch and his wife of their incredulous laughter when the angel of God promised them a son and heir in their old age; or it indicated, which is more likely, their rejoicing in the event.

And that rejoicing must have been great indeed, for who could ever estimate the love, the hope, the gratitude, which were bound up in this heir to Abraham's wealth and dignity as a pastoral prince, as the promised father of many nations, and as the chosen person in whose posterity all the nations of the earth were to be blessed.

But God tried Abraham's faith—He said; "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and *offer him there* for a burnt-offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of." There was no explanation offered to Abraham, but simply a command; and Abraham at once prepared to obey. He rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his servants with him, and Isaac his son, now grown a young man, and clave the wood for the burnt offering, and rose up, and went unto the place of which God had told him. They were three days travelling; Isaac all the time under the impression that he was going to worship with his father, as no doubt he had often done before, but quite ignorant how near his death apparently impended.

The worship of God, from the time when sin began in the human race until the Saviour appeared, consisted of *sacrifices*, that is, an altar was built (in Abraham's time it was a mere rude heap of stones) on which was burnt some beast, a lamb or kid generally, that had been slain; for "without shedding of blood there was no remission of sins." This was a method appointed by God for the forgiveness of sins against the Divine Majesty, and to remind the pious worshippers constantly, that there was a greater *sacrifice* to come. Jesus Christ is called the "offering once for all." Sacrifice ceased with His last, best sacrifice of Himself, through which we are reconciled to God, who "spared not His own Son, but freely gave Him up for us all." "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world."

When Abraham saw the mountain of Moriah in the distance—the place appointed by God for the sacrifice of his son—he said to his young men, "Abide ye here with the ass; and I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you." And Abraham took the wood of the burnt-offering, and laid it upon Isaac his son; and he took the fire in his hand and a knife, and they went both of them together to the place appointed.

It is singular that the Jews, the Samaritans, and the Mohammedans, all claim this mountain of Moriah as the site of their great temples. Abraham had travelled from a place in the land of the Philistines, which he had named Beersheba, where he had sojourned many days, and from Beersheba to Mount Gerizim in Moreh, on which the temple of the Samaritans was afterwards built; this was three days' journey, which accords with the length of Abraham's travel. But it is supposed that the Samaritans altered the sacred text from Moriah to Moreh, in order to bring the spot within their own territory; and Jerusalem is now generally believed to stand upon the mount Moriah of Abraham and Isaac.

It is interesting to think of Isaac carrying to this retired and solitary mountain the wood for the fire on which he was to be offered, just as Jesus afterwards carried His cross there.

Now the father and son stand together on the appointed spot, and Isaac, looking round, began to wonder where the animal for the sacrifice was. "My father?" he began, inquiringly. "Here am I, my son." "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?" What a question for Abraham! He evaded the point, "My son, God will provide Himself a lamb for a burnt-offering." So they wept both of them together—a most affecting scene this was.

Abraham raised the altar, and laid the wood in order on it. The last fatal moment had arrived. The father had most probably hoped till now that God would provide some other sacrifice, but the terrible command was in no way changed or mitigated. We can imagine him now. He bound Isaac, disclosing the truth, and laid him on the altar upon the wood. How this was done we know not; but it is evident that if Isaac had chosen to resist, Abraham could not have bound him, for he was a hundred and twenty years old, and Isaac was in the full vigour of youth and early manhood. There was absolute submission on the part of Isaac to the will of God and his father; astonishing and terrible as that will was. Human sacrifices were often made in that day, by the cruel heathen tribes of Canaan; but that his own father, who worshipped the true God, should sacrifice *him*, his only son and heir, the beloved child of Sarah, must have utterly bewildered the youth; and dreadful beyond thought must the immediate prospects of such a death have been. The knife, the fire, would thrill him with horror—faint and sick, he would take his last gaze of that sky—those rocks and trees!

"My Isaac, my dearly beloved Isaac! my son! my own son! my only son! thou joy of my old age! Oh, how shall I tell thee?—I must—*thou* art the sacrifice; and God has required it.

He saw his father's determined yet anguished countenance, and closed his eyes with a deadly shudder, when Abraham stretched forth his hand and took the knife to slay him.

But the angel of God called, "Abraham—Abraham,

Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him; for now I see that thou fearest God, seeing that thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from Me." And Abraham saw behind him a ram, caught in a thicket by his horns—probably the four-horned ram of that country;—and he went and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt-offering in the stead of his son. And Abraham named that place Jehovah-Jireh—the Lord will provide; as it is said, to this day, "In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen."

The angel of the Lord then spake with great power and solemnity, "By Myself have I sworn, saith the Lord, for, because thou hast done this thing, and hast not withheld thy son, thine only son"—and then the angel repeats His former promises respecting Abraham's posterity, which have been styled by divines the "two immutable things," affording a solid rest for all the family of Abraham, and for all the human race; which promises were, that his children should be unusually numerous, and have dominion over their enemies; and that in them all the nations of the earth should be blessed—a distinct province of the Messiah. So Abraham returned happy and blessed, with Isaac, to the young men, and they went back altogether to Beersheba, where Abraham dwelt. There is a tradition that Sarah, Isaac's mother, died during the absence of her son, in consequence of being told that he was sacrificed; but she lived some years after that, and died at the age of one hundred and twenty-seven, in Kirjath-arba, or Hebron, in the land of Canaan, and was buried in the cave of Macpelah, in the field of Ephron the Hittite; which, with all the trees in it, and round about it, were purchased in true princely style by Abraham, of the children, or tribe, of Heth.

Isaac remained affectionately and dutifully subject to his father until he was near forty years of age, when Abraham sent his chief servant, that ruled over all others in attendance upon him, to his own country and kindred, to procure for Isaac a suitable wife—Rebekah, the daughter of Bethuel, the Syrian of Padon-aram; Bethuel was Abraham's nephew. The servant returned with her and her nurse, and met Isaac coming from the way of the well Lahai-roi, for he dwelt in the south country. And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at the eventide, and he saw the camels coming. And Rebekah alighted from the camel, and Isaac brought her into his mother's (Sarah's) tent, and took Rebekah, and she became his wife, and he loved her, and Isaac was comforted after his mother's death. And Abraham gave all that he had unto Isaac, and died "an old man" at the age of one hundred and seventy-five years. It is pleasing to find that he was buried in the cave of Macpelah with Sarah, his wife, by Isaac and Ishmael, who appeared to act as true brothers on the occasion.

After this event, God blessed Isaac; and He always will bless the good and obedient son; and this is the principal lesson to be learned from Isaac's life. From first to last, he was a model of duty and submission to his excellent and honoured parents, and the result was, honour to himself.

We may also learn from this narrative, that in any great trial, if we obey Him, and trust in Him—"God will provide."

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Reading.—The amusement of reading is among the greatest consolations of life; it is the nurse of virtue, the upholder in adversity, the prop of independence, the support of a just pride, the strengthener of elevated opinions, it is the repeller of the scoff and the knave's poison.—*Sir Egerton Brydges.*

WILD ANIMALS IN THEIR HAUNTS.

THE WILD ASS.

There are many species of wild asses in Arabia, Persia, and some other countries.

In the oldest book in existence, the Book of Job, the wild ass of Arabia is thus finely described:

"Who hath sent out the wild ass free? or who hath loosed the bands of the wild ass? Whose house I have made the wilderness, and the barren land his dwellings. He scorneth the multitude of the city, neither regardeth he the crying of the driver. The range of the mountains is his pasture, and he searcheth after every green thing."

The wild asses of Africa are the Zebras and Quaggas, extremely beautiful and graceful creatures; swift as the wind, they scour the arid plains, and bound through the rocky wildernesses, their fleet feet being their only safeguard against many dangers. They go in troops; are watchful and wary; and are said to consort very much with the ostrich, whose great quickness of sight is supposed to be serviceable in detecting approaching danger. Let the alarm be taken, and off they set, in a whirlwind of sand raised by their nimble hoofs, leaving pursuers far behind. Like the different antelopes, they are hunted by both natives and Europeans, for the sake of their flesh, which resembles young beef, and is considered a delicacy.

"The timorous Quagga's shrill whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at twilight grey;
Where the Zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain."

The mountain Zebra differs in slight respects from the Zebra of the plain; in the latter, the stripes on the skin are by no means so uniform and distinct as in the former, nor do they cover so much of the body. There is scarcely a more beautiful creature in existence than the mountain Zebra.

"Scourers of the desert wide,
Untamed steeds that bear no rein;
Never man on you may ride,
Never bit may you restrain.
With fleet feet ye spurn the sand,
As with flying manes ye go
Far across the barren land,
To the rocks whence fountains flow.
From the feathered shaft away,
From the Bushman's poisoned dart,
Who your headlong speed shall stay?
Who shall drive your troops apart?"

The principal Wild Ass of Persia bears no other name; it resembles the common ass, but is higher, and its legs are much more slender and elegant, and it is remarkable for swiftness. The head and ears are, however, fully as large as those of the common ass, and seem more awkward on account of this animal's elegance in other respects It has a smooth skin, covered with reddish hair, except on the hinder parts and the belly, which are of a silvery grey, while the mane and the tuft at the end of the tail are black. These asses live in small herds, and are very vigilant, being regularly conducted by a leader. They also possess the senses of smelling and hearing in great perfection, which, with their fleetness, renders it so difficult to overtake them on the best horses. Indeed, it is chiefly such as stray from the herd that are taken. It is rarely that any single horseman can come up with them, and they seem to treat the attempt to do so with the greatest disdain.

They will run away till they get considerably ahead, and then stand still, looking back, and snorting scornfully with their noses in the air. Then, when the pursuer comes nearly up with them, they dart off again, capering, kicking, and sporting in their flight in a very amusing manner. But sometimes their contempt make them imprudent, and they allow their pursuers to come near enough to shoot them. But the common way of hunting them is this:—persons observe the haunt of the animal, and the track which it usually follows; then horsemen and dogs are stationed along the track, so that when the first are tired, another may start quite fresh in pursuit, until the ass, after having exhausted the strength of many horses, becomes weary, relaxes his speed, and is overcome. The Persians think this better sport than hunting the antelope, and they consider its flesh an equal delicacy.

An ancient author, who wrote 2000 years ago, says that asses used to be roasted whole in Persia, as a great treat, when the king or rich persons wished to make a feast. A traveller, called Olearius, who was in Persia about two hundred years ago, also says, that at an entertainment given by the great king Shah Abbas to the European ambassadors, thirty-two wild asses were turned into an enclosure to be shot at, and remarks that their flesh was esteemed so excellent as to be fit for the king's food.

A COCKROACH IN TROUBLE.

Although cockroaches abounded inconveniently at the Mauritius, it was not without pity that I saw them consigned, as they frequently were, to a living grave, by a wicked-looking insect much resembling a Spanish fly. It was impossible to witness his proceedings, combined with his glittering blue and green dress, without imagining the elfish demon of a pantomime leading an innocent victim to a perpetual entombment in a haunted cavern. Let the cockroach be moving never so briskly across the wall, he has no sooner caught sight of the fatal insect—not a quarter his size—than all energy leaves him, and he stands stupidly resigned. The fly then walks up to him, looks him hard in the face, and presently, putting forth some apparatus which stands him in place of a finger and thumb, gently takes the cockroach by the nose, and leads him daintily along for a foot or two. Leaving him there, he commences a thorough examination of the neighbourhood, beating the ground up and down like a well-trained setter, and, not finding what he wants, returns to the cockroach and leads him on a little further, when the same process is gone through, sometimes for hours, until the whole wall has been examined. Chinks there are in plenty, but they do not suit him. He has taken the measure of the victim's bulk, and means to lodge him commodiously. Presently a suitable hole is found, and the fly, moving backward, gently pulls the cockroach after him into his last home. What horrors are perpetrated in this dark recess cannot be more than surmised. The object, undoubtedly, is to engage him as a wet nurse. No doubt the poor cockroach is bored in some part not vital, and eggs laid in him—a purpose, indeed, for which his succulent and motherly frame seems peculiarly adapted. And not improbably, during this vicarious incubation, he is supplied with food, until the young of whom he is pregnant being hatched, commence, in return for his services, to "gnaw his bowels, their repast." It is in vain that, during the scene above described, you urge the cockroach to seek safety by flight. The poke of a stick is disregarded; he seems dead to all hints; nay, move him to another part of the wall, he awaits there, with the same stolid indifference, the return of his tormentor. Probably a sly thrust is given him in the first meeting of noses, or some "leprous distilment" dropped into his ear, for he has entirely the air of being hocussed.

ARAB SNAKE-CHARMERS.

On a beautiful day in May, on which I first saw the hippopotamus, I witnessed the performance of the Arab snake-charmers, at the Zoological Gardens. After their dinner they came from the giraffe-house, proceeding along the gravel walk to the reptile-house. on the floor of which, about three o'clock in the afternoon, or a little later, the performance took place. The charmers took up a position at the end of the house, opposite to the lodging of the great pythons, of whose size the old Arab had heard with something very like incredulity. The company stood in a semicircle, and at a respectful distance. There was not much difficulty in getting a front place, but those behind pressed the bolder spectators rather inconveniently forward. Standing in the open space, the old Arab said something to the young one, who stooped down under the reptile cases on the north side of the room, and took out a large deal box with a sliding cover, which looked like a box for stowing away a set of Brobdignag chessmen, drew off the cover, thrust in his hand, and pulled out a large, long naia haje. After handling and playing with it a little while, he set it down on the floor, half squatted close to it, and fixed his eye on the snake. The serpent instantly raised himself, expanded its hood, and turned slowly on its own axis, following the eye of the young Arab, turning as his head, or eye, or body turned. Sometimes it would dart at him, as if to bite. He exercised the most perfect command over the animal. All this time the old Arab stood still, pensively regarding the operation; but presently he also squatted down, muttering some words, opposite to the snake. He evidently affected the reptile more strongly than his more mercurial relative, though he remained motionless, doing nothing that I could see but fixing his eyes upon the snake, with his face upon a level with the raised head of the serpent, which now turned all his attention to him, and seemed to be in a paroxysm of rage. Suddenly it darted open-mouthed at his face, furiously dashing its expanded whitish-edged jaws into the dark hollow cheek of the charmer, who still imperturbably kept his position, only smiling bitterly at his excited antagonist. I was very close, and watched very narrowly; but though the snake dashed at the old Arab's face and into it more than twice or thrice with its mouth wide open, I could not see the projection of any fang. Then the old Arab, who, it was said, had had the gift of charming serpents in his family for a long series of years, opened another box, and took out four or five great lizards, and provoked the naia with them, holding them by the tails in a sort of four-in-hand style. Then the youth brought out a cerastes, which I observed seemed overpowered, as if, as the country people say, something had come over it. He placed it on the floor, but this serpent did not raise itself, like the naia, but, as the charmer stooped to it, moved in a very odd, agitated manner, on its belly, regarding him askant. I thought the serpent was going to fly at the lad, but it did not. He took it up, played with it, blew or spit at it, and then set it down, apparently sick, subdued, and limp. He then took it up again, played with it a second time, gathered it up in his hand, put it in his bosom, went to another box, drew the lid, and brought out more snakes, one of which was another naia, and the others of a most venomous kind. Now there were two naias, with heads and bodies erect, obeying, apparently, the volition of the charmers. One of the snakes bit the youth on the naked hand, and brought the blood; but he only spat on the wound and scratched it with his nail, which made the blood flow more freely. Then he brought out more lizards of a most revolting aspect. By this time the floor of the reptile-house that formed the stage of the charmers began to put one in mind of the incantation scene in *Der Freischutz*, only that the principal performers looked more like the Black Huntsman and one of his familiars than Max and Caspar, and the enchanted circle was surrounded with fair ladies and their well-dressed lords, instead of the appalling shapes which thronged round the affrighted huntsman at the casting of the charmed bullets. The Arabs, holding the snakes by the tails, let their bodies touch the floor, when they came twisting and wriggling on towards the spectators, who now backed a little upon the toes of those who pressed them from behind. Sometimes the charmers would loose their hold, when the serpents, as if eager to escape from their tormentors, rapidly advanced upon the retreating ring; but they always caught them by the tails in time, and then made them repeat the same advances. I kept my position in front throughout, and had no fear, feeling certain that Mr. Mitchell, and those under whose superintendence this highly amusing and instructive establishment is so well conducted, would not have permitted the exhibition to take place, if there had been the least danger. Besides this, I observed that the charmers used only their own serpents, which they had, I presume, brought with them; and I confess that the impression upon my mind was, that they had been rendered innoxious by mechanical means.—*Leaves from the Note-Book of a Naturalist, by W. J. Broderip, F.R.S.*

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A Flea under the Miscroscope.—When a flea is made to appear as large as an elephant, we can see all the wonderful parts of its formation, and are astonished to find that it has a coat of armour much more complete than ever a warrior wore, and composed of strong polished plates fitting over each other; each plate coloured like tortoise-shell; and where they meet, hundreds of strong quills project like those on the back of the porcupine or hedgehog. There is the arched neck, the bright eyes, and transparent ears; piercers to punctuate the skin, a sucker to draw away the blood; six long-jointed legs, four of which are folded on the breast, ready at any moment to be thrown out with immense force for that jump which bothers one when we wish to catch him; and at the end of each leg hooked claws, to enable him to cling tight to whatever he lights upon. A flea can leap a hundred times his own length, which is the same as if a man could jump to a height of 700 feet; and he can draw a load 200 times his own weight, which is the same as if a man could carry from 20,000 to 30,000 pounds.—*Old Jonathan.*

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THE HAPPY HOUR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—On examination of your solutions of the problems contained in Nos. 9, 10, 11, and 12, of our "Companion," we find the difference so remarkable, that, in justice to all, we consider it necessary to institute a THIRD CLASS. Besides the justice of the change, it will give additional honour to those names found in the First and Second Classes.

Another change we shall observe, namely, those who guess or discover nearly all the problems, and that have sent these to us in a neatly arranged manner, and well and correctly written, will, in future, be eligible to the First Class.

FIRST CLASS.

RICHARD (we hope to be able to do something with the poem).—WILLIAM RENDALL & W. RAMSDEN (prospectuses shall be sent; we have made no awards since No. 8).—ANTONIO (excellent).—ALBINE (nicely written).—J. W KIGHLEY (a good suggestion; and we shall take an early opportunity of addressing our young friends on the subject).—TIMOTHY (a little improvement in writing; puzzles will not suit, but we are obliged).—BATTUS (you deserve to have been put at the top of this class; and had there been any difference in the honour between top and bottom, we should have placed you there).—PSYCHE (we do not attempt classification in our Pastime, and it is of little consequence that Charades are mingled with Enigmas; nevertheless, we are glad to find you critical).—H. G. WALES.—ROMULUS.—NELLA (we regret your indisposition, and we hope your success in the "Happy Hour" will conduce to dispel the gloom always attendant on sickness; for your kind letter we are obliged and encouraged.—ROSE (a beautifully written letter, and the service you have done us is beyond all praise; see answer to Robert Cairnie, Second Class).—JESSIE.

SECOND CLASS.

E. E. R. W. (although you have only had a week for No. 12, you have had three weeks for the others; we will endeavour to get you the receipt, but, as it would be out of place in our pages, we will thank you for your address, and it shall be forwarded).—ANNETTE & WILLIAM LAWS (thanks for the puzzles, but they are too well known; your proffered help we are grateful for).—ROBERT CAIRNIE (our Volume will be completed at the end of the year, and the prizes will be announced in the first Number of the new Volume).—BESSIE (that we continue to please you is a source of pleasure to us).—JOSEPHINE.—JULIUS CÆSAR.—EMMA (had you written on half the paper, it would have been neater, and you would have saved half the postage).—ROSE-BUD (as you are only budding here, we hope you will bloom in the First Class; there is every promise of it).

THIRD CLASS.

TIB FOX.—FRANK (our next volume will commence in January).—S. A. F.—TEDDY.—JANE & LILLY (nicely written, and we regret to see you here; not for long we hope).—EMMA LOUISE (hope and persevere, then you will have no room for despair).—MAGPIE ELIZA (writing good).—FLORA MELVILLE (such a pretty name should not be found here).—IDA MAY FOSTER (also too pretty a name for the third class).—MAGGIE S. (our best thanks to your sister for her kindness).—M. J. K.—BAKER.—T PARNELL.—ANNIE G. (your letter has been sent to Madame Eugenie).—FLORENCE EUGENIE MONIQUE (we hope to receive a better punctuated letter from you next time; although it was a very kind one, we had some difficulty to puzzle it out, for the words ran into each other, especially your signature).—ROBIN HOOD (your charade depends on sound rather than orthography, therefore inadmissible).—P. W. M.

_ Our young friends will please observe that we shall not require Answers to the "Happy Hour" until due notice is given in this page, when we will thank them to send them in as neat and legibly written as possible, with their names appended; for want of this latter precaution some of our competitors, we fear, will find themselves omitted from the award.

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ANSWERS TO PASTIME.

(*Pages* 106, 118, 130, *and* 142.)

40.—Farm House, New Cross, May, 1857.

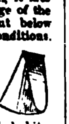
Mr. Editor,—I feel I cannot help returning my thanks to you for your letter in Hieroglyphics, and I think you will not mind this attempt of mine. I will use all my interest to recommend the "BOYS' & GIRLS' COMPANION," for it is well deserving the praise of all. I am, your humble Servant, C. W.

41.—O, because there is no end to it. 42.—O, because it has no beginning.

43.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 = 45
0 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 = 45
. 2 4 6 9 1 3 5 6 9 = 45

44.—Fifth on second, third on seventh, first on fourth, and sixth on eighth. 45.—The letter H. 46.—Don-key 47.—Slow and steady wins the race. 48.—Blunderbuss. 49.—A looking-glass. 50.—A pair of gloves. 51.—I understand you undertake to overthrow my undertaking. 52.—Take a round cylinder of wood of the diameter of the circular hole, and of the height of the square hole. Having drawn a straight line across the end, dividing it into two equal parts, cut an equal section from either side to the edge of the circular base. A figure like that represented by the wood-cut below would then be produced, which would fulfil all the required conditions. 53.—Because he is likely to reign (rain) over us. 54.—Because its Capital is always doubling (Dublin). 55.—False-hood. 56.—Shakespear. 57.—Dun-combe. 58.—Ox-ford. 59.—Night-in-gale. 60.—Chaff-inch. 61.—The letter W. 62.—Seat-eat-sea-tea. 63.—Twine-wine-twin-win. 64.—None-one on. 65.—The burden is light on the shoulders of another. 66.—All these workers are different kinds of wasps or bees; and a full account of their habitations may be found in *Insect Architecture*; but enough is here detailed to serve as an answer to the enigma. V.—Reaumur mentions *mason-bees*, which use sand, earth, and small stones, as the materials for making their nests. By catching one of them when it was loaded with its burden, it was ascertained that the clay was not only carefully kneaded, but was also more moist than the mass from which it had been taken. The bee had therefore moistened it with its saliva, or some similar fluid. It took half a minute to knead one of the pellets of clay. *Mining-bees* (a very small sort of bees) dig in the ground tubular galleries, little wider than the diameter of their own bodies. VI.—Among the solitary bees are several species called *carpenter bees*, from the circumstance of their working in wood, as the mason-bees work in stone. VII.—*Carder-bees*. These bees make their nests in a hole in the ground, about half a foot in diameter. They cover this hollow with a dome of moss, or withered grass. The bees form themselves into a file from the nest to the moss or grass. Then the last bee lays hold of some of the moss, disentangles it from the rest, and, having carded it with her fore-legs into a sort of felt or small bundle, pushes it under her body to the next bee, which passes it on in the same manner to the next, and so on to the nest. VIII.—A kind of wasp, called the *tree-wasp*, which boldly swings its nest from the branch of a tree. Its nest is formed, like that of the common wasp, of a sort of paper made of the fibres of decayed wood. IX.—The *wasps of Cayenne*, which hang their nests in trees. He is a card maker, and travellers of veracity agree that the card with which he forms the exterior covering of his abode is so smooth, so strong, so uniform in its texture, and so white, that the most skilful manufacturer of this substance might be proud of the work. X.—The *rose-leaf cutter* forms cells shaped like a thimble, made of circular pieces of rose-leaves (not petals) neatly folded together, the bottom of one cell being inserted into the mouth of the one below it. Each cell is stored with a beautiful rose-coloured conserve, being honey and pollen collected from thistles. XI. XII.—The *poppy-bee* selects the scarlet petals of the poppy as tapestry for its cells. The hole in the ground, which is to serve for her nest, is rendered smooth, uniform, and polished; then she brings small oval pieces of the petals of the poppy, with which she lines her nest, spreading them as smooth as glass. When she has hung her little chamber all round with this splendid scarlet tapestry, she fills it with the pollen of flowers mixed with honey, to the height of half-an-inch. Then she lays her egg, and folds down the tapestry of poppy-petals from above. 67.—Captain Forbes sent his forces to the East Indies.



68.—St. Mary's Overy, Southwark, June 10, 1857.

Dear Sir,—I must say, between you and me, I am not above passing, as far as my understanding permits me, my opinion on your letter in the "BOYS' AND GIRLS' COMPANION." It is excellent in every respect. The above-named Journal ought to have a wide circulation all over this country.

Your humble Servant, E. Long.

69.—Fox-glove. 70.—Antimony. 71.—Because she cannot give her husband half-a-crown. 72.—To-morrow.

MIDDLE STREET, WEST SMITHFIELD,
June 18, 1857.

The Editor gladly seizes the earliest opportunity that has been afforded him of returning his warmest thanks to those friends who have devoted themselves in the distribution of his bills. Already a sensible benefit to the "COMPANION" has been realised, so that your labour has not been vain. Only too delighted would he be could he rouse the energy of *all* the Subscribers to the extent that *some* have in kindness been stimulated, and to carry out the suggestion of *one*, that each should procure a new subscriber—then he might triumphantly say that the Boys and Girls had established a publication for themselves that they might proudly acknowledge.

**_* With Part III., which will be published at the end of this month, price 6d., will be issued a splendid Needlework Design, printed in colours, of "A Lady's Bag." This beautiful Plate may also be had for One Penny, with our next Number, in which will be printed the Description for working it.*

Address to Editor at Printers', 23, Middle Street, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

THE TOY OF THE GIANT'S CHILD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PRINCE ALBERT.

It is the lofty Inselberg—a mountain high and strong—
Where once a noble castle stood—the giants held it long;
Its very ruins now are lost, its site is waste and lone,
And if he looks for giants there, they are all dead and gone.

The giant's daughter once came forth, the castle gate before,
And played with a child's delight before her father's door;
Then sauntering down the precipice, the girl will gladly go,
To see, perchance, how matters went in the little world below.

With few and hasty steps she pass'd the mountain and the wood,
At length approaching near the place where dwelt mankind, she stood;
And many a town and village fair, and many fields so green,
Before her wondering eyes appear'd, a strange and curious scene.

And as she gazed, in wonder lost, on all the scenes around,
She saw a peasant at the foot a tilling of the ground;
The little creature crawl'd about so slowly here and there,
And, lighted by the morning sun, his plough shone out so fair;
"Oh, pretty plaything!" cries the child, "I'll take it home with me."
Then with her infant hands she spreads her kerchief on her knee,
And cradling man, and horse, and plough, so gently on her arm,
She bore them home quite cautiously, afraid to do them harm.

She hastes with joyous steps and glad (we know what children are),
And spying soon her father out, she shouted from afar—
"Oh father! dearest father! what a plaything I have found!
I never saw so fair a one upon our mountain ground!"

Her father sat at table then, and drank his wine so mild;
And smiling with a parent's smile, he ask'd the happy child—
"What struggling creature hast thou brought so carefully to me?
Thou leap'st for very joy, my girl! come, open, let us see?"

She oped her kerchief cautiously and gladly, you may deem,
And show'd her eager sire the plough, the peasant, and his team;
And when she'd placed before his sight the new-found pretty toy,
She clapp'd her hands, and scream'd aloud, and cried for very joy.

But her father look'd quite seriously, and shaking low his head,
"What hast thou brought me here, my girl?—this is no toy," he said.
"Go take it to the vale again, and put it down below:
The peasant is no plaything, child! how could'st thou think him so?

"So go without a sigh or sob, and do my will," he said:
"For know, without the peasant, girl, we none of us had bread;
'Tis from the peasant's hardy stock the race of giants are;
The peasant is no plaything, child—no, God forbid he were!"

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Newton Blowing Soap Bubbles.—When Sir Isaac Newton changed his residence, and went to live in Leicester-place, his next-door neighbour was a widow lady, who was much puzzled by the little she had observed of the habits of the philosopher. One of the Fellows of the Royal Society of London called upon her one day, when, among other domestic news, she mentioned that some one had come to reside in the adjoining house, who she felt certain was a poor crazy gentleman; "because," she continued, "he diverts himself in the oddest ways imaginable. Every morning, when the sun shines so brightly that we are obliged to draw the window blinds, he takes his seat in front of a tub of soap suds, and occupies himself for hours blowing soap bubbles through a common clay pipe, and intently watches them floating about till they burst. He is doubtless now at his favourite amusement," she added; "do come and look at him." The gentleman smiled, and then went up stairs, when, after looking through the window into the adjoining yard, he turned round and said, "My dear madam, the person whom you suppose to be a poor lunatic, is no other than the great Sir Isaac Newton, studying the refraction of light upon thin plates, a phenomenon of which is beautifully exhibited upon the surface of a common soap-bubble." This anecdote serves as an excellent moral—not to ridicule what we do not understand, but gently and industriously to gather wisdom from every circumstance around us.

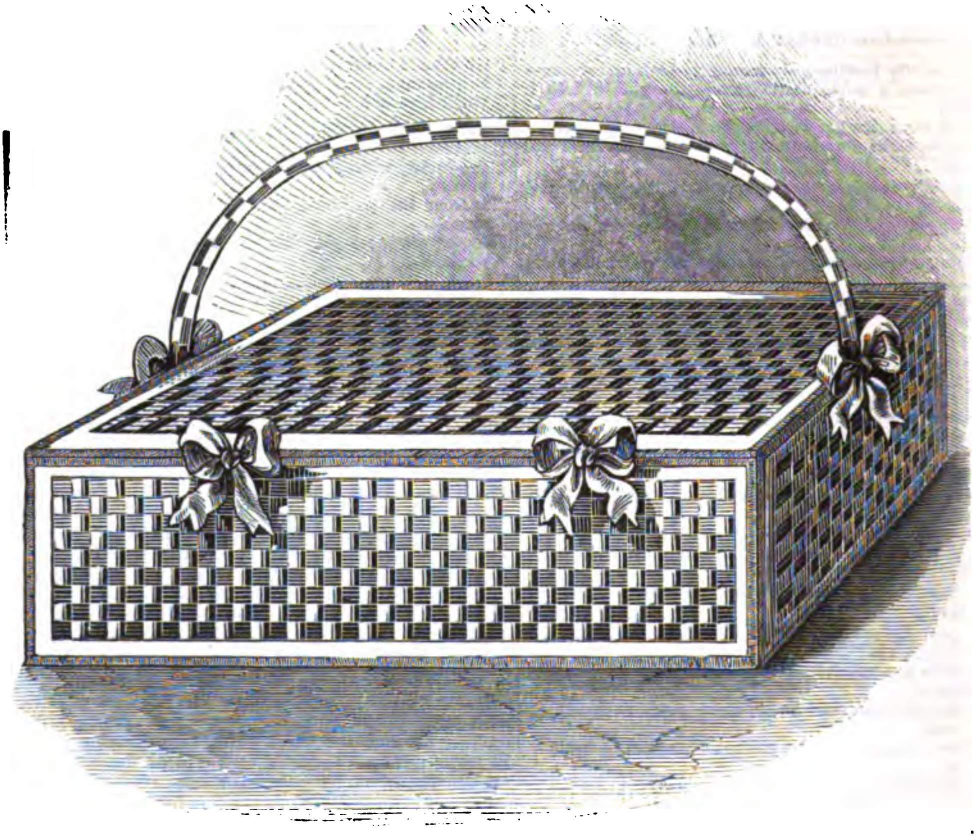
◆

THE GIRL'S WORK-TABLE.

BY MADAME EUGENIE.

KNITTING BOX.

There are many purposes to which the perforated cardboard is now applied, and the Knitting Box is one which is both useful and ornamental. The materials required for it are simple and easily obtained, being a piece of the coarsest kind of the



KNITTING BOX.

perforated cardboard, of which there are three sizes, graduated shades of German wool from dark brown to very bright, light scarlet, and some white O.P. beads. Cut out four pieces of the cardboard ten inches long and three inches wide; these are for the bottom, the two sides, and the lid, and must be all the same size; two other pieces, which form the ends, are two squares three inches each way. A very regular and even margin must be left round each piece about half-an-inch wide. Commence with the dark brown wool, and work a row of squares the whole length of the box, leaving an alternate square uncovered the same size, upon which, after the wool-work is finished, the white O.P. bead is to be placed. Continue to work these squares of wool in as many shades as will fill up the cardboard, after which on every alternate square sew on with a needle and strong white silk the O.P. bead. After all the six pieces of cardboard are worked in this manner, bind them all round neatly with a narrow ribbon the same colour as the light red wool, and sew them closely together. The handle must be formed of a strip of cardboard worked in the same manner, and fastened on at each end with a bow of red ribbon. The lid is then sewn on the whole length of the back, and tied in the front with a bow of ribbon to match the handle, and this very pretty box is completed.

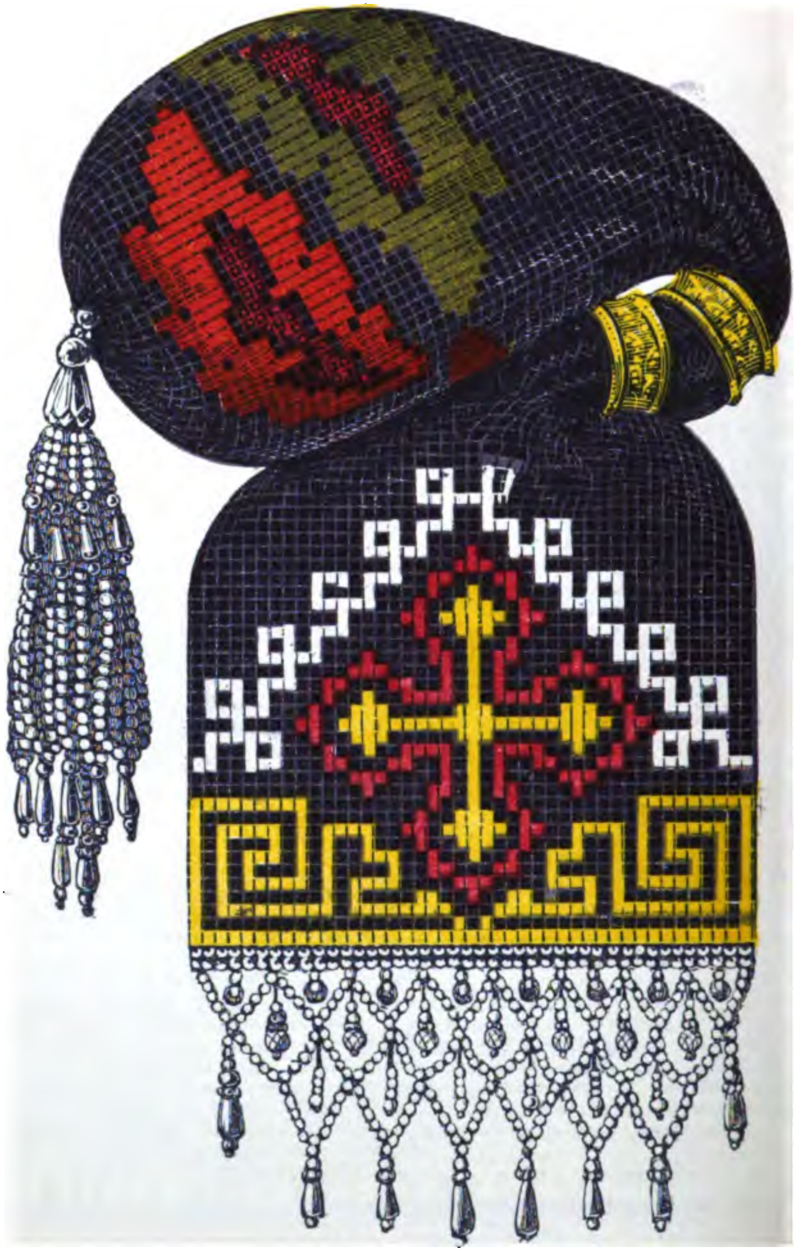
◆

A DARNED PURSE,

FOR

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' COMPANION.

[FOR DESCRIPTION, SEE No. 19, AUGUST 8, 1857.]



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DON'T TELL;

OR, MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

BY MARY BENNETT.

CHAPTER XIII.

During several days and nights, Frederick was either in a state of delirium or insensibility; and the Curate or his daughter, or both together, were in constant and active attendance, taking the utmost care at the same time not to be a means of communicating the contagion at Ivy House or elsewhere. The task they had undertaken was a most trying one, but they went through it as a duty, steady and firmly, depending on Providence alone for the result. The cook, too, scarcely closed her eyes night or day, and her devotedness was also from a Christian motive; for she read her Bible, and imitated its spirit. Complaining at last to her master of being "fairly done over" with watching, he sent her to take a night's rest, and sat up himself, assisted by the young Latin master, who would not start for his holiday tour, until he saw Frederick better.

Moaning, and restless, and wandering, Frederick passed the heavy hours.

"Margaret, why did you tell Annie Campbell?" he angrily whispered.

The Curate, sitting by, leaned closer over the bed to listen.

"Don't tell, Tom—I won't send it—I shall burn it—I shall write another—Papa shall hear something of them that they are little aware of. Tit for tat—letter for letter—revenge is sweet."

An exhausted doze followed, from which he sprang up wildly. It was evident that his memory and his conscience were troubled about "the letter." He grasped the arm of the Curate, and cried,—"Tom, never flinch—Don't tell!"

The Curate laid him gently down.

He sighed, and murmured,—"Thank you; you are a good fellow, Tom. Hush! I'll tell you about that. They complained of us, and I wrote a nice story about them. It was all false, every word. I wish I had not sent it. I have not felt right since. I cannot sleep for it. It haunts me. Oh!"

The Curate took him gently in his arms, and placed him on a second couch in the room, with cool and fresh white sheets, and removed the bedding he had been lying on into an adjoining room, where the windows and door, wide open, carried off the pestilential odours, which chloride of lime and charcoal also assisted to neutralise. When he went back, he found the sick boy so much refreshed by the change that he slept, though still every second breath was a melancholy moan.

This room was kept, by the Curate's directions, free of every article not imperatively wanted, and the air was cooled and refreshed by every possible means.

No whispering voices, no sounding footsteps, no violent light, no intrusive curiosity, or exciting officiousness, disturbed or hindered the healing operations of nature, to which the Curate mainly trusted.

When the cook arose from her mattress in the kitchen, she diligently and faithfully resumed her charge, under the directions of her master and mistress; and the Curate went home, and ventured to give Mr. Walton some hopes of his son's recovery, which made the father so happy for the moment, that he shook hands with the Curate, and consented to retire to a chamber and repose himself, for he had not slept yet since he left Manchester.

Some hours later, the Curate again stood beside Frederick, who knew him, and hid his face.

"My dear boy, it gives me great pleasure to see you a little better; you must keep very quiet, and let nothing disturb your mind. If you have done anything that you regret, and are sorry for, let it rest now; and when you have quite recovered, we can reason together about it."

"I burnt your letter!" said Frederick, still hiding his face.

"And wrote another," said the Curate. "I know it; but this subject agitates you, and that will make you worse. We must talk no more about it at present."

"Did Annie Campbell tell you?"

"No, not a word. You must not ask any more questions now, but try to sleep, and thank God that He has spared you in this crisis."

"Shall I recover?"

"I trust and believe you will. You have no wish to die?"

"Oh, no! I am not prepared."

"A solemn truth, Frederick. Think of it in silence. Take no thought now about any thing else. You are quite forgiven by me; I am only desirous for your reformation and happiness—believe me when I say so."

Soon after, Fred. said to him, sadly and inquiringly—"No one but *you* with me?"

"My daughter will be here presently, and here is the cook, ready to serve you to the utmost of her power."

"Thank you all," said Fred. with heartfelt emotion. "But I thought my father and Winny would not have left me."

"Your father is at Ivy House. I left him comfortably asleep. There is Gresham below stairs: he would not start for his journey home in the west until he saw you better. He is ready to be useful to you, if you require anything. I assure you he has to answer a great many inquiries about you, so you must not think that you are neglected or deserted."

"You are very good to me. Has my father been with me here at all?"

"No—his mind has been too much disturbed. He will see you soon now. He has suffered much in anxiety for you."

"Has Winny been with me?"

"No."

"Did you ask her to stay with me?"

"Yes; but she was afraid of the fever—like many others."

"It is a very bad fever, is it not?"

"A very bad one—but if you will keep quiet, and not talk, you will soon begin to improve."

"I feel very ill; I have no strength; my head is strange."

The Curate gave him his medicine, freshened up his bed, assisted the cook to bathe his hands and face in warm vinegar and water, and left him, with a kind pressure of the hand, to endeavour to sleep.

When the Curate, an hour after, came back, Frederick said: "Are *you*, sir, not afraid of the fever?"

"My life is in God's hands," said the good old man, smiling serenely.

"Are *you* not afraid, cook?"

"*Me*, Master Fred.? I should think not. What is the Bible worth, if it cannot support us in the hour of danger? I hope it supports *you?*"

Frederick could not say it did.

Frederick recovered at first very rapidly—too rapidly the doctor said; afterwards he became weaker, and appearances of consumption began to present themselves.

During these bodily changes, Frederick appeared to change also in character. He began to open out his heart to the good Curate, and that friendly and perfect confidence began to be established between them that ought always to exist between the young and their protectors.

Suffering, it has been truly said, brings gratitude. Suffering brings knowledge. Suffering blossoms into beauty, and forms into fruit. It has also been said—"Out of suffering comes the serious mind; out of the salvation, the grateful heart;" and a Greek poet asks, "What does he know who has not suffered?"

Now, out of suffering came the serious mind,—and the grateful mind, too, to Frederick. A celebrated boy, Hartley Coleridge, once said, "The pity is, I'se always thinking of my thoughts;" but the pity, in Frederick's case had been, till now, that he had no thoughts at all,—only headlong impulses, passions, and caprices. Out of suffering came to him the new power—*to think*. To a boy like Frederick, illness was a true angel of mercy, though of chastisement also,—it laid all his turbulent passions to rest, and awakened the sleeping soul.

(To be continued.)

◆

ORIGIN OF ROAST PIG.

The art of roasting, (says a Chinese manuscript,) or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mash for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfulls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O my!"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, (which was the more remarkable,) instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present,—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices, [one and all, shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until is was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, (says my manuscript,) a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they call it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind——

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favour of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.

I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbydehoys—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble—the mild forerunner, or *prœludium* of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavour comparable, I will emphatically contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*, as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, not lean, but a kind of animal manna—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so), so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one Ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him, while he is "doing"—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string!—Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars.

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth!—wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation: from these sins he is happily snatched away—

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with timely care—

his memory is odoriferous—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon—no coalheaver bolteth him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of sapors. Pine-apple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendant—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause—too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her—like lovers' kisses, she biteth—she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish—but she stoppeth at the palate—she meddleth not with the appetite—and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton chop.

Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of the appetite, than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices inexplicably intertwisted, and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is—good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbours' fare.

I am one of those who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasure, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barndoor chickens (those "tame villatic fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavours, to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house slightingly, (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what) a blessing so particularly adapted, pre-destined, I may say, to my individual palate—it argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, in my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a grey-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt, at this time of day, that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of pure self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, schoolboy-like, I made him a present of—the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction! but before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I—I myself, and not another—would eat her nice cake; and what should I say to her the next time I saw her? how naughty I was to part with her pretty present!—and the odour of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last—and I blamed my impertinent spirit of almsgiving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness; and above all, I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old grey impostor.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipt to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto.

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavour of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread-crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are—but consider, he is a weakling—a flower.—*Charles Lamb.*

THE LIFE-BOAT.

MANY boys and girls have heard of the LIFE-BOAT, who are totally ignorant of the nature of its construction, or by which means it is enabled to save life, when other boats cannot. To give you some ideas on these points, it will be best to tell you first how it came to be invented.

In the year 1789, there was a dreadful shipwreck on the Herd Sands off Tynemouth, during a heavy storm. The vessel struck and remained fast in the sands, but the crew and passengers might have been saved if a boat could have reached the wreck, which lay within three hundred yards of the shore. There were thousands of spectators assembled, and many brave seamen; but though high rewards were offered to them, if they would venture out in their boats, not one would go, knowing it to be utterly impossible that a boat would live in such a sea as that which raged before them. So one after another of the shipwrecked people dropped off from the shrouds into the waves, until all were gone! The gentlemen of South Shields, deeply impressed with this mournful catastrophe, immediately offered prizes for the invention of a new kind of boat to save life in cases of shipwreck near the shore. Among the competitors was Mr. Greathead, whose model life-boat was first put to practical use in January 1790, and proved successful in rescuing the crew of a stranded vessel. Since that period thousands of lives have been saved, both in this kingdom and abroad, by boats of similar construction.

The Life-Boat has undergone various alterations and improvements since its first invention; but its main principles are these:—The form something resembles a wooden bowl with projecting ends, the keel being a carved beam. A very great quantity of cork is used about the boat,—indeed, in this feature, the success of the design principally depends. It is not only of great service in keeping the boat in her due position on the sea, but also in creating a tendency immediately to recover from any sudden lurch from a heavy wave. Exclusively of the utility of the cork, the similarity of the two ends of the Life-Boat, which admit of its being rowed either way, facilitates its rising over the waves. The curvature of the keel aids the boat's motion in turning, and contributes to the ease of steerage, because a single stroke of the steering oar produces an immediate effect, the boat moving, as it were, on a centre. When rowing against the waves, the convexity of the bottom, and the elliptical form of the stern, enables the boat to rise with wonderful buoyancy, as also rapidly to launch forward without shipping water, when a common boat would be in danger of filling. But, even when full of water, the Life-Boat is in no danger of sinking or up-setting, as her internal shallowness, her peculiar figure, and bulk of the cork within, admit but a small quantity of it.

The inventor received a gold medallion from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, and one from the Royal Humane Society, besides various gifts of value—including twelve hundred pounds from Parliament, and one hundred guineas from Lloyds, the head quarters of the shipping interests; whilst two thousand pounds were given for the building of Life-Boats on different parts of the British coast. The Emperor of Russia presented Mr. Greathead with a diamond ring; and every European State, with any coasts at all, took care to have Life-Boats from England. A few months ago, Government extended the use of them round our own shores; many new ones were ordered to be built, and at present there are few or no places of danger on our shores where the Life-Boat is not to be found; and wherever in England there is a Life-Boat, there are to be found hardy and courageous men to man it.

Mr. Henry Russell has made this humane invention the subject of a spirited song, which is always listened to with interest and pleasure, as sung by him at his pleasing entertainment. We subjoin the first expressive stanza:—

Man the Life-Boat, man the Life-Boat,
  Help, or our ship is lost!
Man the Life-Boat, man the Life-Boat,
  See how she's tempest-tossed:
No human power in such an hour,
  The gallant bark can save,
Her mainmast gone, and hurrying on,
  She seeks a watery grave."

◆

YOUTHFUL BRAVERY.—Master Edmund Bruff, aged five years, was sailing a toy boat in Ipswich, and tumbled into ten feet of water. Off ran the nursemaid for help; but Master Peter Bruff, eleven years old, remained, and plunged into the pond, to render help himself. He caught little Edmund by the tunic; and when some labourers came to the spot, he grasped a rake which was held to him, and was pulled to dry land, dragging his brother behind him. Brave Peter!

DOMESTIC PETS.

PIGEONS.

Every girl admires Pigeons—those delicate, innocent, and beautiful creatures; every boy longs to keep them, and rear them, and exhibit his specimens,—his gifted Carriers, his stately Fan-tails, his singular *Pouters*, or neat little Tumblers, or other favourites,—for there is immense variety in the Pigeon race, as "*Fanciers*" prove. We shall describe a few of the most remarkable and pleasing kinds, and give some hints on, How to manage them.

First of all, Pigeons must have a dwelling-place, and, perhaps, the best is an empty chamber or garret which is warm and dry. The space between the roof of a house and the ceiling of the upper chamber answers very well, but an opening should be made for the going in and out of the Pigeons; and at the same time you must guard against rain coming in, and see also that your birds have not much exposure to wind or cold. Around the interior of the loft, a row of compartments for the Pigeons must be fixed at any convenient height. Shelves placed one above another at eighteen inches apart, and divided by partitions placed at the same distance from each other, then boarded up in front, leaving outlets for the Pigeons, is the simplest plan that can be adopted. Any boy, with a little ingenuity, will be able to construct these apartments, as it is not necessary that any fixed plan should be followed, only care should be taken to allow height enough for fancy breeds, if you intend to keep them, and eighteen inches will be sufficient. If you cannot have a loft for a pigeon-house, try if you can set up a dovecote in a garden or court-yard, or in an open field, only observe these points, the larger and quieter your pigeons' house, the more will they multiply; it is in natural grottos and spacious caverns that the mightiest flocks of wild pigeons are reared. But beware of rats, birds of prey, rain and winds; and do not let there be much light. Pottery is a good material for making the nesting places; in front of them should be cornices and galleries for the birds to sun and refresh themselves, and the roof should slope and project in the fronts, to throw off wet. If you happen to live in a rocky district, you might find a cave that would answer your purpose. Rocky islets and caves in sea-washed cliffs, are the proper homes of the Rock Pigeons. This kind, and the Dove-house Pigeons, or "Duffers," are called domestic creatures, the easiest to keep. If you cater for them plentifully, and give them a dry, roomy house, well and good; but if you stint them, they do not care, they only go further a-field, and forage for themselves; only mind, if they are served too bad—for even Pigeons have a spirit, they will pack up, and remove.

In comfortable quarters they increase with amazing rapidity, and furnish delicate food for the table. We forgot to mention that, if you live inland, you must supply them often with *salted* water, and put salt in their nests. The Rock Dove is exquisitely beautiful; it is of a lighter tint than the Dove-house Pigeon. The natural home of the latter kind is in ruins, remote parts of old buildings, especially ecclesiastical edifices. The "Rocks" and "Duffers" are the chief table-birds.

Now, as to commencing to stock a dovecote or pigeon-house, you must not be easily disheartened by failures, for over and and over again, birds may be placed there, and be seemingly content, when some fine morning, lo! you find the nests empty. But if you will attend to a few plain directions, you *must* succeed:—Fit up the pigeon-house completely as you intend it to remain; then get as many pairs of birds as you can together, and from as great a distance off as possible,—less than six or eight miles will not do, for your birds will be off, by and bye, to their old haunts, if they can get there. Rock Doves and Dove-house Pigeons from France are best; both kinds are to be bought very cheap there, and are decidedly finer than in most parts of Britain.

You must keep your strangers at first closely imprisoned, giving them plenty of fresh water, corn and peas, and a pan of salt. The floor of the dovecote must be strewn with gravel or sand. Feed the birds yourself, twice every day at the same hours, until they get used to you. When they begin nesting, scatter a few sticks and straws for them on the floor; they will know how to use them. When there are young birds hatched, and not before, you may open the door or window and let the parent birds go forth to seek their food—they will not require much more from you. The Rock Dove likes to stray far and wide, in search of provender. He likes plenty of company also; and two dovecotes near each other would be very agreeable, for paying visits and being visited. They would soon be stocked immensely, if there were a goodly company in both to begin with. No young ones should be killed to eat the first year. Keep your dovecotes well white-washed to prevent disease. Never give food that has visible insects in it; take especial care of mites. There cannot be too much cleanliness if you wish to keep your Pigeons in health. Observe to give each pair of parent birds two convenient holes, or little rooms, and put in every nest a straw basket or earthen unglazed pan for the eggs.

The *Tumbler* Pigeons are best kept by themselves. They fly high up in the air, and should be let out only once a day, in clear, bright, sunny mornings. They practice many amusing antics in the course of their flight, hence the name

Pouters have peculiarly large crops, which they are fond of inflating with air, like a balloon; hence they are called *Cropper's*. They have their own mode of exhibiting themselves on the wing, performing a number of stately and dignified circles, and clapping their wings loudly. The true Pouter walks almost as upright as man. They are generally blue, white, or buff-coloured. The handsomest is the pure white.

The *Carrier Pigeon* is deeply interesting. It does not fly at night. It has been used as a letter-bearer from the remotest antiquity. But the blue Rock-dove is almost its equal in this wonderful power. It has been stated that both kinds find their way by *memory* and *sight*, rather than by instinct; but the following anecdote goes far to prove the contrary:—Sir John Ross, the eminent voyager, despatches a young pair on the 6th or 7th of October, 1850, from Assistance Bay, a little to the west of Wellington Sound, and on the 13th of October, a Pigeon made its appearance, at the dovecote in Ayrshire, from whence Sir John had the two pairs of Pigeons which he took out. The distance direct between the two places is about 2,000 miles. The dovecote was under repair at this time, and the Pigeons belonging to it had been removed; but the servants of the house were struck with the appearance and motions of this stranger. After a short stay it went to the pigeon-house of a neighbouring proprietor, where it was caught and sent back to the lady who originally owned it. She at once recognised it as one of those she had given to Sir John Ross; but to put the matter to the test it was carried into the pigeon-house, when, out of the many niches, it directly went into the one in which it had been hatched. No doubt remained in the mind of the lady of the identity of the bird. By what extraordinary power did this interesting bird find its way, and by what route did it come?

As to the general food of Pigeons, tares or small horse-beans, called "Pigeons' beans," form the best and cheapest; but peas, both grey and white, barley, hemp, wheat, and rape-seeds may be occasionally given with advantage. Feed regularly morning and evening, give as much as they can eat, but do not leave a quantity scattered about on the floor.

Provide abundance of fresh water for drink, and for bathing, in one large pan, and change it often.

In cleaning out the dovecote, observe that the dung is a very valuable manure.

◆

THE CAUSE OF WINDS.

SIDNEY.—Come, children, the weather is too cold, and the wind blows too hard for you to play in the open air to-day; and if you will come near me and listen, I will tell you something about winds.

HENRY.—O do, Uncle Sidney; we shall be so glad to hear it.

SIDNEY.—Now I am going to tell you about the wind which you hear roaring without; and you may ask me questions about it, when you do not clearly understand, or when you wish to know more.

GEORGE.—Thank you, uncle; I should like to know what wind is.

SIDNEY.—Wind is air in motion.

GEORGE.—But what puts the air in motion?

SIDNEY.—It is put in motion by heat. Heat causes the air to expand, and thus it becomes lighter than the cold air, and rises up, when the cold air rushes in to fill its place.

HENRY.—What heats the air?

SIDNEY.—The rays of the sun heat it. They do not heat it by passing through it, but by contact with the earth. This heat varies in temperature, as the surface of the earth is more or less directly exposed to the influence of the sun; hence the air is not all heated alike.

GEORGE.—I think I understand you, uncle; and that must be the reason why it is so much warmer on the side of a hill toward the sun than on the opposite side.

SIDNEY.—Well done—you are right! and that is a good illustration!

JANE.—I did not think the air could be made to grow larger, or expand, as you call it, uncle.

SIDNEY.—Do you know, Jane, how George makes his foot-balls?

JANE.—O yes; he takes a bladder, and blows into it, through a quill, till it will contain no more air; then he ties it up, so that no air can escape, and crowds it into a leather case, which he laces up tight.

SIDNEY.—Well, when he had blown into the bladder but a little while, it was full of air; but the bladder was still soft, so he continued to blow into it until the air became very dense, and thus made it hard.

MARY.—Then air can be made smaller, too, can it?

SIDNEY.—Yes, Mary, air can be compressed, or made smaller, as you term it, as well as expanded. Now I will tell you how you may know that this is so. Take a bladder that is not quite full of air, and be sure it is tied up so tight that no more air can get in or out; then hold it near the fire, and it will soon be quite full and hard. This is because the air in it has expanded.

GEORGE.—Now I know why the bladder burst, which I blew full of air and held to the fire to dry, the other day—it was because the heated air swelled so much that the bladder was not strong enough to hold it.

SIDNEY.—You are right, George, and I am glad to see you so thoughtful and ready to apply the knowledge you derive from our conversation, to the explanation of things you before thought so strange.

EMMA.—Will the air in the bladder remain swelled all the time?

SIDNEY.—No, my dear; if you put it in a cold place, it will soon become as small as it was before it was heated. Now, I trust you all understand that air will expand by heat, and contract by cold.

MARY.—Yes, I think all of us understand that now; but I should like to know how to prove that the heated air rises, since we cannot see it go up.

SIDNEY.—You know that if you hold your hand over a burning candle or lamp, that it will burn you when your hand is many inches from the blaze; but you can hold your hand very near the side of the flame without feeling the heat. It is because hot air rises. When a fire is made in a grate or fireplace, it heats the air around it, and this heated air rises up the chimney and carries the smoke along with it. If it were not so, chimneys would be of but little use in conducting the smoke from our rooms. There is a simple experiment which will illustrate that the cold air takes the place of warm and light air.

GEORGE.—What is that, uncle? I am fond of experiments.

SIDNEY.—It is this: when the air in a room is warmer than the air outside, by opening the door a little, so as to leave only a small crack, and holding a lighted candle at the top, the flame will be bent outward. This will show you that the air is flowing out of the room. Then, by placing the candle near the floor, the flame will be bent toward the room, thus showing that a current of air is rushing in to take the place of that which goes out. If the room is very warm, you can easily perceive, from holding the candle in these two currents, which is the warm one, and which one is cold.

HENRY.—Now I think I know why the wind blew from all directions toward the fire when Mr. Carter's house burned; it was because the heated air ascended so fast that the cold air flowed in from all sides to fill its place.

SIDNEY.—A correct conclusion, Henry; and I am pleased that you understand the principles of wind so well.

◆

WEATHER FORETOLD BY THE ROBIN.—Few observers of nature can have passed unheeded the sweetness and peculiarity of the song of the robin, and its various indications with regard to atmospheric changes: the mellow liquid notes of spring and summer, the melancholy sweet pipings of autumn, and the jerking chirps of winter. In spring, when about to change his winter song for the vernal, he for a short time warbles in so unusual a strain as at first to startle and puzzle even those ears most experienced in the notes of birds. He may be considered as part of the naturalist's barometer. On a summer evening, though the weather be in an unsettled and rainy state, he sometimes takes his stand

> "On the topmost twig that looks up to the sky."

or on the "house-top," singing cheerfully and sweetly. When this is observed, it is an unerring promise of succeeding fine days. Sometimes, though the atmosphere be dry and warm, he may be seen melancholy, chirping and brooding in a bush, or low in a hedge; this promises the reverse of his merry lay and exalted station.

THE HAPPY HOUR.

PUZZLES.

73.

A gentleman sent his servant with a present of nine ducks in a basket, with the following direction:—"To Alderman Gobble, with IX ducks." The servant who had more ingenuity than honesty, purloined three of the ducks, and contrived it so that the number contained in the basket corresponded with the direction. How did he manage?

74. If I am indebted to you in the sum of £5, by what five letters of the alphabet can I express the amount and acknowledge the debt?

75. Seven consonants with only one vowel.

CONUNDRUMS.

76. To-morrow, I *shall be;* to-day, I *am; was*, yesterday; yet still the same.

77. What is that which, when brought to table, is always cut, but never eaten?

78. What is that which every living man has seen, but never more will see again?

79. What is that which goes with a carriage, and comes with a carriage, and is of no use to the carriage, yet the carriage cannot go without it?

ENIGMAS.

80.

The reverse of old, I pray you unfold,
And whither all vessels are bound.
These joined right and fair,
A town's name will declare,
That in a small island is found.

81.

Legs I have got,
But seldom walk;
I backbite all,
But never talk.

82.

A word there is,
Five syllables contain,
Take one away,
No syllables remain.

83.

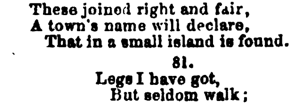
When you and I together meet,
We make up six in house or street;
When I and you do meet once more,
Alas! poor we can make but four;
And last, when you from I are gone,
I make but solitary one.

84.

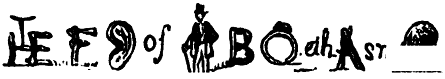
From a famed number, five subtract,
And you will have in view,
Whether you think, or speak, or act,
What is the wish of all to do.

HIEROGLYPHIC PROVERBS.

85.



86.



HOLIDAY SCRAPS.

A Farce was produced in Bannister's time, under the title of *Fire and Water*. "I predict its fate," said he. "What fate?" whispered the anxious author at his side. "What fate?" said Bannister; "why, what can fire and water produce but a hiss?"

"Sam," said one little urchin to another—"does your schoolmaster ever give you a reward of merit?" "I s'pose he does," was the rejoinder; "he gives me a lickin' every day, and says I merit two."

A HINT TO GAMESTERS.

"Accept this advice,
You who sit down to play,
The best *throw* of the dice,
Is to *throw them away*."

Teddy O'Flannigan, with his uncle, being at sea in a great storm, he waked his uncle, who was asleep, told him he was afraid he would be drowned, and know nothing at all, at all, of the matter, and then when he waked in the other world, he would be angry with him, for not telling him.

It was always considered a great affair for a youth to teach his grandmother how to suck eggs This is the way it was done by one promising sprout:—"You see, grandma', we perforate an aperture in the apex, and a corresponding aperture in the base, and by applying the egg to the lips and forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell is entirely discharged of its contents." "Bless my soul!" exclaimed the old lady, "what wonderful improvements they do make! Now, in my younger days, they just made a hole in both ends, and sucked."

◆

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

John Baker.—The neglect of your Bookseller has been the means of depriving you of the distinguished award, in the first class, where you certainly would have been had you sent in time. By placing you now in the first class, after our solutions have been published, would bring a doubt on the integrity of our awards, which would be anything but pleasing. At the same time we have the most perfect faith in your statement.

Brutus.—You are right—the accent over the E is technically called a "long." The wand might have been improved, but we could not understand your objection to the other parts of puzzle No. 45.

Keziah.—It gave us much pleasure to receive so prettily a written note from a little lady twelve years old, and had it been received before our 13th number had been published, we should have rewarded it by placing your name in the first class. In order to avail yourself of the awards, I think you will find it necessary to take our weekly number.

G. S. Day.—See remarks to Brutus. Thanks for your puzzles.

Anna D. Pert.—Your kind contribution shall have our earliest attention. In the meantime, we beg you to receive our grateful thanks.

F. Oxley.—Prospectuses have been forwarded, and we are extremely obliged for the feeling that prompted you to send for them. See remarks to Brutus regarding your solutions. Always put a date to your notes.

⁂ Our young friends will please observe that we shall not require Answers to the "Happy Hour" until due notice is given in this page, when we will thank them to send them in as neat and legibly written as possible, with their names appended; for want of this latter precaution some of our competitors, we fear, will find themselves omitted from the award.

With Part III., now ready, is published a splendid Needlework Design, printed in colours of "a Lady's Bag." Our Weekly Subscribers may now avail themselves of this beautiful Plate for One Penny. The Description for working it appears in the present No.

Address to Editor at Printers', 23, Middle Street, West Smith-

TO A CHILD IN PRAYER.

Fold thy little hands in prayer;
  Bow down at thy Maker's knee;
Now thy sunny face is fair,
Shining through thy golden hair,
  Thine eyes are passion-free;
And pleasant thoughts like garlands bind thee
Unto thy home, yet Grief may find thee—
  Then pray, Child, pray!

Now thy young heart, like a bird,
  Singeth in its summer nest,
No evil thought, no unkind word,
No bitter, angry voice hath stirr'd
  The beauty of its rest.
But winter cometh, and decay
Wasteth thy verdant home away!
  Then pray, Child, pray!

Thy spirit is a house of glee,
  And Gladness harpeth at the door,
While ever with a merry shout
Hope the May-queen danceth out,
  Her lips with music running o'er;
But Time those strings of joy will sever,
And Hope will not dance on for ever!
  Then pray, Child, pray!

Now thy mother's hymn abideth
  Round thy pillow in the night,
And gentle feet creep to thy bed,
And o'er thy quiet face is shed
  The taper's darken'd light.
But that sweet hymn shall pass away,
By thee no more those feet shall stay:
  Then pray, Child, pray.

MY MOTHER.

A little while ago, Old Jonathan called upon a friend, and there sat a nice-looking youth of about twelve years of age, dressed in uniform. He had a short time before entered as a midshipman on board one of the ships of Her Majesty's Navy, and was now on a fortnight's leave of absence, in order to see his mother, who had come a long distance to meet him, and others of her kindred. Jonathan felt a deep interest in the little sailor-boy. He thought it not unlikely that there stood a brave admiral in embryo; but, at the same time, his heart yearned over him, and he trembled as he contemplated all the evil, and the manifold temptations, to which he would be exposed. He thought of the scoffs, and the jeers, and the ever-constant effort made upon the part of his companions, to efface every particle of good. Obedience, respect, truthfulness, sobriety, thought, would all be treated as so many indications of "chicken-heartedness," cowardice, a want of bravery, as if real courage embraced a defiance of all that was just and right, as well as all that was evil. Jonathan felt this, and he felt, moreover, how often this little sailor-boy would be at a loss to know how to decide! what to choose, which was really right or wrong? The Bible, as a matter of course, was recommended, and a simple looking up to the Lord day by day, for counsel and protection; but, in addition to this, Old Jonathan suggested *a likeness of the sailor-boy's loved Mother!* "Wear it about your neck," said he, "and when, as oftentimes you will be, at a loss to know what is right—what to say, or which to do, ask yourself, 'What would my dear mother say?' Think upon her image; turn about (if possible), take a hasty glance at it; and follow the impression that that look enkindles."—*Old Jonathan.*

THE GIRL'S WORK-TABLE.

By Madame Eugenie.

THE FLORAL BAG.

[The following Description refers to our Coloured Plate, published with the present Number.]

The round of this very pretty Bag is made of perforated cardboard; the flowers are embroidered in coloured silk, the different tints being shown in our illustration. The centres of the yellow and blue flowers are composed of gold or orange beads; black beads, also are an improvement to the red flower.

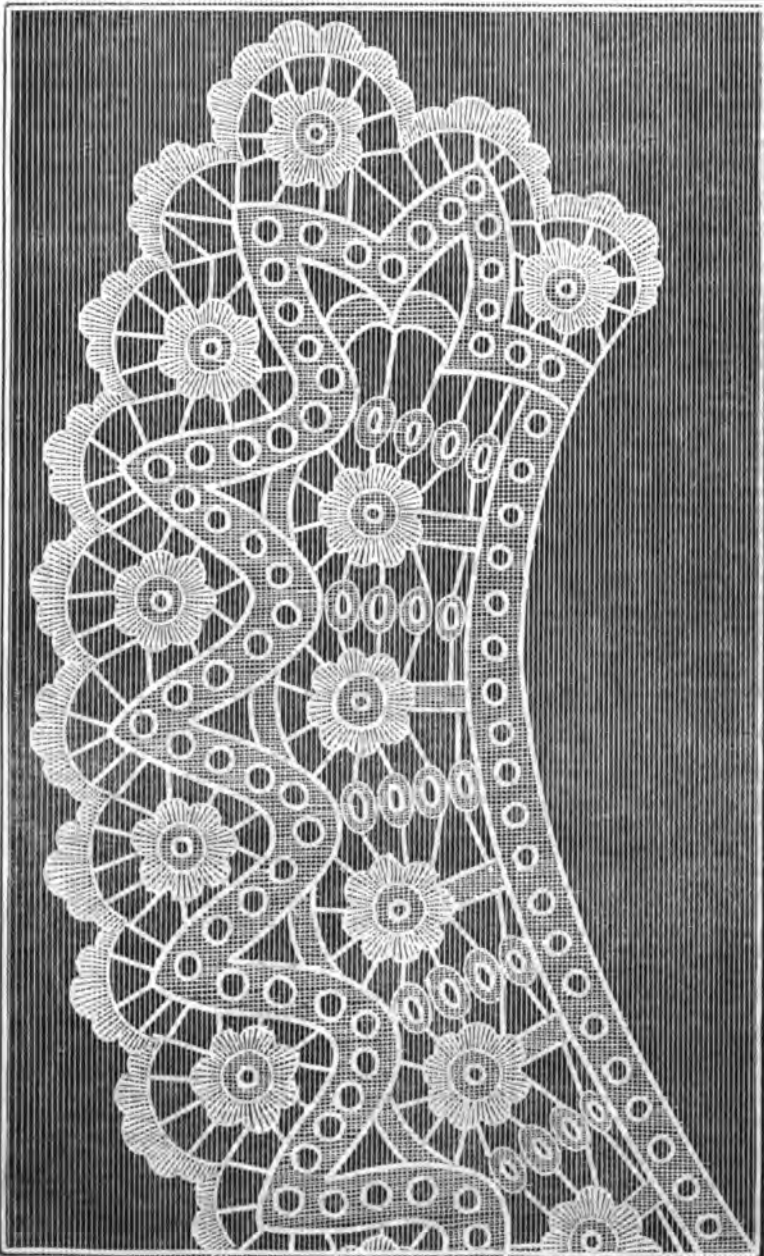
The blue portion of the Bag is made of silk, being formed of a straight-way strip, gathered in at each edge into a small round piece of cardboard bound with blue ribbon, into which the fulling of silk is drawn in. The braiding pattern must, of course, have been done previously. The ornamental centre is then to be fastened down. The cards can be purchased with an embossed border round, in which case, the stitches may be passed through the openings of the design. The aperture of the Bag must be finished off with a cord run through rings—tassels may be added, if desired.

COLLAR,

IN GUIPURE EMBROIDERY.

The Collar being an essential article of dress, we this week supply the design for one, which will be found both rich and elegant when completed, although it does not require any great amount of work.

There has lately been a great change in the size of collars. They are now worn very small. The one which we have given is the right size for any



lady. The only difference that need be made is in the length round the neck, which can be adjusted by adding one or two more scollops if required.

In commencing the embroidery, the first thing is to put in the connecting lines (Venetian bars) with No. 8 of Messrs. Walter Evans & Co.'s Boar's-head Crochet Cotton. The outline must then be traced with No. 30 of the same maker's Perfectionné Embroidery Cotton, and worked with the same. The largest flowers are worked in raised button-hole stitch; the small holes are sewn round. The two lines which enclose the oval holes must be done in the fine button-hole stitch. When the embroidery is completed, the parts of the muslin which are under the connecting lines of the crochet cotton must be cut away, leaving the design clear and distinct.

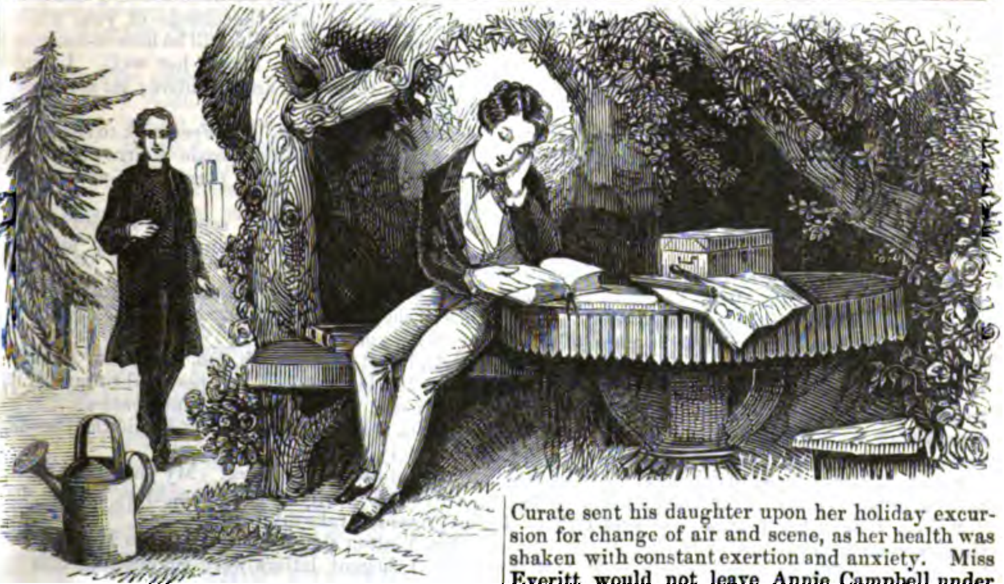
The proper material for this Collar is cambric muslin.

Connecting lines, or Venetian bars, are worked by passing one, two, or more threads across any open space, and then covering them from end to end with close button-hole stitch.

Raised button-hole stitch is worked by passing a few stitches of thick soft cotton the opposite way of the work for a foundation before working the button-hole stitch; the greater the number of threads the more the work will be raised.

THE BOYS' & GIRLS' COMPANION FOR LEISURE HOURS.

No. 15, Vol. I.] SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1857. [Price One Penny.



DON'T TELL;

OR, MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

BY MARY BENNETT.

CHAPTER XIV.

IT was about the commencement of the Midsummer holidays when Frederick was first taken ill. During the first fortnight, Miss Everitt and the Curate were in constant attendance upon him; but when their excellent arrangements, the cook's good nursing, and the practical skill of Mr. Meredith, had brought him out of danger, the Curate sent his daughter upon her holiday excursion for change of air and scene, as her health was shaken with constant exertion and anxiety. Miss Everitt would not leave Annie Campbell under any care but her own; and Mr. Walton also prevailed on her to take Margaret,—for his prejudices had vanished after a few days spent at Ivy House, and observation of the self-denying conduct of the conductors of the school. He thanked them from his heart—calling them the preservers of his son's life. He had now no wish to remove Frederick to Manchester, being well assured that he had no one there who could supply the Curate's place to Frederick. It was almost with tears that he entreated the Curate to continue to watch over his son's health and comfort, and to spare no expense. The Curate took time to consider; then requested

Mr. Walton to see Frederick, and ascertain how far this proposal was agreeable to him, and what his wishes were.

Mr. Walton, with some trepidation, and disturbance of manner, had his first interview with his son since the dreaded illness commenced. The boy's changed appearance shocked him so much that he could speak but few words; while his extreme dread of infection kept him at a distance from Frederick during the whole interview.

Frederick, for his part, also said little; for he deeply felt his father's desertion of him in his suffering and danger. He was too low at present for resentment; but a flush came over his face as he replied, to his father's inquiries, "Better now."

"You caught the fever from those gipsies. Don't you think so?"

"Very likely; but I cannot tell."

"Have you had all you wanted since you have been here?"

"Yes—thanks to the Curate and Miss Everitt, and the kind cook, here, who have been with me night and day."

She stood behind his easy chair.

"There is a sovereign for you," said Mr. Walton to her.

The cook curtsied as she received it; at the same time assuring both, that "she had not done what she had done there for the sake of money."

Mr. Walton sent her away for a glass of fresh water, and then said—"Now I want to know, Frederick, as you are getting better, whether you would like to go from here. Our housekeeper at Manchester is too much of a fine lady to do you real service now, and I hardly know——"

"Father," interrupted Frederick, "I will stay here, or at Ivy House, if the Curate will have us."

"Well, I am glad to find you prefer that. I think it will be best."

"I am sure it will. Margaret has not been to see me."

"I forbade it. I have been afraid of her; and now I am sending her to the sea-side with Miss Everitt. I hope you will go when you are able."

"No Winny has been here." Frederick looked full at his father,—his disappointment, and vexation, and wounded feeling, fully visible.

"I was anxious for her to be with you, my boy; but she would not. Though, indeed, she would have made a sorry sick-nurse, I fancy. So it is best as it is."

"She was never worthy the favours she has received from our house, father; and so I will tell her as soon as I am able."

"You must not agitate yourself, Fred.; you are getting worse already."

"I am. The conduct of this ungrateful Winny—and of you all—towards me, hurts me much."

These words only reached Mr. Walton indistinctly; but the idea of Fred.'s getting worse brought back the tremors of the former, and saying he was good for nothing in sickness, he went out directly, Frederick giving him a cold "good-bye." But Mr. Walton returned in a minute, just to say—"Don't spare my purse, boy; it is yours, you know, to any amount."

Fred. faintly thanked him.

Mr. Walton retired again, and again returned. "I forgot to say, Fred., we have found a suitable person, at last, to take the charge of you, while you remain an invalid. She will be here to-morrow morning. The Curate knows her well. I hope you will find her kind and attentive; let me know whether she is so."

"Don't you leave me," said Frederick to the cook, who waited to hand him a basin of arrowroot.

"If you like, the other person can assist this good woman."

"Do not you leave me," repeated Frederick.

"I shall not, by my own good will," she answered.

Mr. Walton sought the Curate, and said—"My son's wishes accord with my own. He desires to stay with you."

"And that is my wish, too," said the Curate,—"for the best reasons, not personal to myself."

"My son, then, is in your hands entirely."

"With full confidence, I hope?" said the Curate, inquiringly.

"The fullest confidence. My daughter, also, is entrusted wholly to *your* daughter; and so, for the present, I take my leave."

Mr. Walton then hastened back to Manchester, whither urgent letters were summoning him by every post.

During the last fortnight of the holidays, the Curate spent a good part of every day with Frederick, who looked eagerly for his visits, listened attentively to every word that he said, and testified his gratitude and repentance by every look and action. The Latin master had gone, and Miss Everitt had gone, with Margaret and Annie.

The Curate ought, also, to have been enjoying the sea-breezes, and the repose of body and mind, of which he stood in so much need. He felt the need, too, and sighed over the painful sacrifice, because he would have to recommence school unrefreshed and weary, after the month of recreation was gone. And then he would have to work on—preaching, teaching, visiting, and studying hard, —until Christmas; and even then, the delightful refreshment of the summer scenery, and the summer air, could not be had. He must wait twelve months more for that. So he sighed again and again over the painful sacrifice. When he spoke of the subject to Frederick, the boy shrank from it—"They have all left me but you—I shall die if you go. And God is with me, when you are here."

"Dear Frederick, God is always with you."

"When I am alone, I feel as if He were angry with me; and I am so gloomy and terrified."

The good man would not leave him. The secrets of the boy's heart were now gradually unrolled, and the Curate drew from them impressive lessons.

"You were conscious," said he, "that deceit was practised by Winnifred and yourself, and that you were drawing on your sister to the same. You concealed Winny's wrong-doings, because she concealed yours. Many families are afflicted with this sort of secret conspiracy between children and servants, from which unknown mischief springs.

"Who can tell how many children have been permanently injured by the improper confidence of servants, too many of whom have had no moral or religious training, and are imbued with wrong principles, bad sentiments, and unregulated passions? Intimate *open* association with servants, however injurious to the taste and manners, is not half so much to be dreaded as that secret *Don't tell* influence, which often exists unsuspected—a mine of evil.

"You say you first learned all the tricks of evasion, deception, and falsehood, when this woman was in the habit of taking you and your sister to places of gay public resort, and to visit various people of whom your father knew nothing, while he believed that you were at church? For some time this went on; and you did not like to tell of her, to make mischief, as you thought her so kind. So you returned her *false* kindness by your *mistaken* kindness—a serious error; for if you had given your father any intimation of her conduct when first she commenced the system, he would have seen through her real character, before she could have done much harm.

"*Children should never hide what their conscience clearly tells them ought not to be hidden.*

"Yours was a most disastrous concealment for you and Margaret. But surely other servants in the house must have known what was going on?"

"Our housekeeper knew very well," said Frederick; "but Winnifred made up her smart dresses, and fashionable caps, and that was why she would not tell."

Thus servants conspire with servants to hide what is wrong, to deceive their employers, and corrupt children.

To relieve these conversations, and to lighten the heavy hours, the Curate brought a parcel of new and good books for Frederick; but he had little taste for reading, excepting history, and chiefly the warlike details of history. In the evenings, at Ivy House, when all the pupils of the house were used to meet together for conversation, music, and light occupation, the Curate talked to them of the principal events of the times they lived in; and in this way, Frederick, whose mind delighted in adventure and enterprise—and especially warlike achievement—had listened to the details of some of the stirring conflicts between the Turks and Russians. To these he now reverted in his mind, and asked the Curate to let him have materials for drawing maps. As soon as he was furnished with these, he began to draw plans of military operations, and to sketch maps for them.

The Curate was glad to see his thoughts diverted a little from himself. A favourite occupation is an important remedy, and is sometimes better than physic. So the good preceptor only suggested and assisted, here and there, which gratified the boy amazingly.

A new auxiliary now appeared—the "Fool of the First Quality"—who, forgiving and forgetting Frederick's insulting conduct towards him, presented himself magnanimously at the lodge, and offered his services to Frederick, who, though at first ashamed, was soon on the best terms with him. Beatson had his time now at his own disposal, and he came every day with little thoughtful presents from his mother, nicely suited to Frederick's state. He also brought his flute in his pocket, and his green spectacles, and his Greek Testament; for he was thinking of the Church for his future profession after he had passed through the university.

George had the heartiest good-will, but having no taste for maps or diagrams, beyond what might be scholastically necessary, he was soon abstracted in Greek; and when roused from it, he soon either relapsed again into Greek, or plunged into the dim depths of some mathematical problem.

Hence, Fred. was right glad to have another young companion, Tom Greenhill, whose only problem was how to please, and which, in the present instance, he worked out by fetching, at Fred.'s instigation, a quantity of clay from a field at hand, some stones, and green branches. The branches stuck in the clay, and placed in different parts of the room, were to stand for woods and forests; a tea-tray, full of water, represented a lake, or a sea, or a river, as it might happen; the stones made walls and towers.

Tom's mother had been buried, and he was gone back to the Curate's service for the present; and now, by the Curate's orders, he came to wait upon and amuse Master Fred. at the lodge.

Quick and ready, Tom spread out the fortifications over the chamber floor, according to Frederick's directions. Beside the easy chair was a table, and on the table lay several large pieces of rough drawing-paper, and a box of pencils, crayons, and paints; a foot-rule and a pair of compasses also were close by. Frederick, with these materials, traced lines, took measurements, calculated distances, and studied the geographical points of attack and defence. The Curate looked on with curious interest; young Beatson, with unmitigated surprise—for, not being inventive himself, he hardly had any conception of invention in others.

"Why, you are surely destined to be a general," said the surgeon, coming into the room, and stopping to survey the scene before him.

"I should be very glad," said Frederick.

"May you find plenty of laurels," said Mr. Meredith, pleasantly. "But suppose you explain to me a little the meaning of all this."

Frederick was for the time engrossed by the campaign he was shaping out. He directly, with his pencil, pointed out on his plan the stations of the Turks and Russians on these heights, along these plains, by the rivers, and skirting the sea. The Curate silently remarked that his geography was seldom at fault—he knew all the chief localities of the countries in which his imaginary war was to be carried on, or had taken place. He explained the clay fortifications on the floor, the construction and uses of the towers and walls of stone, the meaning of the broad lines of chalk winding here and there among the lines of defence, and all the intricate manœuvres that would be required for success by either of the contending nations.

"Excellent—admirable—a Napoleon in little!" exclaimed Mr. Meridith, highly amused and gratified. "What a pity that I must now call you back from these fields of death or glory, to powders and mixtures, and beef-tea. Never mind, a soldier, such as you are going to be, must learn to subdue himself, and conquer his own impatience. Heroic conduct at home, let me tell all you boys, is the best possible preparation for heroic conduct abroad. Every soldier also learns to obey—that is his first duty. Now, I am commander-in-chief here at the present moment, and my orders are, that as you look fatigued, and somewhat excited with your military affairs, you lay them all aside until to-morrow."

Aside they were put accordingly. But from the moment that Mr. Meredith prophesied he would become a great general, Frederick fixed his mind on that result, and wrote a letter to his father before he could well stand, entreating for a military education and a military appointment. Mr. Walton immediately replied, that when Frederick recovered his health, he should follow his own inclination in respect of a profession; and if he desired to be a soldier, he should have a suitable education for it. Frederick was in raptures at the prospect, which particularly suited his proud, restless, and ambitious temper. He said to the Curate:

"I am to be a soldier—and one day a general. My father is willing; if you are so too, I shall be very glad. And before I go to a military school, I shall show you a new and grateful Frederick Walton."

"To have something worthy in view for your future life," replied the Curate, "will be of service to you: it will assist to bring into proper action the good faculties with which God has gifted you, and which have been so long spent in waste. May Providence direct you in the right path of usefulness and honour! and if you live to be a general, I hope you will be a brave and good one, seeking your country's honour, even more than your own. But you have much to learn and to unlearn—to do and to forget—before that day; therefore you do well to commence now a new life; and let me tell you for your comfort, that many illustrious men were once weak and erring boys, who afterwards listened to the heavenly voice which spoke to them in providential circumstances, and in their hearts and consciences, as I trust you are now listening."

Fred.'s past misconduct at the school, his determined enmity, his insulting pride, his mischievous propensities, his bad influence on all who would listen to him and be bound by his *Don't tell*,—were gradually opened out to the Curate by the repentant boy, in their daily quiet and confidential conversations together; but that which pressed most heavily on Frederick's thoughts—his misrepresentations to his father—was not yet mentioned. Even without this, how evil his words and actions had been, Frederick had not at all understood; and the Curate was most solicitous that he should fully understand now, and discern something of the consequences of his errors, and see whither he was drifting, when God's chastising hand was laid upon him. But the good man was affectionate and gentle in his manner, while he spoke the words of truth to his thinking but convinced pupil.

"You have been the means of troubling or perverting every one who took an interest in you. You have drawn your schoolfellows and playmates into schemes for giving annoyance and creating confusion, and have led them into prevarications, evasions, and false-cunning shifts, fit only for the lowest intellects and most uncultivated natures. *Don't tell*, spreading like infection through a school, is a heavy trial to the preceptors, who find it ever in their way, when they seek to guide the hearts and minds of their scholars to virtue and knowledge. Those of our companions who would not listen to your *Don't tell*, were under your ban—ridiculed and persecuted by you, as George Beatson was, because he was too honest and upright for you. Think, too, how you have misled your sister. She has been entirely led by you, and what have you made her? Was it well done to teach *her* to be ungrateful, base, and treacherous? An honourable boy would have watched well over the conduct of his motherless sister; he would not have suffered a woman like Winny to corrupt her; and when he saw her in good motherly care, like that of Mrs. Everitt, he would have refrained from unsettling her mind, and have respected the school for her sake."

"I never thought of all this, sir. I was very fond of my sister. I did not intend to do her harm."

"What do you think of her now?"

"She is not what she ought to be."

"And who is the cause?"

"Myself—I fear. It is very painful to me."

"It is a most serious thing, Frederick, to be the means of injuring the moral character of those who love us, and are guided by us. If they learn to do wrong from us, who should preserve them from wrong, God will judge us for it. The habits of guilty concealment once acquired are not easily shaken off; they are communicated to others. Margaret is perverting her favourite companions, and especially that otherwise good and truthful child, Annie Campbell.

"Look again at Tom, our page. Was it a light sin to tempt that honest lad to break his trust, and violate truth, for your own selfish purposes? *Don't tell* uttered by persons in a superior position to friends below them acts with pernicious force. Tom respected you as one above his level; he was ready to obey you and serve you in any way, and you betrayed him, to the ruin of his good name. And even he began to draw his brothers and sisters into the snare. You had lighted a train of gunpowder, which exploded where least expected. You have reproachful memories when you see Tom's crape hat-band, and when you observe the grief and repentance that pales and saddens his face, which we always used to see so rosy and happy."

Frederick covered his own face.

The Curate did not touch upon his own anxiety and trouble through Frederick's misconduct—upon the injury to his hand, which was still bandaged, and a source of pain,—but the boy's mind suffered not the less; he often started from his sleep, talking about "that letter," and his false statements to his father about those who had so kindly and generously ministered to him when no one else would; he had not courage as yet to open out this wickedness to his friendly instructor, though every day and every night he resolved to do so, and it would have been an inexpressible relief to have felt that he had no more dark dens of secret mischief within his soul, but that the windows were fully opened to the light of heaven, and the sunshine of God's approval.

Well; he was able now to sit out in the garden, and direct his sieges, and fortifications, and battles there, with Tom's active assistance, and George Beatson's. The weather was hot, with fine breezes, and he was sheltered from the sun's rays by a leafy arbour with a table in it, to which his drawing materials were removed. And as he had so much that was serious to think about, and so many amendments to prepare for the future, his Bible and Prayer-book were close at hand, and were not overlooked or neglected.

The Curate rejoiced at the change, and was very happy that he had been able to give up his holiday month for so excellent a result.

(To be continued.)

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THE PITCHER PLANT.

Travellers, in passing through the country, are often attracted by seeing a multitude of birds flying to one spot, and on drawing near they observe a considerable-sized plant, having leaves terminated by pitcher-shaped bags, furnished with lids and hinges. The latter is an elastic fibre, acted on by heat and moisture. Numerous little goblets, filled with sweet fresh water, are thus held forth, and afford a refreshing draught to such small animals as climb the branches, and to a variety of winged creatures. The pitcher-plant is sometimes nearly covered with these thirsty creatures—some taking a full draught, others lifting up their little bills between each sip, as if grateful for the blessing thus awarded them. But no sooner has the cloud passed, and the warm sun shone forth, than the heated fibre begins to expand, and closes the goblet so firmly as to prevent evaporation. This is a beautiful and provident contrivance. The quadruped, bird, or insect, has had sufficient time to quench its thirst, for the heavens do not immediately become cloudless; some brief space must, therefore, necessarily elapse before the warmth of the sun is felt. But the plant also requires nourishment; rain-drops soon trickle from the parched place in which it grows, and nightly dews, though heavy, are insufficient to refresh the sloping side of its arid habitat. The pitchers, therefore, are essential to its preservation, and a sufficient quantity of fluid is preserved by the gradual contraction of the lid. As long, too, as the lid stands open, the slender bill, the proboscis, or the tongue, can be readily thrust in; but as it gradually contracts, lest any poor creature should arrive late, or remain unsatisfied in the crowd, such pitchers as are covered with leaves remain much longer open, and it is probable that some never close. Neither one, nor two, nor even six or eight large pitchers, are assigned to each plant; but every leaf-stalk has its own, and consequently every leaf receives a needful supply of moisture through tubes that communicate with the absorbing vessels.

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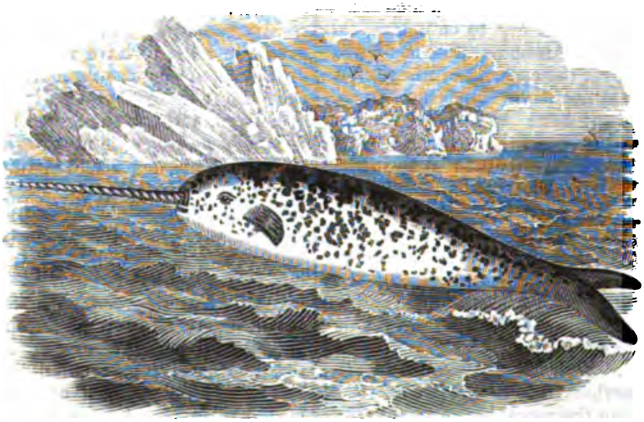

ARMED FISH.

In the lakes of Canada, in North America, is found a very remarkable armed fish, called a Chouarason, whose length is nearly two yards, and in thickness about the size of a man's thigh. In appearance it is like the pike, but covered with scales so strong as to resist a dagger. The colour of this creature is a silvery grey; and there grows from its mouth a long, bony substance. This fish, besides being a great destroyer of fish, is also a regular bird-catcher; and its plan of operation is very artful, equal to the cunning of man—the creature, to entrap the feathered tribe, conceals himself among the canes and reeds in such a manner, that the only part visible is the long, bony substance, which he holds perpendicularly above the surface of the water. The fowls imagining what they see to be nothing but a withered reed, perch upon it to rest themselves; but they are soon convinced of their mistake—for the fish, directly they have alighted, opens his huge throat, and makes such a sudden motion to seize his prey, that it seldom escapes from him.

The sword-fish is alike in form to the Chouarason.

OUR HISTORIC TREASURY.

WILLIAM TELL,

THE SWISS LIBERATOR.

> "Ye know not, ye who are always free,
> How precious a thing is liberty."

SWITZERLAND—a mountainous country in Europe, surrounded by Germany, Italy, and France, comprising more than eighteen thousand square miles, and having a hardy, fearless, and liberty-loving people, numbering some three millions,—is now, and long has been, a happy and flourishing republic—that is, governing itself without king, queen, or princes. It is divided into twenty-two cantons, each having its own distinct internal government, and the whole forming one confederacy; their parliament is called a "Diet;" each canton sends one member to the Diet, which assembles once a year, under a president. This noble nation has neither achieved nor preserved its freedom of government without sharp struggles. The following narrative describes one of them—the principal—by which Switzerland, though seated in the centre of despotism, first established its independence on a sure and lasting basis.

The Lake of Lucerne is one of the most remarkable spots in Switzerland; it is William Tell's Lake. Round about it is—

"Each cliff, and headland, and green promontory—"

graven with records of the past. Above and beyond are the Alps, those ever-famous mountains, celebrated for sublime and lovely scenery, amidst which dwell a free, brave, contented, industrious people, whose reputation for valour and enthusiastic attachment to liberty is known throughout the world.

Fancy, now, that you stand by that lovely and romantic mountain-lake of Lucerne, and carry your thoughts back five hundred and fifty years ago, when the favourite hero of Switzerland, William Tell, lived in a little cottage, surrounded by a few fields, an orchard, and a vineyard, at the hamlet of Burglen, not far from the Lake of Lucerne, one of the very choicest spots on earth for beauty and grandeur.

Tell, in all respects, strikingly resembled William Wallace, the Scottish patriot; and, strange to say, they lived nearly at the same time; and it is just possible, that Tell, whose great exploits were performed shortly after Wallace's death, might have heard of the Scottish hero, and been stimulated by his glorious example.

"Oh! who can lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name?
Whilst in that sound there is a charm
The nerves to brace, the heart to warm—
As, thinking on the mighty dead,
The young from slothful couch will start,
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
Like them, to act a noble part!"

Tell, like Wallace, possessed great strength, and manly beauty,—he was tall, active, and energetic; and endowed with a calm, lofty, and resolute mind; he excelled in all manly sports, and had not his equal in feats of archery or strength; he was modest, kind, and courteous in his general manners; he loved to climb the mountain steeps in pursuit of the chamois, and to steer his small boat across the lake, even when the waves ran high; but he returned with renewed delight to his humble and happy home, to the cultivation of his fields and pastures, and to the society of his beloved wife and children.

Tell knew that Switzerland had always acknowledged a dependence upon the empire of Germany; but this had been merely nominal, until Rudolph of Hapsburg ascended the imperial throne, and invested his son Albert with the Dukedom of Austria and all its appendages, one of which was Switzerland. Albert desired to reign over this country as an absolute sovereign, and one of the persons whom he sent into Switzerland to accomplish this object, was Herman Gessler, an Austrian, with the title of Governor, who came to the small town of Altorf, near William Tell's dwelling, by the Lake of Lucerne.

Gessler began to exercise his authority in a manner highly grievous to the high-spirited Swiss people. For every trivial offence against his dignity, he fined and imprisoned them; his soldiers committed great outrages, and he did not check them; he treated the peasants with contempt and insult; every possible injustice was inflicted that wanton and capricious tyranny could invent. One day, two peasants, a father and son, were ploughing their fields, when an Austrian soldier coming up, admired the oxen, said they would just suit him, and ordered the peasants to unyoke the beasts that he might drive them off; adding, with a contemptuous sneer, "that such clodpoles might easily draw their own ploughs." The son resisted, and drove the soldier off; but the old man was alarmed, and made his son retreat to the mountains, and there conceal himself. Scarcely had he departed, when a guard of soldiers, sent by Gessler, approached the dwelling, and not finding the principal offender, carried the old man off to prison. Gessler demanded to know of him where his son was to be found, but the father refusing to comply, the inhuman Governor put out his eyes, and sent him away in his anguish. Such were the deeds that roused William Tell to take up arms against the Austrians, and he became the chief of a band of devoted patriots, united by solemn and holy vows to live and die for the security of their homes, and the freedom of their fatherland.

Gessler now ordered a pole to be set up in the market-place, and on the top of it he put the ducal cap of Austria, and insisted that all the Swiss who passed within sight of it, should make obeisance, as a proof of homage and allegiance, and every one who disobeyed this insolent order, was punished as a rebel. A guard of soldiers was posted in the market-place to enforce the law. If this incident was not a positive fact of history, we might feel some difficulty in believing that anything so monstrous could actually take place.

William Tell refused to bend his manly head to the symbol, and Gessler sentenced him to die; but another of this petty despot's caprices was to be substituted for the immediate execution of the sentence. "Thou art celebrated for skill in archery," said he; "thou shalt shoot an apple off thy son's head; he grows an active young rebel; let him stand one hundred yards off, place this apple on his head, take thy crossbow, and a single arrow; if thou hit the apple, thou art a free man—if not, thou diest,—I have said the word."

The brave boy, Walter Tell, did not shrink from his part of the barbarous sentence; but the father's heart was full of anguish, lest he might kill or maim his beloved son. They embraced with tears as for the last time, then the patriot grew firm and resolute, placed his son with his back against a linden tree, fixed the apple, gave a parting caution to Walter to stand immoveable as a rock, and fitted the arrow to the bow. Yet he delayed at the last moment to pull the string; the peasants wept, prayed, and trembled,—the Austrian soldiers pressed near, thrilled with the excitement of the scene; and the ruthless Gessler looked on, charmed with his own inventive cruelty.

'Tis done—the arrow flies,—the apple is split—the boy rushes into his father's arms, and swoons upon his breast.

Gessler approached them admiringly. "William Tell, thou art an incomparable archer," said he, "and hast well earned thy liberty. But what is this?" plucking a concealed arrow from the hero's breast. "For what purpose hidest thou this?"

Tell fixed his eyes sternly on the speaker, and answered, "To slay thee, tyrant, if I had slain my son."

Gessler started back, and revoked the mercy he had granted.

Tell was loaded with irons, and a strong guard conducted him to the lake, and sailed with him to place the prisoner in a secure dungeon, from which he could not be rescued by the exasperated Swiss.

A storm arose, the boat was in great danger, the pilot was unskilful, darkness was gathering fast, and the soldiers urged upon Gessler, who was full of terror, that the prisoner was known to be a skilful pilot, and accustomed to the lake. Gessler, in despair, asked Tell if he could save them. The patriot answered that he could. "Strike off his fetters, and let him go to the helm," cried Gessler. It was done; and Tell guided the boat steadily and fearlessly through the dashing waves. All night they sailed, and at daylight, Gessler saw with rage that they were close to the very shore they had left yesterday.

Suddenly the boat ran close under a large jutting rock. Tell sprang out, scaled the precipice, and was lost to sight.

Once more free, and on his native hills, the patriot's heart was light. He was proceeding to join his friends in arms, when the approach of Austrian soldiers caused him to take refuge in a small hollow by the roadside. A chapel now marks the spot, known to this day as "the hollow way."

"Who would not land, and tread the ground,—
Land where Tell leap'd ashore,—
And climb to drink of the three hallowed fountains?"

From his concealment, Tell saw Gessler and his party pass. They had landed on a low part of the shore, procured horses, and were now on their way to Altorf. As they passed, he heard them denouncing vengeance against himself and his family. To save the dear ones at his home, and to deliver his country from this wretched and evil oppressor, he stepped forward, took aim with his crossbow, and shot Herman Gessler through the heart.

Deeds like this can only be excused under the extremest necessity; but surely we must, under all the circumstances, hold Tell justified, especially as the event gave the death-blow to despotic power in that country. Tell and his friends, on New Year's day, 1308, began that glorious struggle for liberty, which ended not until Switzerland was declared free and independent; but the contest lasted for more than three hundred years.

In 1315, William Tell was in the desperate battle of Morgarten, in which the flower of the Austrian chivalry perished under the arrows, axes, and iron-headed clubs of the mountain Swiss; or when these arms failed, were crushed beneath the stones and fragments of rocks which the patriots hurled down from their heights upon their foes.

It is said that William Tell was drowned in an inundation, which, in 1350, destroyed Burglen, his native hamlet. His name and fame, however, will never perish while the mountains and waters last, or a single Swiss is left to cherish the love of freedom and father-land.

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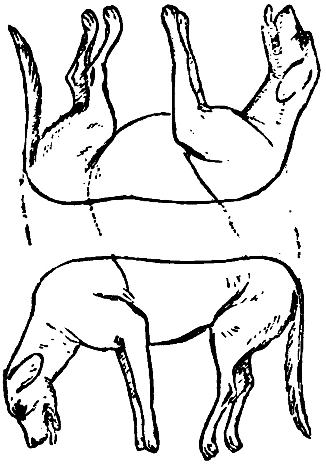
THE ROSE.

The rose in all countries, and in all times, has been held as the queen of flowers. The name, as it came to us, is from the Greek *rodon;* it has relation to the colour, red. The Greeks took their impressions of the rose, and matters of state in the vegetable kingdom, from the Egyptians, Persians, and other nations of Asia. Everywhere it is the type of beauty and love. The Greeks had more taste than imagination, and they found in their beautiful fables the luxuriant growth of Oriental fancy. They have this tradition:—The god of Love made a present to Harpocrates, the god of Silence, of a beautiful rose, the first that had been known, to engage him not to discover any of the secrets of his mother, Venus; and hence it has become a custom to have a rose placed in their rooms of mirth and entertainment, that under the assurance thereof, they might lay aside all restraint, and speak what they pleased. Thus did the rose become a symbol of silence, and *sub rosâ*, under the rose, denotes as much as to be out of danger of any disclosure. In India, and other portions of the East, the rose was beauty, and its perfume made it in their imaginations a match for the sweetest of nature's music; and hence the nightingale was married to the rose. Flowers are delightful to all. The tasteful Athenians, who had a market for the sale of them, were obliged to pass sumptuary laws to restrain the extravagance of purchasers. Such was the passion in every mind in the East for flowers, that from them has been made a universal language of friendship, affection, and love. It is one of no difficult acquirement, and fragments have been diffused far and wide. Roses are ornaments of the altar of Hymen, while vases of lilies are placed upon the grave of youth and innocence.

THE HAPPY HOUR.

PUZZLE.

87.



These dogs are dead, you well may say;
Add four lines more, they'll run away.

REBUS.

88.

A town on the Thames, near London.
A hill in Yorkshire.
A river in Russia.
A high mountain in Switzerland.
An ancient kingdom and city in Spain, with a splendid cathedral.
A province in Germany.
A celebrated and lofty mountain of America.
A large river in France.
A nice scent.
An extensive and beautiful lake in Ireland.
A sweet smelling flower.
The initials give the title of an English monarch.

IDA MAY FOSTER.

CONUNDRUM.

89. Why was Pharaoh's daughter like a London milkwoman?

TIMOTHY.

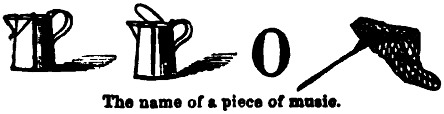
CHARADE.

90.

My *first* is part of a day;
My *second* at feasts overflows:
In the cottage my *whole* is oft seen,
To measure old time as he goes

HIEROGLYPHICS.

91.



The name of a piece of music.

HOLIDAY SCRAPS.

Two Irishmen one day meeting, "I am very ill, Pat," said one, rubbing his head. "Then," replied the other, "I hope you may keep so—for fear of being worse."

"Why is the letter *d* like a ring?" asked a young lady of her lover, who was as dull as the generality of his sex in such a situation. "Because," added the damsel, with a modest look, "we can't be wed without it."

Mr. Twiss, a romancing traveller, was talking of a church he had seen in Spain a mile and a half long. "Bless me!" said Garrick, "how broad was it?" "About ten yards," said Twiss. "This is, you'll observe, gentlemen," said Garrick to the company, "not a round lie, but differs from his other stories, which are generally as broad as they are long."

Who are the most disinterestedly good? Those who are good for nothing.

Why is a young lady forsaken by her lover like a deadly weapon? Because she is a *Cut-lass.*

What is the difference between the sun and bread? The sun rises in the east, and bread rises with the yeast in it.

"Will you lend father your newspaper, sir? he only wants to read it." "Yes, my boy, and ask him to lend me his dinner—I only just want to eat it!"

A person asking Diogenes what was the best dinner-hour, was answered, "Any hour." "Nay," said the man, "any hour will not suit rich and poor too." "But it will, though," retorted the philosopher; "a rich man can dine at any hour that he likes; but a poor man, any hour that he can."

At a parish examination, a clergyman asked a charity boy if he had ever been baptized? "No, sir," was the reply, "not as I knows on; but I've been *waxinated.*"

A gentleman of Cork ordered his man to call him up at six o'clock; but he awoke him at four. Being asked the reason, he replied, "He came to tell him he had two hours longer to sleep."

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DAVID COPPERFIELD.—Enigmas to hand; "Comet" too obvious, and the others, we fear, too well-known.

ELEVEN YEARS OLD.—Had your answer been received in time, you would have had a first class award. Our Magazine is published regularly, and you should have no difficulty in being regularly supplied with it. We shall shortly give instructions in the art of Paper Flower Making. Your conundrums are not original.

ÆNEAS.—Your questions shall have attention, and when we are prepared we will publish the answers in the Magazine.

ZAIN.—We must apologise for not making an earlier acknowledgment of your pretty little story 'Delay is Dangerous.' We are much pleased with it, and shall prepare it for publication.

TIMOTHY.—Charade and puzzle accepted with thanks.

F. OXLEY AND G. S. DAY – You attention should have been called to our remarks to "John Baker," and not to those made to Brutus, as printed in error in our last.

⁂ Our young friends will please observe that we shall not require Answers to the "Happy Hour" until due notice is given in this page, when we will thank them to send them in as neat and legibly written as possible, with their names appended; for want of this latter precaution some of our competitors, we fear, will find themselves omitted from the award.

With Part III., now ready, was published a splendid Needlework Design, printed in colours of "a Lady's Bag." Our Weekly Subscribers may now avail themselves of this beautiful Plate for One Penny. The Description for working it appears in No. 14.

Address to Editor at Printers', 23, Middle Street, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

EARLY RISING.

BY S. [illegible]

"UP, up!" cries the watchful *Cock*,
"Did you not hear the village clock?
I have been up for an hour or more,
Crowing aloud at the stable door;
Dobbin has gone with the boy to plough,
Betty has started to milk the cow;
Sure there is plenty for all to do,
And all are up, young friend, but you."

"Up, up!" cries the soaring *Lark*,
"Only sleep, my young friend, in the dark.
Only let it never, never be said,
You wasted the morning hours in bed;
Out of the window glance your eye,
And see how blue is the morning sky;
Open the casement, your slumber spare,
And smell how fresh is the morning air."

"Up, up!" cries the busy *Sun*,
"Is there no work, little friend, to be done?
Are there no lessons to learn, I pray,
That you lie dozing the hours away?
Who would give light to the world below,
If I were idly to slumber so?
What would become of the hay and corn,
Did I thus waste the precious morn?"

"Up, up!" cries the buzzing *Bee*,
"There's work for you as well as for me;
Oh, how I prize the morning hour,
Gathering sweets from the dewy flower;
Quick comes on the scorching noon,
And darksome night will follow soon;
Say, shall it chide for idle hours,
Time unimproved, and wasted powers?"

◆

CANADIAN BEE-HUNTING.

THE Canadians adopt an ingenious plan for discovering the trees that are stored with honey. They collect a number of bees off the flowers in the forest, and confine them in a small box, at the bottom of which is a piece of honeycomb, and in the lid a square of glass, large enough to admit the light into every part. When the bees seem satiated with honey, two or three are allowed to escape, and the direction in which they fly is attentively watched, until they become lost in the distance. The hunter then proceeds towards the spot where they disappear, and liberating one or two more of the little captives, he also marks their course. This process is repeated, until the other bees, instead of following the same direction as their predecessors, take the direct opposite course, by which the hunter is convinced he has overshot the object of his pursuit. It is a well-known fact, that if you take a bee from a flower situated at any given distance *south* of the tree to which the bee belongs, and carry it in the closest confinement to an equal distance on the *north* side of the tree, he will, when liberated, fly in a circle for a moment, and then make his course direct for his sweet home, without deviating in the least to the right hand or the left. Thus the hunter is very soon able to detect the tree which contains the honey; then, by placing on a heated brick a piece of honeycomb, the odour, when melting, is so strong and alluring, as to entice the bees to come down from their citadel. When the tree is cut down, the quantity of honey found in its excavated trunk seldom fails to compensate the hunter for his perseverance.

◆

SONG OF THE LARK.

THIS is a justly celebrated bird of song. Though monotonous, it is cheerful, and imparts a gaiety to the mind of even the most serious. His joyous matins and heavenward flight have been aptly compared to hymns and acts of adoration and praise. No bird sings with more method: there is an overture performed *vivace crescendo*, while the singer ascends; when at the full height, the song becomes *moderato*, and distinctly divided into short passages, each repeated three or four times over, like a *fantasia*, in the same key and time. If there be any wind, he rises perpendicular by bounds, and afterwards poises himself with breast opposed to it. If calm, he ascends in spiral circles; in horizontal circles during the principal part of his song, and zigzagly downwards during the performance of the *finale*. Sometimes, after descending about halfway, he ceases to sing, and drops with the velocity of an arrow to the ground. Those acquainted with the song of the skylark can tell without looking at them whether the birds be ascending or stationary in the air, or on their descent; so different is the style of the song in each case. In the first, there is an expression of ardent impatience; in the second an *andante* composure, in which rests of a bar at a time frequently occur; and in the last, a graduated sinking of the strains, often touching the subdominant before the final close. The time and number of the notes often correspond with the vibrations of the wings; and though they sometimes sing while on the ground, as they are seen to do in cages, their whole frame seems to be agitated by their musical efforts.

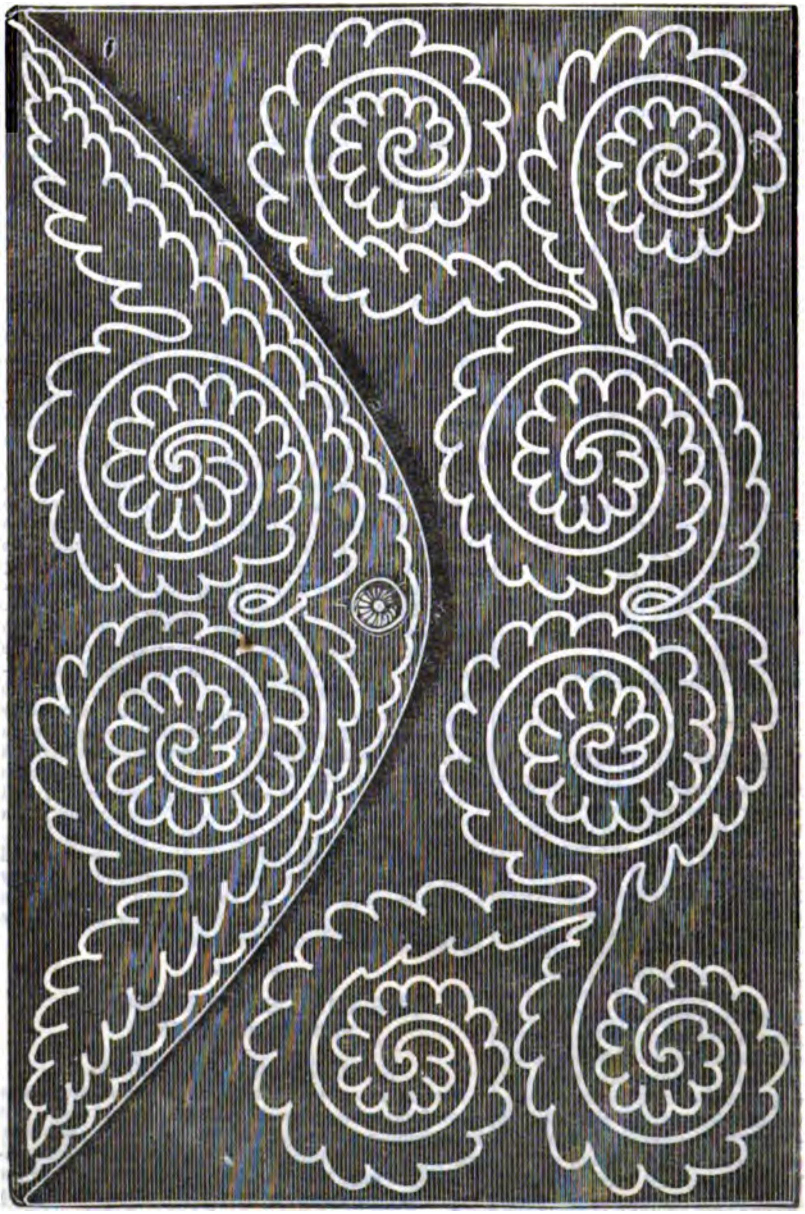
◆

THE GIRL'S WORK-TABLE.

BY MADAME EUGENIE.

NEEDLEWORK ENVELOPE.

THERE never was a time when Needlework was more fashionable than it is at the present day. At little friendly meetings, and especially at the sea-side, where ladies sit during their summer excursions enjoying the pure breezes, often for many hours of the day, it is now almost a universal custom to occupy the time with the pleasant labour of embroidering



NEEDLEWORK ENVELOPE.

some pretty article for the enrichment of the ward-robe.

Out of this fashion there has arisen the necessity for the very useful article which we are this week presenting. It is the Needlework Envelope. Every lady finds it indispensable to have her embroidery, her cotton, her scissors, and such few implements as she may require, all placed together in some small portable form. It is on this account that the article in question has been introduced, being formed expressly to contain the work and its accompaniments, which, being enclosed in their Envelope, are so easily carried in the pocket.

Our illustration is intended to be made in blue silk, with the pattern in gold-coloured silk braid, and lined with gold-coloured silk. It is fastened by a loop and fancy button. Of course, these colours may be varied; but those we have mentioned produce a very good effect. No stiffening of cardboard is to be introduced, as the object is to keep it free from being troublesome in the pocket.

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THE BOYS' & GIRLS' COMPANION FOR LEISURE HOURS

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DON'T TELL;

OR, MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

BY MARY BENNETT.

CHAPTER XV.

"A NOBLE character is always marked by openness. It may not be apt to tell everything to every person,—that would be folly, not nobleness;—but it always tells the proper things to the proper persons. It hates concealments, and all the falsehoods and half-falsehoods that spring out of them."

When Frederick—still unhappy at heart, because still harbouring concealment of his worst offence—heard the Curate speak these words, he felt them acutely; and as it was now his genuine wish to be a noble character, he resolved that he would never again have or keep a secret, without good reasons for it.

But he spoke to the Curate in an argumentative way about the frequent passages in Scripture against tale-bearing and secret disclosing.

"Both, when unnecessary, are despicable," said the Curate,—"when that which ought to be hidden is disclosed, only to give pain and do injury. Caution in repeating a matter is a mark of wisdom. But to conceal that which duty bids us reveal, is a mark of something worse than folly. We must be careful to distinguish."

Once more the altered boy returned to Ivy House; and the scholars, coming back to school after the holidays, saw him when they passed by the Curate's study, sitting by the window or fire, generally drawing, and sometimes reading or thinking. He looked taller and thinner, as well as paler, every one remarked; and it was surprising how quiet the schoolroom was, now Fred.'s disturbing spirit was removed from it. Among themselves, the boys talked with astonishment of the change; and especially of the evident good understanding that existed between the late tormentor and those whom he had tormented. The Latin usher, who had been nearly worn out of his life with Fred.'s tricks and perversities, was now his companion and friend; and it was whispered, half incredulously, that the Curate had risked his own life, and sacrificed all his holiday, to attend on him who had made the last school-quarter so trying and painful. So Fred., while he remained an invalid in the study, was peeped at again and again, with no little curiosity, as if he were a tamed young lion.

One day, the study door opened, and Mr. Walton entered, followed by a lady, stately and fair, dressed in travelling costume.

After the first hearty greeting of his son, Mr. Walton took the hand of the lady and placed it in that of Frederick, saying, "My dear boy, I have brought you a new mamma, who is come to take you home. You will find *her* a good nurse; though, I hope you will not want one again for many a day to come. She will watch over you and Margaret better than I can. I have too little patience to manage you."

The lady sat down by Frederick, and entered into a kind conversation with him. He had never seen her before; but after he had got over the first unpleasant surprise, he fancied he should like her very well.

Meanwhile, Miss Everitt, with Annie and Margaret, had travelled on the beautiful and picturesque South Western Railway route to a quiet retreat in Poole Bay, on the southern coast of our green island.

Margaret was tired the first day; nothing but violent excitement suited her for enjoyment. But to Annie Campbell, this was a time of times. Her first view of the grand and wonderful sea—of its restless waves—its blue or green waters—its cliffs, headlands, coves, and beach—was never to be forgotten. There she heard, for the first time, the voice of the sea—a voice like no other—speaking of things too profound for human utterance. Every morning and evening she heard the dash of the tide-waves on the shore, where every wave thundered over hidden rocks, and retired with a long-drawn, rolling, rattling noise, over shingles and shells. Every day she strolled along the sands to visit some wild sand-hills, clothed in fine woods or moorland; or she followed the course of some stream up one of the many rocky ravines that opened out on the sea. In all the most beautiful situations were villas surrounded by gardens and shrubberies, teeming with splendid flowers; and within a few miles, and visible from every elevated point, were castles, towers, and old mansions. Besides all this, the search for, and study of marine vegetables and animals along the teeming beach, was a new and boundless field of entertainment. Nor should we forget the merry hours passed among the children sporting on the sands, building, and digging, and shaping out hillocks and hollows with wooden spades.

So Annie returned to school with her thoughts and heart full of all she had seen and learned, and enjoyed; and very much improved in health.

"Where is my brother?" asked Margaret, anxiously. The Curate took her hand and led her to the study, and left her alone with Frederick.

She was absolutely shocked to see him so altered in aspect; and after looking at him earnestly, ran to him, and threw her arms about his neck and wept.

"You have been away some time, dear," said Frederick; "I thought never to see you again. Sit down here by me."

"Oh! Fred., I did not know you had been so ill. How thin you are! How pale!"

"Yes; but in some respects, I hope, you find me better than you left me."

"How, dear?"

Frederick pressed her hand tenderly. "Sister, have I been a good or a bad brother to you?"

"How can you ask me such a question?" And Margaret wept again, and kissed him.

"I will tell you," he said. "I have been a *bad* brother; and now I mean to be a good one. You have been very much led by me. I think, Margaret, you have an affection for me, as I have for you. Well, I have led you wrong—very wrong; don't you think I have? Consider, now."

"In some things, perhaps," said Margaret, reluctantly.

"I have indeed! I feel it,—I am sorry for it; and I have allowed you to be misled by Winnifred."

Margaret could hardly believe it was her brother who spoke. She sat up erect, drew a little away from him, locked her hands together, and fixed her eyes on his face.

“Margaret, I have much to say to you.”

(To be continued.)

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A DIVER'S TALE OF THE OCEAN DEPTHS.

BY AN AMERICAN NARRATOR.

The life of one who explores the mysteries of the sea is not more perilous than fascinating. The charm of terror hangs around it, and the interminable succession of exciting events renders it dear to its professor; not to the common divers of the East, who can remain but a fraction of time beneath the wave, and grope fearfully among rugged ocean-mounds, but to the adept in the civilised mode of diving, who, in his protective armour, may remain submerged for hours, and wander with impunity for miles along those unknown regions far below the sea. To him are laid open the horrors of the watery creation, and he may gaze upon such scenes as Arabian story tells us were presented to the fearful eyes of Abdallah. To him the most thrilling occurrences of the upper world seem frivolous; for in his memory he retains thoughts that may well chill the soul with dread.

I am a diver—a diver from choice—and I am proud of my profession. Where is such courage required as is needed here? It is nothing to be a soldier; a diver, however—but I forbear. I will tell my story, and leave others to judge concerning it.

An appalling shipwreck occurred not long ago upon the wildest part of the coast of Newfoundland. The tidings of this calamity reached the ears of thousands, but, amid the crowd of accidents which followed in quick succession, it was soon forgotten. Not by us, however. We found that the vessel had sunk upon a spot where the water's depth was by no means great, and that a daring man might easily reach her.

She was a steamer called the Marmion, and had been seen going suddenly down, without an instant's warning, by some fishermen near by. She had undoubtedly struck a hidden rock, and had thus been in one moment destroyed.

I spoke to my associates of the plan, and they approved it. No time was lost in making the necessary preparations, and a short time beheld us embarked in our small schooner for the sunken ship. There were six of us, and we anticipated success.

I was the leader, and generally ventured upon any exploit in which there was uncommon danger. Not that the others were cowards; on the contrary, they were all brave men, but nature had gifted me with a coolness and a presence of mind which the others did not possess. As two persons were needed in order to explore the Marmion, I had selected as my companion a young fellow whose steadiness and dauntless courage had several times before been fearfully tested.

It was a calm and pleasant day, but the eastern and southern horizon looked deceitful. Small suspicious clouds were gathered there, ill of aspect, and “sneaking fellows, regular hang-dog fellows,” as my comrade Rimmer remarked to me. Nevertheless, we were not to be put off by a little cloudiness in the sky, but prepared to venture.

So deep was the water, that no vestige of the ship's mast remained above the surface to point out the resting place of the Marmion. We were compelled, therefore, to select the scene of operations according to the best of our ability. Down went the sails of our schooner, and Rimmer and I put on our diving armour. We fixed on our helmets tightly, and screwed on the hose. One by one each clumsy article was adjusted. The weights were hung, and we were ready.”

“It looks blackish, Berton,” said Rimmer to me.

“Oh,” I replied, gaily, “it's only a little mist—all right.”

“Ah!” He uttered a low exclamation, which sounded hollow from his cavernous helmet.

“All ready!” I cried in a loud voice, which they, however, could not easily distinguish; then, making a proper sign, I was swung over the side.

Down we went, I first, and Rimmer close behind. It did not take a long time for us to reach the bottom; we found ourselves upon what seemed a broad plain, sloping downwards towards the south, and rising slightly towards the north. Looking forward, then, a dim, black object arose, which our experienced eyes knew to be a lofty rock.

I told Rimmer that we should proceed there.

I cannot tell the strangeness of the sensation felt by one who first walks the bottom of the sea. There are a thousand objects fitted to excite astonishment, even in the mind of him who has dared the deed a hundred times. All around us lay the plain covered by water: but here the eye could not pierce far away as in the upper air, for the water in the distance grew opaque, and seemed to fade away into misty darkness. There was no sound, except the incessant gurgle which was caused by the escape of air from the breast valve, and the plash caused by our passage through the waters. We walked on at a good pace; for this armour, which seems so clumsy up above, is excellent below, and offers little inconvenience to the practised wearer. Fishes in crowds were around us. Fishes of every shape and size met our eyes, no matter where they turned. They swam swiftly by us; they sported in the water above us; they raced and chased one another, in every direction. Here a shoal of porpoises tumbled along in clumsy gambols; there a grampus might be seen rising slowly to the surface;

here an immense number of smaller fish flashed past us; there some huge ones, with ponderous forms, floated in the water lazily. Sometimes three or four placed themselves directly before us, staring at us, and solemnly working their gills. There they would remain till we came close up to them, and then, with a start, they would dart away.

All this time we were walking onward, along the bottom of the sea; while, above us, like a black cloud in the sky, we could see our boat slowly moving onward upon the surface of the water. And now, not more than a hundred yards before us, we could see the towering form of that ebony rock which had at first greeted our eyes from afar. As yet we could not be certain that was the place where the Marmion had struck. But soon a round, black object became discernible, as we glanced at the rocky base.

Rimmer struck my arm and pointed. I signed assent, and we moved onward more quickly.

A few moments elapsed; we had come nearer to the rock. The black object now looked like the stern of a vessel whose hull lay there.

Suddenly Rimmer struck me again, and pointed upwards. Following the direction of his hand, I looked up, and saw the upper surface of the water all foamy and in motion. There was a momentary thrill through my heart, but it passed over. We were in a dangerous condition; a storm was coming on. But should we turn back now, when we were so near the object of our search? Already it lay before us; we were close beside it. No, I would not. I signalled to Rimmer to go forward, and we still kept our course.

Now the rock rose up before us, black, rugged, dismal. Its rough sides were worn by the action of the water, and in some places were covered by marine plants, and nameless ocean vegetation. We passed onward, we clambered over a spur which jutted from the cliff, and there lay the steamer.

The Marmion!—there she lay upright, with everything still standing. She had gone right down, and had settled in such a position among the rocks that she stood upright here, just as though she lay at her wharf. We rushed eagerly along, and clambered up her side. There was a low moan in the water which sounded warning in our ears, and told us of a swift approaching danger. What was to be done must be done speedily. We hurried forward; and Rimmer rushed to the cabin. I went forward to descend into the hold. I descended the ladder; I walked into the engineer's room. All was empty here; all was water. The waves of the ocean had entered and were sporting with works of man. I went into the freight room. Suddenly I was startled by an appalling noise upon the deck; the heavy footsteps of some one running, as though in mortal fear, or most dreadful haste, sounded in my ears. Then my heart throbbed wildly! for it was a fearful thing to hear far down in the silent depths of the ocean.

Pshaw! it's only Rimmer.

I hurriedly ascended the deck by the first outlet that appeared. When I speak of hurry, I speak of the quickest movement possible when encumbered with so much armour. But this movement of mine was quick; I rushed upwards; I sprang out on the deck. It was Rimmer.

He stepped forward, clutched my arm, pressed it with a convulsive grasp, and pointed to the cabin.

I attempted to go there.

He stamped his foot, and tried to hold me back. He pointed to the boat, and implored me, with frantic gestures, to go up.

It is appalling to witness the horror-struck soul trying to express itself by signs. It is awful to see those signs when no face is plainly visible, and no voice is heard. I could not see his face plainly, but his eyes, through his mask, glowed like coals of fire.

"I will go!" I exclaimed. I sprang from him. He clasped his hands together, but dared not follow.

I thought, what fearful thing is here? What scene can be so dreadful as to paralyse the soul of a practised diver? I will see for myself.

I walked forward. I came to the cabin door; I entered the forward saloon, but saw nothing. A feeling of contempt came upon me. Rimmer shall not come upon me again, I thought. Yet I was awe-struck. Down in the depths of the sea there is only silence—oh, how solemn! I paced the long saloon, which had echoed with the shrieks of the drowning passengers. Ah! there are thoughts which sometimes fill the soul, which are only felt by those to whom scenes of sublimity are familiar. Thus thinking, I walked to the after-cabin, and entered. Had not my hand clenched the door with a grasp which mortal terror had made convulsive, I should have fallen to the floor. I stood nailed to the spot. For there before me stood a crowd of people—men and women—caught in the last death-struggle by the overwhelming waters, and fastened to the spot, each in the position in which death had found them. Each one had sprung from his chair at the shock of the sinking ship; and, with one common emotion, all had started for the door. But the waters of the sea had been too swift for them. Lo! then, some wildly grasping the table, others the beams, others the sides of the cabin; there they all stood. Near the door was a crowd of people heaped upon one another—some on the floor, others rushing over them—all seeking, madly, to gain the outlet. There was one who sought to clamber over the table, and still was there, holding on to an iron post. So strong was each convulsive grasp, so fierce the struggle of each with death, that their hold had not yet been relaxed; but each one stood and looked frantically to the door. To the door! To me, to me they were looking! They were glancing at me, all those dreadful, those terrible eyes—eyes in which the fire of life had been displaced by the chilling gleam of death—eyes which still glared like the eyes of the maniac, with no expression. They froze me with their cold and icy stare. They had no meaning, for the soul had gone. And this made it still more horrible than it could have been in life; for the appalling contortion of their faces, expressing their fear, horror, and despair, and whatever else the human soul may fear, contrasting with the cold and glassy eyes, made their vacancy yet more fearful. He upon the table seemed more fiendish than the others; for his long black hair was dishevelled, and floated horribly down, and his beard and moustache, all loosened by the water, gave him the grimness of a demon. Oh, what woe and torture, what unutterable agonies, appeared in the despairing glance of those faces—faces twisted into spasmodic contortions, while the souls that lighted them were writhing and struggling for life.

I heeded not the dangerous sea, which, even when we touched the steamer, had slightly rolled. Down in these awful depths, the swell would not be very strong, unless it should increase with tenfold fury above. But it had been increasing, though I had not noticed it, and the motion of the water began to be felt in these abysses.

Suddenly the steamer was shaken and rocked by the swell. At this the hideous forms were shaken and fell. The heaps of people rolled asunder. That demon on the table seemed to make a spring directly towards me. I fled, shrieking—all were after me, I thought.

I rushed out, with no purpose but to escape. I sought to throw off my weights and rise. My weights could not be loosened; I pulled at them with frantic exertions, but could not loosen them. The iron fastenings had grown stiff. One of them I wrested off in my convulsive efforts, but the other still kept me down. The tube, also, was lying down still in my passage way through the machine-room. I did not know this until I had exhausted my strength, and almost my hope, in vain efforts to loosen the weight, and still the horror of that scene in the cabin rested upon me.

Where was Rimmer? the thought flashed across me. He was not here; he had returned. Two weights lay near, which seemed thrown off in terrible haste. Yes, Rimmer had gone. I looked up; there lay the boat tossing and rolling among the waves.

I rushed down into the machine-room, to go back, so as to loosen the tube. I had gone through passages carelessly, and this lay there, for this was unrolled from above as I went up. I went back in haste to extricate myself; I could stay here no longer; for, if all the gold of Golconda was in the vessel, I would not stay with the dreadful dead.

Back; fear lent wings to my feet. I hurried down the stairs into the lower hold once more, and retraced my steps through the passage below. I walked back

dark. A new feeling of horror shot through me; I looked up. *The aperture was closed!*

Oh, horror! was it closed by mortal hand? Had Rimmer in his panic flight blindly thrown down the trap-door, which I now remember to have seen open when I descended? I started back in terror.

But I could not wait here—I must go—I must escape from this den. I sprang up the ladder and tried to raise the door. It resisted my efforts. I put my helmeted head against it, and tried to raise it; the rong of the ladder broke beneath me, but the door was not raised; my tube came down through it, and kept it partly open—for it was a strong tube, kept strongly expanded by close-bound wire.

I seized a bar of iron, and tried to force it; I raised it slightly, but there was no way to get up further. I looked around and found some blocks; with these I raised the heavy door, little by little, placing a block in to keep what I had gained. But the work was slow and laborious, and I had worked a long while before I had gained four inches.

The sea rolled more and more. The submerged vessel felt its power, and rocked. Suddenly it wheeled over, and lay upon its side. I ran round to get on the deck above, to try and lift up the door; but when I came to the other outlet I knew it was impossible, for the tube would not permit me to go so far. I would rather have died a thousand deaths than have ventured again so near the cabin.

I returned to the fallen door; I sat down in despair, and waited for death. I saw no hope of escape. This, then, was to be my end.

But the steamer gave a sudden lurch, again acted upon by the power of the waves. She had been balanced upon a rock in such a way that a slight action of the water was sufficient to tip her over. She creaked and groaned, and laboured, and then turned upon her side. I rose; I clung to the ladder; I pressed the trap-door open while the steamer lay with her deck perpendicular to the ground. I sprang out and touched the bottom of the sea. It was in good time; for, just after, the mass heeled over again.

Then, with a last effort, I twisted the iron fastening of the weight which kept me down; I jerked it. It was loosed; it broke; it fell. In a moment I began to ascend, and in a few minutes I was floating on the water—for the air which is pressed down for the diver's consumption constitutes a buoyant mass, which raises him up from the sea.

Thanks to heaven! there was the strong boat with my companions. They felt me rising; they saw me, and came and saved me.

Rimmer had fled from the horrid scene when I entered the cabin, but remained in the boat to lend his aid. He never went down again, but became a sea captain. As for me, I still go down, but only to vessels whose crews have been saved.—*Hogg's Instructor.*

THE BOYS OF THE BIBLE.

BY AUNT MARY.

No. III.—JOSEPH.

In interest and pathos, no story that ever was written can exceed the narrative of the life of Joseph, son of Jacob, and great grandson of Abraham.

When Isaac and Rebekah his wife were entombed by the side of Abraham and Sarah in the cave of Macpelah, in the land of the Hittite, Jacob, the younger son of Isaac, dwelt—with great possessions in flocks, and herds, and slaves—in Hebron, in the land wherein his father was a stranger—Hebron, in the land of Canaan. Hebron is elsewhere called Mamre, and Kirjath-Arba, or the city of Arba—Arba having been a great chief among the Anakina. Hebron was one of the very oldest cities in the world, built seven years before Zoan, or Tanis, the ancient capital of Lower Egypt. It is now called Habroun, and Khalyl, and is situate twenty-seven miles south of Jerusalem. It stands on the slope of an eminence, and appears rather a neat small town, with high houses, and narrow winding streets. The adjoining district is the valley of Hebron, in which the patriarch Jacob dwelt. It is an oblong hollow valley, with rocky hillocks, groves of firs, and plantations of vines and olive trees.

Jacob had twelve sons—Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, Issachar, Zebulun, Dan, Naphtali, Gad, Asher, Joseph, and Benjamin. The two last were his youngest, and dearly cherished by Jacob, as the sons of his old age, and as the children of his beloved wife, Rachel, who died when Benjamin was born.

These twelve young men were all shepherds—that is, their daily business was to watch over and attend to their father's extensive flocks and herds, which had frequently to be removed from one pasture ground to another, often at considerable distances.

We are first acquainted with Joseph at seventeen years old, when he is feeding the flock with his brethren. He brings to his father, Jacob, an account of their wicked conduct to him. They hated him, and could not speak peaceably to him, because their father loved him more than all his brethren. They hated him yet more for certain remarkable dreams that he told them. He said—"We were binding sheaves in the field, and lo! my sheaf arose, and stood upright, and all your sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf."

His brethren were angry, and said—"Shalt thou indeed reign over us, and have dominion over us?" Another dream he told to them: "The sun, and the moon, and the eleven stars made obeisance to me."

And he told it to his father, and to his brethren; and his father rebuked him, and said—"Shall I and thy mother, and thy brethren, indeed, come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth?" And his brethren envied him; but his father, who knew that God often spoke to His servants in dreams, observed the saying. All this took place in his mother's lifetime.

After a time, Joseph's brethren went to feed their father's flocks in the valley of Shechem. Rachel was then dead. Jacob said to Joseph—"Do not thy brethren feed the flock in Shechem? come, and I will send thee unto them." Joseph said—"Here am I." Jacob continued, "Go, I pray thee, see whether it be well with thy brethren, and well with the flocks, and bring me word."

Joseph had a long way to go—sixty miles—and there is no intimation that he had servants with him, or an ass or camel to ride on. However, he came to Shechem, and a stranger found the youth wandering about, seeking his brethren, and directed him to Dothan, some twelve miles further; "for," said the man, "I heard them say—'Let us go to Dothan.'"

The narrow valley of Shechem lies between two mountains—Gerizim and Ebal—in Samaria. Its scenery is bold, beautiful, and picturesque. It was at the well of Jacob, in the valley, that our Saviour discoursed with the woman of Samaria (John iv.) The name has been variously spelled—Shechem, Sechem, Sychor, &c.; it is now called Napolose, or Naplous. There is nothing in the Holy Land finer than a view of the ancient town of Napolose from the heights around it. As the traveller descends towards it from the hills, it appears luxuriantly embosomed in the most delightful and fragrant bowers, half concealed by rich gardens, and by stately trees collected into groves. The people of the town and valley are mostly Mahommedans, who thrive on the visits of pilgrims to the well of Jacob.

We are to suppose the solitary youth, Joseph, after passing through the intricate defiles of this hilly country, coming out at last, no doubt weary and exhausted, upon an extensive tract of open pasture, where he sees his brothers' herds of cattle feeding on the abundant thistles and herbage. Little was he aware of the cruel conspiracy prepared for him. They saw him afar off, and said to one another—"Behold, this dreamer cometh; let us slay him, and cast him into some pit; and we will say, some evil beast hath devoured him: and we shall see what will become of his dreams." But Reuben said, "Let us not kill him. Shed no blood. Cast him into this pit"—intending secretly to save him, and deliver him to his father again. The boy came near. What a reception, after his long, fatiguing, difficult, and perilous journey! They seized him roughly—those ten cruel brothers—stripped off his coat of many colours, that his father had provided him with as a mark of his tender affection, and cast him into an empty pit. This pit is now named Gib Yousoof, and is much visited by travellers. It is one of the many reservoirs for rain-water which are to be found in Palestine.

The wicked brothers sat down to eat bread, when a mixed caravan of Ishmaelites and Midianites, or Arabians, came that way from Gilead, with their camels bearing spices, and balm, and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt—in fact, just such a caravan as may be often met there at the present day—though Joseph lived seventeen centuries before the Christian era. Seeing the company, Judah said to his brethren—"What profit is it if we slay our brother and conceal his blood? Come, and let us sell him to the Ishmaelites."

Accordingly, Joseph was drawn up out of the pit, and sold to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver; and he was taken as a slave into Egypt, away from his fond father and all familiar faces—away into a land of strangers, where he was sold to Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh, king of Egypt.

Reuben had, probably, gone elsewhere with his flocks, for he was not present when Joseph was sold, and knew not of it; but after a time, he returned to the pit to look for the youth, and not finding him there, believed him murdered. Then he came to his brethren, in grief and distress, crying—"The child is not; and I, whither shall I go?" They did not undeceive him; but all came back to Hebron, to Jacob, and showed him the coat of many colours which Joseph had worn, and which they had dipped in the blood of a kid; and they said to their father—"This have we found; know now whether it be thy son's coat or no?" And he knew it, and said—"It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him. Joseph is, without doubt, rent in pieces." And Jacob mourned very bitterly for the lost one. All his sons, and all his daughters, rose up to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted, and he said—"For I will go down into the grave, unto my son, mourning." Thus his father wept for him.

But the very means which the wicked brothers had taken to get rid of Joseph, only served to bring about the fulfilment of his prophetic dreams. The Lord was with the unfortunate boy, and made him prosper greatly in the house of his Egyptian master, Potiphar, who valued him greatly, and made him overseer over all that he had. And Joseph was faithful to his trust, and faithful to his God, and by that faithfulness he drew upon himself the enmity of the wicked wife of his master, and she falsely accused him to Potiphar, who confined Joseph in a prison where the king of Egypt's prisoners were bound. Potiphar was one of the principal lords of Pharaoh's court, and as he believed that Joseph had dealt most perfidiously and ungratefully towards him, he would—had he been an Hebrew, or an Arabian—no doubt, have put Joseph to death forthwith; but the ancient Egyptians were judicially the most civilised people of their times: the laws of Egypt even precluded the king himself from the power of inflicting hasty or unjust capital punishments; and the life of the slave was protected from the anger of the master by the same intelligent Egyptian laws. Joseph was left some time in prison, and there the Lord was with him, and showed him mercy, and gave him favour in the sight of the keeper of the prison. And this officer committed to Joseph's hand all the prisoners that were in the prison, and looked not to anything that was under his care; because the Lord was with Joseph, and made all he did to prosper. Many years Joseph lived in the Egyptian prison, gradually rising to honour—but still a captive and a slave, until Pharaoh himself heard of him, and sent for him. The occasion was this:—God had endowed Joseph with prophetic power in the interpretation of dreams (a power never granted since the Gospel era); and when Pharaoh himself had certain remarkable visions, which none of the magicians and wise men of Egypt could interpret, his chief butler said to the king—"I do remember my faults this day. Pharaoh was wroth with his servants, and put me in ward in the captain of the guard's house, both me and the chief baker. And we dreamed a dream in one night. And there was with us a young man, a Hebrew, servant to the captain of the guard, and we told him, and he interpreted to us our dreams. And as he interpreted to us, so it was; me he restored unto mine office, and him he hanged." Then Pharaoh sent and called Joseph; and they brought him hastily out of the dungeon; and he shaved himself—as was the Egyptian custom, different from all the other oriental nations—and changed his raiment, and came in unto Pharaoh. "I have heard say of thee," said the king, "that thou canst understand a dream to interpret it." Joseph replied modestly and beautifully—"It is not in me. God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace." The king then told his dreams; and Joseph explained them clearly and boldly, as one who spake by Divine authority—"What God is about to do, He showeth unto Pharaoh. There come seven years of great plenty throughout all the land of Egypt; and there shall arise after them seven years of famine, very grievous."

Then Joseph astonishes Pharaoh and his lords, by counselling how to provide for the famine. "Let Pharaoh look out a man, discreet and wise, and set him over the land of Egyyt. Let Pharaoh do this, and let him appoint officers over the land, and take up the fifth part of the land of Egypt in the seven plenteous years. And let them gather all the food of those good ears that come, and lay up corn under the hand of Pharaoh; and let them keep food in the cities. And that food shall be for store to the land, against the seven years of famine, that the land perish not." And Pharaoh said to those around him—"Can we find such a one as this is—a man in whom the spirit of God is?" And he said to Joseph—"Forasmuch as God hath showed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art. *Thou* shalt be over my house, and according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled; only in the throne will I be greater than thou. See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt."

Thus, at thirty years old, Joseph, the Hebrew slave, went forth in the royal chariot throughout Egypt, with Pharaoh's ring upon his finger, and the gold chain of official distinction on his neck, and all the oriental investiture of high authority.

Then came the seven plenteous years. And Joseph was faithful to Pharaoh, as he had been to Potiphar. He stored the Egyptian cities with food very abundantly, and provided for the famine that too surely followed the plenty. Through his foresight, all the people of Egypt had food, when, but for him, they must have perished. And the people of all the surrounding countries came into Egypt to Joseph to buy corn. Egypt was then, as it still is, the granary of surrounding nations. This is the earliest notice on record of the extensive corn-trade which Egypt has always enjoyed.

In the land of Canaan the famine pressed hard on Jacob and his sons and their families, and Joseph's ten brothers—those who had wronged him—came to him to buy. He knew them at once, and remembered his boyish dreams, now fulfilled; but they could not recognise in the eminent man before them the ruler of Egypt, the poor helpless lad they had sold to slavery. He pretended to speak roughly to them, calling them spies, and put them in ward three days. Then he sent for them again, and bade them carry corn to their famishing households, and fetch their youngest brother, leaving one of their number bound in prison. In this trial conscience smote them, and not aware that the governor understood their language—for he spoke to them through an interpreter—they talked to one another of Joseph. He overheard them say,—"We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear, therefore is this distress come upon us." And Reuben said, "Spake I not to you saying, Do not sin against the child, and ye would not hear: now his blood is required." Joseph then turned away from them and wept; but returned, and bound Simeon before their eyes, and sent the others away laden with corn and provisions for the journey.

Returning to Jacob, they related what had occurred, and were afraid when they found every man's bundle of money in his sack of corn. The old man was in despair—"Me have ye bereaved of my children. Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away." And he would not let him go.

But the famine continued, and again they were obliged to go to Egypt to buy corn. And Jacob sent presents and double money, and his youngest son: "And God Almighty give you mercy before the man, that he may send away your other brother and Benjamin."

And when Joseph saw his own young brother, his mother Rachel's child, he had a feast prepared for all his brothers; but at the door of his house they were afraid, and spoke pathetically to the steward about the money in their sacks. The officer reassured them, and brought the captive Simeon out to them; and they were made ready for the dinner. And when Joseph appeared, they presented the presents they had brought, and bowed themselves before him in the lowly style of Eastern obeisance. Then he asked them, "Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? Is he yet alive?" They answered, "He is yet alive." Then he said, "Is this your younger brother, of whom ye spake unto me?" And he said, "God be gracious unto thee, my son." But his feelings overpowered him—he made haste, and sought where to weep—and entered into his chamber, and wept there. Afterwards he controlled himself, and dined with them; and they were astonished to find that he placed them in the exact order of their age, from the eldest to the youngest; and they drank, and were merry with him.

Joseph then sent them away, laden with corn; but to detain his mother's son, he had his silver cup secretly put into Benjamin's sack, and then they were followed, the cup found, and the men brought back. But the brothers dared not go back to Jacob and leave Benjamin behind, as Joseph commanded. Judah pathetically explained to Joseph the urgency of the case, repeating Jacob's words: "Ye know that my wife bare me two sons, and the one went out from me; and I said, Surely he is torn in pieces: and if ye take this also from me, ye shall bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave." And Judah entreated that he might himself abide a bondsman, instead of Benjamin.

Then Joseph could not refrain himself, and he sent out every man except the Hebrews, and wept aloud, so that he was heard by those without. "*I am Joseph!* Doth my father yet live?" But his brethren were shocked, and troubled, and silent. "Come near to me, I pray you," he said; "I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Now, therefore, be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither; for God did send me before you to preserve life. It was not you that sent me hither, but God. Haste ye, and go up to my father, and say—Thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me lord over all Egypt; come down unto me, and tarry not; and thou shalt dwell near to me—thou, and all that thou hast; and there I will nourish thee." And Joseph fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck, and wept; and he kissed all his brethren, and wept upon them.

When this wonderful news reached Jacob, in Hebron, his heart fainted; but afterwards he said—"It is enough. Joseph my son is yet alive, I will go and see him before I die."

And Jacob went to Egypt, and all his family, in the waggons which Pharaoh sent expressly for them, they and all they had. And Joseph made ready his chariot, and went up to meet his father, and fell on his neck, and wept for some time. "Now let me die," cried the old patriarch, "since I have seen thy face." Then Jacob was presented to the king of Egypt. "How old art thou?" asked the king. Jacob answered—"The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years; few and evil have the days of the years of my life been." And he blessed Pharaoh.

During the five remaining years of famine, Jacob and his sons settled in Goshen, the best pasture-ground of lower Egypt; and there Joseph nourished his father, and his brethren, and all his father's household, with bread, according to their families.

The powerful lessons to be derived from this striking narrative are, that God brings good out of evil; and that to be *faithful* under all circumstances is the truest path to prosperity, however that path may be darkened at times. But, above all, we see in Joseph's elevated and magnanimous forgiveness of his brethren an example worthy of universal admiration and imitation.

THE HAPPY HOUR.

PUZZLE.

92.

I am a word of nine letters—my 4 8 1 is a wooden vessel; my 7 2 9, a drinking vessel; my 3 6 5, three-fourths of a tree; and my whole is a wild flower. **Baker.**

93.

A X L F I K T I O N.

Well known to Crimean Officers.

ENIGMAS.

94.

We all of us are tiny creatues—
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set;
One of us you'll find in jet;
One of us is set in tin;
And the fourth a box is in;
If the last you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

95.

Put down a hundred, then add to it one,
With the fourth of a score and a unit,
And complete it with fifty, and the task is done,
If it shews what we should be each minute.

Baker.

96.

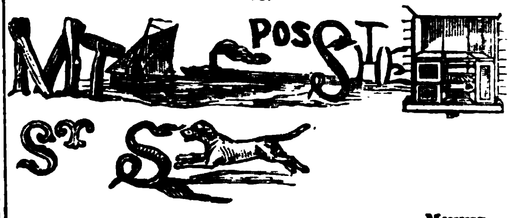
As I passed through a field of wheat,
I picked up something good to eat,
It was neither flesh, fish, or bone,
But I kept it till it ran alone.

97.

I wrote to a miser, and thus I did say,
Sir, let me have 52 sovereigns, I pray;
He wrote me an answer, I saw at a glance,
'Twas the name of an island, belonging to France;
As some people sound it, it will be the same,
Pray, what was his answer, and this island's name.

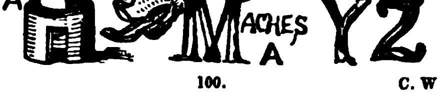
HIEROGLYPHICS.

98.

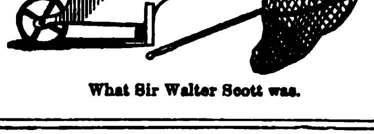


Minnie.

99.



100. C. W.



What Sir Walter Scott was.

HOLIDAY SCRAPS.

A native of Cork hiring himself to a needy alderman, was asked if he could live hard. "By my faith," says Pat, "and I can live upon bread and water, provided your honour will feed me well every day of my life."

ON FEAR—BY SIR THOMAS MORE.

"If evils come not,
Then our fears are vain;
And if they do,
Fear but augments the pain."

Comparison of Speed.—The ordinary rate of speed per second—

Of a man chased by a bailiff, is	12	feet.
Of a dog with a kettle to its tail	16	,,
Of an oyster at full gallop	20	,,
Of a snail at a jog trot	24	,,
Of a Greenwich pensioner's wooden-leg . . .	30	,,
Of a gouty alderman at a [de] canter . . .	35	,,
Of a libel going the circuit	40	,,

WATCHES.

"He who a watch would keep,
This he must do:
Pocket his watch,
And *watch* his pocket too."

A schoolmaster asked one of his boys, in a cold winter morning, what was Latin for *cold*. The boy hesitating a little, the master said, "What, sirrah, can't you tell?" "Yes, sir," says the boy, "I have it at my *finger ends*."

Punning upon names is afforded by an epitaph on one Mr. John Berry:—

"How! how! who's buried here?
John Berry! Is't the younger?
No, it is the *Elder Berry*
An Elder Berry, buried, surely must
Rather spring up and live, than turn to dust:
So may our Berry, whom stern death has slain,
Be only *buried* to rise up again."

◆

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Harry.—Our next "Domestic Pets" will be Parrots, and therein instructions will be given on the best methods of training and treating these interesting creatures.

Romulus.—Those who send problems are entitled to the small advantage you complain of; at the same time we seldom publish more than one enigma or puzzle at a time sent by any one competitor, to avoid *undue* advantage. Remember also, that you and all may avail yourselves of the benefit derived from contributing matter for the "Happy Hour." Money prizes will not be given; our rewards will be of a more durable nature than money—prizes that will improve the mind, and at the same time calculated to hold our publication in remembrance. Prospectuses should have been forwarded with pleasure, but you gave us no other address than "Stonehouse."

NOTICE.—Solutions to the "Happy Hour" will be published in No. 18, the first Number for August. Correspondents are, therefore, informed that all Answers to the Pastime of Nos. 14, 15, and 16, *must* be forwarded to the Editor on or before Thursday the 30th of July.

With Part III., ready July 1, was published a splendid Needlework Design, printed in colours, of "a Lady's Bag." Our Weekly Subscribers may avail themselves of this beautiful Plate for One Penny. The Description for working it appears in No. 14.

Address to Editor at Printers', 23, Middle Street, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

POOR LITTLE WILLIE.

[FROM GERALD MASSIE'S CRAIGCROOK CASTLE.]

Poor little Willie,
With his many pretty wiles;
Worlds of wisdom in his looks,
And quaint, quiet smiles;
Hair of amber, toucht with
Gold of heaven so brave;
All lying darkly hid
In a workhouse grave.

You remember little Willie:
Fair and funny fellow! he
Sprang like a lily
From the dirt of poverty.
Poor little Willie!
Not a friend was nigh,
When, from the cold world,
He croucht down to die.

In the day we wandered foodless,
Little Willie cried for bread;
In the night we wandered homeless,
Little Willie cried for bed.
Parted at the workhouse-door,
Not a word we said:
Ah, so tired was poor Willie,
And so sweetly sleep the dead.

'Twas in the dead of winter
We laid him in the earth;
The world brought in the New Year
On a tide of mirth.
But for lost little Willie
Not a tear we crave;
Cold and hunger cannot wake him,
In his workhouse grave.

We thought him beautiful,
Felt it hard to part;
We loved him dutiful—
Down, down, poor heart!
The storms they may beat,
The winter winds may rave;
Little Willie feels not,
In his workhouse grave.

No room for little Willie;
In the world he had no part;
On him stared the Gorgon-eye
Through which looks no heart.
Come to me, said Heaven:
And, if Heaven will save,
Little matters though the door
Be a workhouse grave.

◆

HER MAJESTY'S TWELFTH CAKE.—The royal twelfth-cake, which was served on a dish of gold, in the drawing-room, after her Majesty's dinner, weighed about thirty pounds, and its decorations afforded the royal confectioner a favourable opportunity for displaying his taste and skill in this department. Around the base are four divisions of Chinese drawings, and between each division are some beautiful medallions, on a deep blue ground, with enamelled border, figures, and flowers. The top of the cake represents a scene in the late war, where the colonel of the Zouaves, after receiving a mortal wound, is supported by the surgeon of the regiment, and telling the vivandiere to "bear this cross to my mother, with my last breath." At the back of the dying Zouave stands a private of the regiment, holding the rein of the colonel's steed, apparently affrighted at the explosion of a shell; and about the figures are lying broken muskets, swords, balls, and other emblems indicative of the horrors of a battle-field.

◆

RATS AND THEIR LOVE OF WATER.—When rats have once found their way into a ship, they are secure as long as the cargo is on board, provided they can command the great necessary—water. If this is well guarded, they will resort to extraordinary expedients to procure it. In a rainy night they will come on deck to drink, and will even ascend the rigging to sip the moisture which lies in the folds of the sails. When reduced to extremities they will attack the spirit casks, and get so drunk that they are unable to walk home. The land-rat will, in like manner, gnaw the metal tubes which, in public-houses, lead from the spirit store to the tap, and is as convivial on these occasions as his nautical relatives. The entire race have a quick ear for running liquid, and constantly eat into leaden pipes, and, much to their astonishment, receive a douche bath in consequence.

◆

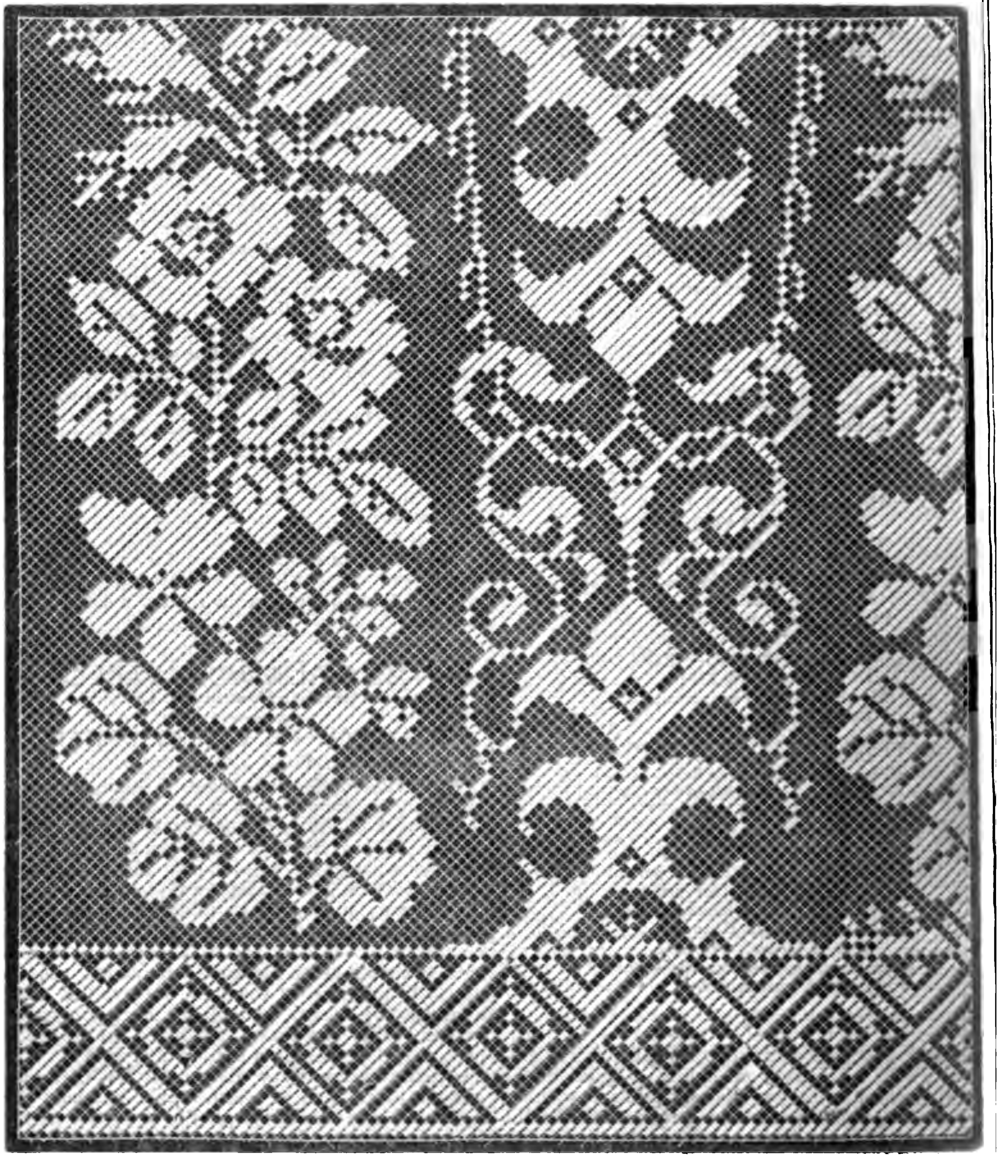
THE GIRL'S WORK-TABLE.

BY MADAME EUGENIE.

DRAWING-ROOM WINDOW CURTAIN,

IN NETTING AND DARNING.

THE materials for this beautiful kind of fancy-work are so simple, that they may be obtained always without difficulty; all that is required being Messrs. Walter Evans & Co.'s No. 8 Crochet Cotton, for netting the ground, and Messrs. Walter Evans & Co.'s No. 8 Knitting Cotton, for darning the pattern; an ivory mesh (a flat one is the best); and a large steel netting-needle. As netting is now very fashionable, and is always very agreeable and easy as an amusing occupation, requiring little attention of the mind, we give this week a very pretty design, suitable for a drawing-room curtain, or it is equally applicable for an antimacassar, if the border is carried all round it. For a curtain, we should say, that a flat mesh, about a quarter of an inch in width, would be about the right size, as it does not require to be so fine as for an antimacassar. The number of loops to cast on must depend entirely on the size the curtain is desired to be; and is always arranged when the first row of loops is netted. All the arrangements for this work are so simple, that directions are scarcely



necessary; the important part being to give an elegant design, which, we think, the one we have given this week will be found to be, when worked. After the netting is finished, it will render the darning much more regular if the curtain is washed, and starched, and pulled out very straight, before the darning is commenced; we recommend this plan for all netted and darned articles.

THE BOYS' & GIRLS' COMPANION FOR LEISURE HOURS

No. 17, Vol. I.] SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1857. [Price One Penny.

DON'T TELL;
OR, MISTAKEN KINDNESS.
BY MARY BENNETT.

CHAPTER XVI.

"I AM afraid, Margaret, I have done you harm," resumed Frederick Walton.

"Me? harm!" responded his sister.

"Yes, I know I have; but I hope it is not too late to give you a better example."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you have been led by me, because you have loved me."

"Led by you! not I, Fred."

"Oh, yes you have, ever since I can recollect; and I have led you wrong."

"What nonsense! You have been ill, and they have been preaching to you."

"We have both been mischievous, deceptive, and false."

"Oh, nonsense!" Margaret's colour flushed up, and her eye looked defiant.

"I have so long said to you, 'Don't tell,' at home and here, that you have acquired the habit of saying it to others."

"I don't understand you at all." Her looks plainly showed that she would not.

"You have concealed whatever I or Winnifred have desired you to conceal, however bad that might be, and thus done wrong to papa and our teachers."

"Well, I am sure, Fred.!"

"Will you be guided by me *now?*"

"You are giving me a fine lecture!"

"Will you, Margaret, try to be a good girl, and grow up a good woman?"

She looked down on the floor.

"When you are a lady grown, and have possession of your money, it will be a very sad thing if you have not a character suitable to your fortune."

Margaret laughed disdainfully,—"Oh, I dare say my character will be good enough."

"Why, at present, Margaret, you do not promise well."

"Indeed! How?"

"I have told you—but you know better than I can tell you—how badly you have all along acted to every one in charge of us. And now—just a word about Winny. The Curate has discharged her; she leaves here, as she deserves."

"Then I am very sorry; and if she goes, I shan't stay—that's all about it."

"Hark you, Margaret." Fred. grew excited, and grasped her wrist. "I *insist* that you have no further confidences of any kind with that artful, bad woman."

"I shall do as I like," Margaret answered, doggedly.

"You will?"

"I will."

"And when she leaves here?"

"I shall write to her, and she shall write to me; and as often as ever I can, I shall meet her. So I don't deceive you."

"I tell you that I know her better than you, and I entreat you not to give me or your friends any trouble or distress on this point. You must be a stranger to Winny henceforward; and I only wish it were possible to get her sent out of the country, for she has done us both great mischief."

"When I am a lady independent of every one, she shall live with me, and never leave me."

"But until then"——

"I shall do as I like—or as I can."

"I see, indeed, Margaret, that I have led you to defy good advice and instruction, until you care nothing even for *my* counsel."

"I care for *you*, and I love *you*; but I shall always do as I like."

Fred. was faint and exhausted. He desired her to leave him, which she did.

A few days after, Margaret paid a short visit to Manchester, with her new mamma, and returned to school.

Frederick again spoke with her alone.

"How do you like mamma?"

"Not at all. I shall never like her."

"Now, about Annie Campbell, Margaret."

"What of her?"

"You know all you have told her from time to time, and how faithfully she has kept her promise—not to tell."

"Yes."

"Well, Margaret, I now release her from her promises, and I wish you to say so to her."

"I will not, indeed."

Her tones were quick and fiery, and she frowned at him as she stood, as one full of resentment and defiance.

"A pretty thing, indeed, for *that* girl—who is already thought of a vast deal too much, as if *she* were the very pink of perfection—to have to tell of us that we sent a letter full of scandalous lies against the Everitts; and a pretty lot besides, about this, that, and the other. May my tongue be blistered if I release her from her promises! The only good thing I know of her is—that she keeps them; but I don't believe she has spirit enough even to break a promise. She is a little smooth-faced hypocrite. I hate her now; and if she ever *does* say a word to disparage us, won't I serve her out!"

"Margaret, Margaret, I wish you were like her—as obedient, amiable, gentle, and true."

"Now, Fred., for that word I will hate her as long as I live."

"No, no."

"I will. I never did like her, though I pretended to do so. Winny and I"——

"Again, Margaret, that woman!—after I have expressly forbidden you to have any intimacy with her, or to speak with her, or of her."

"*You* forbidden! Why, Fred., you have grown a man all at once."

"I believe I have—I feel that I have. A great change has been wrought in me. But, my dear sister, for both our sakes, be guided by me, and shake off that creature, as you would a venomous snake."

"I shall not."

"And cherish the friendship of Annie Campbell. *She* will improve you."

"Not easy, Fred., to improve me," laughed Margaret.

"I fear not," said Frederick, gravely. "At least, you should try to be improved."

"Not I; neither by new mammas, nor new brothers, nor pretty cheats, like Annie. And, mark you—if you *do* release her from her promises not to tell what you know of, I will punish her before long. If you like to be exposed, *I* do not."

"Are you *wicked*, as well as foolish?" asked Frederick, sternly. "What do you mean by threatening Annie Campbell?"

"I threaten you all, understand, if I am any more mortified and annoyed here."

"Leave me."

"Don't you send for me again very soon, for I have no wish to talk to you nor to Annie Campbell either." These last words she spoke with low accents of bitter animosity, and walked off, carrying her head high.

Frederick had a very different interview with Annie.

From the first day she had known Margaret, and listened to her *Don't tell*, she had been disturbed with an uneasy conscience. It was her happiness to be open and ingenuous, but Margaret had drawn about her a veil of disagreeable secrecies; and it especially distressed her to have to feel that she was repaying Miss Everitt's tender, motherly care, by concealing an act so base as the writing of falsehoods of a nature to damage severely the school and its teachers. That letter lay heavy at her heart; and glad she was when Frederick himself—changed in all his feelings and intentions by his severe illness—released her from her promises, and even desired her to take the best opportunity she could find to disclose all to the Curate and his governess. When this was over, both she and Frederick felt easier and happier; but Margaret was exceedingly angry and insolent when spoken to on the subject, and her general conduct continued to grow worse, and none of her family had the least influence over her. She became more and more shut up within herself, saying, as it were, *Don't tell*, to all her better nature. She shrunk from her brother now, and when he recovered, regarded him only for amusement and society. Vanity and frivolity occupied her principal thoughts.

The lady who was now at the head of her father's house could make nothing of her—could not get at her heart—found no truth or trust in her—but she was wilful, capricious, and violent. She frequently had her away from school to endeavour to win her love and confidence, but was always glad to send her back again, to the only persons of whom she had the least awe. And still Winnifred kept her hold on Margaret. When discharged from Ivy House, she managed to locate herself as a dressmaker near at hand, and a secret correspondence, by interview or letter, was rigidly carried on between her and her "darling young lady;" for, the fact was, Winnifred thought it important for her own interests to keep near to Margaret, and exercise as much influence over her as possible, Margaret having plenty of money, and being an heiress. It was all in vain that Margaret was repeatedly and expressly forbidden, by all in authority over her, to meet or communicate with this unprincipled person, who never lost her hold on her victim until Margaret had nearly reached the age of fifteen, when she was bidding a final farewell to school.

As for Annie Campbell, she had been sent for to India by her father, and there remained until he was consigned to a foreign grave; then, fair, gentle, unassuming, and truthful as ever, she returned to England, to the guardianship of Miss Everitt, her mother's early friend.

Soon after her arrival, Mr. and Mrs. Walton invited her to spend a month at Midsummer with their son and daughter, at Manchester.

The weather was fine. The house of the Walton's was a mansion replete with every elegance, and Annie Campbell passed a delightful time, walking or riding in the forenoon with Frederick and Margaret, and their young companions; and spending their evenings with Mr. and Mrs. Walton, in the best society at home or abroad, where music, reading, conversation, and works of taste made the time pass swiftly.

(To be continued.)

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JULES GERARD—THE LION HUNTER.

THE FIRST LION SHOT.

During the first days and the first nights, the lion seemed to have hid himself underground, and my strength and my hopes were almost at an end, when at last a shepherd came and told me that the oxen he was driving on the skirts of the wood had scented the lion, and had rushed towards the plain. It was about five o'clock in the evening when I received this news, and it required at least two hours to reach the spot mentioned. A neighbouring douar, however, sent us horses, with men to bring them back, and by sun-set we dismounted on a sort of platform which commanded the lion's resort.

I then dismissed the horses and the Arabs, keeping only near me Bou-aziz, Bou-oumbask, another native of that country, and a dog who had the glorious name of *Lion*.

During this two hours' run across the plain, I had carried my gun in a sling, and when I proceeded to load it, I found to my great dismay that the left-side hammer was lost; I had but one barrel left. This discovery was of course extremely painful to me; but it was my very last day's leave, and there was no help for it.

Having loaded with a single bullet, and with most particular care, the right barrel of my gun, I waited patiently for the lion's awaking. Daylight was already fading away, the forest was assuming its more sombre hues, and nothing except the absence of wild boars rooting up the ground in the glades betokened the presence of him of whom I was in search.

I knew we had no moonlight to expect when the sun was fairly gone, and every minute was bringing the darkness of that night which was to be my last, for I had already spent four days in the pursuit, and I had only five days' leave from camp.

I cannot express the anxiety, vexation, and grief I experienced at seeing my precious time run out so rapidly. I counted and recounted the days and nights which had elapsed since my departure from camp, and ever reverted to the desperate conclusion, that I must positively return next morning, and this without any hope of another leave of absence.

My companions, exhausted with fatigue, and by no means desirous to spend this last night again beating the country with an empty stomach, had already risen with the intention of retiring. Bou-aziz was showing me the first stars beginning to shine forth in the sky, and was saying:

"The lion must have quitted his lair and left the forest on the plain side; we should wait in vain here all night"

And so saying he was placing his gun upon his shoulder, pressing me to return to the douar with him.

I could not, however, persuade myself to abandon my post as long as there remained the faintest ray of hope.

"Go on," I said to my companions; "I will follow you."

They had scarcely gone ten paces, when a tremendous roar resounded in the ravine at our very feet. This sound filled my heart with so much joy, that, forgetting the unfortunate state of my gun, and without caring if I was followed or not, I dashed through the wood to attack the lion.

When I ceased to hear him, I stopped to listen. Bou-aziz and Bou-oumbask were upon my heels, pale as ghosts, not daring to speak, but gesticulating at a great rate, to make me comprehend that I was sacrificing my life. A few minutes after, the lion roared again, at about a hundred paces from us; and at the very first growl I dashed forward, rushing through the wood with the impetuosity of a wild boar.

When the lion ceased to roar, I halted again in a small glade, where my two companions joined me. My dog, who until then had kept behind me, without seeming to comprehend, began to snuff the wind, and then entered the wood cautiously, with his hair bristling and his tail low. A minute after, he came galloping back much frightened, and crouched down between my legs.

Soon after this I heard loud and heavy steps on the leaves which covered the ground, and the rustling of the huge body through the trees bordering the glade. It was the lion himself leaving his lair, and ascending towards us, without suspecting our presence. Bou-aziz and his companion were already shouldering their guns.

I then pointed out to them with my foot a lentisc-tree, some paces behind me, telling them not to stir from that spot until the end of the drama,—a command which they did not fail to obey. Indeed, I must give these worthy fellows much credit for persisting in staying for me, notwithstanding their extreme terror; for, judge it as you please, I, for my part, think it no mean courage, when you have your doubts about the success of an adventure, to accept the passive part of spectator, and to remain unmoved on the scene of action.

The lion was still ascending: I could now measure the distance which separated me from him, and could distinguish the regular, rumbling sound of his heavy breathing. I then advanced a few paces nearer to the edge of the glade where I expected him to appear, in order to have a chance of shooting him closer. I could already hear him advancing at thirty paces, then at twenty, then at fifteen; still I felt no fear. All I thought was, suppose he were to turn back! Suppose he does not come out into the glade! And at each sound which showed him nearer to me, my heart beat louder, in a rapture of joy and hope. One anxious thought only crossed my mind. "What if my gun were to miss fire?" said I, glancing down upon it. But confidence again prevailed, and my only anxiety was for the long-wished-for appearance of my foe.

The lion, after a short pause, which seemed to me an age, began to come forward again; and presently I could see before me, by the starlight, at but a few paces off, the top of a small tree, which I could almost touch, actually shaken by the contact of the lion. This was his last pause. There was now between us two but the thickness of that single tree, covered with branches from the foot upwards.

I was standing with my face to the wood, and with my gun erect, so as to be ready to fire the moment the animal should enter the glade; and having still an interval of about a second, I took advantage of it to make sure that I could regulate properly the aim of my barrel. Thanks to a glimmer of light which came from the west, to the clearness of the sky filled with shining stars, and to the whiteness of the glade, which was conspicuous against the dark green of the forest, I could just see the end of my barrels, that was all, but it sufficed for so close an aim. It is scarcely necessary to say that I did not waste much time in this investigation.

I was beginning to find that the animal was rather slow in his motions, and to fear that, suspecting my presence, he should spring over the lentisc which parted us, instead of arriving leisurely. As if to justify this fear, the lion gave two or three deep growls, and then began to roar furiously.

Oh! my fellow-disciples of Saint Hubert,—you, who can feel and understand, fancy yourselves at night in the open forest, leaning against a small tree, out of which rises a concert of roars enough to cover the noise of thunder itself. Imagine yourselves with only one single shot to fire on this formidable animal, who only falls by the merest chance under a single ball, and who kills his opponent without mercy, if he is not killed himself.

You can doubtless understand that, had I trusted in my strength alone, my heart would have failed me; in spite of my efforts, my sight would have become dim, and my hand unsteady. Yes; I will confess frankly, and without shame, that terrible roar made me *feel* that man was small indeed in presence of the lion; and without a firm will and that absolute confidence which I derived from the inexhaustible Source of all power, I believe I should have failed in that awful moment. But this strength enabled me to listen to the tremendous voice of my enemy without trembling, or even emotion; and to the end I retained a perfect mastery over the pulsation of my heart and a full control over my nerves.

When I heard the lion make a last step, I moved a little aside; and no sooner did his enormous head rise out of the wood, at two or three yards' distance from me, and he stopped to stare at me with a look of wonder, than I aimed between the eye and ear, and slowly pressed the trigger. From that instant, until I heard the report of the gun, my heart ceased to beat.

After the shot, I could see nothing; but through the smoke which enveloped the lion I heard the most tremendous, agonising, and fearfully-protracted roar. My two men meantime had jumped up, but without making a step forward, and unable to see anything, stood with their guns shouldered, ready to fire. For myself, I waited, dagger in hand, and one knee on the ground, until the smoke should disperse, and I could see how matters stood. As soon as all was clear, I beheld—first, one paw—and, heavens! what a paw! then one leg, then a shoulder, then the head, and at last the whole body of my enemy. He lay on his side, and gave not the smallest sign of life!

"Take care! do not approach him yet," cried Bou-aziz, throwing a large stone, which bounded from *the lion's corpse*.

He was dead!

Without allowing me time to approach my victim to contemplate and to touch him, my companions sprang towards me like two madmen, and I had all the trouble in the world to save myself from being knocked down and smothered by their wild demonstrations of enthusiasm, gratitude, and joy.

After me, it became the lion's turn, upon whose dead carcass they showered insults, epithets, and blows, firing at the same time shot after shot to announce the news to the neighbouring douars.

After jumping, dancing, gambolling, and howling to their heart's content around the animal,—after measuring his length, the breadth of his head and of his paws, the size of his teeth and claws,—I was at last allowed to see and touch him in peace and at my leisure. I had no difficulty in ascertaining that he was indeed the ancient monarch of the forest.

To give an idea of what this lion was, it will suffice to say, that with our six arms put together we were unable to turn him round; and that his head alone was so massive and heavy that I could scarcely raise it from the ground.

A few distant reports had at first answered the reports of my companions, but a length it became a complete rattle of musketry; and in less than an hour after, the forest was filled with men on horseback, carrying others behind them, and who were all anxious to see and touch the slain enemy.

By the united efforts of the numerous troops now collected on the spot, we succeeded in placing the lion on the back of two mules, placed side by side, and in this manner marched off, and at length arrived at the neighbouring douar.

In spite of the late hour (it was near midnight), every one was on foot. Large fires, illuminating the whole country round, were being kindled, in order that every one might enjoy the sight of the lion; and whilst the men were thus employed, the women sang the war-song, beating an accompaniment with their hands.

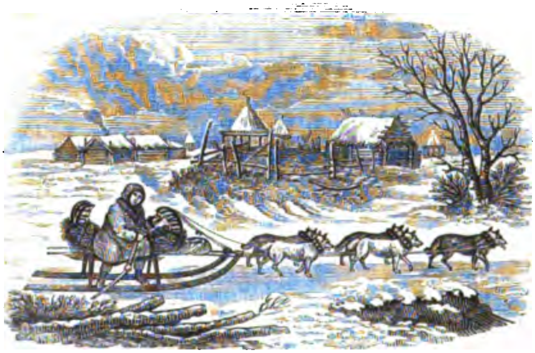
A BIRD'S NEST.

It wins my admiration
To view the structure of that little work,
A *bird's nest*. Mark it well within without,
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join; his little *beak* was all;
And yet how neatly finished! What nice hands,
With every implement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another? Fondly then
We boast of excellence, whose noblest skill
Instinctive genius foils.

SLEDGE-DOGS.

In some countries bordering on the Northern Seas, towards the North Pole, where even the reindeer cannot travel, the sledges, which form the only means of conveyance, are drawn by large dogs, whose sagacity leads them safely over the trackless wastes of snow and ice. A noted traveller gives a very impressive description of the Sledge-dogs, which journey between Bulgar and, what is emphatically styled, the Land of Darkness, whither merchants resort for valuable furs:—

"The distance was a journey of forty days. I was diverted, therefore, from the undertaking, both on account of its great danger, and the little good to be derived from it. I was told that there was no travelling thither except upon little sledges, which are drawn by large dogs; and that, during the whole journey, the roads are covered with ice, upon which neither the feet of man nor the hoofs of beasts can take any hold. These dogs, however, have nails by which their feet take firm hold on the ice. No one enters these parts except powerful merchants, each of whom has, perhaps, a hundred such sledges as these, which they load with provisions, drinks, and wood; for neither trees, stones, nor houses are met with there. The guide in this desolate country is the dog, who has gone the journey several times, the price of which will amount to about a thousand dinars. [How much is that in English money? Can any of our readers tell us?] The sledge is harnessed to his neck, and with him, or rather behind him, other dogs are joined, he, however, being the leader. The other dogs then follow him with the sledge; and when he stops, they stop. The master never strikes or reprimands this dog; and when he proceeds to take his meals, the dogs are fed first, for, if this were not done, they would become enraged, and, perhaps, run away, and leave their master to perish. When the merchants have completed their forty days, or stages, through this icy desert, they arrive at the Land of Darkness, and each man leaves what he has brought with him for barter at one particular place, where the natives of that region will come to look for it, and leave their furs in exchange. The merchants retire to certain appointed stations for the night, and in the morning return to look after their wares, when they find sable and ermine furs, and the fur of the sinjab. If the merchant is pleased with what he finds placed there, he takes it away; if not, he leaves it for another night, and more is added to it by the unseen owners. If, however, the latter do not like the goods left for them, they will not take them. In this way is their buying and selling carried on; for the merchants know not whether it is with mankind or demons that they have to do, not a soul being seen during the transaction. It is one of the properties of these furs, that no vermin ever enters them."



OUR HISTORIC TREASURY.

OLD ENGLAND'S NAVIGATORS.

The English nation is deeply indebted to the heroic men who first carried the flag of England over unknown seas, and planted it in unknown regions, where they founded about it colonies, and stations for commerce and Christian civilisation, which, for importance, power, and extent, have become the wonder and envy of all other nations. The early English navigators were heroes in the highest sense of the term—men of lofty principles, moral and religious; mistaken often in their ideas, but always true to duty, and following it with high courage and devotion.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, many of these truly noble men adventured life and property on the high seas, in small, ill-constructed, often leaky vessels, to seek distant lands, for the honour of God, their country, and their queen.

With what spirit these early navigators went out over the great deep we see in the regulations for one of the voyages, of which Luke Fox was chief:—

"Forasmuch, as the good success and prosperity of every action doth consist in the due service and glorifying of God, knowing that not only our being and preservation, but the prosperity of all our actions and enterprises do immediately depend on His Almighty goodness and mercy, it is provided—First, that all the company, as well officers as others, shall duly repair every day twice at the call of the bell to hear public prayers to be read, such as are authorised by the Church, and that in a godly and devout manner, as good Christians ought. Secondly, that no man shall swear by the name of God, or use any profane oath, or blaspheme His holy name."

One half the terrestrial globe had been newly discovered. In 1493 the vast continent of America was made known to Europe by Columbus, though the sea-kings of old—the Danish Northmen—had

discovered it as long before as the year 986, and visited it for more than two centuries afterwards; and Greenland was colonised by Erik Rande, an Icelander, early in the tenth century.

The new half world, re-discovered by Columbus, stretches, you are aware, from the North Polar regions nearly to the regions of the opposite Southern Pole, affording prospects of discovery, gain, and conquest, of the most exciting description. Adventurers rushed from every port of Europe to seek gold, and power, and fame, on the American, or, as they were commonly called, Indian Lands. In the reign of Henry the Seventh, Cabot sailed from Bristol, and traced the coast of Labrador. Cabot's second son, born in Bristol, discovered Newfoundland, and the coast as far as Florida. America continued to be a magnet of attraction to Englishmen, through the reigns of Henry the Eighth, Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth; and in the last reign, the second rise of Protestantism, it was earnestly desired to carry the pure Gospel in its simplicity and power to the places where the Spaniards had set up the most intolerent Roman usages, and where they treated the unoffending natives with singular and horrible cruelty, so that the whole heart of England longed to deliver the wretched, suffering "Indians"—the aborigines of the new world—from their Spanish torturers.

Hereafter, our young readers shall hear of the adventures of Drake, and Raleigh, and Hawkins, whose ship's company "gathered together every morning and evening to serve God;" and Frobisher, one of whose men, when they were in great difficulty and danger, after grinding among the icebergs for a night and a day, cries courageously, as he still toils on—"The ice is strong; but God is stronger;" and Davis, whose epitaph is written on the map of the world, where his name lives to commemorate his discoveries, made with small leaky vessels in the most dangerous seas; and Sir Richard Grenville, that "goodly and gallant gentleman," with whose exploits against the Spaniards all Europe rang.

But here we shall dwell a little on that other name which you will also find on the map as "Gilbert's Sound." Sir Humphry Gilbert lived near by the sea in his boyhood. His house was the old Manor House of Greenaway, two miles above the celebrated old English port of Dartmouth. The river flows deep all that two miles; and the largest vessels may ride with safety within a stone's throw of the windows. Here Humphry dwelt with his brother Adrian, and his half-brother, Walter Raleigh [these all grew up to be eminent navigators]; here they played at sailors in the reaches of the long stream, and often they had for a companion, John Davis, the gifted sailor-boy of the adjoining parish of Sandwich. All the scenes of their boyhood led them to love the sea, and to desire maritime adventure. Humphry studied naval science; and whilst still a very young man, was "amending the great errors of naval sea cords," inventing instruments for taking observations, studying the form of the earth, and convincing himself that there was a north-west passage through the Polar Seas, if it could but be found. He was also studying the condition of his country; and discovering the remedies for many evils in colonisation of America, and opening of new markets there for home manufactures. On these matters he talked and wrote so impressively, that the "Queen's Majesty" heard, and he was sent for to the privy council, to which he demonstrated,—what was considered doubtful then,—that the ocean must flow round the American continent, because it flowed round each of the other great continents; other matters, also, he broached, and he concluded with these noble sentiments:—

> "Never, therefore, mislike with me for taking in hand any laudable and honest enterprise; for if through pleasure or idleness we purchase shame, the pleasure vanisheth, but the shame abideth for ever. Give me leave, therefore, always to live and die in this mind—that he is not worthy to live at all, that, for fear or danger of death, shunneth his country's service, and his own honour, seeing that death is inevitable, and the fame of virtue immortal."

Two voyages he undertook at his own cost; and though they left him with broken fortunes, and failed of success, he was the same, firm, great mind still; and in June, 1583, he sailed a third time from Dartmouth, with five ships and the queen's commission, to discover and take possession from lat. 45 to 50 degrees north. Elizabeth took a most kindly leave of him, for she knew his worth, and loved the gallant seafaring knight; and having a foreboding that she would never see him more, sent him a jewel as a last token of her favour; and desired Raleigh to have his picture taken before he went.

Of the five ships, one deserted off the Land's End; the rest of the expedition reached Newfoundland safely. St. John's was taken possession of, and a colony left there, the first English colony planted west of the Atlantic. Sir Humphry then set out exploring along the North American coast,—he himself doing all the work in his little frigate of ten tons burthen—the "Squirrel"—called a frigate, but such a one as now-a-days no sea-captain would venture in,—as far as the Channel Islands. Sir Humphry, in the "Squirrel," thus proceeded some months, examining every creek and bay, making soundings, taking the bearings of the possible harbours, and risking his life.

Towards the end of August, the "Delight," the largest of the two remaining vessels that Sir Humphry now had with him, struck upon a beach in a storm, and went down in sight of the other vessels, which were unable to render any help. Sir Humphry's papers, among other things, were all lost in her, an irreparable loss, which grieved him much. But it was ordained that he should never need them. Two evenings before the wreck, the sun went down brightly, and the sea was fair and pleasant, and most part of that Wednesday night, the "Delight," like the swan that singeth before her death, resounded with music and mirth—drums, trumpets, fifes, cornets, and hautboys sounded gaily; but the end of their jollity, says the chronicler, was the ringing of doleful knells.

The "Golden Hind" and the "Squirrel" were now left alone of the five ships, for one stayed at St. John's. The provisions were running short; the summer season was closing. Both crews were on short allowance; and it was with much difficulty Sir Humphry was prevailed on to be satisfied for the present with what he had done, and to set his face towards England.

"On the 2nd of September," says one who was with him, "the general came on board the 'Golden Hind' to make merry with us." He greatly deplored the loss of all his books and papers, but he was full of confidence in what he had seen; and talked with all eagerness and warmth of a new expedition in the following spring. The "Golden Hind" was four times as large as the "Squirrel;" but the vehement persuasions of his friends could nothing avail to divert him from his wilful resolution of going in his frigate; and when he was entreated by the captain, master, and others, his well-wishers in the "Hind," not to venture, this was his answer—"I will not forsake my little company going homewards, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils." This was true chivalry; certainly Sir Humphry would have proved, had he complied, that he valued his own life more than the lives of his faithful "little company" in the "Squirrel;" and if he could not save them, they had, at least, to the last, the benefit of his cheerful, pious, and heroic example.

Two-thirds of the way home, they met with foul weather, and terrible seas "breaking short and pyramid-wise." Men who had all their lives occupied the sea, had never seen it more outrageous.

"We had also upon our main-yard an apparition of a little fire-by-night, which seamen do call Castor and Pollux. Monday, the 9th of September, in the afternoon, the little frigate was near cast away, oppressed by waves, but at that time recovered; and giving forth signs of joy, the general, sitting aloft, with a book in his hand, cried out unto us in the 'Hind,' so often as we did approach within hearing—'We are as near to heaven by sea as by land!' reiterating the same speech, well beseeming a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testify that he was. The same Monday night, about twelve of the clock, or not long after, the frigate being ahead of us in the 'Golden Hind,' suddenly her lights were out; whereof, as it were, in a moment we lost the sight; and withal our watch cried—'The general is cast away!' which was but too true."

Thus nobly lived and heroically died,—swallowed up in a moment in the depths of the Atlantic Ocean,—this brave and high-souled navigator.

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A WOLF STORY.

Mr. Grantley F. Berkeley, in a series of articles in the *Field*, on the Chase in France, relates the following story:—An old wolf had so often and so oddly eluded his pursuers, that the people began to think that it was not a wolf even in sheep's clothing, but a devil in a wolf's skin, and, without some especial aid from St. Hubert, the huntsmen despaired of a victory. Grown bolder with age and impunity, and desperate too from infirmity, this old wolf began to seek his food in broad daylight, and, when the sheep were feeding anywhere near the woods, he would suddenly appear and chase them for a dinner. It is the custom in those cultivated valleys between woodlands to send a little girl out in search of the sheep. One day the old wolf made his usual sortie on the flock; but, as the French sheep are better calculated for running than roasting, and every hour of the wolf's age made him slower, he failed to catch his mutton, when, in a state of purblind excitement and famine, he seized and killed the only creature not fast enough to escape, and devoured the little girl. A second time he committed a similar outrage; when, on the alarm reaching the village, and the peasants sallying forth in force, as he retreated from the remains of the poor creature he had killed and partly eaten, the villagers thought, from the way he ran against a portion of the wood, that he was blind. For a time nothing more was heard of him; but he again suddenly appeared in a raid upon the sheep, and failing to catch one, he, in a third instance, killed a little girl in attendance on them, and had devoured one of her thighs, when the villagers came and drove him away. As they bore the poor girl's body to the cottage of mourning, a great quantity of blood flowed from the articles of the limb, and dropped upon the road, and on the threshold of the door whence the poor child but a few hours before had passed in all the health and vivacity of youth. As is the custom, during the night an old woman sat up with the corpse; when, in the very witching hour "when churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead," while the rest of the villagers were buried in repose, the night pitch dark and airless, as if nature feared yet listened for an approaching thunder-storm,—the old woman was roused from her lonely vigil over the dead by a sullen but approaching sound, as of the long heavy gallop of some large animal coming down the road straight for the cottage door. Stride by stride, more audibly and nearer it came; the old woman in frenzy of terror, rose as the result became evident, and as she rose some creature rushed against the portal with a blow like that of a sledge-hammer, shook the door from latch and lock to its very foundation, and then seemed to fall back from the force of the concussion. More dead than alive, the old woman then heard what seemed to her a low growl or moan of intense pain and disappointment, and a heavy, slow, and, perhaps, limping, trotting foot-fall, as the creature retreated in the direction from whence it had arrived. In the morning the pad of the wolf was detected to the cottage-door; he was blind, and at night, on returning to the spot whence he had been forced, from his repast on the little girl, he had discovered and hunted up the traces of her blood, and in his blind pursuit came rushing down the road, till his course was thwarted by the cottage-door. So great had become the terror occasioned by the old wolf, and I regret to say so inefficient was the legitimate means of hunting him, that an extra reward was offered for his head; when at last the moon being bright and high, a dead horse was placed in the forest to attract him, and a man in a tree above it with a gun. The first night nothing was seen of the old wolf; but on the second the temptation to the blind and famished animal was too strong. He came to the bait, and while tearing at the flesh with the jaw of "starvation," a bullet avenged his murderous deeds, and thus ingloriously he fell dead.

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THE HAPPY HOUR.

PUZZLES.

101

Fifty-five and vowels three,
Richly placed you'll quickly see,
Birth and rank, and royalty.

102

One thousand and one pray combine,
And 5 times 10 to same join;
Then 20 cwt. just take:
These rightly joined, and they will make
Of a heroic bard the name,
Which stands first on the lists of fame.

CHARADES.

103

My *first* caused sorrow and sin to come into the world; my *second* is an industrious little insect to whom the sluggard for instruction is sent; and my *whole* is a hard substance; and one of the names given to the diamond found in some passages of Scripture. IDA MAY FOSTER.

104

With anxious eye and eager thirst,
The student drinks my sullied *first*;
And next you see my busy *second*,
A type of industry is reckoned:
My *whole*, if you would further know,
Reigned paramount at Lord Mayor's show.
JULIUS CÆSAR.

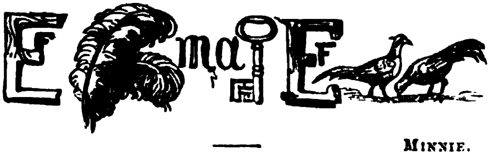
105

CHRISTIAN NAMES ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1.—An adverb, and four-fifths of a bottle.
2.—To flog, and an esculent grain.
3.—An article used by lawyers, and to run away.
4.—The twelfth part of a year, and a vowel.
5.—A market, and an interjection.
6.—A song, and three-fourths of a line. BAKER.

HIEROGLYPHIC PROVERB.

106



MINNIE.

TO WRITE ON GLASS BY MEANS OF THE SUN'S RAYS.—Dissolve chalk in aquafortis to the consistence of milk, and add to it a strong solution of silver. Keep this liquor in a glass decanter well stopped, then cut out from a paper the letters you would have appear; paste it on the decanter, and lay it in the sun's rays in such a manner that the rays may pass through the spaces cut out in the paper, and fall on the surface of the liquor; then that part of the glass through which the rays pass will be turned black, while that under the paper will remain white. Particular care must be taken that the bottle be not moved during the operation.

HOW? WHEN? AND WHERE?—One leaves the room; the rest think of some noun that has various meanings—as *plate*. He returns, and asks each, first, *How* he likes it? Answers vary—as hot, cold, bright, clear, polished, full, &c. Then each is asked—*When* he likes it? At dinner, when dressing, when I wish to make a present, &c. Then follows—*Where* do you like it? On my door, on my table, in my drawing-room, in a chest, &c. After the three rounds, it is seldom difficult to guess; but some are very puzzling—as hare, glass, &c.

HOLIDAY SCRAPS.

Over the remains of the worthy Dr. Fuller, it was waggishly suggested to inscribe—"Here lies FULLER'S HEARTH;" and for Dr. Walker, who wrote a work on the English particles, the following epitaph has been thought appropriate—"Here lie WALKER'S PARTICLES."

LOST.—Somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with 60 diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are lost for ever.—*Chronotype*, an American paper.

A few Sabbaths ago, a minister who was giving an address in one of the schools near Halifax, asked the question, "What is a feast?" when a chubby-faced boy gave the following answer, "A fatty cake wi' currans in't."

A WERB signifies to be, to do, or to suffer (which is all the grammar, and enough too, as ever I was taught); and if there's a werb alive I'm it. For I'm always a bein', sometimes a doin', and continually a sufferin'.—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

An Irish gentleman, visiting some friends in the North, was received with so much hospitality and drank so very hard, that he departed in a shorter time than was expected; and when asked the reason, very gravely said, "that he liked them so very much, and ate and drank so incessantly, that he was sure, *if he lived there a month longer*, he should *die in a fortnight*."

Three young conceited wits, as they thought themselves, passing along the road near Oxford, met a grave old gentleman, with whom they had a mind to be rudely merry. "Good morrow, father, Abraham," said one. "Good morrow, father Isaac," said the next. "Good morrow, father Jacob," said the last. "I am neither Abraham, Isaac nor Jacob," replied the gentleman, "but Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses, and lo! here I have found them."

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOSEPH DIXON.—You will find the solution to the hieroglyphic letter you enclosed us in No. 7. We regret that we have not found in you a more regular subscriber, as from your note we glean you have only one number out of seventeen. These numbers abound in engravings and interesting, amusing, and instructive matter, exclusively devoted to the young.

ÆNEAS.—Our Saviour bears the following Scripture names beginning with the initial M.:—Mediator, Mighty, Mystery, Messiah, Merciful. We know of no others. Your other question shall have consideration.

HENRY EUSTACE.—It would afford us much pleasure to assist you to dispose of your polka; but we have really no influence with music publishers, or we would use it on your behalf. It appears to us, if you have a wish to see it in print, that you must pay the £4 required.

IDA MAY FOSTER.—Thanks for the Charade sent. We regret much the typographical error in your Rebus No. 88, and trust our Erratum will be seen in time to prevent our correspondents being misled in giving their answers.

ERRATUM.—In Happy Hour, p. 178, Rebus No. 88, *for* a celebrated and lofty mountain of "America," *read* "Armenia."

NOTICE.—Solutions to the "Happy Hour" will be published in No. 18, the first Number for August. Correspondents are, therefore, informed that all Answers to the Pastime of Nos. 14, 15, and 16, *must* be forwarded to the Editor on or before Thursday the 30th of July.

With Part III., ready July 1, was published a splendid Needlework Design, printed in colours, of "a Lady's Bag." Our Weekly Subscribers may avail themselves of this beautiful Plate for One Penny. The Description for working it appeared in No. 14.

Address to Editor at Printers', 23, Middle Street, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

MY MOTHER.

'Twas in the autumn's dreary close,
A long, long time ago;
The berries of the brier-rose
Hung bright above the snow,
And night had spread her shadow wild
About the earth and sky,
When calling me, her orphan child,
She said that she must die.

She rests within the quiet tomb,
The narrow and the chill—
The window of our cabin home
Looks out upon the hill.
Oh, when the world seems wild and wide,
And friends to love me few,
I think of how she lived and died,
And gather strength anew.

FLY PHILOSOPHY.

A fly on the wing is no less curious an object than one on foot; yet when do we trouble our heads about it except as a thing that troubles us? The most obvious wonder of its flight is its variety of direction, most usually forwards, with its back upwards like a bird, but on occasions backwards, with its back downwards, as when starting from the window and alighting on the ceiling. Marvellous velocity is another of its characteristics. By fair comparison of sizes, what is the swiftness of a racehorse, clearing his mile a minute, to the speed of the fly cutting through the third of the same distance in the same time? And what the speed of our steaming giants, the grand puffers of the age, compared with the swiftness of our tiny buzzers; of whom a monster train, scenting their game afar, may even follow partridges and pheasants on the wings of steam in their last flight, as friendly offerings? But however, with their game the flies themselves would be most in "keeping" on the atmospheric line,—a principal agent in their flight, as well as in that of other insects, being the air. This enters from the breathing organs of their bodies, in the nerves and muscles of their wings, from which arrangement their velocity depends, not only on muscular power, but also on the state of the atmosphere. "How does a fly buzz?" is a question more easily asked than answered. "With its wings, to be sure," hastily replies one of our readers. "With its wings as they vibrate upon air," responds another, with a smile, half of contempt, half of complacency, at his own more than common measurement of natural philosophy. But how, then, let us ask, can the great dragon-fly, and other similar broad-pinioned, rapid flying insects, cut through the air with silent swiftness, while others go on buzzing when not upon the wing at all? Rennie, who has already put this posing query, ascribes the sound partially to air; but to air as it plays on the "edges of their wings at their origin, as with an Æolian harp-string," or to the "friction of some internal organ on the root of the wing nervures." Lastly, how does the fly feed? The busy, curious, thirsty fly, that "drinks with me," but does not "drink as I," his sole instrument for eating or drinking being his trunk or sucker; the narrow pipe by means of which, when let down upon his dainties, he is enabled to imbibe as much as suits his capacity. This trunk might seem an instrument convenient enough when inserted into a saucer of syrup, or applied to the broken surface of an over-ripe blackberry; but we often see our sipper of sweets quite as busy on a solid lump of sugar, which we shall find on close inspection growing small by degrees under his attack. How, without grinders, does he accomplish the consumption of such crystal condiment? A magnifier will solve the difficulty, and shows how the fly dissolves his rock, by a diluent, a salivary fluid passing down through the same pipe, which returns the sugar melted into syrup.—*Episodes of Insect Life.*

THE GIRLS' WORK-TABLE.

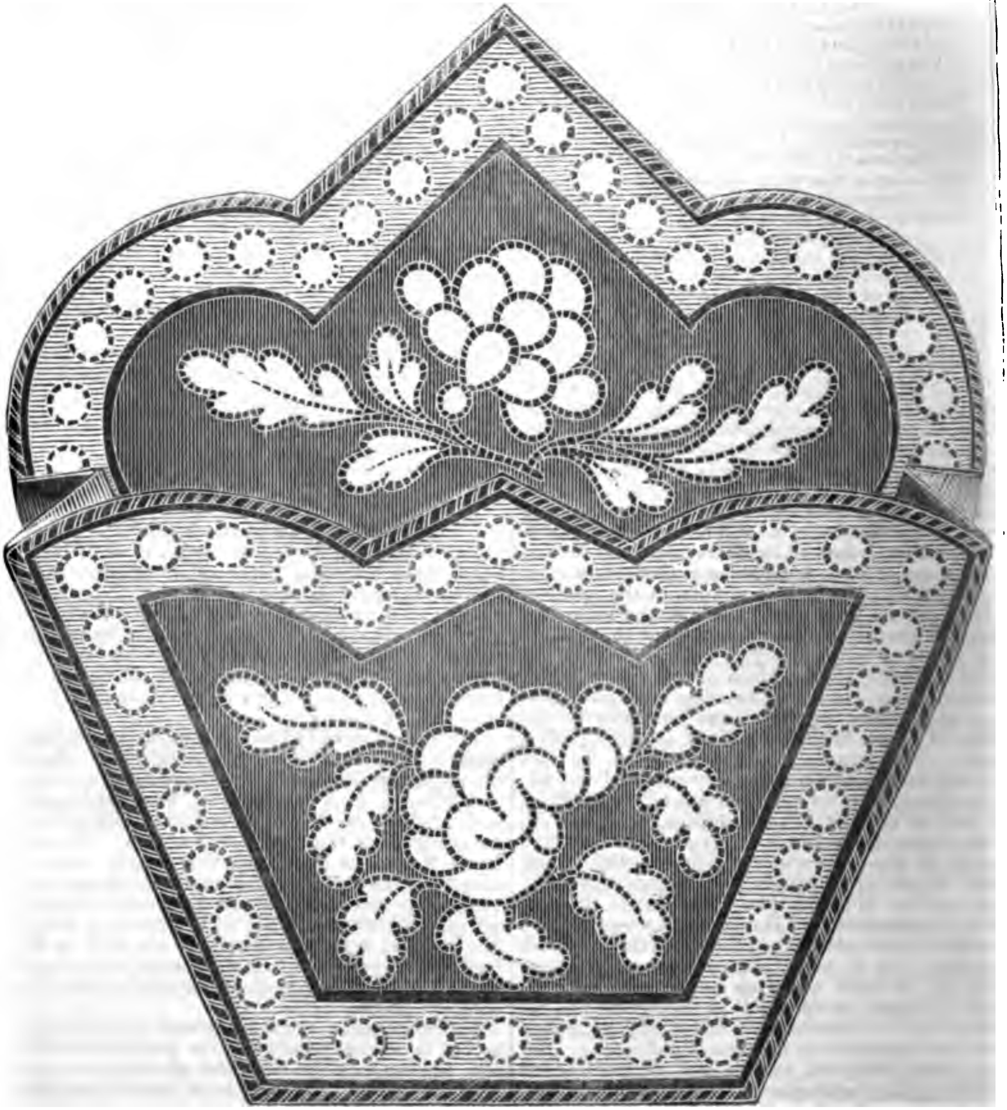
By Madame Eugenie.

GERMAN HANGING BASKET.

These Hanging Baskets are rather novel articles, which have been introduced from Germany, and they are as useful as they are pretty. Their purpose is to hang against a wall, when they make quite an ornamental appearance; and they are intended to receive any trifling thing that may be required to be always at hand, and which would interfere with the neatness of an apartment if it were suffered to lie about.

The Basket shown in our illustration is on canvas, worked in German wool and beads. The lines of the border are simply black. The balls within have an outline of steel beads, being filled withinside with chalk-white beads. The ground of this border is worked in transparent amber beads. The two centre ornaments have also their outline done in steel beads, as well as all the lines of the flowers and veins of the leaves, the interior parts being filled in with the chalk-white beads. The ground on which these central ornaments are placed are, both on the back and front of the basket, of very bright light blue. All these colours thus combined produce an excellent effect.

The work being so far completed, a shape must be cut in strong pasteboard the proper form and size, and the back and front each stretched over its respective parts. The front must then be fastened firmly on to the back, a rather narrow gusset being inserted on each side; this may be of leather or of strong silk. The edges are to be finished with a twisted cord composed of the colours predominant in the Basket; tassels at the corners improve the

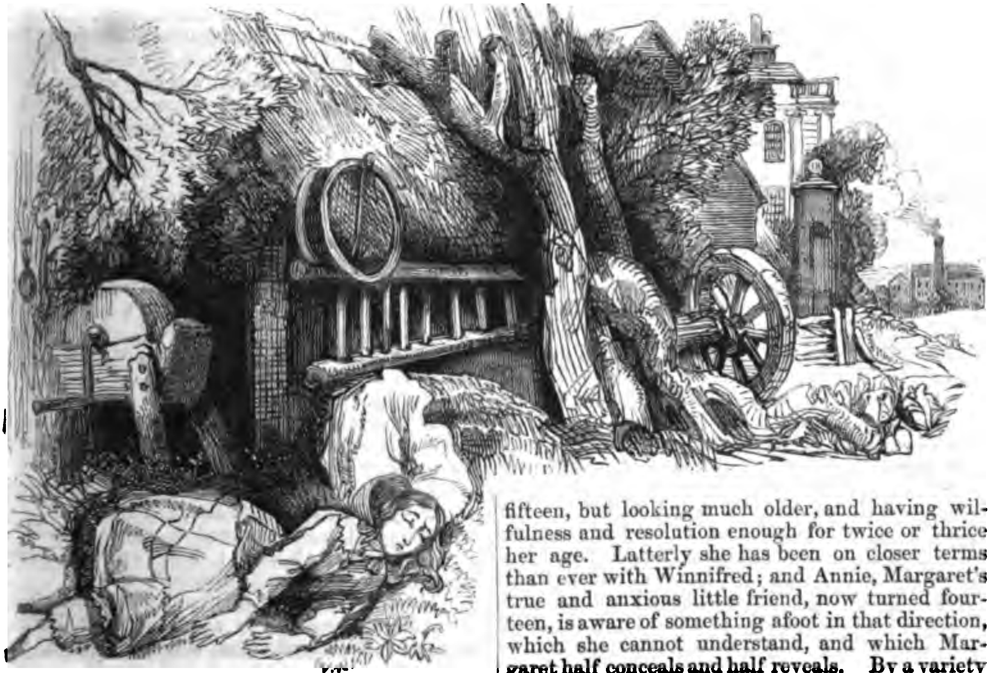


effect; and it must be suspended from a handsome bow of ribbon.

We must not conclude without recommending a little care in the selection of the materials to be employed for this Basket. As they are more useful when made of a tolerable size, we advise that rather a coarse canvas should be chosen, and that the beads should not be too small to cover the fabric.

THE BOYS' & GIRLS' COMPANION FOR LEISURE HOURS

No. 18, Vol. I.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1857. [Price One Penny.



DON'T TELL;

OR, MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

BY MARY BENNETT.

CHAPTER XVII.

WE pass over several years.

Margaret is now an accomplished, elegant, and fascinating young lady, near fifteen, but looking much older, and having wilfulness and resolution enough for twice or thrice her age. Latterly she has been on closer terms than ever with Winnifred; and Annie, Margaret's true and anxious little friend, now turned fourteen, is aware of something afoot in that direction, which she cannot understand, and which Margaret half conceals and half reveals. By a variety of clandestine contrivances, notes in a handwriting not Winnifred's, but enclosed in letters from her, are received by Margaret at Ivy House, in spite of all Miss Everitt's watchfulness, and Annie's affectionate entreaties and warnings. It was singular that Margaret, while growing more unprincipled and unfeminine in her conduct, yet clung to Annie Campbell, in spite of Winnifred's frequent endeavours to break that friendship.

"I know she loves me," said Margaret, "and will never betray a secret if she promises silence—I wish she had not so many foolish scruples. But in spite of her moral and religious nonsense, I *do* like Annie Campbell."

The two young ladies took frequent walks and rides together about the grounds of Ivy House, and in the immediate neighbourhood; and sometimes the letters would appear to start up by magic, and Margaret would say,—"Ah, Annie, see, here is another—the fairies whisked it through that hedge." The hollow of a tree was one favourite place of concealment—some turf behind the palisades of the lawn was another.

"But what is the meaning of all this, Margaret?" inquired Annie. "What is Winny leading you on to? Where will it all end?"

"Hark you, Annie," whispered Margaret, "I am leaving school *finished*. Well; do you think I am going home to be subject to *that woman?*—you know who I mean. No! I will be my own mistress—I will go on the Continent—I will see that splendid, beautiful Paris, that you and I have heard so much about from our French governess. And, oh! you meek, quiet, simple, foolish child—I cannot tell you where I will not go! what and whom I will not see! what glowing admiration I will not excite, and what complete independence I will not enjoy! O, Annie, never will Miss Walton, once emancipated from governess thraldom, submit to that of a mother-in-law."

"Margaret, you frighten me—you distress me exceedingly."

"I am aware of it."

"What will you do?—you are half mad."

"Oh, no; only resolved. Winny assists me to correspond with a friend who adores me—who has a title—who has estates, both in England and on the Continent—who dresses magnificently —"

"But stop, Margaret. Do you intend me to conceal all that you are disclosing?"

"Oh, I need not say to you 'Don't tell;' for you are a true girl, as I have proved long ago."

"You will prove it no more. I acted formerly from *mistaken kindness*. But now, Margaret, understand me clearly, if you disclose anything further that I consider wrong, I shall *not* conceal it; and this promise I will keep, as truly as I kept the contrary."

Margaret governed her feelings well. She reflected in silence a short time as they walked forward.

"Annie," she presently said, "don't believe what I have been saying. As you observed, I am half mad; it is all nonsense; and I mean to have done at last with poor Winny. There, I will have no more letters from her; so there's an end of that."

"I am glad of it."

"Very well, then, be content, and hold your tongue about me."

"You will go home, and conduct yourself so as to please your friends?"

"Certainly."

So Margaret did; and, to all appearance, for a year following, was improving in character.

Her sixteenth year was completed; and again Annie Campbell paid a visit to Manchester, and met Margaret with the warmest love. After a few happy days together, Annie discovered that "all is not gold that glitters." She suspected that Margaret's reformation was only outward and assumed. Her manners were now carefully trained to conceal her real tendencies, and clandestine connexions were still persevered in. Annie, entering her friend's boudour without her slight knock having been heard, saw Margaret in tears, over an open letter, which she had just torn from the envelope. Annie stopped short.

"What do you want? Annie, you enter very abruptly;" exclaimed Margaret, in a husky voice, and with an altered countenance.

"Excuse me, I did knock; but are you in any grief?"

"No, no. Go away."

"My dearest friend, you have some sorrow. Why do you weep thus?—tell me, dear, what is the matter?"

"Fasten the door, or go away. Do not speak to me—you are no friend to me in trouble."

"Margaret, have you need of a true friend?"

"Yes, indeed, I have; but you will betray me. Go away—do not intrude."

"Margaret, I will not, out of *mistaken kindness*, be made an assistant in anything that I think wrong; and clandestine correspondences, and secret *friends*, are wrong, utterly so, for *you* and *me*. But if, without damaging my conscience, or assisting error, I can aid you, or comfort you, only give me the opportunity."

"Many thanks—I need you not. I shall find other comfort, other aid, that will not be quite so strictly measured out. That friendship for me, which shrinks from *no* trial; yours is of other mettle. Come,"—casting her letter in the fire, which instantly consumed it—"there's an end of that matter. Will you go to see the new play, to-night?"

"I am going with your mamma to the concert; and you too, I hope."

"No objection; so let us dress quickly."

They went to the concert, and Frederick with them, in his first suit of regimentals; for his father had placed him in the army, at his earnest solicitation. A fine young soldier he looked: tall, and full of high and gallant spirit; ready for any service where honour was to be won. Margaret, too, appeared to great advantage that evening. Her rich black hair bound with a wreath of sparkling gems, and her handsome face flushed with a deep crimson, and her large dark eye rolling restlessly. But there was an unquiet, and often troubled, expression about her mouth, which Annie readily detected with painful feelings. When Margaret saw that she was observed, she looked proud and firm.

Returning home, Annie softly took Margaret's hand in hers, but the latter drew it away with a sharp resentful motion, which brought the tears into Annie's eyes. They parted with a cold "Good night."

The next morning there was immense excitement throughout the mansion. Margaret was missing; and it was soon apparent that she had for some time been preparing for flight. But whither had she gone? With whom? This was hidden entirely. A messenger was at once dispatched to Ivy House, where, of course, nothing had been heard of her, and Winnifred had left the adjoining village, and was gone no one knew whither.

Annie Campbell returned disconsolate to the home of her guardians; and having now disclosed all that had passed between herself and Margaret, Miss Everitt and the Curate approved the firmness which she had recently acquired in resisting bad confidences, where there was no reasonable prospect that she could do any good to her erring friend.

Mr. Walton was a proud father; and having the clearest evidence that his daughter had been long deceiving him, and had fled deliberately, he made but slight efforts to discover her, and covered his bitter disappointment and indignation with a calm exterior; and few could know how many burning tears he shed for his bright and beautiful daughter—lost to him and her family, and worse than dead. And Frederick justly reproached himself, and heaped countless anathemas on the head of Winnifred. His military duties called him away from Manchester, to learn and practise the arts of war: thus he was engaged nearly two years, in different parts of the United Kingdom. When he returned home, on leave of absence for a month, he was received with proud affection, and met once more, in his mother's drawing-room, Annie Campbell. He shivered with emotion, thinking of his sister, as he warmly greeted his school friend; and, drawing her hand within his arm, led her into a conservatory, where they might converse without listeners. Daily, during his brief stay, did Frederick's esteem and affection for Annie increase; and they were shortly affianced, with the glad consent of all whose approval they valued.

Frederick's month of leave passed away too swiftly, and on the last evening he and Annie took a parting stroll through the pleasure-grounds. While deep in converse on their happy future prospects, walking arm-in-arm, a piercing cry, like the last outburst of a breaking heart, startled and thrilled them with horror. Hastily turning to quit the grove, a female figure darted distractedly before them, and fled down an adjoining path. They returned to the house, and mentioned what they had heard and seen to Mr. and Mrs. Walton; but neither durst trust themselves to hint at the fact, that the figure they had seen in the grey twilight of the trees resembled the lost Margaret. However, the grove was searched, but no wandering female met with there.

Frederick was to leave early in the morning, and at four o'clock he opened a back entrance leading to the kitchen offices, and a paved courtyard. As he passed by a small building in which wood for fuel was stored up, the door stood open. He glanced in, and stopped as one petrified. By the early light of the dawn he perceived, lying among the firewood, as if she had dropped down with exhaustion and fatigue, the female figure he and Annie had seen in the plantation. He entered the wood-house, and bent over that mournful figure, but started back in amazement and dismay—for there lay his own lost sister—and *thus* had Margaret returned!

At once he raised her in his arms, and carried her into the house, calling loudly on his father. Mr. Walton hastened down stairs; but Margaret had then expired in her brother's arms.

"She is gone!" said Frederick. "One look only she cast on me, and sighed and died without a word. Who will now unravel to us this mystery? My poor, poor misguided sister!"

Mr. Walton buried her privately; and to this hour nothing is certainly known of the history of her singular absence, and melancholy death. But one thing was plain, that had she not learned to deceive—had she not been beguiled and misled by *Don't Tell*—she might have lived honoured and happy.

(Conclusion.)

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OUR HISTORIC TREASURY.

ROBERT BRUCE.

The death of Sir William Wallace left Scotland in the hands of Edward the First of England; but the cruel execution of the hero, which was intended to strike terror into all Scottish hearts, only served to awaken a general desire to liberate the country from its English oppressors. There were two principal candidates to the throne—Robert Bruce and John Comyn, usually called the Red Comyn, on account of his complexion. Both, after the battle of Falkirk, were in the English service; and Bruce had assisted in gaining a victory over his countrymen. But sitting down to dinner afterwards, with some spots of blood on his hands, he overheard an Englishman whisper, with a scornful smile, to a friend—"Look at that Scotchman, he is eating his own blood!" The taunt went to the heart of Bruce, for it was, indeed, the blood of his own countrymen which stained his hands; he rose from the table, retired to a neighbouring chapel, and fell on his knees, with tears of shame and contrition. He rose a determined and devoted patriot. Comyn perfidiously betrayed to the king that Bruce was wavering in his allegiance. Soon after, Bruce had an interview with Red Comyn, in the church of the Minorites, in Dumfries. They paced up and down the aisles, conversing on matters of importance, with angry voices and gestures. Both were fiery, rash, and violent young men; and being rival claimants for the crown of Scotland, there were many causes of irritation existing. Bruce reproached Comyn for his treachery towards him; and the latter made a reply which roused the fiercest passions of Bruce, so that he drew his dagger and stabbed Comyn before the altar. Comyn fell, and Bruce rushed out of the church. Two friends in attendance upon him—Kirkpatrick and Seton—were at the door. Seeing his pale and agitated looks, they eagerly inquired what was the matter. "I doubt," said Bruce, "that I have slain the Red Comyn!" "Doubt!" exclaimed Kirkpatrick. "I'se mak sicker"—[I will make sure], and hurrying into the church, finished Comyn with his dagger; while the uncle of the latter, Sir Robert Comyn, was slain by Seton.

In those days, the command, "Thou shalt not kill," was lightly regarded; but to kill in a church was deemed a heinous sin. The deed, therefore, excited general horror; and many of those who best loved Bruce, believed that, all his life after, the displeasure of Heaven was upon him for what he had done to Comyn. Certainly, few men have ever suffered greater trials and misfortunes than he did; and the remembrance of that rash and wicked deed lay heavy upon his soul to the last hour of his life.

Bruce now collected his followers and friends, and his first act of open hostility to Edward of England was the seizure of the town of Dumfries; and when the English judges assembled there, shut themselves up in the courthouse to resist him, he declared he would set the place on fire unless they surrendered. Alarmed, they yielded; and were then suffered to leave the country in safety.

Bruce had four brothers united in his cause—Edward, Thomas, Alexander, and Nigel—and one nephew, Thomas Randolph; and with these were intimately leagued—Christopher Seton, Hay, Earl of Erroll, the Earl of Lennox, the Earl of Atholl, and Sir James Douglas, a youth of eighteen.

The father of the Douglas had shared the captivity of Wallace, and died in an English prison, leaving all his Scottish estates in the hands of the English; and his brave young son, dispossessed, and in the care of the Bishop of St. Andrew's. The youth heard of the revolt of Bruce and his friends, and entreated leave to join him. "Grateful should I be to see thee on thy own broad lands again, my own sweet son," said the bishop; "yet, were I now openly to give thee the means to join Bruce, it would work my ruin. But go secretly to my stable, and take my own horse. If the groom resist, spare not a blow—this will exculpate me, and thou may'st then obey thy will." Douglas did as suggested—knocked down the groom, who attempted to stop him—seized the horse—mounted, and gallopped off on the road to Glasgow and Perth, where the royal cavalcade was approaching. Then riding up, he dismounted, and holding the bridle-rein of the horse which Bruce rode, kneeled down in the road, and loyally and affectionately offered his homage and service to the death. All who saw this affecting scene were deeply moved. Bruce embraced the boy; and from that day Bruce and Douglas were friends throughout a long life, and not a shade of jealousy or suspicion ever darkened their love.

The first efforts of the "*rebels*" were to rouse the spirit of the country; for which purpose, they rode in various directions throughout Scotland. And then there was the crowning of Robert Bruce, in the Abbey of Scone, in Perthshire, when the crown used was a small circlet of gold, Edward having carried off to England the ancient Scottish crown. The honour of placing it on the king's head belonged, by ancient right, to the family of Macduff, earl of Fife. The then earl, being on the English side, would not attend the ceremonial; but his sister Isabella hearing of this, declared that, "happen what would, Bruce should yet be crowned by a Macduff." She was wife to the Earl of Buchan (a Comyn); and, ordering out her husband's horses, without his knowledge or consent, she posted off to Scone; where, in spite of brother or husband, she placed the golden circlet, with her own hands, on the brow of the new king.

King Edward now assembled all his nobles at a great festival; and in their presence made a solemn vow to take ample vengeance against Bruce and his followers. "I will take the field once more against Scotland," he said; "and never return till I have punished the rebels, and avenged the death of John Comyn. With Robert Bruce, I will deal as with the traitor Wallace; and then turn my thoughts to heaven, and die in peace."

It was time to come to this last resolution, for Edward was a very old man now. Though he began this new invasion of Scotland, he was not able to go on with it in person, for he was taken ill at Carlisle, and obliged to remain there. But his generals and their armies moved on, and Bruce advanced to meet them. At Methven the new king of Scots was first defeated, and he narrowly escaped capture. Many of his gallant friends perished in and after that battle.

Bruce now took refuge with his wife in the Highlands; and a few of his brave adherents, and their wives, remained with him, in caves and mountain glens, exposed to great hardships and many dangers. Whilst their husbands were out at the chase, hunting or fishing for food, the ladies, with uncomplaining heroism, washed the linen, cooked, and performed other menial offices. The most useful of the party was the brave young Douglas; and the king, by his cheerful and humourous stories and constant activity, kept up the spirits of all.

The Pope now excommunicated Bruce for the death of Comyn, at Edward's request, and he was excluded from all the benefits of external religion; and any one who should kill him would be justified in the eyes of the Church. Surrounded by enemies —traced as a fugitive—sometimes nearly starved with cold and hunger,—Bruce tried to force his way into Lorn; but the Lord of Lorn, a kinsman of Comyn, defeated his littitle force; and the king only extricated himself by the most surprising courage and skill. His adherents lost their courage; but he was calm, thoughtful, undismayed, and full of hope. They retreated into the Lennox country; and Bruce sent forward a party to prepare a large cave in the glen of Balquhidder. When he arrived in the evening with his wounded knights and weeping ladies, fires were kindled, provisions cooked, skins and furs spread over the floor, and heather and moss piled for couches. It was a grateful sight to the wayworn travellers; and when the king, having carefully placed his sentinels, unbuckled his armour, and courteously attended to all, entreating them to take rest and refreshment, they could not but be touched with his kind and tender care. The wounded he tended with his own hands; the dispirited he encouraged; and to the queen and her ladies he expressed his grateful admiration for their love, patience, and devotedness. Even the meanest servant was cheered with kind or jocular words; and as his knights, seated round the fire, talked over the events of the day, the king amused them with many a beguiling story and romance. "Whatever happens," he said, "never despair. Think always, that although it is now our lot to suffer, God may yet relieve us, as He has done by many who were yet harder bestead than we, and who, through God's grace, accomplished the purpose which they had in hand. If the heart be cast down, the strength of the body sinks with it; therefore, dear friends, I beseech you, be of good heart, and all will yet be well."

Winter came. It was necessary to place the ladies under secure shelter. Kildrummie Castle was chosen, on the river Don, in Aberdeenshire. It was a sorrowful parting to all, for they none of them knew if ever they should meet again. Nigel, the king's youngest brother, with a few picked men, remained to defend the castle; while Bruce, and some 200 followers, wintered in Rathlin, a small island off the northern coast of Ireland, waiting for opportunity to make a descent on the Scottish shore. But sad news came. Kildrummie Castle was taken, Nigel Bruce was cruelly slain, the queen and ladies sent prisoners to England, and the Countess of Buchan, who placed the crown on the king's head, was shut up in an iron cage in the castle of Berwick. Amongst the captives were the king's daughter Marjery, and his sisters Mary and Christina.

At last the king began to despair; but, lying sleepless on the floor of a wretched cabin, he watched a spider hanging at the end of its thread from the roof, and trying to swing itself to a beam to fix its line. Six times it failed, and Bruce called to mind that he had been defeated six times in battle with the English; and he said to himself, "If that poor spider tries again, and succeeds, *I* will venture yet a seventh time; if it fail, I will give up all, go to the wars in Palestine, and never see Scotland more." The spider did succeed the seventh time. "I hail the omen," said Bruce; "I, too, will try my fortune once again." He did so, and from this day persevered till he triumphed. Since that day a Bruce would never kill a spider.

The king returned to Scotland, and met varying fortunes in the wilds of Carrick. His adventures are full of romantic incident. He was often near perishing through treachery. People were afraid to join him. But one day a lady came to him, with forty men-at-arms; she was a relation, and ardent

in his cause. He was sometimes tracked by bloodhounds; often suddenly attacked in his hiding-places; but his valour was unconquerable. The stories told of encounters with Bruce would fill a volume.

Ere long, however, the tide turned; one success followed another, until Bruce gained his first great victory over the English at Loudon Hill. Edward, at Carlisle, was roused from his death-bed by the tidings. He could not mount his war-horse, but he would be borne in a litter to the Scottish border. On his way thither a mightier than himself met him—Death put an end to his conquests. He died at Burgh-on-Sands, in sight of the land he so desired to possess. His dying injunction to his son was, to carry his bones on at the head of the English army, and not to rest until he had subdued Scotland. But Edward the Second was no hero—he soon returned to England, intending never again to leave it.

Then Bruce swept on through Scotland, carrying all before him; at the same time he found it no easy matter to take the forts, and castles, and towns from the bold English who held them. Deeply interesting are the narratives on record of the struggles that took place to get and to keep. One anecdote is all we can give. The brave Douglas took the castle of Roxburgh by stratagem. He made his followers put on black cloaks over their armour, and creeping on hands and knees one evening, in the dusk, they managed to get quite close to the castle wall. The sentinel on the battlements saw them, but took them for black cattle which were gone astray. The Scots ascended the wall by the aid of ladders, which they had brought with them, and then the English soldiers were surprised and overpowered. This evening the wife of one of the English happened to be sitting on the battlements lulling her child to sleep in her arms. She was singing—

> " Hush ye, hush ye, little pet, ye;
> Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret me;
> The Black Douglas shall not get ye—"

when a voice close to her exclaimed, "Be not so sure of that!" and a mailed hand clasped her shoulders. She started in terror and amazement, and the Black Douglas himself was at her side. But we are glad to say, in the confusion and slaughter that ensued, she and her child were protected from harm by the warrior she dreaded.

One of the first towns in Scotland to yield to Bruce was Stirling, an important place; and when it was besieged by the Scottish king, both England and Scotland bestirred them to send to the place a great army, so that there might be one decisive battle to determine which cause should triumph, that of Edward of England, or Robert Bruce. A hundred thousand high-spirited English warriors came over the border, and Bruce awaited them near Stirling with thirty thousand of the bravest men of Scotland.

On the 24th of June, 1314, the great battle of Bannockburn was nobly fought, after Bruce had addressed his gallant army in the heroic style with which all are familiar—

> " Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled—
> Scots, wham Bruce has often led—
> Welcome to your gory bed,
> Or to victory.
>
> Now 's the day, and now 's the hour;
> See approach proud Edward's power;
> See the front of battle lour,
> Chains and slavery!"

The Scots prayed before the action began, which terminated in the greatest defeat for the English which they had sustained since the battle of Hastings. Edward theSecond fled in dismay back to England, and the English army was pursued ninety miles.

The queen of Bruce and her ladies returned joyfully from their seven years' captivity, and King Robert—at last a king indeed—was universally acknowledged to be one of the best and bravest monarchs who ever reigned.

A peace was concluded between the two hostile countries, highly honourable to Scotland; and the last days of the patriot king were spent in a pleasant residence on the banks of the Clyde.

He died at the age of fifty-four, in the midst of his friends and brave knights, to whom he said, that he bitterly repented the death of Comyn, and he desired his faithful Douglas, when he was dead, to take his heart and bear it to holy Palestine, as a token of his deep remorse for his crime.

> " Through hilly Caledonia,
> Woe spreadeth far and fast,
> As speeds the shadow of a cloud
> Before the thunder blast;
> For it is The Bruce whose mighty heart
> Is beating now its last!"

FIRE.

Child.—Mother, you told me, the other day, that nobody knows what light is, except the great Creator. Now, can you tell me what fire is?

Mother.—I fear that you have asked another question which I cannot directly answer. What fire is, is known only by its effects.

Child.—And what are its effects, mother?

Mother.—Some of its effects are as well known to you as they are to me: and I shall, in the first place, call to your recollection what you, yourself, know about fire, before I attempt to give you any further information in relation to it.

Child.—Why, mother, I am sure I do not know what fire is.

Mother.—No, my dear, I know that you do not know what fire is; neither do I, nor does any one, except the great Creater Himself. This is one of His secrets, which, in His wisdom, He reserves for Himself. But you certainly know some of the effects of fire. For instance, you know that when you have been out into the cold, you wish, on your return, to go to the fire. Now, can you tell me what you go to the fire for?

Child.—Why certainly, mother; I go to the fire to warm myself.

Mother.—And how does the fire warm you?

Child.—Why, it sends out its heat, mother; and I hold out my hands to it, and feel the heat.

Mother.—And where does the heat come from?

Child.—Why, the heat comes from the fire, mother.

Mother.—Then you know, at least, one of the effects of fire. It produces, or rather sends out heat.

Child.—But does not the fire make the heat?

Mother.—If you had a little bird, or a mouse, in a cage, and should open the door and let it out, should you say that you *made* the little bird or the mouse?

Child.—Say that I made them, mother? Why, no; certainly not. I only let them go free. God made them. You told me that God made all things.

Mother.—Neither did the fire make the heat. It only made it free, somewhat in the same manner that you would make the bird or the mouse free, by opening the door of the cage.

Child.—Why, mother, is heat kept in cages, like birds or mice?

Mother.—No, my dear, not exactly in cages, like birds and mice; but a great deal closer,—in a different kind of cage.

Child.—Why, mother, what sort of a cage can heat be kept in?

Mother.—I must answer your question by asking you another. When Alice makes her fire in the kitchen, how does she make it?

Child.—She takes some wood, or some coal, and puts under it some small wood, and some shaving, or paper, and then takes a match and sets it on fires and very soon the fire is made.

Mother.—But does she not first do something to the match?

Child.—Oh, yes: I forgot to say that she lights the match first, and then sets fire to the shavings with the lighted match.

Mother.—But how does she light the match?

Child.—Why, mother, have you never seen her? She rubs one end of the match on the box, where there is a little piece of sand-paper, and that sets the match on fire.

Mother.—Is there any fire in the sand-paper?

Child.—Why, no, mother; certainly not.

Mother.—Was there any fire in the match before she lighted it?

Child.—No, mother; if there had been, she would have had no need to light it.

Mother.—You see, then, that fire came when she rubbed the match against the sand-paper, and that the fire was not in the sand-paper, nor in the match.

Child.—Yes, mother; but I did not see where it came from.

Mother.—Did you ever see a person rub his hands together, when he was cold?

Child.—Oh, yes, mother, a great many times. I have seen father come in from the cold and rub his hands together, and afterwards hold them to the fire and rub them again, and then they get warm.

Mother.—And now take your hand and rub it quickly backwards and forwards, over that woollen table-cloth, on the table in the corner of the room, and tell me whether that will make your hand warm.

Child.—Oh, yes, I feel it grow warmer the faster I rub it.

Mother.—Here are two small pieces of wood. Touch them to your cheek, and tell me whether they feel warm.

Child.—They do not feel warm, nor cold, mother.

Mother.—Now rub them together quickly a little while, and then touch them to your cheek.

Child.—Oh, dear, mother! they are so hot that they almost burned my cheek.

Mother.—Yes, my dear; and do you not recollect, when you read "Robinson Crusoe," that his man Friday made a fire by rubbing two pieces of wood together.

Child.—Oh, yes; and I have often wondered why Alice could not light her fire and the lamp in the same manner, without those matches, which have so offensive a smell.

Mother.—It is very hard work to obtain fire by rubbing two pieces of wood together; and it would take too long a time to do it. The two pieces of wood would grow warm by a very little rubbing; but in order to make them take fire, they must be rubbed together a great while.

Child.—But, mother, if it takes so long a time to get fire by rubbing two pieces of wood together, why can Alice set the match on fire so easily by rubbing it once on the sand-paper?

Mother.—That is what I am about to explain to you. Here, take this piece of paper, and hold it up to the lamp.

Child.—It has taken fire, mother.

Mother.—Now take this piece of pine wood, and hold that up to the lamp in the same manner, and see whether that will take fire too

Child.—Yes, mother, it has taken fire; but I had to hold it up to the lamp much longer than I did the paper.

Mother.—Now, take this piece of hard wood, and do the same with that.

Child.—The hard wood takes longer still to catch fire, mother.

Mother.—Yes. And now I am going to make the hard wood take fire more quickly than the paper did.

Child.—How can you do it?

Mother.—I am going to show you. Here is a small vial, which contains something that looks like water. It is spirits of turpentine. I shall dip the point of the piece of hard wood into the vial, and take up a little of the spirits of turpentine. Now touch the point of the hard wood with the turpentine on it to the flame.

Child.—Why, mother, it caught fire as soon as I touched the flame with it?

Mother.—And you now see that some things, like the spirits of turpentine and the paper, take fire very readily, and others take fire with more difficulty.

Child.—Yes, mother; but when Alice drew the match across the sand-paper, there was no flame nor fire to touch it to. How, then, could it take fire?

Mother.—Hold this piece of paper up to the blaze of the lamp, but be careful not to touch the fire or flame of the lamp; only hold it close to the blaze.

Child.—Why, mother, it has taken fire!

Mother.—You see, then, that a thing will sometimes take fire when it does not touch the fire.

Child.—Yes, mother; but I do not understand where the fire comes from.

Mother.—The fire comes from the heat. Now, you know that heat is produced by rubbing two things together; and that some things, like the spirits of turpentine, take fire very easily, or with very little heat; and others, like the hard wood, require to be heated some time: or, in other words, require much heat, to make them take fire, or to burn. Some things require only as much heat to make them take fire as can be obtained by rubbing them together very quickly, like the wood which Robinson Crusoe's man Friday used.

Child.—But, mother, the match is made of wood; why does that take fire so easily?

Mother.—It is true that the match is made of wood; but it has something at the end of it which takes fire much more easily than the spirits of turpentine. Indeed, so easily does it take fire, that it requires only so much heat to set it on fire as is obtained by drawing the match once across the sand-paper.

Child.—Well, mother, I understand, now, how the match is set on fire. It is rubbed on the sand-paper, and that produces heat, and the heat sets the match on fire. But I always thought that fire makes heat, not that heat makes fire.

◆

SOMETHING LIKE "SPORT."

Whilst pondering over my late wonderful escape, I observed at a little distance a huge white rhinoceros protrude his ponderous and misshapen head through the bushes, and presently afterwards he approached to within a dozen paces of my ambuscade. His broadside was then fully exposed to view, and, notwithstanding I felt a little nervous from my conflict with the elephant, I lost no time in firing. The beast did not at once fall to the ground, but from appearances I had every reason to believe he would not live long. Scarcely had I reloaded, when a black rhinoceros of the species Keitloa (a female, as it proved) stood drinking at the water; but her position, as with the elephant in the first instance, was unfavourable for a good shot. As, however, she was very near me, I thought I was pretty sure of breaking her leg, and thereby disabling her; and in this I succeeded. My fire seemed to madden her; she rushed wildly forward on three legs, when I gave her a second shot, though apparently with little or no effect. I felt sorry at not being able to end her sufferings at once; but as I was too well acquainted with the habits of the rhinoceros to venture on pursuing her under the circumstances, I determined to wait patiently for daylight, and then destroy her with the aid of my dogs. But it was not to be. As no more elephants or other large game appeared, I thought after a time it might be as well to go in search of the white rhinoceros, previously wounded; and I was not long in finding his carcase, for my ball, as I supposed, had caused his almost immediate death. In heading back to my "skärm," I accidentally took a turn in the direction pursued by the black rhinoceros, and by ill luck, as the event proved, encountered her. She was still on her legs, but her position, as before, was unfavourable. Hoping, however, to make her change it for a better, and thus enable me to destroy her at once, I took up a stone and hurled it at her with all my force; when, snorting horribly, erecting her tail, keeping her head close to the ground, and raising clouds of dust by her feet, she rushed at me with fearful fury. I had only just time to level my rifle and fire, before she was upon me; and the next instant, whilst instinctively turning round for the purpose of retreating, she laid me prostrate. The shock was so violent as to send my rifle, powder-flask, and ball pouch, as also my cap, spinning in the air—the gun, indeed, as afterwards ascertained, to a distance of fully ten feet. On the beast charging me, it crossed my mind that unless gored at once by her horn, her impetus would be such (after knocking me down, which I took for granted would be the case) as to carry her beyond me, and I might thus be afforded a chance of escape. So, indeed, it happened; for having tumbled me over (in doing which, her head and the fore part of her body, owing to the violence of the charge, were half buried in the sand), and trampled on me with great violence, her fore-quarter passed over my body. Struggling for life, I seized my opportunity, and as she was recovering herself for a renewal of the charge, I scrambled out from between her hind legs. But the enraged beast had not yet done with me. Scarcely had I regained my feet before she struck me down a second time, and with her horn ripped up my right thigh (though not very deeply) from near the knee to the hip: with her fore feet, moreover, she hit me a terrible blow on the left shoulder near the back of the neck. My ribs bent under the enormous weight and pressure, and for a moment I must, as I believe, have lost consciousness—I have at least very indistinct notions of what afterwards took place. I remember hearing a furious snorting and plunging amongst the neighbouring bushes. I arose, with great difficulty, and made my way in the best manner I was able towards a large tree near at hand for shelter; but this precaution was needless, —the beast, for the time at least, showed no inclination further to molest me. Either in the *melée*, or owing to the confusion caused by her wounds, she had lost sight of me, or she felt satisfied with the revenge she had taken. Be that as it may, I escaped with my life, though sadly wounded and severely bruised, in which disabled state I had great difficulty in getting back to my "skärm."—*Anderson's Explorations in South-Western Africa.*

THE HAPPY HOUR.

PUZZLES.

107

To nothing add ten, with three fifths of two score,
And let them be joined by five hundred more;
These rightly combined, will give you the name
Of a city that's high in the annals of fame.

BAKER.

108

Pray find a word, if you are able,
That will produce both chair and table.

109

If to a ring and a cross you add a part of a river,
A famed seat of learning you'll quickly discover.

ENIGMAS.

110

Upon iron I tread, and long is my head,
And often am made to bear leather;
I carry a tail, often empty a pail,
And my name is five letters together.

111

There was a man who had no eyes,
That went abroad to view the skies;
He saw a tree with apples on,
He took no apples off, and left no apples on.

DECAPITATIONS.

112. What town in Suffolk decapitated is a preposition?

113. What town in Cheshire decapitated is a woman's name?

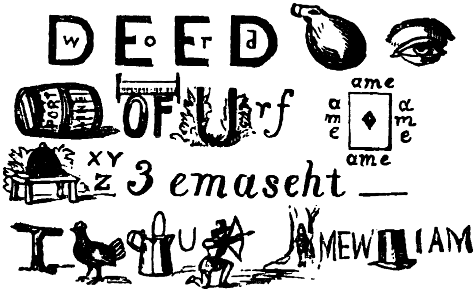
114. What town in Northamptonshire decapitated is a nobleman?

115. What town in Flintshire decapitated is ancient?

BAKER.

HIEROGLYPHICS.

116



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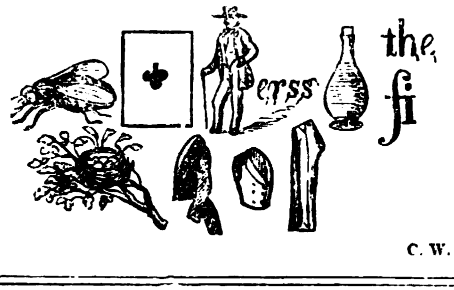


C. W.

HOLIDAY SCRAPS.

A fellow stole a saw, and on examination told the magistrate he only took it in a joke. "How far did you carry it?" asked the justice. "Two miles," answered the prisoner. "That's carrying the joke too far," remarked his worship, and the prisoner was committed for trial.

A country actor was drawling out Macbeth's speech, "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow." "Hang it, man," shouted a wag in the gallery, "I shall get to the end of the week before you've finished."

WANTED.—A thin man, who is used to the business of collecting, to crawl through keyholes and find debtors who are never "at home." Salary, nothing the first year, to be doubled each year after.

"How many kinds of motion are there?" said a Glaswegian professor of physics to one of his *very* bright pupils. "Three, sir," was the reply. "Three!—name them?" "The retrograde, the progressive, and the *stand-still motion*."

Why is a dinner like spring? Because a single *swallow* never makes it.

Why is a blacksmith like a counterfeiter? Because he makes a living by *forging*.

Why is a widower like a house in a state of dilapidation? Because he wants to be *re-paired*.

"You look as if you were beside yourself," as the wag said to a fellow who stood by a donkey.

◆

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BAKER.—The awards for the Solutions of Nos. 14, 15, and 16 will be made in our next. That our explanation satisfied you, gave us much pleasure. Many thanks for the distribution of prospectuses, as well as for the charades. COGNOMEN declined; DECAPITATIONS accepted.

WILLIAM DALTON.—Favour us with the chapter referred to, and it shall have our consideration.

G. S. DAY.—We are as anxious about the recreative employment of "our boys" as "our girls;" but it is not so easy to find an art for them that embraces the same conditions as needlework. Besides, it must be remembered, that the majority of boys at fourteen have to devote themselves to learning an art or trade to pursue through life. Two or three of your puzzles bear reference to a place that should never be introduced excepting for sacred purposes, and are therefore declined.

ALICE B.—The instructions shall be furnished.

LITTLE ANNIE.—We will forward your request to Madame Eugenie, and if she concurs that the patterns you desire would be generally welcome, no doubt she will give them.

FLORENCE MONTAGUE.—You omitted your address, or prospectuses should have been sent.

EMMA LOUISA.—Little friends like you should not be passed over in silence. We feel largely indebted to you, and regret we have only thanks to pay you with.

BRUTUS.—We are greatly obliged for your kind remembrance.

⁂ In consequence of an error in our Notice, the Answers cannot be inserted in this Number, as was our intention, *this* being the *first* Number for August. Having mentioned Thursday the 30th July as the last day for receiving solutions, we feel bound to postpone their insertion to our *next* Number.

⁂ *With Part IV., which will be published at the end of this month, price 6d., will be issued a splendid Needlework Design, printed in colours, of "A Darned Purse." This beautiful Plate may also be had for One Penny, with our next Number, in which will be printed the Description for working it.*

Address to Editor at Printers', 23, Middle Street, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

ANGRY WORDS.

ANGRY words are lightly spoken,
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep, insidious pow'r.
Hearts, inspired by warmest feeling,
Ne'er before by anger stirr'd,
Oft are rent, past human healing,
By a single angry word.

Poison-drops of care and sorrow—
Bitter poison drops are they—
Wearing for the coming morrow
Saddest memories of to-day.
Angry words—Oh, let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip;
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them ere they soil the lip!

Love is much too pure and holy—
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly
Thus to desolate and mar.
Angry words are lightly spoken,
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirr'd;
Brightest links of life are broken
By a single angry word!

◆

NATURAL AFFECTION OF THE ROBIN.

AN instance of parental affection in a bird was recently related to me, which gave me much pleasure. A gentleman, in my neighbourhood, had directed one of his waggons to be packed up with sundry hampers and boxes, intending to send it to Worthing, where he was going himself. For some reason his going was delayed; and he therefore directed that the waggon should be placed under a shed in his yard, packed as it was, until it should be convenient for him to send it off. While it was in the shed, a pair of robins built their nest among some straw in the waggon, and hatched their young, just before it was sent away. One of the old birds, instead of being frightened away by the motion of the waggon, only left its nest from time to time, for the purpose of flying to the nearest hedge for food for its young; and thus alternately affording warmth and nourishment to the nest until it arrived at Worthing. The affection of this bird being observed by the waggoner, he took care in unloading not to disturb the robins' nest; and my readers will, I am sure, be glad to hear that the robin and its young ones returned safe to Walton Heath, being the place whence they had set out. Whether it was the male or female robin which kept with the waggon, I have not been able to ascertain, but most probably the latter, as what will not a mother's affection induce her to perform?—*Jesse's Gleanings.*

A MAN IN THE AIR.

WONDERFUL events always take place in obscure corners; thus foreign papers contain accounts of a curious balloon ascent, from some out-of-the-way place of a small town on the frontiers of Spain. It is stated that a Spaniard, named Antonio Moles, made a small balloon without any car, except a small table, on which he lay down like a boy on a sled. Upon his legs were two umbrellas, so to speak, acting freely upon their sticks, and in each hand was a set of silken screens, opening with hinges, and expanding or contracting at will. A rope attached around his neck, communicated with the valve of the balloon, and around his body was a belt containing six or seven pound of shot for ballast. Upon cutting himself loose from the earth, the balloon rose gently some two hundred feet, the atmosphere being perfectly calm. The aeronaut then commenced a motion very much resembling swimming, and the balloon began to fall off with considerable rapidity, the speed increasing as the machinery began to work more freely. He went five miles in a straight line, and then returned in 29 minutes.

◆

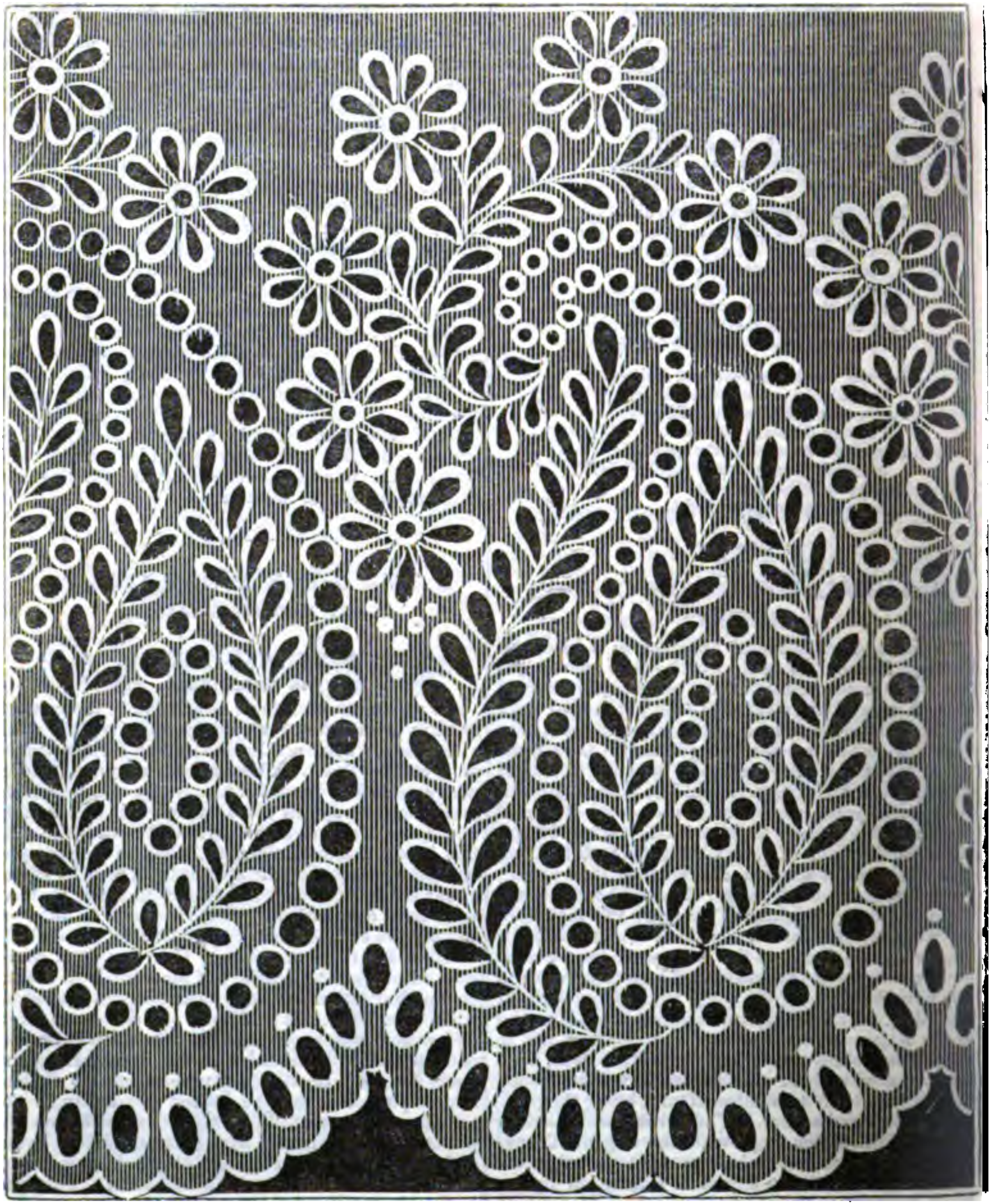
THE GIRLS' WORK-TABLE.

BY MADAME EUGENIE.

PETTICOAT BORDER,

IN EMBROIDERY.

As we know that there is no kind of fancy-work more in favour than embroidery, we give this week a handsome border intended either for a petticoat or a child's frock. There are many young ladies who accomplish beautiful pieces of work, by having something always in hand, which can be taken up under almost any circumstances without injury. At this bright season of the year, when so many happy families are enjoying the pleasant and healthy shores of our island, it adds much to the pleasure to have some light occupation in which to take an interest, and a piece of handsome embroidery is particularly suitable for these occasions. Our design is to be worked on cambric muslin; if for a frock it should be fine, but rather thin, as it looks prettier and lighter when completed. It is all cut out and sewn over. Before commencing, we should recommend that the pattern should be traced from our illustration, and made longer. It will be found to join, so that as large a portion as may be desired may easily be obtained. After carefully tacking the muslin on the pattern, trace it neatly with Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s No 16 Perfectionnè Cotton, and sew it over with No. 20 of the same kind of cotton. This will be found a very ornamental border.



THE BOYS' & GIRLS' COMPANION FOR LEISURE HOURS

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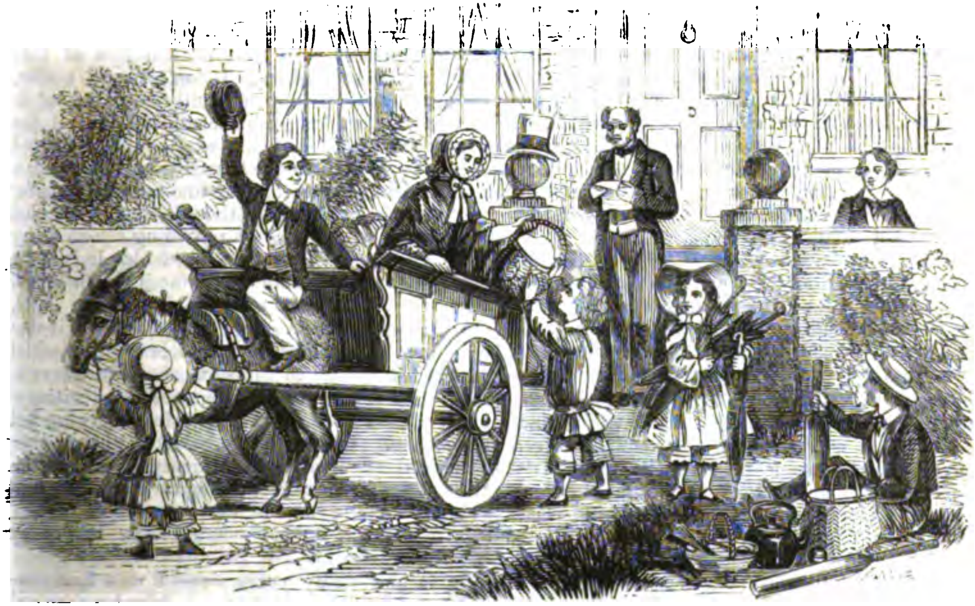

A STORY OF MY UNCLE.

BY R. CHANDLER.

CHAPTER I.

READER, hadst thou ever an uncle? I do not speak of a low-browed, scanty-locked individual, residing in or near to a court crowded with the lowest and most squalid classes of humanity, whose shop is the general repository of all articles which necessity compels the owner for a limited time to dispense with. I mean an Uncle John or Harry, and brother to your father or mother; who, according to the circumstances and condition of the family, may be a retired navy captain, a warm East-India merchant, an innkeeper, or costermonger. Although I am not much given to moralising, still I cannot forbear alluding to the vast diversity of disposition displayed by uncles; they are like salamanders or cockatrices—animals most difficult to classify. To speak within bounds, which of us knows not an uncle the breadth of whose shoulders is only equalled by the largeness of his heart, with such capacious pockets and such a laugh. This, I should say, was Uncle John; or, "if it is not, it ought to be." Uncle Simon is the man of business for a widowed mother—rather a pinched, spare man is Uncle Simon, and, as an odious, punning friend of mine suggests, one who might be well spared. This uncle lives upon figures; is capable of calculating compound interest on odd shillings and pence for a century or more; knows to a farthing what a pet rabbit costs per annum, and will bring in a bill as long as a lawyer's against a Shetland pony. Uncle Simon inflicts flogging on unruly members of the family, and seems to enjoy it; is a guardian of the poor, and, moreover, a highly respectable man, who has already received two testimonials. Uncle William lives and breathes—very hard indeed when he is asleep, which is not unfrequently—considers thinking a bore; is rather given to gout, and would be slightly ragged were it not for the interference of other and tidier people. How many other sorts of uncles there may be, I cannot take upon me to say: testy uncles, peevish uncles, cautious uncles—in fact, their name is Legion, for there be many.

To proceed, however, in defiance of the deductive method, from the general to the particular, I would claim your attention to the manners and customs of my uncle Barnabas—or Barnaby, as his favoured friends called him—and of some of his nephews and nieces. Mr. Barnabas Squaretoes was a bachelor, of course; and equally, as a matter of course, kept one cat, one mastiff chained up, one snarling, little dog of a mongrel breed, who maintained a constant war with poor pussy, enlivened with slight truces of five minutes duration. The return of wounded and missing would show a loss of one eye, and a sadly mutilated face, on the part of Beauty (the cur); while Fairy, as the ugly old Tom cat was called, was minus an ear and a half, and walked very limpingly on one paw. Mrs. Mappett, a matron not very handsome, and not very young, acted as housekeeper; and, with the assistance of a Cinderella, provided for my uncle's domestic wants. So much for the inhabitants. The house was Elizabethan; well-built, containing many snug corners and cupboards, and one or two dark passages into which no bribes of cakes or apples could tempt the boldest of us in the dark. Attached to the house was an ample garden, well stocked, as the auctioneers say, with choice fruit-trees, watered by a fair stream, in which the well-mottled trout sailed smartly up and down; and a neighbouring pond was famous for a dozen or so of carp of unrivalled size and indolence.

Our family, be it known, is very ancient; and at present very flourishing, numerically speaking. Besides the Squaretoes proper—who are, as I am informed, of Flemish descent, sprung from a wealthy trader who acted as banker to one of our early kings—the family includes the Morlaix—to which I have the honour to belong—the Supples, the Waryes, and some few other branches whose names may be referred to in the course of my tale. For myself, I care but little for genealogies, having in early youth undergone much suffering at the hands of a lubberly baronet's son, whose anger I had, in an unguarded hour, provoked by an odious comparison of the antiquity of the house of De Morlaix, with that of the line of Fitz Wiggins, of Blankshire. I don't know, reader, what the custom in your family may be, but in ours it has for a long time been usual for all the young people of the house who could be trusted to pay a visit to Uncle Barnaby at least once a year. Mrs. Mappett made fine preparations for our entertainment, and though she grumbled greatly at the difficulty of providing for so many little guests, I believe the good old lady took great pleasure in beholding the family gatherings. For my part, I was even a philosophic child, much given to observation; and, I believe, it was only my intense curiosity and love of mischief which led people to think me *not* "too clever to live." However—my compliments to the critics of my youth—I lived; and lived to be anything but clever, too. Owing to this habit of observation, I noticed much when in company with my relatives at Uncle Barnaby's cottage. The snuggery, Quiet town, and some of my experiences of character made at an early age, I now beg to lay before the readers.

It is now many years since I was first considered old enough to join my elder brother and sister, John and Mary, in their visit to the snuggery. Old Anthony, who drove the grey mare in the trap, was strictly charged to see that Master Roger did not fall out behind; and I had enough kisses and pieces of advice from my kind mother to last so small a child as myself a month. What an enjoyable ride we had past brook and coppice, disturbing "God's creatures of the great calm," and other more lively animals, until we reached Quiet town. Arrived there, we met with a very warm reception at the hands of Uncle Barnaby and Mrs. Mappett. The very house-dog looked pleasant at the sight of so many light-hearted beings; and the nondescript cur became so friendly, as to rub his head—bleeding from the effects of a recent cat fight—against my nice white trowsers, to my damage of temper and otherwise. However, a wet sponge for the trowsers, and a game of romps for myself, removed the ill results of the small dog's condescension.

Our party was the last to arrive of all the family clique, and I was somewhat jealous, and felt my juvenile dignity much aggrieved at finding my pretty sister Mary, and my frank, open-hearted brother John, objects of so much greater attention than myself, whom my mother jocosely called "the Little Fright," judging, as I suppose, from very defective ideas of beauty. Uncle Barnaby struck me as being one of the oddest men I had ever seen. He seldom laughed, though he was never out of spirits; never gave utterance to a profound remark, yet was universally voted "no fool;" and though many people considered him too economical, we who partook of his hospitality never troubled ourselves by thinking so. I understood he was very rich, and had received hints to beware of offending him, though I saw no reason to hope that I should be exempt from a fate which befel so many of his relatives. I cannot tell how and why children derive their views of respectability, and probably if I were to endeavour to ascertain, should only sink deeper in a sea of doubt; at any rate, and by whatever process their knowledge may be derived, I am afraid that young people in general are intense worshippers of wealth, and my rich uncle Barnaby could not have been a greater man in the estimation of his young relatives had he usurped the throne of the Great Mogul. It is only too probable that I soon lost sight of my mother's advice, when on the first night of my visit I called the nondescript dog a cur; and on my uncle's defending his dog's fame, argued my case with all the logic of a special pleader. On this occasion I escaped with an admonition not to let my tongue run on too fast; but what a lecture I had from honest brother John for being "a little spoon," as he called me! Early opinions and prejudices are soon formed, and I rapidly learned to think rather desparagingly of Uncle Barnaby, who in his turn called me Chatterbox; and on my inquiring of him whether a periwinkle had instinct and patriotism, absolutely would not listen to me. In addition to my pertness, I was once instigated to kick at a raven, a great favourite, who gave me a sad tweak of the finger, and I observed my uncle look at me with eyes expressing anything but approbation. My cousin Grafton Wary, who had recommended me to frighten the bird for the future by a good kick in the present, was a lad for whom I soon acquired a great abhorrence, founded in a great measure on my having been suffered to undergo great censure for picking up his ball from the very centre of a large flower-bed, whence he had requested me to obtain it.

Shakspeare's character, who found tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything, might have found meditation in manias. I am disposed to think science would advance but little were we all to endeavour to become Jacks of all trades. He who is master of one is a useful and respectable man, and does much good by his hobby. Chemistry is the product of the mad search of alchemists after the impossible; and I have heard that the great astronomer Newton was by no means well versed in common things. Uncle Barnaby, happy man, had three hobbies, though I fear they were not very useful to the world at large.

One of these was homœopathy, and the other and lesser weaknesses were for family antiquity and old china. These two appear very dissimilar at first; but if man be but clay, and china-ware a compound of clay, I think genealogy and crockery-ware are very nearly related. These little weaknesses of my good old relative were by some means or other connected with certain living objects of my dislike. I have said I bore no great love to Grafton Wary; furthermore, I was on no very cousinly terms with two others of our party, namely, Harry Supple, brother of William, the good-natured punster, and Andrew Fairford, son of my mother's eldest sister. It is by no means a commendable or a happy feeling to be at variance with those around us, but I think my tale would show I had very little cause to respect the boys named. Each of these attached himself on particular service to one of my uncle's hobbies, and I could not help remarking the zeal with which each tried to outshine the other in the old gentleman's favour. Wary, who was a dyspeptic little fellow, affected to believe most devoutly in Uncle Barnaby's tales of wonderful cures resulting from the globules, of which he would swallow as many as were doled out to him. Supple applied himself to the china trade, and would put on an air of great interest when it pleased my uncle to speak of the rarity and value of his bowls and teacups. Andrew Fairford was great in family traditions, and would read a history of Blankshire, in which the antiquity of our house had justice done it from morning to night, provided its owner had his eyes on him. A little circumstance gave me a good opportunity of contemplating these young gentlemen and their peculiarities. William Supple, who had a keen sense of enjoyment, had, with the concurrence of my uncle, organised a pic-nic, to be held on an old British intrenchment called, from some historical association, King Alfred's Castle. At the first proposal of this scheme one general shout of approval was raised, and each built his castle in the air, and manifested his opinion as to the best means of amusement. Even Grafton Wary, who was of a very cautious nature, displayed the greatest delight. He performed rather cleverly on the violin, and promised to play his liveliest dancing tunes for our gratification; and such was his good-humour, that he did not even box my ears when I volunteered an accompaniment on my whistle-pipe. Uncle promised his best assistance, and the loan of anything we might require, though he hinted he might not be able to join us. I was so sorry at the prospect of my uncle's absence, that I begged him to come if possible; and as the old gentleman patted my head, and said he would if he could, I saw Grafton Wary's face express anything but love, and at the first opportunity he seated himself by his side, and talked of homœopathy with the utmost zeal.

From the time of the proposal of the *fête champêtre*—as a plain pic-nic ought, according to French fashion, to be called—to the day fixed for its coming off, my uncle's young guests did little else than prepare for it. Bows were restrung, bats had varnish applied to them, while cricket-balls were removed from old cupboards, where they had remained, like pensioners in a hospital, since the last visit. Oh, the provisions we had to ward off starvation!—the pork pies, the sandwiches, cakes, and luxuries, "too numerous to particularise;" and so benign did the sun appear on the happy morning, one might think he liked a pic-nic as much as we did.

(To be continued.)

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Peacocks in Persia.—Peacocks are great favourites in Persia, and are more common than in this country, as an ornament in grounds and gardens. The King of Persia has a throne, which is called "the throne of the peacock," on account of two artificial peacocks, which are placed on square pillows on each side of the seat. The birds are studded with precious stones, and each of them holds a large ruby in his beak.

THE CAT AND THE CROWS.

It is not an uncommon thing for crows to build their nests in chimney-tops, and from the fact that numbers of these birds frequently congregate on the roof of the house in which the writer resides, it is inferred that they have nests in its chimney. At all events, a young cat recently seemed to have adopted this notion, as it was seen prowling about the chimney-cans, as if on the look-out for a savoury dinner. For a while puss continued its predatory investigations without disturbance, till the dusky colony of birds, six or eight in number, hove in sight, and then a highly amusing scene commenced, which was viewed with interest by many of our townspeople. The sage old crows first sat down on a chimney of a neighbouring house, about three yards off, there to reconnoitre the enemy and hold a council of war. This over, one after another, and sometimes three or four together, advanced upon the cat, flapping their wings above its head, and screaming dismally—always taking care, however, to keep beyond reach of the dangerous quadruped. Puss had exhibited no small pluck in getting to the roof of a two-storey house, and then climbing along the series of slender cans on the chimney-top; and when assailed by the corbies, instead of being dismayed, its courage rose with the crisis. It then looked the very image of defiance; and a more graceful figure of a cat we never saw, when, in fighting attitude, it strained its head and struck out its dexter paw. The cat frequently changed its position, with the view, we suppose, of doing its best to bring itself into closer quarters with the crows, but in vain. They kept up a shower of abusive language, and occasionally almost grazed the head of grimalkin with their feathers, but they never ventured fairly within its reach. Puss mewed impatiently at times, as much as to say—Oh that I had wings for a few minutes, and then I would put an end to your noise and bluster! The skirmish between this valorous cat and the crows lasted fully half an hour, and ended in a sort of drawn battle. The cat could have kept the castle long enough in despite of them, but it could neither get hold of them nor their nests, so it at length quietly descended, with a resolve, we doubt not, to renew the fight some other day.

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OUR HISTORIC TREASURY.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

Of all the kings that ever reigned, Alfred, the English-Saxon King, united, in one person, the most illustrious virtues of a sovereign and a man; for he was brave, wise, just, merciful, and, at the same time, virtuous, pious, humble, diligent, methodical, and studious.

It is difficult to believe that such a character lived in a barbarous age—but so it was—and his life shines out, through the darkness of the time he lived in, with surpassing beauty and brilliance.

He was the fourth and favourite son of the Saxon King, Ethelwolf. His three elder brothers were named Ethelbald, Ethelbert, and Ethelred.

When Alfred was but a little child, his father took him to Rome, where they remained some time. His extraordinary beauty, vivacity, and sweetness of disposition, endeared him in no common degree to both his parents. At an early age, he took an especial pleasure in history, and in listening to the recital of poems, in which the Anglo-Saxon minstrels commemorated, in glowing verse, the illustrious exploits of their kings and warriors. But the young prince's education was sadly neglected; he was twelve years of age before he could either read or write. Learning, in those days was confined to a very few—the monks were about the only people who possessed it. Books were very scarce and dear; and, as neither paper nor printing were invented, they were mostly composed of carefully-written rolls of parchment. It was therefore considered no disgrace not to be able to read, and he who could do so was looked on as a prodigy.

Alfred was twelve years old when his mother, the queen, who was a learned woman, read to him, one day, some Saxon poems. The boy was charmed with them; and the queen told him and his brother that she would give the book, which was beautifully written and ornamented, to that boy who could first read it. Alfred strove to win the prize, and he gained it. From this time he delighted in study; but lamented that there were so few books to be had, and so few learned men among the Saxons who could teach him anything. He generally carried a favourite book in his bosom, to read when he had a few leisure moments; but the best years of his youth were given, as they always should be, to earnest and serious study.

His father died; his brothers reigned successively; and the last, Ethelred, died when Alfred was only twenty-two. But before this, he had commenced his career as a warrior, and greatly distinguished himself in battles with the Danes.

The Danes, in those days, were the terror of the land. They were fierce, barbarous, cruel robbers—savage men from the north of Europe, who strove, as the Saxons had done before them, to get possession of English lands and property, and make themselves masters of the country. The Saxons had been equally savage and fierce, but Christianity had softened and civilised them; and the incursions of the heathen Dane, burning, ravaging, and killing wherever they came, fearfully harassed the Anglo-Saxon people.

The young King Alfred ascended no quiet throne, with these Danish pirates overrunning his land. They had recently sacked and burnt Winchester, and plundered the City of York; and everywhere the utmost terror prevailed. Alfred, however, set himself at once to deliver his people from their terrible foes. He was at first successful, and permitted them to leave the kingdom in safety; but they treacherously hid themselves in a distant part of the country, until other ships from the north brought to them new swarms of their countrymen, when they burst forth again to commit new ravages; but Alfred resisted them as they had never been resisted before, and, after *eight* battles, he reduced them to the utmost extremity. They then promised, that if they were permitted to remain in some part of England, they would prevent the landing of any more of their countrymen. Alfred agreed; but ere the peace was concluded, another great arrival of Danes dismayed the Saxons; for Chippenham was taken and burnt—men, women, and children murdered—villages, churches, and convents were destroyed. These doings quite broke the spirits of the Saxons. They despaired. Vainly Alfred entreated them to arm once more, in defence of religion, country, and home. Vainly he promised final success. They turned from his presence, and, with despairing hearts, left him, and fled; some to Wales, some over the seas, some to submit themselves to the Danes.

Thus deserted, save by a faithful few, Alfred dismissed these, and disguised himself as a peasant, obtaining shelter for some time in the cottage of a neatherd, who entrusted him with the care of some of his cows.

It happened one day he sat by the fireside, trimming his bow and arrows—for cowherds were obliged to be armed when out in the pastures—and the cottager's wife desired him to watch some cakes that were baking on the hearth. She went out, and Alfred, full of his country's afflictions, forgot the cakes, and they were burned. The old woman returning, scolded the king severely, calling him "a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow!"

Alfred's next place of refuge was the isle of Athelney—only three acres of ground, in the midst of forests and morasses. On this desolate spot he raised a fortification. Here he gathered his faithful nobles; and here came his wife, Ethelswitha—a woman worthy of him. It is related, that a hungry beggar one day entreated for bread at the gate. The poor queen said to Alfred they had but one loaf left in the pot. "Give him half," said the king; "the rest will supply our immediate necessities."

We next find Alfred disguised as a harper, in the camp of the Danes—in the very midst of his foes—who were delighted with his minstrel performances; whilst he observed their want of discipline, and careless security.

Soon, on the borders of Selwyn forest, Alfred

meets, by secret appointment, a considerable number of Saxons, who rally round him once more with hope and resolution. He leads them to the Danish camp—they attack an unguarded quarter, and are victorious. Alfred is *King* once more. But he spares the Danes, and gives them Northumberland and East Anglia to settle in—those parts being already quite Danish. After this, Alfred reigned peaceably, and the Danes became civilised.

Alfred now proved himself a great statesman and legislator. He founded and formed a navy, to protect the coast. He formed a militia, to defend the land. He protected families and society by admirable laws, and admirable measures for administrating them; until, it is said, that no one dared to touch even golden bracelets, hung by the king's orders, on the wayside. Never was England so well governed; yet Alfred's own sentiment, freely expressed, was this,—"*That the English ought to remain for ever as free as their own thoughts!*"

WILD ANIMALS IN THEIR HAUNTS.

THE FOX.

These fleet and cunning creatures belong equally to the Old World and the New.

An old and respectable American used frequently to relate an anecdote of a circumstance which he saw. In his youth he resided on the banks of the great Hudson River. One day he went to a bay on the river, in order to shoot ducks or wild geese; when he came to the river, he saw six geese beyond shot. He determined to wait for them to approach the shore. Whilst sitting there, he saw a fox come down to the shore, and stand some time and observe the geese; at length he turned, and went into the woods, and came out with a large bunch of moss in his mouth. He then entered the water very silently, sank himself, and then, keeping the moss above the water, himself concealed, he floated among the geese. Suddenly one of them was drawn under the water, and the fox soon appeared on the shore with the goose on his back. He ascended the bank, and found a hole made by the tearing up of a tree. This hole he cleared, placed in the goose, and covered it with great care, strewing leaves over it. The fox then left; and when he was gone, the hunter unburied the goose, closed the hole, and resolved to await the issue.

In about half an hour, the fox returned with another in company. They went directly to the place where the goose had been buried, and threw out the earth. The goose could not be found. They stood regarding each other some time, when suddenly the second fox attacked the other most furiously, as if offended by the trick of his friend. During the battle he shot them both.

The cunning of the fox is proverbial everywhere. Innumerable are the anecdotes told of him. Once, a very artful fox eluded the pursuit of the hounds in our neighbourhood nearly a dozen times, under singular circumstances. He was always brought to within a little distance of a bridge, and the hounds failed to wind him any further. However, his fatal turn came at last. One day he made his old point —the hounds threw up their heads as before; and the field were about to abandon the place in despair, when a labourer came forward and offered to discover Reynard's place of retreat to the gentlemen, if they would give him a sovereign, but not otherwise. The money was soon forthcoming; and as he received it with a chuckle, he exclaimed—"Thur; look up in that tree, and see his tayle hanging out o' that thur magpie's nest." To the surprise and joy of the field, such was the fact, having jumped from the parapet of the bridge into the tree, and ascending from bough to bough, he had entered the old and thorny habitation of the magpie, leaving his brush dangling outside; his first visitation to which, or similar nests, may have been to effect the robbery of its owners in the summer. It is almost needless to add that he was brought from his retreat; and though deserving an extension of life for his cunning and fun thus occasioned, he died that death which myriads of his tribe had died before him.

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THE IDLE SCHOOL-BOY.

"I hate my teachers; I hate my school; I hate the very sight of my books!" exclaimed a bright-eyed boy, as he returned from school and threw his satchel on the table.

"Why, Henry, what has happened now?"

"Happened!—why, that good-for-nothing teacher kept me after school, because I forgot my lesson. I wish I was a man, I do—there!" he pettishly exclaimed; "then I should have nothing to do with these hateful declensions, these ugly moods and tenses."

"I think an ugly mood has considerable to do with you now, Henry," said his mother, half smiling. "I am sorry you are so angry, so uncourteous, and so prejudiced against your books."

"Well, mother, to be punished for forgetting,—as if I could help it."

"Was it forgetfulness or indolence?" asked Mrs. Hall, quietly.

"I'm sure I studied hard enough," answered the boy, blushing slightly; "it's the very lesson I've had three times over."

"No wonder the teacher kept you to learn your lesson," said his mother, with a reproachful look.

"Hateful teacher!" continued Henry, hardly noticing her reprimand; "why is it some boys have to go off to school every day? I wish I was Tom Jenks; *his* mother got him a fine place in a shop, where he has five shillings a week; only think; and you are as poor as Mrs. Jenks, and need the money as much. So let me come from school, mother."

"No, Henry, you little know the misery that an entire want of education entails on a youth. I had rather suffer almost every privation; I would willingly live on bread and water, to secure you such learning as will make you independent of the world when I am gone. I have wept many a time, thinking of my only son's ingratitude towards a mother who is striving to benefit him constantly. Oh, Henry, if you would only love your school!"

Henry looked down with a very red face, and bit his lips.

"You see William Saunders pass here every day," continued Mrs. Hall; "now sit down a moment, and I will tell you something about him; for I knew him when he was very young. He, I presume, little thought at the age of thirty he should go bending his saw-horse, his cheek sallow, his health ruined by early idleness and dissipation. But all this arose from his hatred for his book."

"How so, mother?"

"Why I have frequently seen him go to school, crying, and uttering all kinds of maledictions on everything connected with it, just as you so often do. His mother strove for a long time to keep him to his studies, till at last, tired with the trouble he constantly caused her, instead of urging him on with pleasant inducements, or compelling him to go, she weakly surrendered to his entreaties, and the idle boy thought that he had obtained complete happiness. He avoided school companions, and found more congeniality in those whose tastes were similar to his own—whose leisure time was occupied in foolish amusements. At first, his pride revolted from the really vulgar and low youths who surrounded him, but his foolish love of pleasure and fun soon reconciled him to their society, for many of them were not over honest, and did not scruple to use means unlawfully obtained, to gratify themselves. It was not long before he became reckless, and a spendthrift. However, at the age of twenty-six, he reformed, partially, but his character was almost ruined, and his mind entirely uncultivated. A little learning, now, would have been of great value to him; but he was no accountant, a wretched scrawler,—in fact, he was fit for no genteel employment. I remember my sorrow—he was so fine looking a young man—when I saw him doing small jobs of portering, or engaged in that most menial employment, rinsing pots for a publican. He seemed to have lost all energy. Finally, he married a pretty, ignorant girl, and now he has a large family dependent upon his poor labour, and the mean pittance it brings him."

"Why, mother! all that trouble because he did not love school?"

"Yes; and more it will soon bring, I fear; for he cannot live long."

"Oh dear! I wish I *did* love school better."

"By being diligent, Henry, you will soon learn with ease, and gain the affection of your teacher. Then you will not find it so hard to attend school. When I die, Henry, I wish to leave you that which is better than houses and lands."

"Oh, mother, don't talk of dying; indeed I will do better; and whenever I want to stay at home, for play, I'll think of William Saunders."

That was a good resolution, and we hope other Henrys will do likewise.

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LIONS STARTING THE GEMSBOK.

FROM Captain Mayne Reid's "The Young Yagers; or, a Narrative of Hunting Adventures in Southern Africa," we select the following adventure:—"The *strategy* of the lions was now perceived. They had evidently planned it before separating. The lion was to place himself in ambush upon the path, while the lioness swept round to the rear and forced the antelopes forward; or should the latter become alarmed and retreat, the lion could then show himself in pursuit, and run the frightened game back into the clutches of the lioness. The ambuscade was well planned, and in a few minutes its success was no longer doubtful. The gemsbok advanced steadily towards the ant-hill, occasionally switching about their black bushy tails; but that was to rid their flanks of the flies, and not from any apprehension of danger. The lioness had completed the grand *détour* she had made, and was now seen crouching after them, through still far in the rear. As the antelopes drew near the ant-hill, the lion was observed to draw back his head until it was nearly concealed in his black shaggy mane. They could not possibly have seen him where he lay, nor he them, and he now appeared to trust to his ears to inform him of their approach. He waited till both were opposite and broadside towards him, at the distance of less than twenty paces from the hill. Then his tail was seen to vibrate with one or two quick jerks—his head shot suddenly forth—his body spread out apparently to twice its natural size; and the next moment he rose like a bird into the air! With one bound he cleared the wide space that separated him from the nearest of the gemsbok, alighting on the hind quarters of the terrified animal. A single blow of his powerful paw brought the antelope on its haunches; and another, delivered almost at the same instant, stretched its body lifeless on the plain! Without looking after the other, or seeming to care further about it, the lion sprang upon the body of his victim, and clutching its throat between its jaws, commenced drinking its warm blood. It was the bull gemsbok which the lion had pulled down, as this was the one that happened to be nearest the hill. As the lion sprung upon her companion, the cow of course started with affright, and all supposed they could see her the next moment scouring off over the plains. To their astonishment she did no such thing. Such is not the nature of the noble oryx. On the contrary, as soon as she recovered from the first moments of alarm, she wheeled round towards the enemy; and, lowering her head, so that her long horns projected horizontally in front, she rushed with all her strength upon the lion. The latter, in full enjoyment of his red draught, saw nothing of this manœuvre. The first intimation he had of it was to feel a pair of spears pierced right through his ribs, and it is not likely he felt much more. For some moments a confused struggling was observed, in which both lion and oryx seemed to take part; but the attitudes of both appeared so odd, and changed so rapidly, that the spectators could not tell in what manner they were combating. The roar of the lion, however, had ceased, and was now succeeded by the more shrill tones of the lioness, who, bounding forward upon the spot, mixed at once in the *mêlée*. A single touch of her claws brought the cow oryx to the earth and ended the strife; and the lioness now stood over the victims, screaming her note of triumph. Was it a note of triumph? There was something odd in its tone—something singular in the movements of the creature that uttered it—something strange about the whole thing. Why was the lion silent? . . . . The lioness still growled and paced about, ever and anon stooping near the head of her partner, which was not visible from the camp, and placing her snout in contact with his, as if kissing him. Still there was no sign of any response; no motion on his part. . . . . The lioness was the only living thing left from that sanguinary conflict."

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THE KING AND THE SCHOOLMASTER.

At the time we are speaking of, Joseph Lancaster, a Quaker, and a philanthropist, founded a new system of education, in the carrying out of which he met with much opposition. George the Third, who was ever ready to aid any good or benevolent undertaking, having made himself acquainted with the nature of Lancaster's new system, and of the opposition it encountered, sent for the author of it.

"On entering the royal presence, the king said, 'Lancaster, I have sent for you to give me an account of your system of education, which, I hear, has met with opposition. One master teach five hundred children at the same time! How do you keep them in order, Lancaster?' Lancaster replied, 'Please thy Majesty, by the same principle thy Majesty's army is kept in order—by the word of command.' His Majesty replied, 'Good, good; it does not require an aged general to give the command—one of younger years can do it.' Lancaster observed that, in his schools, the teaching branch was performed by youths who acted as monitors. The king assented, and said, 'Good.' Lancaster then described his system; and he informed me that the royal party paid great attention, and were highly delighted; and when he had finished, his Majesty said, 'Lancaster, I highly approve of your system, and it is my wish that every poor child in my dominions should be taught to read the Bible; I will do anything you

said Lancaster, 'if the system meets thy Majesty's approbation, I can go through the country, and lecture on the system, and have no doubt but in a few months I shall be able to give thy Majesty an account where ten thousand poor children are being educated, and some of my youths instructing them.' His Majesty replied, 'Lancaster, I will subscribe £100 annually; and,' addressing the queen, 'you shall subscribe £50, Charlotte, and the princesses £25 each;' and then added, 'Lancaster, you may have the money directly.' Lancaster observed, 'Please thy Majesty, that will be setting thy nobles a good example.' The royal party appeared to smile at this observation; but the queen observed to his Majesty, 'How cruel it is that enemies should be found who endeavour to hinder his progress in so good a work!' To which the king replied, 'Charlotte, a good man seeks his reward in the world to come.' Joseph then withdrew."

There is such a beautiful simplicity running through this anecdote, that can leave little doubt in the reader's mind as to the sincerity and goodness of head and heart which dictated the king's conduct on this occasion, and melancholy indeed is it to reflect on the closing years of his long reign. Long before the fact came to the people's knowledge, he had shown symptoms of a deranged intellect, and eventually the reins of government had to be taken out of his hands. Mr. Thackeray, in his "Lectures on the Four Georges," speaking of George the Third at this time, tells us that he had occasional lucid intervals, and that then he would pray to God for direction to guide him in the discharge of his kingly duties—give way to poignant grief, bursting into tears. In a short time he would relapse into his former sad state—fancy himself surrounded by his councillors, and would then address imaginary Ministers and Parliaments.

When we remember that the old king expressed a wish that every child in his dominions should be able to read the Bible, it makes one sad to think that he should have been deprived of his reason ere he could carry out his design. There is but little doubt, had the king's intellect been spared him, education would have flourished in his reign; then we should not have had to deplore the fact that at the present day there are more than two millions and a half of children who receive no education at all.

Now, we wish the youthful readers of the "Boys' and Girls' Companion" to turn this lamentable fact over in their minds, and then how grateful they will feel to those parents, who, it may be, at a present sacrifice to themselves, are striving to give them that knowledge which, properly directed, will for ever prove a source of pleasure.

THE HAPPY HOUR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Dear Boys and Girls,—In the increase of your letters, and the genial spirit that generally pervades them, are unmistakeable evidences that our influence is extending, and that we are more and more appreciated. We are delighted and proud—no, no, we will yield to no pride, it is an unworthy feeling, by whatever cause stimulated; yet if any *might* be proud, surely it is *we* who have attracted around us such a numerous band of happy spirits. It gives us unfeigned pleasure to remark improvement in one and all; while in those whom we have had to correct in our past correspondence for bad writing or imperfect orthography, the amendment has been considerable. Ere we bid you farewell for another month, let us hope that the other portions of our Companion have a fair share of your attention. In every page—in every line—you will find interest and instruction, and if only permitted to enter the heart's storehouse, it will there bud into fruit and flowers that shall cheer and refresh you through life.

Glad are we to find that we can dispense with our *third class*, this month, and to note that many who occupied the second class in the last award, have now become members of the first, whilst few have retrograded.

First Class.

Brutus (you did not misunderstand us, the error was ours; you are well sustaining your noble name).—Eleven years old (thank you for your labours with the prospectus; the pastime you have kindly forwarded is not original).—Emma (nor yours, or we should have been happy to have accepted it).—Timothy (we are glad you keep your position; certainly you will be able to get the Companion in Edinburgh, and in every other place of importance).—Israel (we are delighted to enrol you in our classes; with a little improvement your hieroglyphics will do).—Nella (well deserved; the charades are accepted, but we must decline the rebus).—John Blight (a beautifully written letter in every respect, and in saying this, we are not at all influenced by the kind sentiments it contains).—Richard.—Baker.—Julius Cæsar (you should always be found here).—Romulus.—J. W. Kiomley (it was most kind on the part of your sister to officiate for you; she performed the office well).—H. G. Wales.—Robert Cairnie.—Æneas.—William Rendall.—Rose.—E. E. R. W.—F. W. Oxley.—W. F. Laws.

Second Class.

Flora Melville (your progress is gratifying, but we are sorry to observe that you have not spelt *canzonet* correctly; your kind contributions should be styled *conundrums*, not *puzzles*; we cannot be too perspicuous either in writing or speaking).—S. A. Fox (let us whisper in your ear—you omitted to pay the postage of your letter, and it cost us twopence; if the omission occurred through accident, we forgive it, but if it was intended, it was discourteous and improper, we had a right to expect better behaviour from a little boy whose note was sealed with the motto "in good time").—Harriet (we were charmed with the modest tone of your note, and can truly say you well deserve this place).—Ida May Foster (excellent).—Kezia (the charade is accepted, but the riddle too much sports with sacred things, and is therefore declined).—Jessie (much better than you give yourself credit for).—W. Ramsden (how is this?)—Elizabeth Sarah (an admirable beginning, and we must be allowed to commend your writing).—A. M. D. (it grieves us to tell a new subscriber that her note abounds in bad grammar, as for instance "an hurry;" no doubt you are very young, but we hope your kind friends will watch over the fault we have referred to, and that we shall not have to complain again; in the next note you address to us, get some one to correct it, and point out to you the grammatical rules that make the corrections necessary).—Florence Eugenie Monique.—P. W. M.—Emma Louisa.—Josephine.—Rosebud.—Maggie S.—G. S. Day.—Robin Hood.—Frank and T. Parnell.—David Copperfield.—Teddy.—Antonio (almost won the first class).—Rose Lilly (much improved).

An Errand Boy.—We strenuously advocate mechanical trades for boys. They can become anything else afterwards that their genius may incline them to. A boy who has a trade at his finger's ends has, comparatively speaking, a fortune that he can never lose. We should not give preference to the compositor, yet at the same time we advise you to follow your bias in the choice of a trade: if you do this, you will find the difficulties easier to overcome, and achieve greater proficiency; it is a vain and dismal task to serve seven years to a trade you have no love for. Compositors, as a body, are men of good intellect, and moderate education. The higher you are educated, the greater will be your advantage in fulfilling the duties of a compositor. By all means study grammar well, and give attention to Latin and French. Cultivate also a taste for literature. You will find all these things aids, if not necessaries, in most trades, but especially in that of a compositor. We shall devote an article to the Printer shortly.

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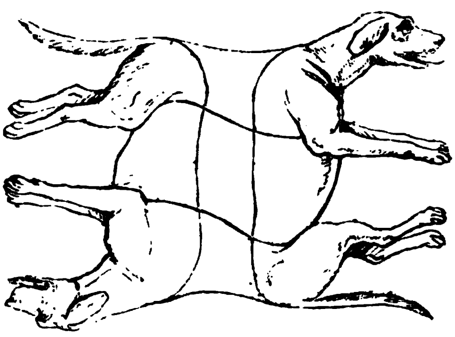
ANSWERS TO PASTIME

(*Pages* 106, 118, 130, *and* 142.)

73.—The servant placed the letter S before the IX in the direction. 74.—I O U V L. 75.—Strength. 76.—To-day. 77.—A pack of cards. 78.—Yesterday. 79.—Noise. 80.—New-port. 81.—Flea. 82.—Monosyllables. 83.—VI., IV., I. 84.—Seven-teen. 85.—A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. 86.—The fear of man bringeth a snare.

87.—



88.—Kingston; Ingleboro'; Neva; Gothard; Cordova; Hanover; Ararat; Rhone; Lavender; Erne; Sweet William; the initials give the title of King Charles. 89.—Because she takes a little (prophet) profit out of the water. 90.—Hour-glass. 91.—Canzonet.

92.—B u t t e r c u p.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

93.—A fortification. 94.—The vowels, a, e, i, o, and u. 95.—C I V I L. 96.—Egg. 97.—Ushant. 98.—Empty vessels possess the greatest sound. 99.—A still tongue makes a wise head. 100.—Baronet. 101.—Levee. 102.—M I L ton, Milton. 103.—Adam-ant. 104.—Page-ant. 105.—1. So-phia; 2. Beat-rice; 3. Pen-elope; 4. August-a; 5. Mart-ha; 6. Carol-ine. 106.—Fine feathers make fine birds.

◆

HOLIDAY SCRAPS.

A Dutchman was relating his marvellous escape from drowning, when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat and he alone was saved. "And how did you escape their fate?" asked one of his hearers. "I did not go into the boat," was the Dutchman's laconic reply.

A Scotch blacksmith, being asked the meaning of metaphysics, explained it as follows:—"When the party who listens disna ken what the party who speaks means; and when the party who speaks disna ken what he means himsel—that is metaphysics."

In the *Memorials of Andrew Crosse, the Electrician*, there is the following anecdote of Theodore Hook:—Mr. Crosse was once at a party with Mr. Hook, when a Mr. Winter was announced, a well-known inspector of taxes. He immediately roared out:—

"Here comes Mr. Winter, inspector of taxes,
I'd advise ye to give him whatever he axes;
I'd advise ye to give him, without any flummery,
For though his name's Winter, his actions are summary."

A little girl visiting Niagara with her father, and seeing the foam at the foot of the falls, exclaimed, "Pa, how much soap it must take to make so many suds!"

A sprightly little girl being asked, "What is nothing?" replied, "Shut your eyes and you will see it."

With Part IV., ready August 1, was published a splendid Needlework Design, printed in colours, of "a Darned Purse." Our Weekly Subscribers may avail themselves of this beautiful Plate for One Penny. The Description for working it appears in this No.

Address to Editor at Printers', 23, Middle Street, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

THE BLIND BOY.

It was a blessed summer day,
The flowerets bloomed, the air was mild,
The little birds poured forth their lay,
And every thing in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wandered on
Beneath the deep wood's ample shade,
Till, suddenly, I came upon
Two children that had hither strayed.

Just at an aged birch-tree's foot
A little boy and girl reclined,
His hand in hers she kindly put,
And then I saw the boy was blind.

Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long;
Say, do you see him in his joy?
And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,
"I see the bird on yonder tree;"
The poor boy sighed, and gently said—
"Sister, I wish that I could see."

"The flowers, you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there,
How beautiful for one who sees!

"Yet I the fragrant flower can smell,
And I can feel the green leaf's shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From these dear birds that God has made.

"So, sister, God is kind to me,
Though sight, alas, He has not given;
But tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward; these all see:
But wherefore ask a thing so odd?"
"Oh Mary, He's so good to me,
I thought I'd like to look at God."

◆

Profane Language.—It is related by Dr. Scudder, that on his return from his mission in India, after a long absence, he was standing on the deck of a steamer, with his son, a youth, when he heard a gentleman using loud and profane language. "See, friend," said the doctor, accosting the swearer, "this boy, my son, was born and brought up in a heathen country, and a land of pagan idolatry; but in all his life he never heard a man blaspheme his Maker until now." The man coloured, blurted out an apology, and looked not a little ashamed of himself.

The Hand.—With the hand we demand, we promise, we call, dismiss, threaten, entreat, supplicate, deny, refuse, interrogate, admire, reckon, confess, repent; express fear, express shame, express doubt; we instruct, command, unite, encourage, swear, testify, accuse, condemn, acquit, insult, despise, defy, disdain, flatter, applaud, bless, abuse, ridicule, reconcile, recommend, exalt, regale, gladden, complain, afflict, discomfit, discourage, astonish, exclaim, indicate silence, and what not; with a variety and multiplication that keep pace with the tongue.

◆

THE GIRLS' WORK-TABLE.

By MADAME EUGENIE.

PURSE,

IN SQUARE NETTING AND COLOURED ARABESQUE.

[The *following* description refers to our Coloured Plate, published with the present Number.]

The purse being always a very useful article, and one which ladies frequently offer as a present to their friends, we have thought that we could not select a more acceptable production of the Work Table than that presented in our beautiful illustration.

The purse in square netting is a new introduction, as well as the patterns darned in coloured silks, to which the form is so favourable.

It is necessary that we should describe the mode of netting a long square in square netting, which, being closed up on each end in the usual way, forms the purse. Commence with one loop; next row net two on the one; continue to net two loops on the last loop of each row until it is sufficiently wide for the purse. After this, on turning back, that is, on commencing every fresh row, leave one loop without netting on it; we mean by this, to commence on the second loop instead of the first, but continuing to net two loops on the end loop as before; when you have reached the length you require for your purse, then, instead of netting the last loop on which you have hitherto netted the double loop, leave it also; after this, net backwards and forwards, leaving at each end of each row a loop not netted until you at last return to a single loop.

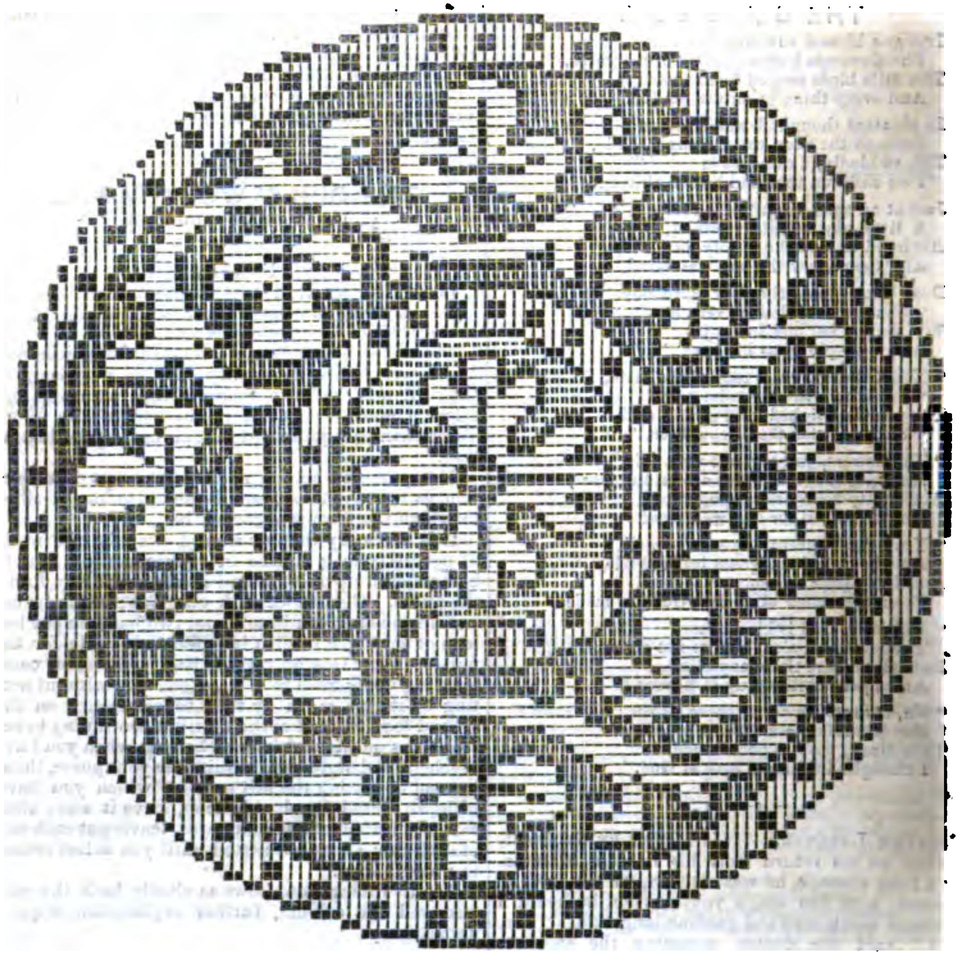
As our illustration shows so clearly both the pattern and the colours, further explanation is quite unnecessary.

MAT,

IN BEADS AND BERLIN WOOL.

The union of beads and berlin wool, which is now fashionable in fancy work, produces very beautiful effects, and we this week supply a mat in this style, which, when completed, will be found really elegant.

The canvas employed for this article must be rather fine, and the beads must be chosen to correspond with its texture, so that the fabric may be perfectly covered.



MAT, IN BEADS AND BERLIN WOOL.

The outline of every part of the design is to be traced in steel beads, as well as the veins, and all the interiors to be filled up with white transparent beads. The two circles have each their boundary lines of steel beads, the spots also being of steel beads, with the space between of dead white beads. The ground is all of bright French blue Berlin wool, except the centre, which is scarlet or crimson. A bead fringe makes a pretty finish, or a cord of twisted beads, but we give the preference to the former. Before either of these are added, the mat must be stretched on a round piece of paste-board, cut to the exact size and lined with either cotton or silk, after which either the cord or the fringe must be fastened on, according to the preference which may be given.

We recommend this article to our readers, knowing it is worthy of their attention. Our illustration cannot give the glittering effect of the beads, or the pleasing contrast of the colours; and it requires to be seen in its completed state to be appreciated.

No. 20, Vol. I.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1857. [Price One Penny.

A STORY OF MY UNCLE.

BY R. CHANDLER.

CHAPTER II.

JUST as we were on the point of starting, and my Uncle's horse stood at the door, waiting for the old gentleman to mount, it chanced that he gave a parting look at his well-filled card-rack, and found, as I think to his disappointment, that he had hitherto forgotten an engagement to some parish meeting. So he ordered back the pony, notwithstanding all our childish arguments to induce him to give us his company on the occasion. Having received his last instructions concerning the hour of returning, and the care to be devoted to some favourite articles of china with which he entrusted us, we again prepared to march, when Grafton Wary was missed, and search having been made, he was found in his bedroom, trying, as William Supple expressed it, to *do* the invalid. I cannot say he played the part to perfection, the brow was too much contracted; and seeing his chief complaint was of indigestion, I considered he might have dispensed with a splitting headache. However, he insisted he could not go with us, and his resolution to stay at home with the old gentleman was shared by Andrew Fairford, who loudly upbraided us for our selfishness in going without him. Subject to this reduction, we at length, to use a nautical phrase, got under weigh, haunted by Grafton Wary's hypocritical sigh of regret, and Uncle's hint to be home in good time and take care of the china.

I cannot help fancying that the simple engineers who constructed the earth-fortification of a by-gone day, must have had a fine eye for the beautiful, occupying, as they almost always do, the most prominent part of an English landscape; the surrounding country might well be pointed out by the enthusiastic veteran to the young warrior with some such question as,—"Where's the craven who would not dare to fight for such a land?"

It was about noon when our little cavalcade reached King Alfred's Castle, the order of march being nearly in this wise: first came the baggage-waggons, closely followed by the juvenile irregulars; then a detachment of camp-followers, bearing baskets; after which came a body of heavy infantry, marching to the enlivening tones of William Supple's flute; while one or two little bodies of friends, linked arm-in-arm, acted as rear-guard.

The care of the china had by common consent been thrust upon me, and although somewhat pleased with the honour, I was by no means unmindful of the responsibility. Accordingly, one of my first acts on reaching the summit of the hill, was to deposit my precious burden on the grass, and carefully mount guard over it. Some little time was occupied in pitching the tent, into which I removed my basket and its contents, and immediately afterwards Mrs. Mappett, who was very proud of the abilities of Harry Supple, called upon him to recite the ballad of "Chevy Chase," which the young man commenced with an air of great complacency, and succeeded admirably till he reached the verse relating to the misfortune of Widdrington, when he made a full stop.

"Go on, dear," said Mrs. Mappett.

"He was in doleful dumps—doleful dumps," said Supple, quite forgetting what followed.

"Can no one tell me what the two following lines are?" said Mrs. Mappett.

"I suppose," added William Supple, who was standing by,—

"For when he would no longer fight,
He had some awkward thumps."

A laugh greeted this sally, and after it had subsided, I suggested that the lines correctly were—

"For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps."

In the simplicity of my heart, I had hoped I should have been thanked by Harry for completing this blank, and that he would have continued his recitation; not so—my cousin's face became almost purple with rage, as he sneered out—

"You did not know it, you guessed it; William told you; besides, its wrong, and you've been learning it, and the cricket-stumps put it in your head; and you did it all to spite me; but I'll be even with you," cried the enraged boy, quite unmindful of the inconsistency of his statements.

Here every one present laughed, and I am sorry to say I laughed too, and received a most violent box on the ear for my merriment; indeed, it is difficult to say whether my fate would have been much better than that of Widdrington, had not William Supple dragged his angry brother away, and reproved him soundly for yielding to his temper.

This little event did not long interrupt the general harmony: one little group found amusement in archery, while the greater part of the gentlemen played cricket, picked up shells, gathered wild-flowers, and otherwise amused themselves. Harry Supple was having his innings at single wicket, and I was standing at point—though I strongly objected to taking that position. owing to my inability to catch. It might be that the batsman was aware of this, for balls passed in close proximity to my hands, and at each failure I heard him call me "Butter-fingers," or some such expression; faster and faster came the balls my way, and at last one "full pitch," given by the bowler in sheer despair, turned by Harry's bat, struck me violently on the shoulder, and brought me to the ground. I never felt so nearly inclined to faint, and it was only in consequence of a taunt from the striker, suggesting that I had better go home to my mother, that I roused myself sufficiently to withstand the feeling. I arose, and although tears wrung from me by pain stood in my eyes, I said, with a smile, "I will not go home to my mother, but if John will let me, I will change places with him, and take long bit." My brother cheerfully acceded to my wish, whispering, as he passed me, "Never mind, Roger, I will take him down, if he tries on any more of his nonsense." Probably, from the look of defiance which accompanied John's words, Harry learned that further persecution was unsafe; so, after making many attempts to give me a good run for the ball, he lost his usual caution, and was cleverly caught out by John, amidst much applause. Shortly afterwards came my innings; but as the blow on my arm almost prevented me from raising it, I was bowled out, and an ugly "0" placed opposite my name; and I had the satisfaction of hearing a chuckle from my vindictive cousin, as I gave the bat to the succeeding player.

The game being over, I was glad to retire from the noisy assembly of boys, who commenced a game of football over the ground which, I doubt not, contained the ashes of many a brave man. I found, at some slight distance from the tent, my cousin Alice Sidney, arranging a wreath of heather, bee orchises, and ladies' fingers, which I could not help thinking would look to perfection on her shining auburn hair. Gentle Alice, how patiently she listened to my story! and I saw the big tears stand in her full blue eyes, as I told her of my injuries of mind and body. Her first impulse was to rush after my vindictive cousin, and reproach him with his cowardice and meanness; her better feeling, however, prompted to throw her arms around my neck and kiss the cheek which Harry had smitten. I thought, at that moment, I could have borne much greater insults for the sake of one such proof of affection. Alice was of rather a romantic turn, well versed in tales of the Crusaders, and other stories of knightly valour and maiden love. She called me the lordly Roger, and I her the Donzelle Alice; and I believe, had she bidden me kill the Dragon of Wantley, or fight Harry Supple, I should have risked my life to do her will.

How long our conversation might have lasted, I know not, had not William Supple burst in upon us, his face glowing from the effects of a good game of football. "What!" he exclaimed, "talking nonsense during the best part of the day, instead of helping us prepare dinner! Come, Roger, bring me out the china; and you, Alice, may find some sticks for the fire."

Clapping her hands, away went my little comforter, and applied herself most zealously to the task of picking sticks; and I, pleased with William's notice of me, ran at full speed to the tent where I had placed my china. Just as I was on the point of entering, I saw Harry Supple making his exit from the tent, and as he passed me, I observed him put his knife hastily in his pocket. I had just raised the basket, and was proceeding to take from it plates for the reception of the cake, biscuits, and dessert, when, to my utter astonishment, the handle came off in my hand, and the basket and its contents fell to the ground with a crash. I dreaded looking inside, and had a good cry before I dared do so. Alas! the large salad bowl, which my Uncle prized as having belonged to the merchant prince of revered memory, and been used by him at a grand meeting of his guild, was sorely broken; and the handsome green and gold plates were, with a single exception, utterly in pieces. In the midst of my lamentation, I could not help thinking a well-known voice exclaimed, "I'll teach you to crow over me again!" I turned in the direction whence the sound came, but being blinded by my tears, I was unable to discern anything; and having mastered the first outburst of my grief, I collected the fragments of the ill-fated china, and then went to consult my kind-hearted brother John. He was in the wildest glee, having, as king of the castle, repelled all assaults on his position. In very few words I informed him of my recent misfortune, and having with all a young man's energy reproved me for my carelessness, he, like a true Englishman, began to comfort me, hinting that the basket must have been meddled with during my absence.

I took him to the scene of the disaster, where we found that active spirit of mischief, Harry Supple, lecturing to a group of astonished listeners on the carelessness of your humble servant. All appeared to agree with his remarks, except my sister Mary and my gentle friend Alice, who stoutly maintained, both speaking together, that I could not have been the author of the mischief.

As I entered the tent, the young orator appealed to me thus—"Roger, who dropped the basket?"

I at once answered—"I."

Harry went on to insinuate,—he expected I should have been liar enough to deny the fact; for which wanton insult I was on the point of claiming a boyish redress, when his brother again made his appearance; and, on being informed of the mischief and its cause, upbraided Harry for adding by unkindness to misfortunes already sufficiently heavy.

My little friends Mary and Alice showed me the utmost sympathy, and begged me to tell them particularly how the accident happened. I could not help hinting my suspicions that Harry Supple had in some way or another caused the calamity; but it had never occurred to my mind to examine carefully the handles of the basket, so I could only say it had dropped out of my hand. Mary, who was a shrewd little girl, hereupon proposed that we should see the basket, and ascertain why the handle came off. To my surprise, though, the china formed a heap of mutilations, I found that the basket was no where visible in the tent, and of no one could I get any information respecting it. Harry Supple did not scruple to hint, that having carefully dropped the missing article, I had hidden it, to make my tale that the handle had parted from the basket more probable. Having said nothing more to him than that the basket had been dropped, I thought he betrayed too minute a knowledge of the facts; and looking him full in the face, I asked him who had informed him of the circumstances of the accident. He blushed, and stammered out that Mary had told him.

The remainder of the day passed in the most melancholy manner to me. Mrs. Mappett, who had at the time taken but little notice of the fate of the china, being, in fact, too much engaged on household duties, occasionally asked me how I "came to be so careless," or hinted, some people could not be trusted with anything. It seemed to my sensitive feelings that all my more distant relatives were mocking my misery, and I only condescended to receive acts of kindness at the hands of my friend Alice. I had no appetite for dinner, cared nothing for the cricket, and archery afterwards; could not join in the dance, which afforded the rest so much pleasure; and was by no means sorry when, all things being packed up, we commenced our homeward march. Mrs. Mappett, wearing a look of mingled sternness and regret, took the post of honour, bearing, tied up in her flaming red handkerchief, the remains of the unfortunate china. I dare say William Supple played the flute with at least his usual skill, but I thought it never sounded so dismal, and I wondered how any one could call the flute a musical instrument.

I was the first to enter "The Snuggery," and standing demurely behind the old gentleman's chair, I detailed, as fluently as my sobs would let me, my misfortunes. My Uncle was, on my approaching him, in excellent spirits; his propositions at the vestry meeting had been received with great respect; and one of his domesticated nephews had taken a homœopathic globule, and in consequence thereof had quite recovered from his illness; while the other had been an enthusiastic listener to some slightly long stories of Master Gilbert Squaretoes, the Flemish merchant, and won the narrator's heart by his attention. Judge, therefore, the old gentleman's dismay, on having his cup of happiness dashed to the ground with the bowl used by his respected ancestor. His heart was certainly not compounded of flint, but I think china formed part of it; and he gazed at me with all the horror which the inroad of an ill-conducted pig on a tulip-bed would occasion a zealous Dutch gardener.

"Careless child!" he said, in a tone in which pity and severity were mingled; "you have destroyed the source of my greatest enjoyment—my much prized china."

I am sure I saw nothing ridiculous in this speech, but I suppose the elder Supple did; for he bit his lips, and said to my brother John something about the Palladium; but what that had to do with Gilbert's bowl, I could not say. Indeed, I could do little but cry, and mutter my protestations of regret, while the poor old gentleman reproached himself fiercely with his folly in trusting his china to so careless a child as myself, who, he added, did nothing to please him. In fact, so bitter did my Uncle become, as Mrs. Mappett displayed the sacred relics, that the good lady began to urge all possible arguments on my behalf; and while the injured owner, with the view of relieving his mind, went to superintend the unloading of the cart, I was hurried off to bed by the benevolent Mrs. Mappett, in the hope that my absence might mitigate the old gentleman's temper.

As the reader may suppose, I did not feel particularly cheerful; no one troubled to bid me "Good night," except Mary and Alice. Even my brother John appeared too much lost in thought to take any notice of me. I should have cried myself to sleep, had it not been for the pain caused by my bruised shoulder. At a somewhat later hour, however, I was still awake, when the other occupants of the sleeping apartment, Grafton Wary, Andrew Fairford, his two younger brothers, and my brother John, came to bed; and having my eyes closed, with the view of courting sleep, I forbore to take part in their conversation. When the last prayer was said, and the candle extinguished, the events of the day were freely discussed, and I found John was still occupied by thoughts of my misfortune, and of Harry Supple's share in it. It is a strange fact, that all who seek the same object bear a degree of ill-will to each other; and Grafton Wary, and Andrew Fairford, who were equally bent with Harry Supple on ingratiating themselves into my Uncle's favour, had a perfect horror of him, and I believe no great good-will towards each other. John protested his entire belief in my innocence in the matter of the broken china, and asserted his intention of cross-questioning Master Harry Supple on the morrow, which gentleman, I understood, had, in my absence, con-doled with my Uncle most feelingly, and condemned my carelessness in no very measured terms. Wary and Fairford, who, like most real enemies, seemed outwardly great friends, informed my somewhat indignant brother how nicely each in his way had deceived the old gentleman by joining in his views on homœopathy and family antiquity, both which, they told John, (whom even they trusted on account of his known honesty), they considered perfect nonsense. John was upbraiding them for their unworthy conduct, when the door opened, and the old gentleman entered. All appeared to be asleep, except John, who, observing my Uncle had no candle, asked if he had come to our room for a light, expressing his regret that he could not offer one.

"No, John," answered the old gentleman in a more cheerful manner; "I only came to bid "Good night" to poor Roger, whom I have not seen since he told me so truthfully of his misfortune, about which, by the way, I shall make further inquiries to-morrow."

So saying, he came to my bedside, and gave me a most fatherly kiss; and though a stifled sob must have taught him that my sleep at best was but light, he made no remark to me, and whispering "Good night" to the others, went away.

(To be continued.)

OUR HISTORIC TREASURY.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

As a true man, true in word and deed, and devoted to duty, George Washington, the great American general, who achieved the independence of his country, and was the first President of the American Republic, has never been surpassed. His life was truly great and noble—that is, elevated above petty and mean motives. All his objects were worthy, and he pursued them worthily. He was an example of patience and self-denial.

He lived at a momentous time; when the new world, or, as it was called, the newly-discovered Americas, were passing out of the possession of our nation, and forming a new nation of their own. This was in the reign of George III.

His family were originally English. His great-grandfather emigrated to America; and there, in the State of Virginia, George Washington was born, in 1732.

When about six years of age, it is related of him, that his father one day presented him with a new hatchet; with which, highly pleased, he went about his father's grounds cutting and hacking everything in his way. When his papa came home, and walked in his grounds, he found a favourite and valuable cherry-tree seriously injured. Very angry, he inquired of the servants who had done it. All denied knowledge of it; and one black servant, who knew the real culprit, entreated Master Washington to hide what he had done, his papa being so enraged; but George went straight up to his father, flushed and excited, and said,—"Papa, I *cannot* tell a lie—*I* did it! I cut your cherry-tree with my new hatchet;" and he began to weep. But his father's anger vanished at once: he clasped him in his arms, and said,—"My noble boy, I would rather lose a thousand cherry-trees, were their blossoms of silver and their fruit of gold, than that a son of mine should dare to tell a lie!"

Oh! it is a noble trait in a child, when he will not sully his lips by falsehood—when, whatever be the expected punishment, he or she says, "I *cannot* tell a lie."

The honest, noble boy grew up to be an honest, noble man. The good principles—the unsullied honour—the undeviating integrity of George Washington, called forth esteem and admiration wherever his name was known throughout the world. With noble constancy, and immoveable steadiness of purpose, he directed all his energies to one great cause—the freedom of his beloved country; and from the path of rectitude he swerved not for a moment, to the right hand or the left.

While he was still a boy, he and his young companions would often fight mimic battles, when his side always gained the victory. His good sense and love of truth were so well known by his playmates, that any little dispute between them was carried to him to settle.

"Come to George Washington," they would say one to another; "we can depend upon him, and we will abide by his judgment."

When George was eleven years old, he had the misfortune to lose his father. His mother, on whom the care of a large family now devolved, was a woman of singular prudence and great strength of character. She devoted herself to her children; implanted good and noble sentiments in their minds, and lived to see her son George at the head of his country.

At school, he excelled in leaping, wrestling, swimming, and mimic fighting; and he was exceedingly docile and obedient with his preceptors, and had a great love of order and method. He tried to do *well* whatever he did. His writing-copies were remarkable for neatness and finish—some of them are still preserved. When he met with any rule of morals or manners which he thought good, he would write it carefully into a book that he kept for that purpose. His drawings and maps were also beautifully accurate and neat. He was very desirous to go to sea, and his eldest

brother procured him a midshipman's appointment in the British navy.

The boy was highly pleased, but his mother could not give her consent to his being a sailor, and George, though much disappointed, yielded affectionate obedience. Such dutiful conduct will always draw after it the blessings of Heaven.

His next desire was for an active life on shore; and at thirteen he became a land-surveyor. In this profession he underwent many hardships, and much exposure in a wild and uncultivated part of the country. For three years he continued at this employment, when, the French and Indians beginning to make inroads on the colonists, a body of militia was organised, and George, then about nineteen, was appointed to the command of a district, with a salary of £150 a-year. This was the commencement of his military career, which afterwards became so famous.

America was at this period (1751), and for some years later, English, and partly a French colony, but principally English; and when the French made inroads on their British neighbours, and war broke out between them, Washington, as a British subject, held a high post in the Virginian militia, and highly distinguished himself for judgment and bravery.

After a severe engagement with the French, he wrote to his brother,—"By the all-powerful dispensations of Providence, I have been protected beyond all human probability or expectation; for I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me, yet I remained unhurt, although Death was levelling my companions on every side of me!"

His elder brother dying, bequeathed to him an estate in Virginia, called Mount Vernon; and George Washington married, and resided some years at Mount Vernon, exhibiting the qualities for which he was all his life remarkable—prudence, patience, resolution, self-denial, and strict attention to order and method. He was also rising to higher military honours, and became the chief commander of the British forces in Virginia.

Then, when the great struggle had commenced between the Americans and British, George Washington was placed at the head of the American armies.

At first the Americans warred with England solely with the view of avoiding despotic acts of taxation; but the war soon took another character. The Americans were refused their just demands; and therefore at once resolved to be an independent nation, under the name of "The Republic of the United States of America." Of this grand movement, George Washington was the head, from the beginning to the end.

Washington's army was at first in very bad discipline—he had little ammunition—and great difficulties sprang up at every step; but he was eminently *patient* and *persevering*.

He took the city of Boston without bloodshed; and being joined by the French and Spanish, various successes followed—and some failures, as might be expected, considering that their opponents were gallant Englishmen.

But the enthusiasm of the Americans was immense; they fought on the best side, and early in 1783, England was obliged to acknowledge the independence of the United States, and George III. lost the brightest jewel in his crown.

Washington immediately retired from the command of the army, and went back to his happy home at Mount Vernon. There he dwelt in quiet retirement until again summoned to serve his country. He was the first President of America, and at the end of four years was re-elected.

During the first year of his presidency his mother died. She had reaped a rich reward for the early care bestowed on her beloved son; she had anxiously watched him as, with unwearied perseverance, he struggled on in the cause to which he had devoted himself; she had heard of his endurance, his self-denial, his truth, and spotless integrity; of her early lessons all brought forth into practice in the every-day scenes of his eventful life; and she had seen him, revered and beloved, placed at the head of his grateful country. Truly she was a happy mother!

In December, 1799, he died, after a short illness, at Mount Vernon. He was sixty-seven years of age, having lived sixteen years after procuring his country's freedom.

That country deeply and truly lamented his death. It was considered a universal calamity, and all persons throughout the land put on mourning. Everything was done that could prove the love, esteem, and gratitude of the country for this great and good man. His memory is still revered and cherished, and the capital of the United States bears the honoured name of WASHINGTON.

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THE BOY AND THE PANTHER.

IT was a fine morning in August, when little Samuel Eaton, about seven years old, was making a dam in the brook that ran before his father's door. He was an only and beautiful child, and his mother almost idolized him. There he was, with his trousers tucked up above his knees, working like a beaver, his mother's eye gleaming out from beneath his sunburnt hair, and, with some of his father's strength, tugging at a large stone in the bed of the stream.

"Samuel, you had better come in, hadn't you?" said Hannah, in a tone of half-mother and half-mate.

"No," said Samuel.

An acorn came floating down the stream. The boy took it up, looked at it, was pleased, and "reckoned" in his mind that there were more up the "gully," and when his mother's back was turned, off he started for the acorns.

The gorge of the mountain into which he was about to enter had been formed (the work of many centuries) by the attrition of the stream he had just been playing in; and walking on a level that bordered each side of the water, he boldly entered the ravine. An almost perpendicular wall or bank ascended on each side to the height of one hundred feet, composed of rocks and crags, fretted by decay and storm into fantastic shapes and positions. A few scattered bushes and trees sought nourishment from the earth that had fallen from the level above, and excepting their assistance, and the unseen surface of the rock, this natural fort seemed inaccessible but to bird and beast. About an eighth of a mile from the entrance, a cataract closed the gorge, throwing up its white veil of mist in seeming guardianship of the spirit waters. The verdant boughs hanging over the bank cast a deep bloom upon the bed below, while so lofty was the distance, they seemed to grow up to the sky. Blue patches of water were seen peeping between them.

Hannah soon missed her boy, but as he had often wandered in the fields where his father was at work, she concluded he must be there, and checked coming fears with the hope that he would return at the hour of dinner. When it came, neither Josiah nor any of his men knew where he was. Then the agitated mother exclaimed—"He's lost—he's lost! my poor boy will starve in the woods!"

Gathering courage, she hastily summoned the family around her, and despatched them all but her husband to search in different directions in the neighbouring forest. To her husband she said—"Scour every field you call your own, and if you cannot find him, join me in the gorge." "He would'nt go to the gorge, Hannah?" "He would go anywhere." She knew not why, but a presentiment that her boy had followed the course of the stream, dwelt strongly on her mind.

"I can't find him, Hannah," said the husband as he joined her at the mouth of the gorge. An eagle flew past the mother as she entered the ravine. She thought to herself, "The dreadful birds are tearing my child to pieces;" and, frantic, she hastened on, making the walls of the ravine echo back her screams for her offspring. The only answer was the eternal thunder of the boiling cataract, which, as if in mockery of her woe, threw its cold spray upon her hot and throbbing temples. She strained her eyes along the dizzy height that peered through the mist till she could no longer see, and her eyes filled with tears.

Who but a woman can tell the feelings of a woman's heart? Fear came thick and fast upon the reeling brain of Hannah. "Oh, my boy—my brave boy will die!" and wringing her hands in agony, she sank at her husband's feet. The pain of "hope deferred" had strained her heart-strings to the utmost tension, and it seemed as if the rude hand of despair had broken them all. The terrified husband threw water upon her pale face, and strove by all the arts he knew to win her back to life. At last she opened her languid eyes, stared wildly around, and rose trembling to her feet. As she stood like a heart-broken Niobe, "all tears," a fragment of rock came tumbling down the opposite bank. She looked up—she was herself again, for half up the ascent stood her own dear boy.

But even while the glad cry was issuing from her lips, it turned into a note of horror. "Oh, mercy, mercy!" The crag on which the boy stood projected from the rock in such a way as to hang about twelve feet over the bank. Right below one of the edges of the crag, partly concealed among some bushes, crouched a panther. The bold youth was aware of the proximity of his parents and the presence of his dangerous enemy at about the same time. He had rolled down the stone in exultation, to convince his parents of the high station he had attained, and he now stood with another in his hand, drawing it back and looking at them as if to ask whether he should throw it at the terrible animal before him. Till then the mother stood immoveable in her suspense; but, conscious of the danger of her son if he irritated the beast, she rushed some distance up the rock. Yet, with the fearless mind of childhood, and a temper little used to control, he fearlessly threw the fragment with all his might at the ferocious animal. It struck one of his feet. He gave a sudden growl, lashed his tail with fury, and seemed about to spring. "Get your rifle, Josiah!" The poor man stirred not. His glazed eye was fixed with a look of death upon the panther, and he appeared paralysed with fear. His wife leaped from the stand, and placing her hands upon her husband's shoulders, looked into his face and said—"Are you a man, Josiah Eaton? Do you love your child?" He started as if from sleep, and ran with furious haste from the ravine.

Again the mother looked towards her son. He had fallen upon his knees, and was whispering the little prayers which she had taught him, not in cowardly fear, but a thought came across his mind that he must die. The distracted mother could keep still no longer. She rushed up the steep ascent with the energy of despair, reckless of danger, thinking only of her son. The rocks crumbled and slipped beneath her feet, yet she fell not. On, on she struggled in her agony. The ferocious creature paused a moment when he heard the wretched mother approach. True to his nature, he sprang at the boy. He barely touched the crag, and fell backward, as Hannah ascended the opposite side. "Ah!" said she, laughing deliriously, "the panther must try it again before he parts us, my boy, but we won't part." And sinking on her knees before him, she fondly folded him to her breast, bathing his young forehead with her tears.

Unaltered in his ferocity, and his manner of gratifying it, the panther again sprang from his situation. This time he was more successful. His fore-foot struck the edge of the crag. "He will kill us, mother! he will kill us!" and the boy nestled close to his mother's bosom. The animal struggled to bring his body to the crag—his savage features but a step from the mother's face. "Go away, go away," shrieked the mother, hoarse with horror; "you sha'n't have my child!" Closer, still closer, he came—his red eyes flashing fury, and the thick pantings of his breath came in her very face. At this awful moment she hears the faint report of fire-arms coming from the gulf below—the panther's foothold fails, his sharp claws loosen from the rock, and the baffled beast rolls down the precipice at the feet of Josiah Eaton.

The sun's last rays gleamed on the little group at the mouth of the gorge. They were on their knees —the mother's hands raised over the head of her son, and the voice of prayer going to their Guardian for His mercy in thwarting the panther's leap.

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THE GREAT PYRAMID OF EGYPT.

The most ancient structure remaining in Egypt, is the Great Pyramid—one of those mighty works wherein, as Denon says, men seemed to have wished to measure themselves with nature. Quaint old Fuller says, "the Pyramids are in their dotage, and have forgotten their makers' names." Moore, whom we have just now lost, calls the great one, in his exquisite prose poem, *The Epicurean*, "The watch-tower of time, from whose summit, when about to expire, he will take his last look." Herodotus, who visited Egypt about 450 years B. C. (some say 500), or more than 2,300 years ago, spoke even then with uncertainity of their date. Their erection, however, is usually ascribed to Suphis (considered to be the Cheops of Herodotus), who reigned soon after Menes, and they may be called 4,000 years old: Bunsen says 5,000!

The Pyramid still seems strong enough to set Time at defiance for ages—let us hope that man may not come in to the old Destroyer's aid. According to Herodotus (Euterpe), 100,000 men were employed, who were relieved every three months, in hewing stones in the Arabian mountains, dragging them to the banks of the Nile, and transporting them to the required spot. Ten years were consumed in the labour of forming the road through which the stones were to be drawn. In the whole, according to Pliny, "366,000 men were employed twenty years together." It has been calculated that if it were required again to raise the stones from the quarries, and place them at their present height, the action of the steam-engines of England, which are managed at most by 36,000 men, would be sufficient to produce the same effect in eighteen hours! In this calculation it is supposed that the Pyramid occupied 100,000 men twenty years.

The base of the Great Pyramid was 764 feet square (it is now 746 feet), and may be considered very nearly the size of the area known as Lincoln's Inn-Fields. In truth, however, this area, large as it looks, is not so large as that occupied by the Pyramid. Mr. Scoles, the architect, measured the "Fields" one fine moonlight night, and found the dimensions between the houses 625 feet 6 inches from north to south, and 831 feet from east to west, giving an area of 12 acres, while the pyramid occupies 13½. The present height is 450 feet 9 inches; measured up the angle, it is 568 feet; it was formerly 611 feet on this line. The Pyramid is constructed externally in steps, as you probably know, varying from 2 feet 2 inches in height to 4 feet 10 inches, up which those who desire to ascend are dragged by the native guides; originally these were cased to present a flat surface. The top is flat, about 32 feet square, and I once met an English lady who, with something like your own desire to see and do everything (that is proper), had danced in a quadrille upon it. The ascent is far from easy, and requires a steady head, as may be imagined, when we remember how much higher it is than St. Paul's. Even more so the descent. The stones employed in the construction vary from 5 feet in length to 30 feet, and from 3 feet to 4 feet in height.—*Builder*.

◆

PENINSULAR DOGS.

In the Peninsula, the dogs are very seldom domesticated, never quite get over a certain wildness, are not given to tricks or oddities, so that the pets of the writer, and their pranks—the writer is a peninsular campaigner, a cripple, and invalid, in consequence of his wounds—greatly astonished his Spanish and Portuguese friends. Here is a sketch of the writer's second canine companion:—

> Tejo was an original character, but of a different stamp: his peculiarity was dry humour—a sort of solemn waggery. His first indication of this vein occurred in the course of a walk, which brought us to a spot where the road was deep sand. Till we reached this point, Tejo, as usual, followed gravely at my heels. Then, suddenly starting forward, he began scampering about and barking like mad, till he knocked up such a dust that we were both nearly choked. In the midst of this escapade he caught sight of an old shoe. This dilapidated remnant he forthwith seized in his mouth, and repeatedly tossed it into the air, with no end of extravagant antics. Then, suddenly resuming his accustomed gravity, he droped behind, and followed me, solemn and silent as before. Whenever we afterwards passed that spot, he broke out in the same style, and repeated his game with the old shoe. Once returning with him from a walk, I got into conversation with an English officer of the navy, at the door of the hotel. Deeply observant for some time, Tejo stood looking on in silence. At length, chagrined at remaining unnoticed, he began to whine, shifting uneasily from one foot to the other. This device not attracting our attention, he for a moment relapsed into his usual tranquillity, a serious and earnest listener. Ere long, not choosing to be ignored, he suddenly began whirling round and round, actually spinning like a teetotum. Gifted dog! he was in pursuit of his own tail. His tail going round precisely at the same rate as his head, long eluded his keen pursuit and open jaws; but Tejo was not to be beat. Suddenly, in the midst of his repeated gyrations, he sat down—sat down upon his tail. Having thus succeeded in arresting the fugitive, he turned a most extraordinary somersault, actually tumbled over his head, and stood once more on his legs—with his tail in his mouth. Won, absolutely captivated by this suprising feat, my naval acquaintance could not restrain his admiration. "How I should like," he cried, "to get that dog on board ship! Oh! wouldn't the men make much of him?"

THE HAPPY HOUR.

PUZZLES.

118

Of three I'm composed, and but three I contain,
But take away one, and then five will remain;
I'm one-sixth of two-tenths of one hundred, not more,
And yet you will find I'm one-fifth of a score.

H. E. N.

119

To five and six you must add four,
And then a little letter more;
Now you'll see, before your eyes,
What you'll shun if you'd be wise.

John Blight.

120

PRACTICAL PUZZLE.

Ye friends, who would your powers display—
Inventive powers, I mean to say—
Explain how I may so contrive
To place a word, of letters five,
That it may read, both back and fore,
Some eight-and-twenty ways, or more?
To render this both plain and clear,
There should a diagram appear,
In which, through every opening space,
The necessary letters place,
And twenty-one there must be found.
This puzzle now, I pray, expound.

Iago Ffynonan.

CHARADES.

121

My *first* is a relation; my *second* is used by fishermen; and my *whole* is a poem. Nella.

122

My *first* is one of the cardinal points; my *second* is the name of a river; my *third* is one-third of the globe; and my *whole* is the name of a county. Kizza.

REBUS.

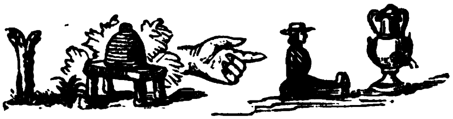
123

An ancient city in the north of England.
A village in France, where a famous victory was gained by the English.
A Portuguese island near Canton.
A large lake in North America.
A handsome city in the east of England.
A fine country in the south of Europe.
A city in Germany famous for its hot baths.
The initials give the name of a beautiful flower.

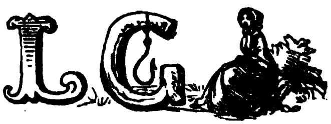
Ida May Foster.

HIEROGLYPHICS.

124



125



HOLIDAY SCRAPS.

A queer remark was made by an urchin of five years, who had lost a sister by death, to a neighbour who was attending the funeral. "What are you crying for?" said the little fellow to the latter, who was weeping, "its none of your funeral."

Geographical.—"Class in middle aged geography, stand up. What is a pyramid?"—"A pile of men in a circus, one on top of t'other." "Where is Egypt?"—Where it always was." "Where is that, you young vagabond, you?"—"Dun no, sir."

Scrapes.—There are only three ways of getting out of a scrape—write out, back out, but the best way is to keep out."

Felix M'Carthy, of the Kerry militia, was generally late at parade, "Felix," said the sergeant, "you are always last." "Be aisy, Sergeant Sullivan," he replied, sure some one must be last."

Extremes produce extremes; extremes avoid;
Extremes without extremes are not enjoyed.

"Shall I cut this loin of mutton saddlewise?" said a gentleman, carving. "No," said his friend, "cut it bridlewise, for then we may all chance to get a *bit* in our mouths."

A Jester, in the court of Francis I., complained that a great lord threatened to murder him if he did not cease joking about him. "If he does so," said the king, "I will hang him in five minutes after." "I wish your majesty would hang him five minutes before," replied the jester.

"What is the cause of the potato rot?" "It is to be attributed to the rot-ta-tor-y motion of the earth." "How was this ascertained?" "By consulting a great many commen-tators." —*American Paper*.

Lord Eldon asked a medical gentleman how many sons he had? The reply was, two—one very sharp and quick, the other slow, but sure. "What do you mean to make of them?" "I purpose making a lawyer of the sharp one, and a doctor of the other." "Do no such thing," rejoined his lordship; "make the clever one the doctor, the other the lawyer—I was never anything myself but a plodder."

"Massa," said a Southern negro, as he was examining the many rents in his feet coverering, "wonder where shoes come from?" "Oh, they grow at the North," was the reply. "Well, guess he *picked 'fore he ripe, then*."

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. H. D.—Thanks for the charades, but as they are not original, they are respectfully declined.

Antonio.—It was not that you did not send solutions to our No. 17 that you were excluded from the first class, but that you did not answer the others correctly. The charade received would have been accepted, but that in one part of it *sound* is sacrificed to *orthography*.

Ellinor.—Had your solutions been sent earlier, they would have entitled you to the second class. Let us hope you will strive for the first class ere our next awards. We shall give timely notice when the solutions will be required.

With Part IV., ready August 1, was published a splendid Needlework Design, printed in colours, of "a Darned Purse." Our Weekly Subscribers may avail themselves of this beautiful Plate for One Penny. The Description for working it appeared in No. 19.

Address to Editor at Printers', 23, Middle Street, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

CLING TO THY MOTHER.

Cling to thy mother! for she was the first
  To know thy being, and to feel thy life;
The hope of thee through many a pang she nursed.
  And when, 'midst anguish like the parting strife,
The babe was in her arms, the agony
Was all forgot for bliss of loving thee.

Be gentle to thy mother! long she bore
  Thine infant fretfulness and silly youth;
Nor rudely scorn the faithful voice that o'er
  Thy cradle played, and taught thy lisping truth.
Yes, she is old; yet on thy manly brow
She looks; and claims thee as her child e'en now.

Uphold thy mother! close to her warm heart
  She carried, fed thee, lull'd thee to thy rest;
Then taught thy tottering limbs their untried art,
  Exulting in the fledgling from her nest;
And, now her steps are feeble, be her stay,
Whose strength was thine in thy most feeble day.

Cherish thy mother: brief perchance the time
  May be that she will claim the care she gave;
Past are her hopes of youth, her harvest prime
  Of joy on earth; her friends are in the grave,
But for her children, she could lay her head
Gladly to rest among the precious dead.

Be tender with thy mother; words unkind,
  Or light neglect from thee would give a pang
To that fond bosom, where thou art enshrined
  In love unutterable, more than fang
Of venom'd serpent. Wound not her strong trust,
As thou would'st hope for peace when she is dust.

Oh! mother mine!—God grant I ne'er forget,
  Whatever be my grief, or what my joy,
The untreasured, unextinguishable debt
  I owe thy love; but find my sweet employ,
Ever through thy remaining days to be
To thee as faithful as thou wert to me.

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Children Stolen by Indians and Bears.—Some months since the Western papers gave a thrilling account of the loss of a child, which had been carried off by a bear near Manitowoc. No traces of the child had been discovered, and the excitement was about dying away, when lately, in the same locality, a Mr. Woodward, living near Sandy Bay, had some difficulty with an Indian whom he had fed nearly every day during the past winter, and kicked him out of doors. The next day, his little girl, three years of age, was standing near the house, when an Indian sprang out of the thicket, clasped her in his arms, and bounded away through the underbrush. Pursuit was commenced immediately, but without success; though information had been received which, it was hoped, would lead to the recovery of the child.—*New York Tribune.*

Fix Your Mind.—Lay it down as a sound maxim, Nothing can be accomplished without a fixed purpose—a concentration of mind and energy. Whatever you attempt to do, whether it be the writing of an essay, or whittling of a stick, let it be done as well as you can do it. It was this habit that made Franklin and Newton, and hundreds whose labours have been of incalculable service to mankind. Fix your mind closely and intently on what you undertake—in no other way can you have a reasonable hope of success. An energy that dies in a day is good for nothing—an hour's fixed attention will never avail. The heavens were not measured in a day. The inventions that bless mankind were not the result of a few moments' thought and investigation. A lifetime has often been given to a single object. If you, then, have a desire to bless your species, or to get to yourself a glorious name, fix your mind upon something, and let it remain fixed.

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THE GIRLS' WORK-TABLE.

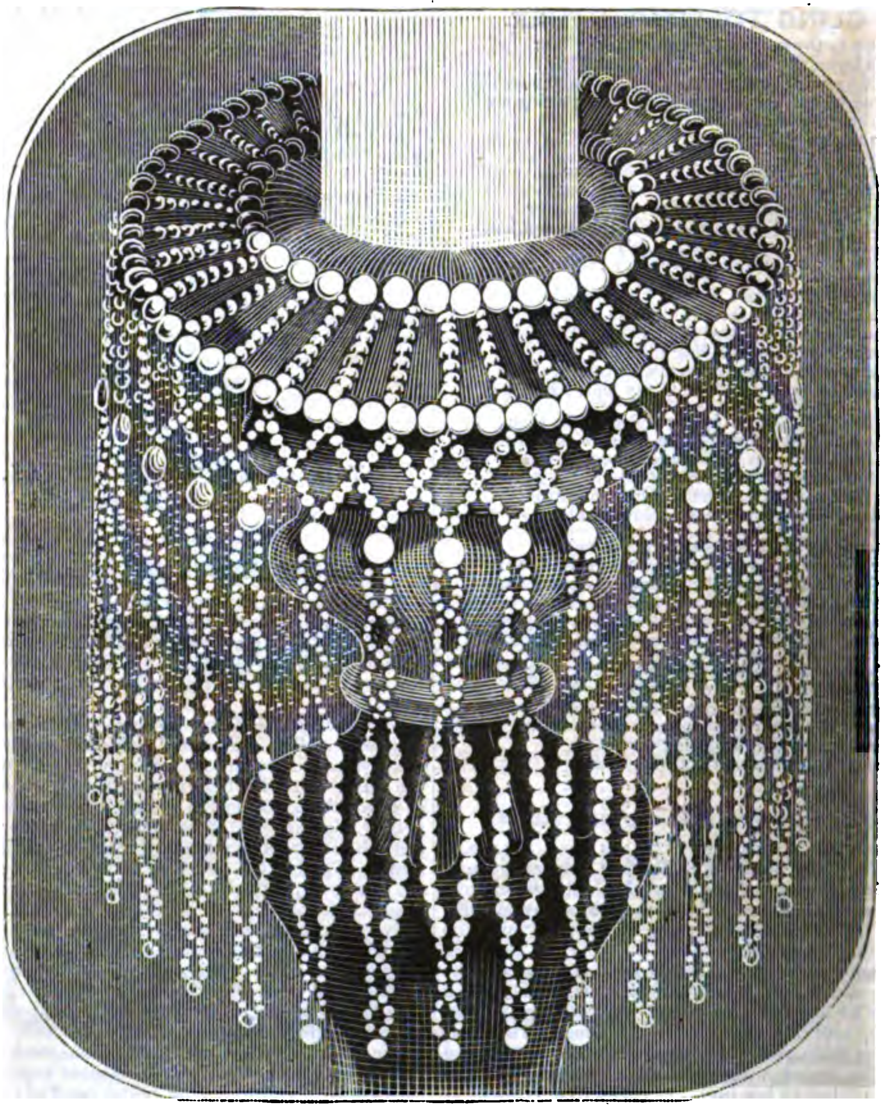
By Madame Eugenie.

CANDLESTICK ORNAMENT.

The elegant article which we have given in our illustration is now very fashionable in many drawing-rooms. It forms a very pretty decoration for bronze branches, or other articles of the same kind, during the day time, as well as when they are lighted up at night.

This ornament is formed of beads of two colours, ruby and white. The rounds which form the inner and the outer margins are thread on very fine wire; the outer circle having exactly double the number of beads than that within. These two rows are connected together by short strings of beads; these form the outer circle; the part in diamonds is to be string. The most simple way is to thread seven of the beads, to pass the needle through the two large beads at the top, and so repeat all round. Having arrived at the place of commencement, pass the needle through the four first beads, which you have strung, so as to be in the right place for the second one; thread three small beads, one large, then the long twisted chain, according to the pattern, with its intermediate medium-sized beads; then return to the large bead from which this is suspended, pass the needle through, thread three more small beads, pass the needle through the centre bead of the next loop, and so continue all round until the fringe is completed.

The sprigs which surround the top are made of the beads strung on very fine wire, such as is used for making artificial flowers, and twisted up together.



CANDLESTICK ORNAMENT.

The inner wire is ruby; the outer, white. The berry is formed of one large bead of either colour; but this ought not to be a cut-bead. The wire being passed through, and a small bead added, the wire is returned, two small beads are taken up on the doubled wire, which thus gives the length of the stalk. These strings being fastened round the centre, form an elegant finish to the article.

THE BOYS' & GIRLS' COMPANION FOR LEISURE HOURS

No. 21, Vol. I.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1857. [Price One Penny.

A STORY OF MY UNCLE.

BY R. CHANDLER.

CHAPTER III.

THE morning succeeding my misfortune, I took my seat at the breakfast-table, receiving a kindly greeting from the majority of the company assembled, and a very surly good morning from Harry Supple. Notwithstanding my innocence, I felt as a thieving dog would feel, when detected in an act of robbery and awaiting punishment. I should have felt relieved had my Uncle made some allusion to the past, but not so, he gazed on the sideboard where some of the luckless favourites recently stood, and heaving a sigh, went on to relate anecdotes, which caused all present, with the exception of myself and my little cousin Alice, to shriek with delight.

Breakfast over, the little party broke up—some went to the stable, to see the pony fed, others to the post to fetch the letters, and I was, much to my alarm, left alone with my Uncle.

"Roger," said he, in a kindly manner, "do you think any one touched the basket, so as to loosen the handles, after you left it in the tent?"

"I do not know, sir," I stammered out; "perhaps not—at any rate, I must blame my own want of care."

"Never mind; accidents will happen," said the old gentleman, as he stooped to pat my curly head. "Go, and play with your friends, and think no more about it."

Much relieved by this expression of forgiveness, I lost no time in doing as he bade me, with such good-will, that a remark of Harry Supple, as I dropped a ball, that I was only fit to let things fall, alone recalled my misadventure to my mind.

I observed, after dinner, that my Uncle took Harry aside, borrowed his knife of him, and appeared to question him rather closely; but I could not ascertain the subject of conversation.

I was, and am, naturally of a solitary turn, and was taking my twilight ramble along the path leading from the Church to the Village Mill, feeding my mind with visions of belted knights plighting their troth to blushing maidens at the elegantly carved altar,—processions of monks and masses for the dead,—when my attention was directed to a person approaching me at full speed. Had the pace been more stately, and the form a little plumper, I should have considered the intruder "a Friar of Orders Grey;" but a closer inspection soon convinced me that I beheld my brother John.

Much to my surprise, the honest fellow grasped my hand with great warmth; and when he recovered his breath, gave me an account of the following events, which happened in my absence.

Having sent Harry Supple on an errand to a neighbouring farm-house, Uncle Barnaby collected all the rest of his little guests in his library, and questioned them as to whether they had seen any one enter the tent during my absence. It was ascertained that from the time I had deposited the basket there, to that in which I had raised it—alas, to drop it again—the tent had remained unvisited, except by Mrs. Mappett and Harry Supple. Another question, I think, prompted by John, disclosed the fact, that no one had mentioned the catastrophe to Harry prior to his allusion to it. Having satisfied himself on these points, the old gentleman, to the amusement of the young people, submitted to be blindfolded, and a merry game of blindman's-buff was in progress, when John hastily left the room to inform me of what had occurred.

When we returned, all the party, including Harry Supple, were seated at the tea-table, and the subject of conversation was homœopathy, about which my Uncle had during the day been particularly silent. Wary was once more all attention, and begged Uncle to give him another globule of arsenic, which, he asserted, had greatly improved his digestion.

Uncle Barnaby looked somewhat serious, as he answered, "The best globule, Grafton, is truth, and that improves the heart and conduct." Grafton looked confused, and I thought I knew the reason; but Uncle, in no-wise affected by his rebuke, proposed to tell us an anecdote, and being much encouraged by our eager attention, proceeded as follows:—

"There reigned in Tartary, no matter when, a certain khan, whose arms had been everywhere victorious, whose people were contented and happy, and whose private flocks and herds were numerous. So prosperous a monarch had, of course, many flatterers; and one courtier, called from his fluency of speech a name equivalent to 'the Gliding Water,' was the loudest in praise of the khan's virtues. The Gliding Water was a great genealogist, and could trace his monarch's descent through a long line of horse-flesh-eating ancestors, from a time prior to Adam. Now it was said—though I don't believe it—that a fakir, or Indian devotee, had by much study discovered a magic crystal, one look into which would show the observer, in characters of reduced size, the real opinion each person named entertained of him. The khan satiated with power, and, like all men, desirous of something new, applied to the fakir, and, notwithstanding the latter's opinion that he would behold nothing to interest him, persisted in seeing the magic crystal. He mentioned the name of his Treasurer, who was constantly praising the monarch's economy in his revenues, and, to his surprise, learnt, that that individual considered him extravagant and vain; his Commander-in-Chief thought him a coward; while the President of the Judicial Committee on Education, who lauded the khan as a Solomon, was found to hold him an ass."

"The khan, in surprise, exclaimed—'Let me, at least, see the opinion of one honest man! what thinks the Gliding Water, who extols to the skies the remote antiquity of my family?'"

"The sage laughed, and displayed the crystal, wherein the monarch read these words—'His grandfather was a herdsman, and the grandson is a credulous fool!' When the khan read these words, he became convulsed with rage, dashed the crystal to the ground—in which, I think, he did right, as, in fact, thought the sapient fakir—and beheaded the Gliding Water, in which he was quite wrong, since contempt was the proper punishment for such a deceiver—don't you think so, Nephew Fairford?"

The person thus addressed muttered an unwilling assent, which was almost lost, as my Uncle rose from his arm-chair, and proposed a game of forfeits.

This was to be the last evening of our stay at "The Snuggery," and, determined to make the most of the short time, we entered upon the game with unusual zest. Very many forfeits were made, and successively each gave his and her keys, top, scissors, and other "small deer," retaining the favourite pocket-knives, like the manor of Prior's miser, till last, until these in due-course were lost; and we then proceeded to regain our lost spoils, reducing the penance of each to a simple act. The usual impositions were gone through, including the kissing, and bowing, and biting half-inches off pokers; until the old gentleman came to a heap of forfeits which, by the absence of the pocket-knife, he knew to be the property of Harry Supple. The blindfolded representative of justice was on the point of inflicting some ludicrous penalty, when my Uncle interrupted the usual course of the game, observing, that with a large party there was some need of novelty, and that, by the permission of all present, he would name the penance.

All having gladly yielded assent, the new umpire addressed Harry thus, producing, as he commenced his remarks, a basket from beneath the table, which I recognised, at first glance, as the one which had held the unfortunate china, and which I understood he had found hidden in the cart:—

"Harry Supple, your knife is the keenest here present, and I am afraid your malice is the strongest. To bear false witness against your neighbour, by suffering him to be accused of an offence committed for an evil purpose by you, is a crime hateful in the sight of God and man. Your sin brought injustice on an innocent person before all present, and the reparation should be equally public. You will take that basket, sir, to little Roger Morley, ask his forgiveness for the injury you have done him, and express your thankfulness for his superior magnanimity in concealing his suspicions of you."

Harry would have denied the charge; but fearing to encounter my Uncle's eye, he, notwithstanding my entreaties that he might be forgiven, went through the ordeal, and then bursting into tears, left the room.

His brother William looked vexed, but with a pleasing candour he took my hand, and expressed his regret that he should have considered me guilty of a carelessness of which I was now fully cleared.

In vain I protested that I had done nothing to deserve commendation, or to call for apologies; I was quite a little hero that night—in fact, my Uncle thought it necessary to caution me against being puffed-up.

How happy I should have been that evening, were it not for the thought of poor Harry in disgrace. Before going to my bed-room, I took an opportunity of seeing him, and I was more vexed by the intensity of his self-reproach, which I believe was genuine, than I had been by his previous ill-treatment of me.

(To be continued.)

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THE SCHOOLMASTER OF BONCHURCH.

By MARY BENNETT.

BONCHURCH, in the Isle of Wight, is a picturesque village on the upper cliffs of Ventnor. Here, some few years since, lived a poor schoolmaster, who rented a cottage of two rooms for his dewlling, and a barn for his school. He was self-educated in the common elements of knowledge, and had made the human heart his study; and it was his delight not merely to teach the mechanical parts of reading, writing, and arithmetic, but also to influence the moral and intellectual powers of his children, and to strengthen, elevate, and purify them. In this large aim, he had but one text-book—the Gospel of the Great Teacher; and in this he learned one lesson in especial—that "it is good to seek and to save that which is lost."

Like all of his order, the master in his school had to contend with boys who *could* not learn, and boys who *would* not. But the boy who gave him most trouble, *could* and *did* learn; only he was so intractable in his general conduct, and such an imp of mischief, that it was a ceaseless perplexity with the good master what ought to be done with him. The master had no worldly motive for reclaiming so difficult a charge, since he gained not a penny by it; but he felt a Christian yearning towards the lad, who was an orphan, and was not without promise of better things.

"Harry, Harry, look in my face, sir," exclaimed the master one day, in his very sternest tones.

Harry lifted up a bold, handsome, and always dirty face, surmounted by a tangled mesh of dark curling hair, and made a comic grimace; but when his bright rolling eye met that of the master, he glanced aside, as if something pained him.

"Harry Bonner, you were last night stealing Farmer Watson's apples."

"Was I, master?"

His tone of mock innocence and simplicity excited sudden laughter in the school, and the frown of the master could scarcely check it.

"Yes, you were, sir; and I tell you, Harry," said the master, solemnly, "If you go on in this way, you will come to some sad end."

"I hope not, master."

A stout leathern strap was produced.

"Hold out your hand," said the master.

"No, thank you, sir."

"Hold out your hand."

"Rather not, if it's all the same to you, sir."

"I insist."

The hand was held out very firmly, Harry winking hard; the strap descended, and then with an affected howl, ending in the laugh of a young savage, the culprit went back to his form—only to plan new offences.

"I feel this is not the way to reclaim that boy," said the master, after school hours, to his sister, an invalid dependent on him, who sat all day long in a wicker easy chair, generally employed in knitting dappled-grey worsted stockings; "yet what else am I to do with him; he is excessively hardened, full of courage and cunning; I never met with a boy so precociously wicked; everybody prophesies evil of his future life. He defies restraint. In any quarrel, all the boys fear him; but he fears no one. He invents wild fun enough for all the mischievous boys in England. He has robbed every orchard within ten miles; and really, I often fancy, he does it out of mere love of adventure and peril."

"Your strap will do him no good," said the sister, quietly.

"What, then, will?"

"Patient kindness, and instruction, and time."

"Why, does he not know that I have almost paid his uncle the blacksmith to let him come to school—that I send him vegetables out of my garden every now and then, to keep him in good humour?"

"Harry knows you are his only true friend, and thinks more of one gentle word from you than of all your blows with the strap. He has far too much of violent usage at home."

"That is true; you are right."

One forenoon, Harry Bonner left his seat at the head of the high form, flung his book aside, and planted himself at the window, whence he enjoyed a view of the sea, and of a man-of-war that had approached near the shore, in order, as Harry had heard it rumoured, that its crew of seamen for the French war might be recruited by forcibly impressing men along the coast.

Harry was engaged in easy contemplation of this prospect, when the master espied how he was passing his time.

"What are you doing there, Harry Bonner? Where is your book? Have you learned your lesson?"

"No."

"Then, sir, you shall learn a double lesson before dinner.

"I like double lessons," said Harry, flinging himself back to his place, and learning rapidly a long row of words and meanings. Before dinner-time had come, the double task was perfectly mastered, and hard sums got through—for sums and lessons were all play to Harry.

The master looked at him with feelings of pity, regret, and admiration.

"Oh, my poor boy!" said he, "how can you throw away such abilities on mischief and wickedness!"

Harry coloured up to his temples; his eyes flashed and moistened; he was going to make a passionate reply, but turned short round, and went out of school whistling, with his hands thrust among the marbles and whipcord in the pocket of his ragged corduroys. Beside the pond in the centre of the village, he stopped, and looking jealously round, and seeing he was unobserved, he pulled out the marbles and a top from his pocket, and flung them into the water. "There," said he, "now I shall give up nonsense, and show the master, and show everybody, what I can do. I'm thirteen years old, and shall soon be a man, and I must look out for myself, as the master says I am clever, and all that; and so I *am* clever, and I *have* got abilities—I feel it, that I do!"

He walked on, still talking with himself; presently he burst out:—"What does uncle hate me for, I should like to know? What harm have I done him? What's he always thrashing me for? Why don't he let me alone?"

Again he went on, every now and then loitering to think.

"I wish," said he, turning his pockets inside out,—"I only wish I had some money there."

With this wish fresh on his lips, he went into the dirty cottage of his uncle. It was a homestead that did anything but credit to its occupants. The floor was unswept, the hearth covered with coke and potato peelings; the remnants of a dinner of the meanest kind were scattered over the tables. The boy felt disgusted, as he mentally compared this abode with the neat, though equally poor, home that he had just quitted. He looked at his aunt, sitting in a dirty cotton gown, and discoloured cap, in the chimney corner, and compared her with the schoolmaster's suffering sister, who ever looked so neat and clean.

The passion for change and improvement that had been silently taking root in Harrys' breast, was momentarily becoming more developed. All at once, he said to his aunt:

"Aunt, can you give me a little money—ever so little?"

"Money!" she looked at him in utter surprise. "What do you want with money?"

"Never you mind; only see, though, if I don't pay you back, one day, and plenty to it."

A violent blow from behind sent the boy reeling against the wall. There stood his savage uncle, with fist doubled, bare grimy arm, and face distorted with intoxication.

"I'll teach you to ask for money," said he, and other blows and fierce abuse followed.

The boy started forward into the centre of the room, gazed with steady boldness in the tyrant's face, and said—

"You have done nothing but ill-use me since my father died. I have never done you any harm, and I shan't bear any more of it."

The blacksmith caught up a heavy stick—"Will you not?"

"No, I will not; so take care what you are about."

"I'll break your spirit, or I'll break every bone of your body.

"You won't do either."

"We'll try that."

The blacksmith rushed forward to grasp Harry by the collar, and Harry sprang to meet him, with wild resistance. They stood foot to foot, and hand to hand, wrestling for the mastery, when the door opened, and the schoolmaster of Bonchurch entered. Instinctive reverence for the good man made the blacksmith pause, and the boy broke from him, trembling violently, and now subdued to tears.

"I am sorry to see this," said the master. "What is the matter?"

The blacksmith muttered something, and his wife took the stick from his hand.

"They are always quarrelling," said she.

"What have I done?" exclaimed Harry—"but it don't matter, master; I like *you;* you have been good to me, and I shall think of it; but as for *him*—I hate him, and I despise him, and I have nothing to thank him for; and after this day I will never see his face again, nor eat of his bread."

In an instant the lad was gone.

Some hours after, the master returned home, and the first thing he did was to take his strap from a table, and put it in the fire.

His sister smiled, but said nothing.

Afterwards they conversed respecting the poor boy, and the master expressed some uneasy apprehensions as he repeated Harry's words on going off. Those apprehensions increased when it became known through the village that Harry Bonner was missing, and could not be found.

At dusk, the villagers were traversing the road with lights,—that old upper road, which, viewed from the lower cliffs, appeared but as a lofty terrace cut on the green mount aside.

At that time, the now flourishing town of Ventnor had scarce begun to exist; only a few houses relieved the picturesque wildness of the scenery, amidst which the shouts of the villagers formed an exciting accompaniment to the dash of the waves among the numerous breakers, and the fury of an equinoctial gale.

Up and down the steep acclivities of that old road, winding about the face of the upper cliff, did the villagers continue moving with their lights, until long past midnight; for the parting threat of the boy had caused a general belief that he had committed some rash act—perhaps thrown himself over the cliffs or into the sea.

What else could have become of him? He had neither money, nor food, nor clothes, nor friends, nor any hope or help of any kind, that any one knew of, out of Bonchurch. One person hinted at gipsies, another at smugglers; and the bold erratic character of the boy made the master fancy it might be possible that he had joined one or the other. But gipsies had not been seen in Bonchurch for many months, and the smugglers of that part of the island were well known to the residents, and on good terms with them, and they denied any knowledge of the boy.

Gradually the search ceased, except on the part of the schoolmaster, who walked in every direction, inquiring and examining. But at last he, too, lost hope; and as he stood in Ventnor Cove, when a stormy night was darkening around, and the winds and waves raged in fearful unison, he felt a melancholy conviction that Harry Bonner was lost for ever.

Twenty years rolled away, and the disappearance of the boy was still a profound mystery.

The blacksmith had died of intemperance, and no one lamented him. The schoolmaster's sister needed nothing more in this world. Most of Harry's schoolmates were dead, and of those who survived, scarce any remained in the village. All was changed, but still the schoolmaster lived in his humble cottage, and kept school. But he was grown old, and solitary, and infirm; and so poor that he was almost reduced to a shadow with hard living.

In his best days he had eked out his little income by cultivating a few vegetables and common fruit; and this was still his resource when he could hobble out on fine days into his patch of garden-ground.

His spirits had been unusually depressed by the decline of his strength, his poverty, his forlorn condition, and the memory of his sister, when at sun-set one day he stood at his schoolroom-window, looking towards the sea. The lattice was open, for the weather was warm, and his withered face felt refreshed by the breeze that played over it.

But that which chiefly detained him there—and held him in a kind of fascination—was the unusual

appearance of a ship of war—one of the most imposing size—moored near Ventnor.

The old man's memory was quickened by the spectacle, and he thought of Harry Bonner, who, on the day of his disappearance, had been detected by him watching just such a vessel from this window, while his neglected lesson was flung aside on the form.

Gazing and musing, the master stood while the shadows of twilight gathered over the scene; the masts and rigging of the chief object of his attention grew indistinct, darkness came quickly, and with it a storm which had been in preparation for some hours.

The master hastily closed the lattice as a flash of lightning broke in upon his musings; he turned to leave the schoolroom, and to enter his cottage—but what figure was that which, amidst the obscurity, appeared seated on the identical spot, on the chief form, where Harry Bonner sat when he learned with such surprising rapidity his double lesson, after watching the man-of-war from the window?

The schoolmaster had grown nervous, and rather fanciful, and I know not what he imagined it might be; but his breath came quick and short for an instant, and then he asked, in a faint voice, "Who is here?"

A manly voice replied, "*Only Harry Bonner!*"

The lightning lit up the whole of the large, dreary-looking schoolroom, and revealed to the schoolmaster the figure of a naval officer, on whose breast glittered decorations of rank and honour.

Darkness instantly succeeded, as the officer started from the form, and grasped the hand of the master with a strong and agitated pressure; then the two moved quickly and silently together into the cottage, while the thunder crashed over head.

The excitement of the moment confused the faculties of the old man, and as the officer, still holding his hand with that fervent grasp, gazed in his eyes by the dim light of the cottage fire, he uttered some incoherent words about Harry Bonner, and the ship, and the double lesson; but when he beheld the officer cover his face with his disengaged hand, and *weep*, his brain rallied its disordered perceptions; he lighted a rushlight that stood on the mantel-shelf, and as the officer withdrew his hand slowly from his face, the master passed the light before those brown and scarred, yet handsome features, in whose strong workings of feeling, if in nothing else, he almost recognised his long-lost but unforgotten scholar.

The officer suddenly clasped the old man's hand. "My dear old master!" he exclaimed.

The old man was too weak for the sudden surprise; he put his hand to his brow, gazed vacantly, gasped for breath, and his lips moved without a sound.

The officer placed him tenderly in the old wicker chair, in which the knitter of the dappled-grey worsted stockings used to sit; then the old man grasped one of his arms, and looking up, said, mournfully, and shook his head, "*She* is not here; she said to the last, Harry Bonner would be found some day. And *now* she is not here!"

"Dead, is she?"

"Oh, yes!"

There was a short silence—solemn and sad.

"And why hast thou hidden thyself all these years?" asked the master.

"I have been redeeming the past; I have been working my way from rags and infamy to this,"—touching, with an air of great dignity, his gold epaulette and the insignia that glittered on his breast—"and I have been gathering *this*," showing a full and heavy purse, "to revenge myself for the stick and the strap, and make thy latter days easy, my old benefactor."

"The change seems wonderful to you, no doubt," continued the officer, after an agitated pause—"it is wonderful to myself! but it is to you I trace it. Your benevolent instructions—your patient endeavours to reclaim me—your observations on my wickedness—your encouraging praise of my abilities—all appealed to my heart and conscience, and stimulated and roused me to resolve on going to sea, and trying to lead a new life. The sight of the man-of-war from the window, and the last flogging I had from the blacksmith, decided me. I ran down the cliffs—I told my tale to a boat's crew of the war-ship—I was taken on baard as a cabin-boy—the ship sailed directly. I rose step by step—I have been in many battles, and here I am—a commander of the vessel you were viewing when I entered the schoolroom, and found my way to the old seat."

"And I hope," said the master earnestly,—"I hope, my dear Harry, you are thankful to that Providence which has guided your wandering feet through paths so strange and difficult."

"I trust I am!" rejoined the officer, with profound reverence. "And now, does my uncle live?"

"He and your aunt died fifteen years since."

"I am sorry for it. I should have liked to have talked with them of our past errors—*theirs* and *mine*. It would have gratified me to have done something for them, and to have heard them retract some of their harsh words to me. How my heart warmed to the old village when I entered it just now! I could have knelt down and kissed the very ground. But I was so impatient to see if *you* lived that I paused nowhere till I reached the school-door, and found you gazing at *my ship*."

"You have brought back the heart of Harry Johnson," said the master, "whatever has become of his vices."

You shall find I have; for whatever money can procure, or affection and gratitude bestow, for your health and comfort, shall be yours from this hour, my dear old master!"

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The Expeditious Frog.—A fox came one day at full speed to a pond to drink. A frog who was sitting there began to croak at him. Then said the fox, "Be off with you, or I'll swallow you." The frog, however, replied, "Don't give yourself such airs; I am swifter than you!" At this the fox laughed; but as the frog persisted in boasting of his swiftness, the fox said, at length, "Now, then, we will both run to the next town, and we shall see which can go the fastest." Then the fox turned round; as he did so, the frog leaped up into his bushy tail. Off went the fox, and when he reached the gate of the city, he turned again to see if he could spy the frog coming after him. As he did so, the frog hopped out of his tail on to the ground. The fox, after looking all about without being able to see the frog, turned round once more in order to enter the city. Then the frog called out to him, "So, you are come at last? I am just going back again, for I really thought you meant not to come at all."—*Fairy Tales for all Nations.*

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"ONLY ONCE."

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG.

One evening, towards the close of December, the family of Dr. Walton sat in their pleasant parlour, conversing on the anticipated pleasures of the coming holiday. A ride was suggested by one, a party by another, and but one dissenting voice was heard.

"Father," said Henry, "I wish you would let me go with William Miles and the other boys to Long Pond to skate."

"And pray who may the other boys be?" asked his father, laughing.

"Why, father, Charles Ellis, Adams, Philip Hall, and the rest."

"Philip Hall is not very good company; and I fear 'the rest,' with the exception of Charles and Adams, are of the same class. I am willing to gratify you, but I do not wish you to associate with bad boys."

"But let me go, father, only once," pleaded Henry. "We shall have such a fine time, and I should be so disappointed if I do not go."

Dr. Walton had one weak point of character. He was one of those indolent ease-loving persons so often to be met, and being very indulgent with his children, he frequently yielded his better judgment to their solicitations. Henry knew his father's failing; and with the requisite amount of coaxing, obtained, as usual, the wished-for consent.

New Year's day came, and Henry set off to enjoy his expected pleasures. A large number of boys were assembled, the majority of whom were of that class who, if not really bad boys, were not very profitable companions. Henry heard their conversation with surprise, and as an oath or a rude jest mingled with their discourse, his cheek reddened with indignation; but before long the same expressions fell less jarringly on his ear.

At noon refreshments were brought, and the boys, with a keen appetite, prepared to partake. "Let us say grace," said Philip Hall; and he mockingly commenced.

"Oh, don't, Philip!" exclaimed Henry, now really shocked, while a loud and jeering laugh followed his interposition.

To the infinite surprise of Henry, Charles Ellis, and several others, a bottle of liquor was produced; but they positively refused to taste a drop, and their example was followed by nearly all the boys.

Night came; and though no accident had happened to interrupt their pleasure, yet Henry felt there was something unpleasant associated with the remembrance of that day.

"Well, my son," said his father, when he returned home, "how have you spent the day?"

"Oh, father," replied Henry, "we have had such glorious sport on the ice and down the hill. I wish you had been there to see us."

"Then you have been really happy?"

"Why, father, there were some things—" and Henry hesitated a moment, and then added, "you know you said some of the boys were not very good company; but I kept with Edgar Fergy and Charles Ellis."

"Well, I am glad you spent the day so pleasantly," returned his father. But Henry felt far from being satisfied, especially when his sister Adaline told him of their beautiful ride, and their visit to a friend, whose greenhouse was filled with rare plants in blossom, and beautiful clusters of ripe fruit.

Time passed, and Henry having once associated with those whom he should have avoided, found it easy to meet them again.

To avoid the difficulty of persuading his father, Henry would sometimes steal away from home and join his comrades, whose oaths were now quite familiar, and whose slang expressions he could unblushingly use.

It was a beautiful thought of the fable-loving ancients, that each person has a guardian angel that attends him through life, deserting him not, even in danger and in evil, but guiding and supporting him to the end of his life. Such a guardian had Henry Walton in the person of his sister.

Adaline Walton was some three years older than her brother, and was very different from him in character. For a long time she had seen with intense pain the course which her brother was pursuing, and as another winter came, with its long and monotonous evenings, and Henry still joined his wild companions, she resolved to rescue him before it was too late. Her parents were now on a visit, and her brother, released from the nominal control of his father, plunged into dissipation more than ever.

"Henry," said she one evening after tea, "I am very busy this evening, and I wish you would read to me from this book, with which I am so delighted." Henry seated himself and commenced reading "Newton's Letters," but in a short time he laid down the book, saying, "I cannot stay longer, Adaline; I have an engagement."

Adaline laid her hand tenderly on her brother's shoulder, and said, "Do, dear brother, stay at home to-night; I am very lonely without you. Oh, my brother! could a love as deep and pure as ever sister felt, win you back to your home joys, mine should be that love."

Henry's lip quivered, and a tear came in his eye; but repressing his feelings, he replied, "But I promised to go, sister; you would not have me break my word?"

"Oh, no, Henry, if your word was pledged with good intentions, and in the performance of duty, I would not chide you, brother; but I fear it is for no good you would leave me alone to night. But you shall judge if the love you feel for your associates is greater and purer than that you bear your sister."

Henry leaned his head upon his hand, in evident deliberation. His sister had often pleaded with him before, but this time there was something so kind and touching in her manner, it overcame his resolution, and raising his head at length, he said, "I will stay, Adaline."

How many times in after-life did Henry Walton bless his sister for that evening. The party with whom he was to meet called for a supper at one of the hotels, and in payment passed counterfeit money. The following day they were arrested and sent to jail; and at their trial Philip Hall and three others were sentenced to prison, and the rest, though acquitted, bore the ignominy of a felon's companion.

Henry, more thoroughly aroused to a sense of danger, reformed, and never after did he give way to the temptation of vicious company. "*Only once*" associating with evil, had almost proved his ruin, and yielding to the persuasion of his sister, "*only once*" had saved him from disgrace.

A CAUTION TO BOYS.

Boys, use no profane language, utter no word that will cause the most virtuous to blush. Profanity is a mark of low breeding; and the tendency of using indecent and profane language is degrading to your minds. Its injurious effects may not be felt at the moment, but they will continue to manifest themselves to you through life.

They may never be obliterated; and when you grow up, you will find at your tongue's end some expression which you would not use for any money. And this expression was learned when you were a boy. By being careful on this point you may save yourself much mortification and sorrow.

"Good men have been taken sick and become delirous. In these moments they have used the most vile and indecent language. When informed of it, after restoration to health, they had no idea of the pain they had given to their friends, and stated that they had learned and repeated the expressions in childhood, and though years had passed since they had spoken a bad word, the early impressions had been indelibly stamped upon the mind."

Think of this, ye who are tempted to use improper language, and never let a vile word disgrace you. An oath never falls from the tongue of the man who commands respect.

Honesty, frankness, generosity, and virtue, are noble traits. Let these be yours, and we shall not fear. You will then claim the esteem and love of all.

OYSTERS, PEARLS, AND PEARL-DIVERS.

The oyster, as most of our young readers are aware, is a shell-fish affording very nutritious and palatable food, which many consider a very great luxury. In many parts of the world the oyster attains a very large size, the shells of some of which, from the coast of Madagascar, we have seen measuring more than a foot and a half in diameter. Some of these are said to contain food sufficient for a meal for several men. *All* the various species of oysters, also some other kinds of shell-fish, contain, at times, *pearls*; but one particular species, called the *pearl oyster*, is especially valuable on this account. It has a strong shell, rough and hard on the outside, but smoth and polished within. From the internal coats of the shell is taken what is called mother-of-pearl, resembling the pearls in colour. But it is the pearl itself which is by far the most valuable. The value of this article increases in proportion to its figure and colour, as well as to its size.

The most extensive pearl-fishery is said to be in the Persian Gulf. It is as wretched and hurtful an occupation for a human being, as it is possible to conceive.

Those engaged in it are chiefly slaves; they dive to the bottom of the water, with a net fastened to their necks, for the purpose of containing the oysters, and are let down by a rope, with a stone of forty or fifty pounds weight fastened to it, to keep them down to the bottom, where they remain a length of time almost incredible to those who have never witnessed the operation; sometimes, it is said, by long practice being enabled to remain under water a quarter of an hour, which we think is an exaggeration. Their lives are consequently very short, being mostly cut off in the prime of life, by disease occasioned by the pressure upon the lungs while in the water.

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Curiosity of Animals.—In conversation with a gentleman who had crossed the plains to California, he informed us of the curious mode of shooting the antelope. His party had often tried to shoot one, but they were so timorous they never could get within shooting distance of them. They met a party in which there was a United States officer, and to him mentioned the difficulty of getting a shot at an antelope. "Oh," says he, "it is the most easy thing in the world—I will show you how to do it." Next day they saw a troop of antelopes, and the United States officer approached as near as he thought was prudent before they would take flight; he then laid down on the ground, waved a handkerchief, and made some antic movements. The antelopes having their bump of curiosity excited, approached gradually nearer and nearer to see the row, until they were within thirty rods, when bang went the rifle, and down came a fine buck. By manœuvring in this manner with a troop of antelopes, the party never afterwards had much trouble in alluring them to with range of the deadly American rifle.—*Scientific American.*

THE HAPPY HOUR.

126

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

1. Which is the bird that's always heard
To make a dreadful noise?
2. He who in schools and colleges
Is highly prised by boys?
3. The ominous bird, by day rarely seen,
'Though oft he appears at night?
4. And he who on the battle-field
Calls others to the fight?
5. The bird that assists you at every meal?
6. The bird seen in a show?
7. There is a very handsome bird,
But very vain, I know?
8. Which is a greater simpleton
Than any other bird?
9. The bird whose sweet, melodious notes,
Are seldom to be heard?
10. If you should talk, which is the bird
That each word would repeat?
11. In town and country, which is he
That every day you meet?
12. Which is the loving bird? and he
13. That gazes on the sun?
14. The falsest bird? and he that can
15. All other birds outrun?
16. 17. The timid bird? the rapacious bird?
18. And one with a beauty rare?
19. One that soars high in air? and he
20. That doth in mourning appear?

H. E. N.

ENIGMA.

127

The beginning of eternity,
The end of time and space,
The beginning of every end,
And the end of every place.

CHARADE.

128

My *first* is never seen in the day; my *second* is very agreeable in the heat of a summer's day; and my *whole* is a plant.

A CURIOUS RECREATION WITH A HUNDRED NUMBERS, USUALLY CALLED THE MAGICAL CENTURY.

If the number 11 be multiplied by any one of the nine digits, the two figures of the product will always be alike, as appears from the following example:—

11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
11	22	33	44	55	66	77	88	99

Now, if another person and yourself have fifty counters each, and agree never to stake more than ten at a time, you may tell him, that if he will permit you to stake first, you will always undertake to make the even century before him.

In order to do this, you must first stake one, and, remembering the order of the above series, constantly add to what he stakes, as many as will make one more than the numbers 11, 22, 33, &c., of which it is composed, till you come to 89; after which, the other party cannot possibly make the even century himself, or prevent you from making it.

If the person who is your opponent has no knowledge of numbers, you may stake any other number first, under 10, provided you afterwards take care to secure one of the last terms, 56, 67, 78, &c.; or you may even let him stake first, provided you take care afterwards to secure one of these numbers.

This recreation may be performed with other numbers; but, in order to succeed, you must divide the number to be attained by a number which is a unit greater than what you can stake each time, and the remainder will then be the number you must first stake. Suppose, for example, the number to be attained is 52 (making use of a pack of cards instead of counters), and that you are never to add more than six; then, dividing 52 by 7, the remainder, which is 3, will be the number you must stake first, and whatever the other stakes, you must add as much to it as will make it equal to 7—the number by which you divided; and so on.

[illegible]

THE UNIVERSAL TRAVELLER; OR, A NEW WAY OF PLAYING AT JACK OF ALL TRADES.—The traveller quits the room; all the rest fix respectively on the country they wish to represent, somewhat in this fashion:—A Turkish lady twists a handkerchief for her turban, and with a stick appears to be smoking a pipe as she reclines on a cushion. A German student may be represented with mock knapsack, book, turned-down collar, and singing a Rhine song; a German lady should be knitting with feet on a stove. A Laplander, warmly wrapped, should be shown by appearing to drive rein-deer, which may be represented by chairs turned down, and a hearth-rug over his knees. A Gipsy's tent may be easily contrived, and other countries similarly personated; and when all are ready, the traveller comes into the room, and endeavours to guess what nation each represents, by their appearance, occupation, &c.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Tottenham Court Road,
August 1, 1857.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As you have kindly consented to answer all questions put to you by your young readers, I shall be very much obliged if you will give me in your next number the origin of "Going Snacks." When one boy meets another with cake, fruit, or, indeed, anything he may happen to have, or to find, he exclaims "Snacks!" when the other, if he be good-natured, will at once divide the coveted thing with him.

Yours respectfully, "A LITTLE INQUIRER."

"Going Snacks" originated during the plague of London. A notorious body-searcher, named Snacks, then carried on a profitable business, a large proportion of the corpses being cast out without the removal of the valuables which the person might in life have worn. This fellow, however, found that death had provided him with more than he could attend to, and he offered to divide his profits with any one who would join him. Such parties were said to "go with Snacks," and hence the popular saying that obtains so largely among the boys of the nineteenth century. All we can add is, that we wish the term had been buried with the monster whose name originated it, and that our boys learn to study a purer vocabulary.

A SCHOOLBOY inquires the meaning of the terms INFUSORY ANIMALCULE.—The latter word "Animalcule" means a "little animal," and "Infusory," has reference to their being easily procured by making an infusion of animal or vegetable matter, and allowing it to stand exposed to light and heat, such as the window of a setting-room would afford. If a drop of the thick scum that may after a few days have gathered on the surface, be placed between two plates of glass under the microscope, a busy world of animated existence will be revealed to view; and in that little film of water may be seen hundreds of delighted creatures swimming about as freely as if disporting in an ocean. One species of Animalculæ is so minute that two drops of water are capable of containing a population far exceeding that of all the human races now living on the earth.

With Part IV., ready August 1, *was published a splendid Needlework Design, printed in colours, of "a Darned Purse." Our Weekly Subscribers may avail themselves of this beautiful Plate for One Penny. The Description for working it appeared in No.* 19.

Address to Editor at Printers', 23, Middle Street, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

MY CHILD'S MISSION.

"MAMMA! do see this pretty rose,
With all its ugly thorns about;
I think I'll sit me down, and try
To pull the prickly things all out."

And then her skill right eagerly
The little labourer essay'd,
Clapping her hands in childish glee
At every clearance that she made.

But presently, with tearful eyes,
Back with her prize my darling came,—
"Here is one thorn so fix'd, mamma,
Do what I will, remains the same."

I took the mourner on my knee,
And press'd her closely to my heart;
Then wiped her tiny tears away,
And tried a lesson to impart:

I told her life was like that rose,
As bright the beauties it reveal'd;
But, lurking underneath its sweets,
Sharp-pointed thorns oft lie conceal'd:

I urged her, as she journey'd on,
Still to pursue her sweet employ,
Reduce the mass of human woe,
And seek to heighten human joy:

But as she generously strove
The balm of comfort to supply,
To pour the oil of gladness in,
And bid the mourner's tear be dry,

She oft would meet with hidden woe,
Which, like that fix'd and stubborn thorn,
Defies the reach of human power,
Repels its puny touch with scorn.

For there are griefs too deep for words,
Which mock the balm which mortals try,
And, reaching to the inmost core,
They only leave us when we die.

Full many a heart a grave enshrines—
Keeps green and fresh with secret tears—
An amaranthine cypress waves
Where sleeps the love of early years!

And then I told of Him who left
A heavenly throne to suffer here,
And, by an ignominious death,
Purchased a crown for us to wear;

Whose power the deepest wounds can heal,
The heaviest sorrow can assuage,
Give joy for mourning, and illume
Our path from infancy to age.

I show'd her how her morning's task
Was kindred to her Saviour's love;
And pray'd her thus to spend her life,
That she might reign with Him above.

My little one look'd up and smiled,
A tear-drop glisten'd in her eye:
"Oh! what a blessed work, mamma—
I should so like at times to try!

And when I find a thorn too firm
For me to move, I'll not despair,
But straight to Jesus I will go,
And leave it safely in His care."—C.

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WHAT A DOG DOES WITH HIS TAIL.—What an absurd as well as barbarous act to cut off a dog's tail! You might just as well cut out his tongue. In fact, a dog talks less with his tongue than he does with his tail. With his tail a dog expresses not only gratitude, as Fido did, but hope, entreaty, complaisance, affection, love, obedience, wrath, shame, defiance, fear, and frolic. It is clear, then, that in depriving a dog of his tail, you deprive him of an organ of speech.—*Blackwood.*

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THE GIRL'S WORK-TABLE.

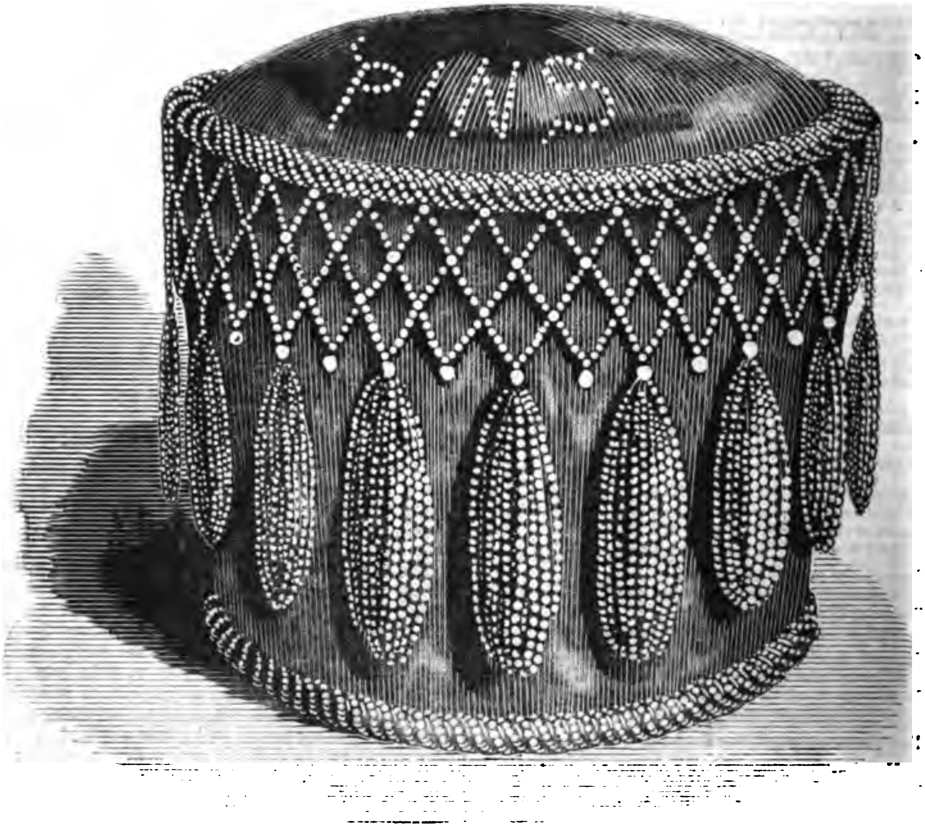
BY MADAME EUGENIE.

THE TASSEL PINCUSHION.

THIS novel pincushion is very easily made, and has a most elegant appearance. It is one of the prettiest articles that a young lady can present to a friend, as the produce of her own work-table, and is extremely durable.

The foundation of the Tassel Pincushion must be strong and firm. It can be made of cardboard; but in this case, extreme care must be used for the join not to show, as that would much detract from the neatness, which is so requisite in every article of fancy-work. The better way is to take some long strips of smooth cartridge paper, rather wider than the depth of the whole pincushion, and make a shape by winding them round and round a cylinder. This may sound rather difficult at the first moment; but it is quite easy. A smooth jelly-jar makes a very good mould for this purpose. The strips of paper must be damped with a sponge, and then pasted on the other side, after which they are to be carefully passed round the jar. Of course, a length sufficient to enclose the mould must be left without paste, otherwise it will not separate from it when it is dry. In the process, it must be well rubbed down; and in taking a fresh strip, the edges must not over-wrap each other, as the join would then show. When completed, this moulded frame work must be left until the next day, when the margins both of the top and the bottom being neatly cut, the work can be continued.

This frame must now be covered with velvet, carefully and strongly stitched over its edges, both at the top and the bottom. An inner case for the cushion having been filled with wool, and covered with velvet of a size sufficiently large for the surface rising above the shape, also well stitched down all round, must be inserted in the inside of the frame, and in its turn carefully secured.



TASSEL PINCUSHION.

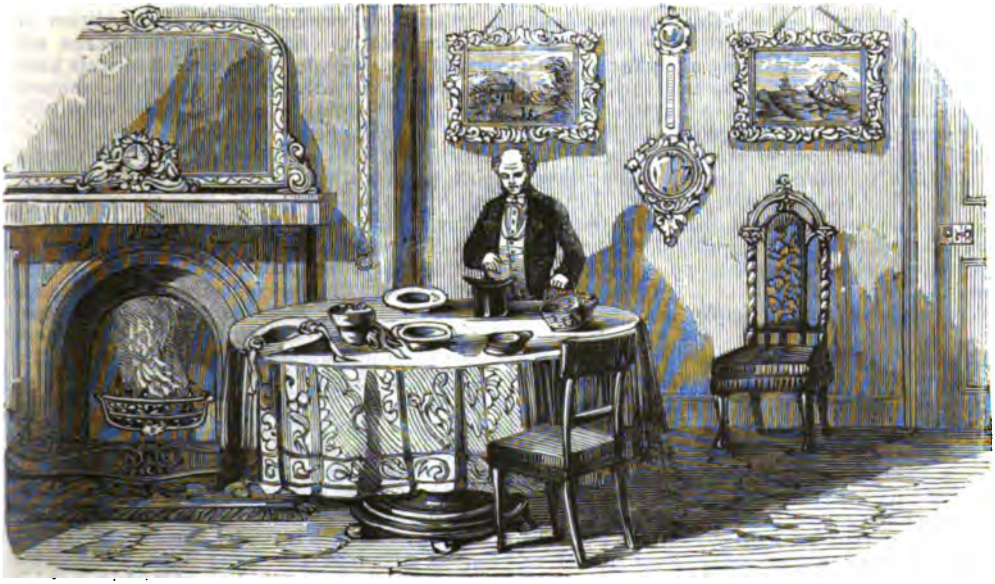
The decoration now remains, of which our illustration will furnish the clearest idea. The diamond-work round the top is done by threading first a row of loops at the given distances, and then forming the diamond by successive loops, continued by taking up the central bead of the first; and so repeating. The roll of beads at the top and bottom of the cushion are then to be added. These may be done in different ways, according to taste; a roll, or a plait of beads, looks equally well. The roll is easily done, by taking a few strings of beads and sewing them on, the silk of each encircling-stitch being also covered with beads; but always remembering to take the same number on the needle.

The tassels are best made by threading a long string, dividing it into the proper lengths, fastening it in the middle with a needle-full of silk, threading both ends into a strong needle, passing it through the large beads which forms its head, and, with the same silk, fastening it on to the shape; these tassels being too heavy to be left suspended from the diamond bead-work.

The beads for this pincushion should be about equal quantities of chalk-white and transparent-white, relieved by a smaller portion of steel. In threading for the tassels, a certain length of silk should be allowed for the chalk-white loops; and the same length for the transparent-white. Five loops of each of these, with three or four of the steel, make a pretty tassel.

Ruby-coloured velvet forms an excellent contrast with these white beads; but there are other colours which are very handsome also in their effect, so that the choice is open as a matter of taste.

No. 22, Vol. I.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1857. [Price One Penny.



A STORY OF MY UNCLE.

BY R. CHANDLER.

CHAPTER IV.

TIME and tide tarry for no man; moments pass and we are responsible for them—say clocks which, and their neighbours the old church-bells, have sounded, the one monotonously, the other cheerfully at the birth of thousands,—and sounded again, this monotonously as ever, that sadly and dolefully, as thousands go to their long home.

The morning for our departure from "The Snuggery" arrived; and before retiring to pack up our boxes, according to a custom which had long prevailed with Uncle Barnaby, we placed our hats and bonnets—each containing the name of the owner—ready for the reception of the parting present, which the kind-hearted old gentleman gave each. It was sometimes his custom to insert in each hat and bonnet a note containing a few lines of admonition, whenever he considered the owner's conduct was such as to render advice necessary. On this occasion, I observed that the only billets of advice were addressed to Grafton Wary and Andrew Fairford. Their contents, as well as the presents bestowed, I did not learn until long after, when my Uncle showed me a copy of the notes, one of which, namely Wary's, for the benefit of my readers, I here transcribe.:—

"Honesty, my dear boy, is the best policy, even if religion did not prompt us to act conscientiously. The man of high principle is not only more respected by his neighbours during his walk with them, and spoken of more affectionately after he has gone, but should reverses befal him, having a firm reliance in his God, and a happy consciousness of his own integrity, he is able to bear cheerfully misfortunes, before which rogues and deceivers fail. Apply these remarks to yourself; and should an old man betray a weakness, which you might deem worthy of contempt and ridicule, remember, that to acquiesce in his views to suit your own purpose, and then speak slightingly to gratify malice or love of sarcasm, is an act unworthy of a gentleman. He who overcomes self is greater than the conqueror of a city. I cannot make you a present of equal value with those bestowed on other and better guests, but I trust, on the next occasion, I may have no cause for censure."

The enclosed was a simple globule, I think aconite.

Andrew Fairford's admonition was much in the same strain, though, in consideration of the pointed nature of the anecdote levelled at him, he escaped somewhat lighter. His present consisted of a particle of the unfortunate china, with a hint, that family antiquity unsupported by present merit was but a useless memento of the past, wholly unworthy of being made the subject of deceit. Harry Supple was spared a written notice of his fault, in consideration of his proper acceptance of reproof, though, I believe, he received no present. The old gentleman, I found, had placed my cap on the large china bowl of the respected Dutch merchant, which he had caused to be carefully cemented, and though one side is not nearly so sound as the other, the venerable piece of antiquity shows to great advantage on state occasions. Inside the bowl I found a handsome silver pencil-case, and I had no reason to suppose Uncle Barnaby had treated me less liberally than the most favoured of his little relatives, who were, I think, very well satisfied.

Having cordially taken leave of our kind entertainer, we left his hospitable home, and that ended my first visit to my Uncle; during which, though I had through carelessness often exposed myself to censure, I found I had risen to a high place in his estimation. By pursuing a straightforward course, I have received much kindness from him subsequently; and some of my friends congratulate me on my future prospects, from the marked politeness shown me by my Uncle's lawyer.

The present advanced age of my Uncle, with its attendant infirmities, have rendered him incapable of entertaining all his former guests, who are, alas! no longer young; but the sight of a member of the family at his own table, still does the kind-hearted old gentleman good. Sometimes he will allow a man-servant, the last addition to his household, to drive the successor to the old pony in a carriage, in which my Uncle seats himself, over to my little cottage. There he amuses himself by training a rose, obtained originally from "The Snuggery," over my verandah; or occasionally he will relate, with a touch of the old spirit, the anecdotes which so much amused his little friends at Quiet town. Poor old gentleman, he forgets how well-known they are to me; but I should be sorry, by reminding him of the fact, to mar his simple pleasure. Christmas-day he always spends with me; and on that anniversary, Gilbert Squaretoes' wassail bowl is invariably produced as a memento of old times. On the last occasion of its appearance, my Uncle spoke a great deal of Alice Sidney, and asked me many questions about her, telling me I blushed and stammered as I answered; but this, I think, must be a delusion, caused by his imperfect sight and hearing. He says she ought to be mistress of the house, and I never contradict him.

As for the fate of the other characters of my tale, Mrs. Mappett is still a plump, well-formed matron, who receives Master Roger, as she still calls me, with great cordiality, when I pay a visit to "The Snuggery." William Supple is at present a partner in a flourishing mercantile house, and looks too much steeped in business to make a pun on any account. Harry Supple is discharging his duties as a soldier in a zealous and honourable manner. Fairford is a hard-headed lawyer, of whom I know little; but poor Grafton Wary is past the aid of homœopathy, having nobly fallen a victim to cholera in the faithful execution of his office of parochial surgeon in a wretched village in Ireland.

The nondescript dog is dead, and the pur of

Fairy is heard no longer by the fireside of "The Snuggery," which, I trust, my Uncle may be spared to enjoy for years to come.

I suppose there ought to be some sort of moral to this, but I leave it to the readers to find it, begging them however, to remember my Uncle's maxim, "That honesty is the best policy."

(Conclusion.)

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TRADES FOR BOYS.

THE COMPOSITOR.

In compliance with the wishes of many of our young friends, we this week place before them a description of the practical work of a printer, together with instructions and advice for boys desirous of entering on the duties of that important trade, or, as it might almost be styled, profession, for undoubtedly it is the most professional of trades.

The printer must have readiness of hand, and quickness of intellect. A slow, plodding, dull boy, even though well-educated and neat handed, would not do for a compositor.

Supposing that you have sufficient sharpness, and a tolerable knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and are disposed to be active and industrious, we introduce you to our printing office and place in your hands, for the first time perhaps, a composing-stick. This is a most ingenious little contrivance for putting words and lines of words together, ready for making up in pages. It is an iron or brass frame, one side of which is moveable, so that it may be adjusted to the required width of the page or column which has to be set up. It is made perfectly true and square, for without such accuracy the lines would be of unequal length. It is adapted to contain about twelve lines of ordinary size type. The method of holding the composing-stick in the left hand, while the letters are picked up and placed in it by the right hand, will soon be learnt.

You have now to *fill the stick;* that is, set up as many lines of letters in it as the stick will conveniently hold.

You stand before a frame resembling a counting-house desk, and on it rest two pair of cases, like very shallow drawers, divided into numerous compartments, something in the manner of the divisions of a lady's workbox. The compartments of the cases are of different sizes; in the principal or lower case, that for the letter e is the largest, and those for t, s, a, n, are the next in size, and all are graduated according as the letters are known to be more or less in demand. The smallest boxes or cells are for such letters as x and j, these being seldom required. The places for the letters are called *boxes.* As you stand before the centre of the lower case, you have nearest to your hand the boxes for those letters which are in most frequent use, arranged within about six inches on every side of the centre of the case.

The spaces, wanted to divide the words, lie close to your hand at the bottom of the central division of the lower case. It must be quite obvious that the man who contrived this arrangement saved a vast deal of time to the compositor. We see in an old Dutch print that the cases were divided into equal compartments, so that it is probable this ingenious principle was not introduced among the early printers. Strangers to the art are generally surprised at the accuracy with which a compositor knows the places of his letters, but this will be easily learned.

As *distributing* is a part of a compositor's business, for which nothing is paid direct (the payment for that labour being included in the price of composition), it is necessary, before you can compose, that you should put the type into the cases, as no one will have done this for you, except you are favoured. *Distribution* is a most beautiful process in the hands of an expert compositor; and probably no art which is partly mental and partly mechanical offers a more remarkable example of the dexterity to be acquired by long practice. A quantity of type which has been already printed from is ready for you, the lines are loosened sufficiently to allow them to be washed free from dirt. While the types are yet moist, in which state they adhere sufficiently to prevent them, with care, from falling asunder, you lift a portion of the types as it has been arranged in lines, upon a slip of brass rule; this you rest upon the middle finger of the left hand, supporting one side with the thumb, toward which you somewhat incline the whole handful. In each letter there is a nick or nicks, to indicate the bottom edge of the type. Keeping the face toward you, and the nick uppermost, you take up one or two words between the forefinger and thumb of the right hand, and drop the letters, each into its proper place. This is done by practised hands with almost inconceivable rapidity; but you must creep before you go. The mind has to follow the order of the letters in the words, and to select the box into which each is to be dropped; while the fingers have to separate one letter from another, taking care that only one is dropped at a time. This is a complicated act, and yet a good compositor will distribute three or four times as fast as he composes—that is, he will, if necessary, return to their proper places 50,000 letters a-day. The letters being inverted in printing, are not read as they are read in a book, and it will take you some time to know your p's from your q's.

Your first distributing over, you begin to compose or set up types.

mind, she said—"Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee? And Pharaoh's daughter said to her—"Go." And the maid went and called the child's mother. What a joyful turn of affairs was this for her. How could she contain her emotion, when Pharaoh's daughter said to her—"Take that child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages?"

Did she not hug it passionately to her breast that night?—saved from death—saved from untold horrors—to be the adopted of the king's daughter.

The child grew; the mother, of course, concealing her relationship to it; and when she brought it to Pharaoh's daughter, "he became her son," that is, with all the rank and privileges of a prince of Egypt; and she named him Moses—which means *drawn out*—"because I drew him out of the water."

As a boy, as a youth, Moses dwelt in an Egyptian palace, the adopted son of the King's daughter, and no doubt, he might have passed all his life in royal luxury and pomp, could he have forgotten his Hebrew origin. His education, most probably, was wholly Egyptian, and therefore idolatrous, though in many respects very superior to the education of most other countries. The priests of Egypt were a great class, profoundly learned in all the knowledge of the times, and from them, no doubt, Moses learned a great deal, which he afterwards turned to good account, when he became the great lawgiver of the Hebrew nation.

The military of Egypt were a tribe or caste next in authority and privileges to the priestly tribe, although far below them, and Moses would from them acquire that mastery of military movements which he displayed when he afterwards guided the Jews through hostile lands. But all the advantages possessed by Moses as a prince of Egypt he renounced, to defend his suffering and oppressed brethren; he looked on their burdens, and he spied an Egyptian smiting an Hebrew, one of his brethren; and he looked this way, and that way, and when he saw that there was no man, he slew the Egyptian, and hid him in the sand. And when he went out the second day, behold, two men of the Hebrews strove together, and he said to him that did the wrong, "Wherefore smitest thou thy fellow?" And he said, who "made thee a prince and a judge over us? intendest thou to kill me, as thou killest the Egyptian?" Then Moses feared, and said—"Surely this thing is known." And worst of all, it soon came to the knowledge of Pharaoh, who was not likely to pardon a deed like that done in defence of the people whom he hated, and whom he was trying every means to crush and destroy. So Moses was obliged to flee for his life from the court, and from Egypt.

He sought refuge in Arabia, in the land of Midian, by the Red Sea, the inhabitants of which were, probably, descendants of Abraham. There he sat down to rest, by a well.

Now the priest or prince of Midian had seven daughters, who attended to their father's flocks, as young women still do in this part of Arabia. They came to the well by which Moses rested, and he assisted them to water their flocks; and when they told their father, Reuel, he invited Moses to his dwelling, and Moses remained with him; and one of Reuel's daughters, Zipporah, became his wife. Here, then, Moses remained some years, until the King of Egypt died, and another rose in his place.

The miserable condition of the enslaved Hebrews in Egypt became now, if possible, more miserable; and God heard their groanings, and remembered His covenant with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

Monks in Arabia now point out a valley, at the back of the sacred mount of Horeb, where, they say, Moses fed the flocks of his father-in-law, when the Angel of the Covenant appeared to him in the midst of a burning bush, and called to him, "Moses, Moses, draw not nigh hither; put thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground; I am the God of thy fathers." And Moses was afraid, and hid his face. And the Lord said, "I have surely seen the affliction of my people, which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry, and I am come down to deliver them out of the hands of the Egyptians, and to bring them up out of that land, to a good land and a large."

And God sent Moses to Egypt, as His messenger, to the children of Israel, and the Egyptians; and to command Pharaoh to let the Hebrews go.

The book of Exodus is entirely occupied with the momentous and wonderful history of the *going out* of the Israelites from Egypt, under the guidance of Moses, assisted by his brother Aaron, after they had been in Egypt and Canaan 430 years, from the time of Abraham. Their numbers at the time of the Exodus, is supposed to have been about 2,400,000, so that they formed no inconsiderable nation. Moses took the bones of Joseph with him, and the Lord went before the Israelties by day in a pillar of cloud, to lead the way, and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light.

But I shall not attempt to trace out here the wonders of the Exodus, they will fitly furnish another paper. As the deliverer and lawgiver of Israel, —as the framer, under Divine direction, of the Ten Commandments,—as the writer of the first five books of the Bible,—Moses appears before us in character eminently sublime, "yet very meek, above all the men which were upon the face of the earth." To Moses was given that promise, which should be the constant hope of us all,—"As I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."

The ungrateful, unbelieving, and rebellious conduct of the Israelites, led to the sentence of God on them, that none of them, upwards of twenty years of age, should enter the good land promised to the Israelites; and their children were to wander forty years in the wilderness before they entered on their possessions; and Moses himself was not permitted to do more than view the promised land, from the top of Mount Pisgah, where he died, at the age of 120, when "his eyes were not dim, nor his natural force abated." The place of his burial has never with any degree of certainty been ascertained.

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A WORD TO LITTLE GIRLS.—Who is lovely? It is the little girl who drops sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles, as she passes along—who has a kind sympathy for every girl and boy she meets in trouble, and a kind hand to help her companions out of difficulty—who never scolds, never contends; never teazes her mother, nor seeks in any way to diminish, but always to increase her happiness. Would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds or precious stones, which never can be lost? Take the hand of the friendless—smile on the sad and dejected—sympathise with those in trouble.

ROBIN REDBREAST'S ADVENTURE.

A Robin Redbreast, remarkable for general sweetness of disposition, as well as for the regularity of his habits, alarmed his family one day by coming home to dinner full two hours after the usual time; and in such a state of irritation, as positively frightened them all. He banged the door to after him, called twice for his slippers before it was possible they could be brought him, tumbled over his wife's footstool, and then, as petulant people do not stay to be reasonable, instead of blaming himself for not looking where he trod, ridiculously scolded his eldest daughter for leaving it in his way. Altogether he went on in so extraordinary a manner, that, glad as they were to see him come in—for his absence had caused them much anxiety—they were almost equally uneasy at seeing him so lamentably out of temper as, on this accasion, he contrived to exhibit himself.

As he did not, however, appear to have sustained any very alarming injury, (his feathers were a little ruffled, certainly, but that was all,) they very wisely left him to himself for an hour, thinking solitude the best remedy for ill-tempered people. It proved so in Robin's case; and when they rejoined him, he was able to conduct himself like a rational being, and to give them some account of his day's adventure.

He told them, that in the course of his morning's ramble, he passed a very nice-looking house, in the second story of which a window was wide open. What possessed him he could not tell,—idle curiosity, most likely,—but without a moment's thought, in he flew, and sat down on a sort of ledge above the curtains—the cornice, he believed it was called. It was a large, lofty room. and seemed completely furnished, according to the ideas that those huge creatures, who live in these great brick houses, have of comfort. It was well carpeted; and at one side stood a vast, four-post bed, piled up with pillows, and all sorts of wrappings; and hung round with something that he supposed was to keep every breath of air from the occupant—all very well for those whose pleasure it was to be suffocated among that mass of feathers and flannels; for his part, he liked free ventilation when he was in bed; but then he was a Robin redbreast, and not a human being, which might, perhaps, account for the difference of taste. He was just thinking how infinitely better adapted for repose were the accommodations of his own simple nest, than those afforded by this unwieldy structure, when a lady suddenly entered, whose countenace, he must own, impressed him unfavourably thought it did anything but prepare him for what followed.

There was room enough for both of them. He, as he had just observed, was sitting on the cornice, where she could not have got if her life had depended upon it. But, not content with the whole of the floor, and all the chairs to herself, she very coolly took up an umbrella, with the evident design of knocking him off his perch. Such deliberate selfishness he had rarely seen. Fortunately she was not tall enough to reach him, and her movements were very clumsy; so that after knocking her nose several times, and breaking a pane of glass, she laid aside this formidable spiked weapon. But it was only to go and fetch the long brush, with which at last she succeeded in giving the woodwork on which he stood such a blow as jarred every nerve in his body, and compelled him instantly to jump off—a movement that, unfortunately, only brought him more within the reach of this ill-mannered gentlewoman, who next flapped a duster at him, which drove him to the top of the great four-post bed, where he was half-choked with dust. But it would be impossible for him to narrate all that he underwent at the hands of this evil-disposed person—he did wrong to call her a gentlewoman—in the course of her heartless attempts to drive him out of her house. He should have been only too glad to leave her inhospitable roof, but the fact was, that her noise and violence made him completely lose all presence of mind; so that though, as he believed, the window by which he entered still remained open, it was impossible for him to find his way out. He beat himself sadly against all sorts of furniture in endeavouring to do so; but it was all in vain. And he confessed, with the tears in his eyes, that in that harassing moment he had thought tenderly of the dear ones at home, as the apprehension flashed across his mind that perhaps he was doomed to be a captive for life, and to that wicked woman!

The fright and vexation brought on a violent palpitation of the heart, which made him feel very unwell; and, indeed, he was at his wit's end, as he sat trembling on the top of the bed; when, to his inexpressible relief, the lady having in vain called to the housemaid to come and help her, retired, long brush and all, from the apartment; apparently with the purpose of fetching that personage to her assistance. Quit of her, though it might be but for a moment, he managed, he said, to reach the window, and so make his escape from that terrible trap, for such it had proved to him, and hasten home; adding, that hunger, fear, and indignation had altogether so overcome him, as to make him—he knew it, and was sorry for it—excessively cross when he first reached it.

Mrs. Redbreast smiled. And then the children were had in. Very nice they all looked, in their little red waistcoats and brown jackets. And after their father had solemnly warned them, first, *against the indulgence of idle curiosity in general;* and then, more particularly, never on any account to fly in at open windows—no, not even if their wings were ready to drop off with fatigue,—their parents kissed them, and sent them to bed.

Robin sat an hour longer with his wife and daughter; and then, being tired and sleepy with his hard day's work, put his head under his wing, and dropped off as sweetly as any of them. M. J.

JACK RAT AND THE RAVEN.

If ever you see a rat-tailed horse, you may be sure that he is a trump. With such a deformity, he would not otherwise be kept. Of all the carriage horses we ever beheld, our Jack Rat was *facile princeps*. His colour was a rich mottle brown—spotted like a leopard, as Philip the coachman said—and his symmetry and powers were perfect. In short, with the exception of his tail, he was all over a "good 'un." The other carriage-horses were always ailing—one or other of them; Jack was always in high condition, well up to his work, and ready to do it. I wish you could have seen him hugging the collar up a street steep as the roof of a stadthouse, and a quarter of a mile high—'long' would ill express its all but perpendicular endurance. He was in especial favour with Philip, whom he knew as well as Gustavus knew Captain Dalgetty. When Philip entered the stable, Jack would turn his head and whinny his satisfaction. Philip would then go up to Jack, and after replenishing his measure, not forgetting a double allowance of beans, during which replenishment Jack rubbed his nose against him, the worthy charioteer would enjoy the sight and hearing of Jack's vigorous "nummeting," as he called the operation of the powerful mill of which Jack was the miller, for a minute or two. Then he would tickle his favourite horse just behind the shoulder, and up would go Jack's hind legs, Philip saying the while to the playful horse—"Ha, Jack Rat! go it, old fellow!" whereupon Jack's capers and sportive kicks were redoubled. Now in the mews where the horses were kept was a tame raven, which would walk in and out, sometimes in a stately manner, and sometimes in a more knowing fashion, with a short straw in his bill, scanning what was going on, with his head turned up on one side, and a wide-awake eye. He was a general favourite, and rather encouraged by Philip, who would sometimes give him a piece of meat; and as he saw that Philip and Jack were immense friends, he soon began to hop with his bit of meat up to Jack's stall, flutter into Jack's manger, and, in a corner of it, eat his morsel in peace and privacy, Jack looking down on him the while with a patronising air. As he was thus employed, the gambols between Philip and Jack would often be going on—gambols always accompanied, on Philip's part, by the words above mentioned. One fine morning Philip was startled by capers and kicks as he approached the stable, and at hearing the double of his own voice crying "Ha, Jack Rat! go it, old fellow!" In he went, and beheld "The Parson," as the raven was somewhat irreverently called, perched on Jack's hind quarters, and pulling out the few remaining hairs of Jack's tail as he capered and kicked, the Parson vociferating all the while, as he held on triumphant, "Ha, Jack Rat! go it, old fellow!" and keeping his perch, wonderfully, notwithstanding the jumps and kicks of Jack, who seemed to enjoy the fun. There was some excuse for calling the bird "The Parson," by which designation he was known in the yard and neighbourhood. There was a conventicle hard by, and the raven would frequently step in, and look and listen gravely in the porch, while in the open interior the congregation were attending to their shepherd, and engaged in prayer at his frequent summons. It was not long before the raven was heard to repeat, as he solemnly stalked up and down the yard, "Let us pray," as clearly as the words could be pronounced. The fame of this remarkable bird soon found its way to the servants' hall, and thence ascended into the higher regions, and Philip was desired to bring the raven one evening when there was a tea party. The company were all seated, when Philip entered the drawing-room with the raven. When the bird was set down he looked about him, nothing abashed, and kenning a well-known western antiquary whose head and shoulders only were visible over the top of a high-backed chair, on which the worthy man was kneeling clad in a dark stuff-coloured suit, gravely uttered, "Let us pray!" This was considered, especially by some of the ladies present, who belonged to a Dorcas society, as rather edifying, and the feathered visitor was regarded with favourable eyes, when he chanced to look up at Philip and instantly came out with "Ha, Jack Rat! go it, old fellow!" Philip, in dread that more stable-yard rhetoric would follow, immediately caught up his sable friend and vanished with him.—*Fraser's Magazine for April*, 1857.

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A Story of a Cat.—One day an old maiden lady, who had been paying a visit to the house of Mr. William Magden, Greencroft, Haltwhistle, took home with her, to Maryport, a tortoise-shell coloured cat, to which she had become attached during her stay. Pussy, however, notwithstanding all the kindness of her new mistress, became uneasy from the recollection of her old home and friends, and, effecting her escape, arrived safely at Greencroft next morning, having completed a journey of upwards of twenty-five miles by an unknown road.—*Carlisle Patriot.*

Battle Between a Weazel and a Rat.—A few days ago, Mr. Heal, bailiff to Miss Cockburn, Havyatt Lodge, Langford, was moving a small stack of wheat, when he started a large rat, which took refuge in a faggot-stack close by. Presently a weazel also darted out from the wheat, and likewise betook itself to the faggots, upon which a desperate battle immediately ensued between the two, which, in spite of the presence of the bailiff, lasted a quarter of an hour, at the expiration of which time the weazel left the rat dead on the ground.—*Gloucestershire Chronicle.*

THE HAPPY HOUR.

CHARADE.

129. Without my *first* and *second* you could not see, my *third* is a hard transparent substance, and my *whole* is so often consulted by ladies, that it may be said to have passed into a proverb.

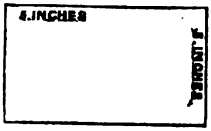
CONUNDRUMS.

130. How many kings have been crowned in England, since the Norman Conquests.

131. Why is rain falling off houses like melted fat.

132. What word is that, by adding two letters, makes it shorter.

133



THE WONDER PUZZLE.

Cut a piece of cardboard (of the dimensions given in the diagram,) in such a manner, that you may pass through it, yet preserving it in one piece.

A Person striking a Figure out of the Sum of two given Numbers, to tell him what that Figure was.—Such numbers must be offered as are divisible by 9; such, for instance, as 36, 63, 81, 117, 126, 162, 207, 216, 252, 261, 306, 315, 360, and 432. Then let a person choose any two of these numbers, and after adding them together in his mind, strike out any one of the figures he pleases from the sum. After he has done this, desire him to tell you the sum of the remaining figures; and that number which you are obliged to add to this amount, in order to make it 9 or 18, is the one he struck out. For example, suppose he chose the numbers 126 and 252, the sum of which is 378. Then, if he strike out 7 from this amount, the remaining figures, 3 and 8, will make 11, to which 7 must be added to make 18. If he strike out the 3, the sum of the remaining figures, 7 and 8, will be 15, to which 3 must be added to make 18; and so, in like manner, for the 8.

Luminous Writing.—Place a small piece of solid phosphorus in a quill, and write with it upon paper. If the writing then be taken to a dark room, it will appear beautifully luminous.

ALLITERATIVE POETRY.

THE SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

An Austrian army awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade;
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing destruction's devastating doom;
Every endeavour engineers essay,
For fame, for fortune—fighting furious fray!
Generals 'gainst generals grapple—gracious God!
How honour's Heaven heroic hardihood
Infuriate, indiscriminate; in ill,
Kinsmen kill kinsmen, kinsmen kindred kill!
Labour low levels—loftiest longest lives;
Men march, 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid murderous mines.
Now noisy noxious numbers—notice nought
Of outward obstacles—opposing out;
Poor patriots—partly purchased partly press'd—
Quite quaking, quickly quarter, quarter quest;
Reason returns—religious right redounds—
Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds.
Truce to thee, Turkey; triumph to thy train—
Unjust, unwise, unmerciful Ukraine.
Vanish vain victory, vanish victory vain;
Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome we
Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xaviere?
Yield ye, youths, ye yeomen, yield your yell—
Zeno's, Zapartus' Zoroaster's seal,
And all attracting arms against appeal.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

David Copperfield.—We are obliged for the "Adventures of a Sixpence," which is under consideration. You say, "to be continued,"—pray how far? We must know this ere we can decide.

Harry.—The Jew's Harp.—You are misinformed—the Jews had nothing to do with the invention or use of this instrument, so inharmonious, but so great a favourite with boys. It was originally termed "jaw's harp," from the manner in which it is held against the teeth—to their injury, be it observed.

Little Student writes to inquire what is the proper pronunciation of the word Zoology, as a friend persists in pronouncing it as a three-syllable word—Zool (as in *fool*) -o-jee. The proper pronunciation of the word requires its division into four syllables, the accent falling upon the second syllable—*Zo-ol-o-gy*. The first *o* is sounded as that in *note*, the second is the short sound of the *o* as in *object*, the third *o* is sounded as the first, and the termination as if spelled *jee*.

Æneas.—The flash of lightning and the report of the thunder take place in reality at the same moment; but since sound travels at the rate of 1100 feet per second, while the passage of light from the clouds to the observer may be considered instantaneous, it follows that, on counting the number of seconds which elapse between the time of seeing the flash and hearing the report, the distance of the thunder-cloud from the observer may be ascertained if 1,100 feet be multiplied by that number of seconds. **Rolando.**

"**Schoolboy**" writes inquiring,—"Why it is that a peg-top thrown by the right hand cannot be taken up by the left?" The prevalent schoolboy notion that, owing to a difference of direction or some other peculiarity in the motion of the top, it cannot be raised by the left hand, arises from the circumstance that most persons are right-handed, and therefore possess less facility of manipulation with the left than with the other hand. This is a popular error. A left-handed person can readily take up a top spun by a right-handed-friend, and *vice versa*.

Henry Collins.—Papier Mache.—This substance is made from the pulp of paper, or of old paper ground up with sise, and moulded into various forms. A mixture of sulphate of iron quicklime, and glue, renders papier maché, to a great extent, waterpoof, and the further addition of phosphate of soda contributes to make it fireproof.

Amateur.—The Accordion.—The best accordions contain a series of semitones, the notes in the first row being arranged in the natural key. Chords can therefore be produced in any key. There is no difference in *principle* between the Accordion and Concertina; the latter is differently constructed, however, as to the location and arrangement of the mechanism, for opening or closing the air passage

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"**A Story of my Uncle.**"—The Editor tenders his best thanks to Mr. R. Chandler, for his charming tale, so admirably adapted to our pages; and to his friend, Mr. M. Evans, for the sketches illustrative of the story. He trusts that this little magazine of ours will be frequently enriched with the labours of both author and artist, who have acquitted themselves so successfully in this their first contribution to the "Companion."

Notice.—Solutions to the "Happy Hour" will be published in No. 24. Competitors are therefore informed that all answers to the Pastime of Nos. 18, to 22, (inclusive,) must be forwarded to the Editor on or before Thursday the 3rd day of September.

With Part IV., ready August 1, was published a splendid Needlework Design, printed in colours, of "a Darned Purse." Our Weekly Subscribers may avail themselves of this beautiful Plate for One Penny. The Description for working it appeared in No. 19.

Address to Editor at Printers', 23, Middle Street, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

THE SUMMER WILL RETURN.

"I PRAY you tell me, dear mamma,
 Why were the flowers made?
They're pretty for a little while,
 But then so soon they fade.
I love to gaze upon them now,
 They are so bright and gay;
But then I tremble when I think,
 How soon they'll fade away!"

"You tell me that the life of man
 Soon fadeth like the flower;
You say 'tis like a passing dream,
 Or like a sun-lit shower.
But tell me why is life so short;
 And tell me, too, I pray,
Why people, whether good or bad,
 So quickly pass away?"

"Each flower that bloometh now, my child,
 Must wither in its turn;
But winter soon will pass away,
 And summer will return!
If your great Maker, my sweet pet,
 You e'er obey and love,
Although your stay on earth be short,
 You'll live again above."

H. E. N.

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THE OSTRICH.—The cry of the ostrich so greatly resembles that of a lion as occasionally to deceive even the natives. It is usually heard early in the morning, and at times also at night. The strength of the ostrich is enormous. A single blow from its gigantic foot (it always strikes forward) is sufficient to prostrate, nay, to kill, many beasts of prey, such as the hyæna, the panther, the wild dog, the jackal, and others. The ostrich is exceedingly swift of foot; under ordinary circumstances outrunning a fleet horse. "What time she lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and its rider." On special occasions, and for a short distance, its speed is truly marvellous; perhaps not much less than a mile in half a minute. Its feet appear hardly to touch the ground, and the length between each stride is not unfrequently twelve to fourteen feet. Indeed, if we are to credit the testimony of Mr. Adamson, who says he witnessed the fact in Senegal, such is the rapidity and muscular power of the ostrich, that even with two men mounted on his back he will outstrip an English horse in speed! The ostrich, moreover, is long-winded, if I may use the expression; so that it is a work of time to exhaust the bird. The food of the ostrich in its wild state consists of seeds, tops, and various shrubs and other plants; but it is often difficult to conceive how it can manage to live at all, for one not unfrequently meets with it in regions apparently destitute of vegetation of any kind.—*Anderson's Africa.*

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THE GIRL'S WORK-TABLE.

BY MADAME EUGENIE.

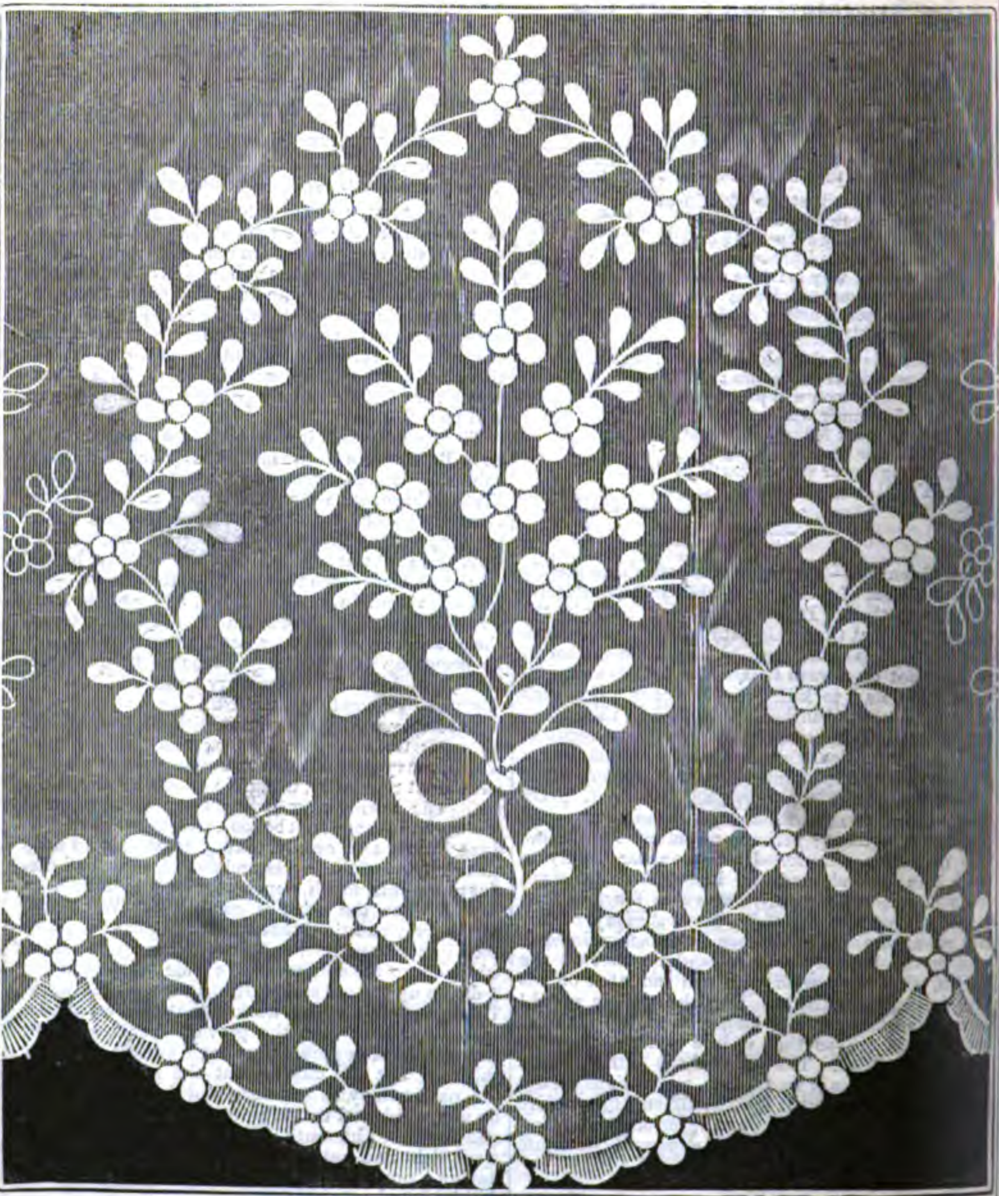
LACE,

IN APPLIQUE OF MUSLIN AND NET.

Materials.—Brussels Net; Jaconet Muslin; and Messrs. Walter Evans & Co.'s Perfectionné Cotton, Nos. 20 and 30.

WE are always anxious to give as great a variety as possible in the different styles of fancy-work which claim the greatest amount of favour, as, like other articles of taste, the productions of the needle are very much under the dominion of that very capricious influence—fashion. Lace, in applique of muslin and net, when the design is properly arranged,—for it is a very elegant sort of work,—and as there are now so many ways in which Lace is employed, we feel sure that a pattern for this purpose will be welcome.

The net on which it is to be worked must be very good Brussels; and the muslin very fine, but rather thin, as it has a more lacey appearance. The net and the muslin must be the same width, and both very carefully tacked together before being laid on the pattern, so that they may be perfectly flat, and free from the slightest crease. They must then be laid on the pattern—with the muslin on the outside—and run all round in small stitches, and also stitched down in many places between the different spaces of the pattern, so that it may be firm, and not liable to be drawn up in the working, which very much injures any kind of embroidery, and which ought always to be carefully avoided. The pattern must now be very neatly traced out with Messrs. Walter Evans & Co.'s No. 20 Perfectionné Cotton, after which, every part of this outline must be sewn over with great regularity, using No. 30 of the same Cotton. The sewing over is a very important part of the work: it should not be too close, but it should be done lightly and evenly, taking great care to keep all the forms of the leaves and flowers clear and distinct; on this, much depends, which will be soon proved when the work is completed. We would particularly mention, that this sewing over must be done in a narrow line, only just taking up the thread which forms the outline, as, if a wide stitch is taken, it draws up the net and muslin, and spoils the work. The last portion of this work is that which requires even more care than the previous parts, as every young lady can execute the simple process of sewing skilfully, but the cutting out the muslin so that the pattern may be left clear, and the net uninjured by any accidental cut, requires great precision and steadiness. The outline of the edge should be worked in fine button-hole stitch, and finished by having a purl sewn round it, and when completed, will be found very elegant.



LACE, IN APPLIQUE OF MUSLIN AND NET.

THE BOYS' & GIRLS' COMPANION FOR LEISURE HOURS

No. 23, Vol. I.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1857. [Price One Penny.

THE RAINBOW.

Have you not, dear children, gazed on the rainbow with wonder and delight, when you have been overtaken with a shower in the sunny meadows, and when your companions shout to you in a rapture, pointing out where

> "The bright enchantment bends
> Delightful o'er the radient fields?"

Perhaps you are like that boy, whom the poet Thomson describes, who

> "runs
> To catch the falling glory; but amazed,
> Beholds the amusing arch before him fly,
> Then vanish quite away."

Perhaps you have viewed this lovely spectacle, as the Poet Campbell did in his boyhood—

> "Triumphal arch, which fills the sky,
> When storms prepare to part;
> I ask not proud philosophy
> To teach me what thou art.
> Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
> A mid-way station, given
> For happy spirits to alight
> Between the earth and heaven."

That is a beautiful idea, is it not? The heathen bards of Scandinavia and Iceland sang of it as the "bridge of the gods," connecting heaven and earth. All the poets have celebrated it.

"The grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense, and every hue unfolds
In fair proportion, running from the red
To where the violet fades into the sky."

Homer, in his *Iliad*, speaks of—

"Jove's wondrous bow, of three celestial dyes,
Raised as a sign to man amidst the skies."

Milton makes Adam

"Behold the dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow;"

and Byron has the following fine description of the rainbow, appearing to shipwrecked men far out at sea:

"Now overhead a rainbow, bursting through
The scattering clouds, shone, spanning the dark sea,
Resting its bright base on the quivering blue;
And all within its arch appeared to be
Clearer than that without, and its wide hue
Wax'd broad, and waving like a banner free,
Then changed like a bow that's bent, and then
Forsook the dim eyes of those shipwreck'd men.
It changed of course, a heavenly chamelion,
The airy child of vapour, and the sun,
Brought forth in purple, crested in vermilion,
Baptised in molten gold, and swathed in dun,
Glittering like crescents in a Turk's pavilion,
And blending every colour into one."

The rainbow is the most pleasing and beautiful of all natural phenomena; upon its bright arch there seems to be written the history of the Godhead's love, blended with the evidence of His power. You have been taught, and have read in the Scriptures, "That God set His bow in the cloud, as a token or covenant, between Himself and the earth, that it should never again be deluged by water;" whenever we look upon it, we should remember God's merciful promise. The earth, before the great deluge, was watered by dews only, not by rain; and as rainbows could not be formed without rain, the bow had not appeared in the cloud before the time of Noah, to whom God promised not to destroy the earth any more by water.

The cause of this splendid spectacle is, the refraction of the sun's rays, from the falling raindrops. Sir Isaac Newton was the first who gave a full and satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon. The bow is always seen in that part of the heavens which is opposite to the sun. There are two bows: the interior is the most powerfully developed, it is formed by *one* reflection; the exterior is the result of two. The inner bow consists of a series of arches, in the following order, commencing with the innermost:—violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red.

The rainbows of Iceland exhibit a far greater degree of grandeur and glory than is associated with them in our own country: it arises from the peculiar situation of the island, and its close connexion with sea and mountain, that they are so much more beautiful. Travellers in Iceland describe their appearance with enthusiasm; and truly it must be a glorious spectacle, as the rainbow advances, in its rapid march sweeping away the clouds which hang around it—a splendid spectacle, as its bow sinks behind the island of Baffin, and its base rests upon the misty hills of Ennis Jure; and this glittering vision is so frequent, that it appears to the eye five or six times during the day, the lovely but treacherous herald of the coming storm.

Rainbows are sometimes seen when the hoar-frost is descending; and Captain Parry, in his attempt to reach the North Pole, saw a fog-bow, and no less than five other complete arches formed in the main one, all beautifully coloured. The rainbows of Greenland are frequently of a pale white, fringed with a brownish yellow, arising from the rays of the sun being reflected from a frozen cloud. Artificial rainbows are sometimes formed by the spray of a waterfall, and by the many mists from the surface of seas and oceans. The mighty falls of Niagara in America have most superb rainbows.

We strongly advise our readers to study the science of the rainbow, and the other kindred phenomena of double refraction.

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SWIMMING.

At this season of the year, when the healthy pastime of swimming may be pursued, we venture to give those of our young friends who may be inexperienced in the art, a few hints which may serve them in time of need. Great caution is required in the commencement, for it is too often a failing in youth to tempt danger and incur risks, often fatal, from not having acquired the knowledge of averting them.

Effects of Bathing on the Health.—Cleanliness, obtained in whatever way, keeps open the pores of the skin, and allows of the free escape of the insensible perspiration which is thrown off in great quantities, and the free egress of which is of the utmost importance to the health of the system.

The tonic and reviving qualities of cold water are of the most remarkable character. How wonderfully refreshing it is to bathe merely the face and hands in this element!

On first plunging into cold water, there comes a shock, which drives the blood to the central parts of the system. But immediately a reaction takes place, which is assisted by the exercise of swimming, producing, even in water of a low temperature, an agreeable warmth. The stay in the water should never be voluntarily prolonged beyond the period of this excitement. If the water be left while this warmth continues, and the body immediately dried, the healthy glow over the whole surface will be delightful.

To remain in the water, after the first reaction is over, produces a prolonged chilliness, a shrinking of the flesh, and a contraction of the skin, by no means favourable to health or enjoyment; for it is only in water thoroughly warmed by the summer heats, where we may bathe for many hours with impunity.

Certain precautions are necessary. Moderate exercise, by summoning into action the powers of the system, and quickening the circulation, is better than inactivity. We should never go into water immediately after a meal, nor while the process of digestion is going forward. Nor should we plunge into the water when violently heated, or in a state of profuse perspiration. Such imprudences are often fatal, especially if the water be unusually cold. If too warm, the temperature of the body may be reduced by bathing the wrists, and wetting the head.

Times and Places for Swimming.—Before meals rather than after, and especially before breakfast, and before supper, are proper seasons for bathing. The heats of the day are to be avoided, but in very hot weather a bath is useful to cool the blood, and secure refreshing sleep. If in the middle of the day, a shaded place should be chosen, or the head protected from the sun by being kept wet, or by wearing a straw hat, as is practised by the fashionable French ladies at their watering-places.

The sea is the best place for swimming. Owing to the greater specific gravity of salt water than fresh, the body is more buoyant in it, as are other substances. A ship coming out of salt water into fresh, sinks perceptibly in the water. The difference is nearly equal to the weight of the salt held in solution.

The bottom should be of hard sand, gravel or smooth stones. Sharp stones and shells cut the feet—weeds may entangle them. The swimmer must avoid floating grass and quicksand. The new beginner must be careful that the water does not run beyond his depth, and that the current cannot carry him into a deeper place, also that there be no holes in the bottom. As persons are ever liable to accidents, cramps, &c., it is always best that boys or girls should be accompanied by those who are older than themselves, and who will be able to save them in any emergency.

Aids in Learning to Swim.—Probably one of the best ways of learning to swim is to go, with a competent teacher, in a boat in deep water, this supporting the body more buoyantly than that which is shallower, and preventing the constant tendency of beginners to touch the bottom, which here is of course impossible.

The teacher should fasten a rope carefully around the waist, or, better still, to a belt, which can neither tighten nor slip down. The rope may be fastened to a short pole. Supported in this manner, the pupil may take his proper position in the water, and practise the necessary motions, and the support of the rope may be gradually lessened, until the pupil finds himself entirely supported by the water.

Corks and bladders are often used as supports for learners; but it is much better to begin without them. As, however, they may be a protection in some cases against accidents, and enable the learner to practise the proper motions for rapid swimming more carefully, they are not to be entirely condemned. Several large pieces of cork, uncut into stopples, must be strung upon each end of a piece of rope, long enough to pass under the chest, and reach just above the shoulders; or well blown and properly secured bladders, may be fastened in the same way. Care must be taken to confine these supports near the shoulders, as by their slipping down, they would plunge the head under water, and produce the very catastrophe they were designed to prevent.

A great variety of life-preservers have been invented, made of Indian-rubber, and cork-shavings, in the form of jackets, belts, &c., which may be used like the cork and bladders; but as their bulk is generally all round the chest, they hinder the free use of the arms, and impede the velocity of motion. As life-preservers, they would do very well if people ever had them on when they were needed, or had presence of mind enough to fit and inflate them in sudden emergencies. The best life-preservers are the self-reliance and well-directed skill of a good swimmer.

Swimming with the plank has two advantages. The young bather has always the means of saving himself from the effects of a sudden cramp, and he can practise with facility the necessary motions with the legs and feet, aided by the momentum of the plank. A piece of light wood three or four feet long, two feet wide, and about two inches thick, will answer very well for this purpose. The chin may be rested upon the end, and the arms used, but this must be done carefully, or the support may go beyond the young swimmer's reach.

A better method, as many think, than any of these is, for the teacher to wade into the water with his pupil, and then support him in a horizontal position by placing his hand under the pupil's chest, while he directs his motions. He may withdraw his support almost imperceptibly; but we do not see what advantage this method has over that first noticed with the boat, unless it be that the teacher can better enforce his precepts by examples, and in swimming himself, give practical illustrations of his theories of propulsion.

The rope is another artificial support, which has its advantages. A rope may be attached to a pole, fastened—and mind that it be well fastened—in the bank, or it may be attached to the branch of an overhanging tree. Taken in the hands, the swimmer may practise with his legs, or, by holding it in his teeth, he may use all his limbs at once. The rope, however, is not so good as the plank, as it allows of less freedom of motion; and the latter might easily be so fixed as to be laid hold of by the teeth, and held securely.

The Cramp.—Those persons who plunge into the water when they are heated by exercise, and remain in it until they are benumbed with cold, or exhaust themselves by very violent exertion, are the most subject to attacks of cramp. The moment the swimmer is seized by cramp in the legs, he must not suffer himself to feel alarmed; but strike out the limb affected with all his might, keeping the heel downward, and drawing the toes as far upward as he can, although at the time these movements give him great pain; he may also turn on his back, and jerk the limb into the air, though not so high as to throw himself out of his balance. Should these attempts prove unsuccessful, he must try to reach the shore with his hands; or at all events, keep himself afloat until assistance can be procured. If he cannot float on his back, he may swim upright, keeping his head above the surface by striking the water downward with his hands near his hips; and he can thus make steady progress without using his legs. If only one leg be attacked, the swimmer may strike forward with the other; and to acquire confidence in cases of cramp, it is advisable to practise swimming with one hand and leg; with the hands only, or even with one leg.

Entering the Water.— Striking Out.—We now come to the most important directions. As the pupil must gradually acquire confidence in this new element, he should not be urged to plunge in against his inclination. After wetting his head, he may wade in until the water is up to his breast, then turning towards the shore, inflate his lungs and incline forward, until the water covers his chin. The head should be thrown backward, and the back hollowed, and the chest as much as possible expanded. In swimming, the feet should be about two feet below the surface.

The hands should be placed just in front of the breast, pointing forward, the fingers kept close together, and the thumb to the fingers, so as to form a slightly hollow paddle. Now strike the hands forward as far as possible, but not bringing them to the surface; then make a sweep backward to the hips, the hands being turned downward and outward; then bringing them back under the body, and with as little resistance as may be, to their former position, and continue as before.

The hands have three motions—First, from their position at the breast, they are pushed straight forward; second, the sweep round to the hips, like an oar, the closed and hollowed hands being the paddle portion, and their position in the water and descent serving both to propel and sustain the body; and, third, they are brought back under the body to the first position.

Having learned these motions by practising them slowly, the pupil should proceed to learn the still more important motions of the legs. These are likewise three in number, one of prepartion; and two of propulsion. First, the legs are drawn up as far as possible by bending the knees, and keeping the feet widely separated; second, they are pushed with force backward and outward, so that they spread as far as possible; and, third, the legs are brought together, thus acting powerfully upon the wedge of water which they enclosed.

The motion in the water should be as straight forward as possible, and the more the head is immersed the easier is the swimming. Rising at every stroke—*breasting*, as it is called—is both tiresome and inelegant.

All these movements should be made with slowness, and deliberately, without the least flurry. The learner will soon breathe naturally, and as the motions are really natural, he will not be long in acquiring them. If he draw in his breath as he rises, and breathe it out as he sinks, he will time his strokes, and avoid swallowing water. Those who have been accustomed to fresh water, must be particularly careful when they go into the sea, the water of which is very nauseous.

Plunging or Diving.—In leaping into the water, feet first, which is done from rocks, bridges, and even from the yards and masts of lofty vessels, the feet must be kept close together, and the arms either held close to the side or over the head. In diving head-foremost, the hands must be put together, so as to divide the water before the head. The hands are also in a proper position for striking out.

It is wonderful how easy the swimmer directs his course under water. If he wishes to go down or come up, or swim to the right or left, he has but to bend his head and body in that direction, and after a little use he will do this almost unconsciously, as if his movements were the result of volition alone;

In descending in the water, bend the head so as to bring the chin near the breast, and curve the back in the same direction; in ascending, hold back the head and hollow the back. In swimming over the surface, look up to the sky. It is quite impossible to dive beneath the surface in this position.

Swimming in Deep Water.—In the swimming schools of Prussia, the pupils are taught in deep water, sustained by a belt, and a rope attached to a pole, which the teacher holds as a lever over a railing. The motions of the arms, then of the legs, and then both together, are practised by word of command, like military exercises. The support is given as required. After a few lessons the pole is dispensed with—then the rope; but the pupil is still kept, until proficient, within reach of the pole.

This mode of learning to swim is like that practised in teaching boys to ride in the circus. A rope, fastened to a belt, passes through a ring in the saddle, and the end is held by the riding-master in the centre of the ring. If the boy falls, his teacher has only to draw upon the rope, and he is secure from danger, and ready to spring to his feet again.

Those who are learning to swim in shallow water, and without a teacher, may find advantage in the following method:

When the learner has acquired some facility in swimming, and wishes to try to swim out of his depth, he should first venture to cross a stream which may be a foot or two overhead in the middle. He must not be alarmed at not feeling ground under his feet, or make quick and short strokes, and breathe at the wrong time, so that he involuntarily swallows water; all which mishaps, of course, increase the hurry and agitation, and make it difficult for him to get back to shore. Learners should, therefore, never venture out of their depth, without having first practised such distances only as they are certain they can accomplish; for if they can swim eight or ten yards without allowing their feet to touch the bottom of the river, they may fearlessly attempt to cross a deep stream of only half that width, and so on, increasing the distance by degrees; they will thus progressively attain presence of mind, and find that the deeper the water, the greater is its sustaining power, and the easier they will be enabled to swim in it.

Treading Water.—This is a favourite position in the water, and useful as a means of resting in swimming long distances. The position is perpendicular; the hands are placed upon the hips, or kept close to the side, to assist in balancing the body, being moved like fins, at the wrist only. The feet are pushed down alternately, so as to support the head above water; and the body may be raised in this way to a considerable extent. While in this position, if the head be thrown back so as to bring the nose and mouth uppermost, and the chest somewhat inflated, the swimmer may sink till his head is nearly covered, and remain for any length of time in this position without motion, taking care to breathe very slowly.

Upright Swimming.—System of Bernardi.—Bernardi, an Italian teacher of swimming, who has written a treatise upon the subject, warmly recommends the upright position in swimming, as being in conformity with the accustomed movements of the limbs; from the freedom of the hands and arms; greater facility of breathing, and less risk of being caught hold of by persons struggling in the water.

Though this method can never supersede that taught by nature, and the frog, her best professor, it may be practised for variety's sake. The great difficulty is in keeping the head properly balanced, for whichever way it inclines, over goes the body.

Side Swimming.—In swimming on either side, the motions of the legs have no alteration, but are performed as usual. To swim on the left side, lower that side, which is done with the slightest effort, and requires no instructions. Then strike forward with the left hand, and sideways with the right, keeping the back of the latter to the front, with the thumb side downward, so as to act as an oar. In turning on the other side, strike out with the right hand, and use the left for an oar. To swim on each side alternately, stretch out the lower arm the instant that a strike is made by the feet, and strike with the other arm on a level with the head at the instant that the feet are urging the swimmer forward; and while the upper hand is carried forward, and the feet are contracted, the lower hand must be drawn toward the body. This method is full of variety, and capable of great rapidity, but it is also very fatiguing.

Thrusting.—This is a beautiful variety of this exercise, and much used by accomplished swimmers. The legs and feet are worked as in ordinary swimming, but the hands and arms very differently. One arm—say the right—should be lifted wholly out of the water, thrust forward to its utmost reaching, and then dropped upon the water with the hand hollowed, and then brought back by a powerful movement, pulling the water toward the opposite arm-pit. At the same time the body must be sustained and steadied by the left hand, working in a small circle, and as the right arm comes back from its far reach to the armpit, the left is carrying in an easy sweep from the breast to the hip. The left arm is thrust forward alternately with the right, and by these varied movements great rapidity is combined with much ease.

Swimming on the Back.—This is the easiest of all modes of swimming, because in this way a larger portion of the body is supported by the water. It is very useful to ease the swimmer from the greater exertion of more rapid methods, and especially when a long continuance in deep water is unavoidable. The swimmer can turn easily to this position, or if learning, he has but to incline slowly backward, keeping his head on a line with his body, and letting his ears sink below the surface. Then placing his hands upon his hips, he can push himself along with his feet and legs with perfect ease, and considerable rapidity.

The hands may be used to assist in propelling in this mode by bringing them up edgewise towards the armpits, and then pushing them down, the fingers fronting inward, and the thumb-part down. This is called "winging."

The hands may be used at discretion, the application of force in one direction, of course, giving motion in the other; and the best methods are soon learned when once the pupil has acquired confidence in his buoyant powers.—*Family Friend.*

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Everybody has one talent, some have many. What use do I make of mine?

DOMESTIC PETS.

PARROTS.

A NEGRO passing along Fleet Street was astonished at hearing a voice call out—"How d'ye do, massa mungo? how d'ye do, snowball?" and on looking up, observed it proceeded from a gilt cage. "Aha! massa Parrot!" said Blackee, "you great man here—you lib in gold house now; but we know your fader very well—he lib in bush."

Our Boys and Girls all admire the splendid, screaming, chattering Parrot, swinging in its "gold house," or exhibiting itself on its perch in the sunshine; and many have viewed with delight the various kinds of Parrots in that attractive place the Parrot-house of the Zoological Gardens, but few have any ideas of how and where this showy race of birds exist in a state of nature.

Their native homes are the homes of the black and coloured men, as shown in the above anecdote.

"In many a land, that lies far o'er the seas,
There slim bananas tremble in the breeze,
Bending beneath their weight of golden globes—
Where the tall mangos, clad in emerald robes,
Greet the soft gale with many a fragrant kiss,
And woo the gentle birds to bowers of bliss—
Where graceful cocoas, and the stately palm,
Sleep in the sunshine, when the winds are calm;
And coffee-trees, and aromatic cloves,
And cinnamon, and mace, from spicy groves—
Where rise the sugar-canes in gleaming rows,
And blooms upon the bank, the golden rose,
With jessamine, and wild convolvuli;
And on the river, softly gliding by,
The lotus sends her blossoms all afloat,
Bright-hued, and fashioned like a fairy boat:
There by the cabin of the dark Gentoo,
And idle worshipper, the Cockatoo,
Proud of his crest, and of his plumage vain,
Makes all re-echo to his scream again;
And in the shadow of the woodlands meet,
The Rose-winged and the Vernal Parokeet,
To pass, in noisy conference, away
The balmy hours of each succeeding day;
And there, too, dwell the gorgeous Lory, drest
In hues that emulate the glowing West.
Oh! 'tis a glorious sight these birds to see,
Gleaming and glancing, as from tree to tree
They flit—now clinging to the swaying bough,
Down the dim vista slowly sailing now;
One like a wingèd emerald, and one,
Just where the sunbeam falls its plumes upon,
Showing all colours. like the shining bow,
Whose tints prismatic on the storm-clouds glow.

Like a flash of light
One darts, whose plumage is all silvery white;
Here a deep yellow blazes on the view,
Shuffling, and changing, to a greenish hue;
All that is beautiful, and bright, and rare,
Of earth, or ocean, or of upper air—
Flowers, and gems, and rainbow hues, and wings
Of seraphs—deck these bright and glowing things."

The Parrot family—of long-billed birds—comprise six divisions. The principal being:—the MACAWS, which include the Cockatoos and Toucons; the PARROTS, which include the Parokeets; and the LORIES.

The Macaws are distinguished from the true Parrots by having the cheeks bare of feathers, and the tail very long. They are extremely graceful in form and motion, have rich plumage, are lively, and very noisy, occupying a great part of their time in discordant screeching. In the hall or drawing-room they are extremely ornamental, from the beautiful metallic reflections which play over their plumage.

The Macaws are mostly natives of the hot regions of America, and especially South America, where they nestle in the holes of decayed trees, which some species excavate, as do our woodpeckers.

The food of the Macaws is chiefly dry seeds, or the fruit of the palm, and they eat many coffee-berries in the coffee-growing lands; but here, in confinement, we must nourish them differently. The red and yellow Macaw must have white bread soaked in milk, and moistened biscuit; it is injured by meat, pastry, or sweetmeats; when moulting, it should be carefully tended, and kept warm, or a perfect plumage will not be obtained. It is a large bird, with a powerful beak. Its colours are a brilliant scarlet and bright blue, intermixed with green, and yellow, and grey. If kept in a cage, it should be a circular one, about three feet in diameter, and eight feet high, with a hoop for swinging; if the space is cramped, the beautiful tail-feathers will be injured. It is best to keep it attached by a chain to a smooth pole, crossed by a transversed stick for a perch; it is a dirty bird, and often spiteful. It has admirable powers of articulation, while the blue and yellow Macaw imitate the mewing of cats, barking of dogs, bleating of sheep, &c., with great facility and accuracy; it is remarkable for its clear enunciation of the word "Jacob," and for drinking only in the evening. The great green Macaw—of a beautiful, bright, grass-green, diversified with blue and red, and shaded with black or deep blue—is valued for its variety, as well as for its beautiful plumage and exceedingly docile and amiable temper; it will repeat almost any lesson immediately, call persons whom he is accustomed to see by their several names, and is fond of children—which the other Macaws are not.

In a wild state, the great green Macaw inhabits the warm districts of the Andean chain of mountains in South America, sometimes living at an elevation of 3000 feet.

We now come to the Cockatoos, which you may recognise by the beautiful crest of feathers on the head. The name is derived from the loud and distinct call-note of some of the species, sounding like "*Cock-a-too*" very distinctly uttered. These birds come from Australia, and the Indian Isles; they live on seeds and fruits, and can crack the stones of the hardest fruits; their colour is mostly white, tinged with rose-red or sulphur yellow; they are not capable of speaking more than "Cock-a-too."

The great white Cockatoo should have a wire bell-shaped cage, or be chained to a perch in the open air, if the weather be warm. Feed it with all kinds of nuts, mealy seeds, and bread and milk. The Sulphur-crested Cockatoo is a most agreeable pet—playful, jocular, and affectionate.

The great Red-crested Cockatoo—also from "the Spice Isles of the Indian Seas"—is the largest and handsomest of the Cockatoos. Some of the feathers of its crest are, at least, six inches long, of a rich orange-colour at the base. This is not so gentle and caressing a bird as the common white Cockatoo. It has a loud, trumpet-like voice, with which it shrieks out its own name, and calls "*derdeney*," clapping its wings the while like a cock, whose crow, as well as the cluck of the hen, and the various cries of different animals, it readily imitates. It is not a delicate bird, and may be easily reared and kept.

The Toucans are known at once by their enormous bills, which are curved, and hooked, and toothed at the edges, and are thus formidable weapons. In America, they go in little flocks of from six to ten, and although heavy flyers, will reach the tops of the tallest forest-trees, where they are fond of perching. They will eat almost anything. Their mode of eating solid food is very peculiar—when the morsel is presented, they take it on the point of the bill, throw it upwards, and then catch it in the open mouth so dexterously, that it goes at once into the aperture of the gullet, and is swallowed without difficulty.

The Toucans are so sensible to cold that they dread the night-air; even in tropical climates, it is necessary, therefore, to keep them in a warm temperature. They do not speak—their utterance is merely a kind of croak. The Preacher Toucan has a singular cry, which it almost constantly utters. It comes from Guana and the Brazils It is easy to tame and to keep.

The true PARROTS are less elegant than the Macaw tribe—less splendid in colour than the Lories—but are excellent imitators, and can articulate words and sentences very distinctly. The Ash-coloured or Grey Parrot is one of the commonest, largest, and most tractable of its tribe. It is about the size of a pigeon. It is an African bird. It will eat anything; but the best food for it is bread and milk. If its diet be wrong, or cleanliness neglected, it will have swollen and gouty feet. The memory of the Grey Parrot is most extraordinary: it will retain entire verses and passages of considerable length. We read of one that repeated the whole creed, and was therefore purchased by a cardinal for 100 dollars. Some Grey Parrots live to fifty, sixty, seventy, or even 100 years old. It moults regularly once a year.

The Blue-headed Parrot, from East India—though it cannot speak—is much valued for its beauty. The

Grey-breasted Parrot is pretty and docile; but it is of moping habits, and its small and obtuse beak, nearly hidden by the grey, puffed-out feathers of the face, as it sits with its neck drawn in, closely resembles an owl. It has a high, sharp-sounding call, like "*keirsh;*" while the beautiful Amboyna Parrot screams loudly, "*geek!*" The White-pouted Parrot is very tame and talkative, and a capital mimic of other animals. The Amazon Parrot is frequently brought home by sailors and others; its disposition is social and confiding, but it speaks little. It is common, and cheap. The Yellow-headed Amazon is less common, but more beautiful; it seldom utters anything beyond a loud shriek, and is not an apt pupil. The Blue-faced Parrot is a noisy bird. There are three or four varieties of this species; they scream incessantly, "*gir-gir-gir.*"

The Parokeets, or Paroquets, are often smaller than the true Parrots—more slender and elegantly proportioned, with long, pointed tails—several from Africa and Asia have rings round their necks. Thus you may easily distinguish the Parokeets from the Parrots, which are all stout, heavy birds, with short and even, or slightly rounded tails. Here are a few of the Parokeets:—

The Cardinal, from the East Indies, is one of the largest and most splendid species; the Rose-ringed is extremely delicate and rare; the Pavouane, from Guiana, Cayenne, and the Caribbee Isles, learns extremely well, and is the most distinct speaker of all the long-tailed Parokeets.

One of the smallest of the Parrot favourites is the Love-bird, measuring only six inches. Its colour is vivid green, with a black and yellow collar, and red and blue tail. Its manners are lively.

The Lories are so named from the call-note of some of the species. They are gorgeously beautiful, but exceedingly difficult to preserve in a cold climate. There are many varieties; but here we shall only mention the Purple-capped Lory—a very rare and costly bird—of resplendent tints. It utters "*Lory,*" speaks incessantly, and as hollow as a ventriloquist; imitates everything, and in clear round tones: but it requires to be constantly amused and caressed. It is a truly wonderful bird—the most highly endowed of the whole Parrot race.

In conclusion, bear in mind, if you have a Parrot or Parrots to keep, that they require large, roomy cages; and the larger birds, open perches. The eating and drinking-vessels *not* of zinc or pewter, but of glass or porcelain. Course sand sprinkled on the floor—in warm weather, cleaned out every day; in cold weather, twice a week. Carefully guard all kinds of parrots from *cold;* but give them plenty of sunshine, and fresh warm air, when you can do so. Set them out amid flowers, shrubs, or in a greenhouse; and in teaching your parrots, never threaten or punish, but repeat the lesson frequently, and reward with choice morsels. Take care the bread and milk be not sour—and vary it with biscuit, grain, nuts, and fruits; and to the small birds, add hemp and canary-seed and millet. Give no meat; and take care how you indulge your pet with pastry and sweets.

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A WHALE ATTACKING A SHIP.

The ship *Cuban*, of Greenock, from Demerara, recently met with a most extraordinary adventure on her homeward voyage. About 9 p.m. lat. 43 49 N., long. 29 50 W., the ship, which was running before the wind at the rate of 9½ knots an hour, received such a severe shock that she heeled over several strakes, and her way was completely stopped, while the men who were sleeping on the starboard berths of the topgallant forecastle were thrown out upon their chests. Shortly after the shock an immense whale rose at a short distance from the ship's quarter, and after lying motionless for a short time, as if stunned by the blow, swam towards the vessel as if with the intention of repeating the attack. It was a moment of intense anxiety on board, but, fortunately, when close to the stern, the monster wheeled round in the opposite direction and dived, throwing with his tail as he did so a quanity of blood and water on board. It was a moonlight night, and the bulk of the huge animal could be seen distinctly towering to a considerable height above the surface. When he dived his tail appeared to those on board to be from thirty to forty feet out of the water. The pumps were sounded, but the ship was found to be making no water. From the force of the blow and the fact that the second mate thought he heard a whale blowing a short time before the shock occurred, it is supposed that the fish made a regular attack upon the ship, and was not come in contact with while asleep. An estimate of its immense size and power may be formed from the fact of its bringing to a stand-still a deeply laden ship of 500 tons, sailing at the rate of nearly ten knots an hour.—*Greenock Advertiser.*

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The Animal Kingdom.—A quaint writer takes the following view of the trades, arts, callings, and avocations of the animal kingdom:—"Bees are geometricians. The cells are so constructed, as, with the least quantity of materials, to have the largest sized spaces and the least possible loss of interstice. The mole is a meteorologist. The bird called a nine-killer is an arithmetician; and also the crow, the wild turkey, and some other birds. The torpedo, the ray, and the electric eel, are electricians. The nautilus is a navigator: he rises his sails, cast and weighs anchor, and performs other nautical acts. Whole tribes of birds are musicians. The beaver is an architect, builder, and wood-cutter: he cuts down trees, and erects houses and dams."

TOO YOUNG TO BE GOOD.

Mary and Lucy Bathurst lived in a fine house, surrounded with a beautiful garden of fruits and flowers, and every comfort afforded them that a kind mamma could suggest. But they were ungrateful for their privileges, and gave way to disobedience and bad temper. When they were corrected for their evils, they would reply, that they would grow better as they grew older,—"We are too young to be good."

These little girls had got this notion from a mistaken word of a friend of their mamma's, who, on being appealed to upon their bad conduct, replied—

"Oh, Mrs. Bathurst, what can you expect from children? They will be better by and bye, when they grow older."

These imprudent words were well remembered by the children, who often flattered themselves that youth was sufficient excuse for bad conduct.

One day, Mrs. Bathurst, instead of taking her accustomed walk in the fields with her children, directed her steps towards the orchard. Placed quite close to each other, a beautiful plum-tree and magnificent cherry-tree, attracted their attention. The plum-tree extended far its branches, which a knotty and crooked trunk sustained; its fruit was colouring under a burning sun, and gave the best hopes. The branches of the cherry-tree ascended towards the clouds; its feeble trunk had a marked inclination to bend towards the ground, and strong ropes fastened the tree to a large pole to prevent it from bending still further.

Mrs. Bathurst called Joseph, the gardener, and said, in a tone unusual to her:

"Joseph, I am not pleased with you!"

"How have I displeased you, ma'am?" said Joseph.

"Why does that plum-tree bend thus towards the ground?"

"Because, ma'am, its branches are too heavily laden with fruit."

"I speak of the trunk, Joseph, not of the branches."

"As to the trunk, ma'am, I have only been here one year, and the tree is between eight and ten years old; so it is not I who have let it become what it is."

"But it appears to me that you could straighten it."

"Oh, no; it is *too late*."

"You are taking great pains with that cherry-tree."

"Excuse me, ma'am, it is because it is young."

"I should like you to try and straighten the plum-tree."

"You know, ma'am, that men cannot do impossibilities."

"But you must, Joseph!"

"It would break; it would *never* straighten."

"But you must try!"

"Ah!" said Joseph, as he went to get the necessary tools, "such beautiful plums; they will all be lost!"

The two children looked at their mamma in astonishment.

"How mamma speaks to Joseph!" said Mary, in a low voice, to her sister.

"Yes; I don't understand it," answered Lucy, in the same tone.

"I always saw the tree that way; and mamma paid no attention to it."

"Yes; and I am sure that it is too late to straighten, and the plums will all be lost."

Joseph arrived with a pole and fixed it in the ground, on the opposite side to which the tree bent; and when it was solidly fixed, he passed a large rope round the plum-tree, and pulled it with all his force. The tree did not move; only the ground was covered with fruit, which fell from the shaken branches. The two girls sighed frequently; and Mrs. Bathurst seemed to await with anxiety the result of Joseph's efforts. At last the plum-tree split a little, and from its trunk seemed to come a plaintive groan, which was answered by a cry from the two sisters—

"Mamma!" cried Mary, "have mercy on the plum-tree! believe Joseph, it is *too old*—it will never straighten."

Joseph stopped at a sign from his mistress. "And you, my children, believe my experience when I tell you, that you must correct your faults at the tenderest age. I have chosen those two trees to render the truth more sensible to you. The plum-tree is the emblem of a child abandoned to its caprices till it is too late to correct them; the cherry-tree, supported by what gardeners so properly call a tutor, is the emblem of a child properly trained."

This lesson had the desired effect upon Mary and Lucy, who never after presumed to shelter their errors under the mistaken notion that they were too young to reform them. A. D.

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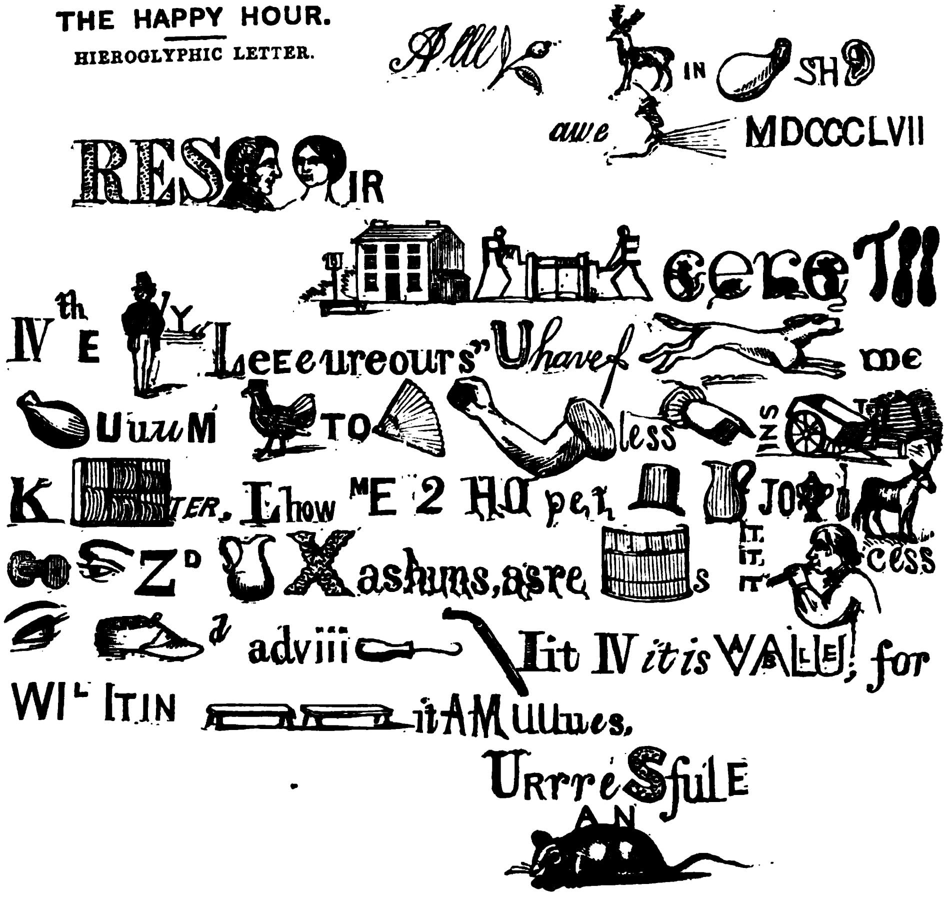
The Storks, a Pattern for Children.—The storks are birds very much venerated in the East, on account of their love for their parents. These birds are said to take care of their parents when they become old and lose their feathers, so that they cannot fly. They hover over them when exposed to cooling damps, drive off all their enemies, bring food for them, and when, on the wing, their aged mother tires, they bear her on their own backs:

"The stork's an emblem of true piety,
Because, when age has seized and made his dam
Unfit for flight, the grateful young one takes
His mother on his back, provides her food,
Repaying thus her care of him,
Ere he was fit to fly."

THE HAPPY HOUR.

HIEROGLYPHIC LETTER.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JULIUS CÆSAR.—An acre contains 4840 square yards, and 14,520 square feet. If you send your address, we will forward the receipt, as it would be out of place to insert it in our pages.

HARRY.—**FORMATION OF DEW.**—On a fine night, when there are no clouds, the heat absorbed by the earth from the sun during the day has a tendency to disperse itself through free space, and, of course, leaves the surface of the earth cold; by this coldness, the watery vapour in the dew is condensed, and falls down in the shape of dew. In countries near the equator, the deposition of dew is much more abundant than in England, because there is more heat absorbed from the sun during the day. In cloudy nights there is no dew deposited, because the heat of the earth is met in its passage upwards by the heat possessed by the clouds, and by that means an equilibrium is established, as the earth then receives as much heat from the clouds as it gives out. Frost is frozen dew.

R. CAIRNIE.—We know no better work for your purpose than "Cornwell's aid to Composition," published by Simpkin & Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Hill; the price is 1s. 6d. There is another little book you would find useful, "The Right Word in the Right Place," published by Shaw, Southampton Row, price 6d. We always gave you credit for intelligence beyond your years, but your last letter discloses a good nature that is charming to dwell upon. We hope, while you are engaged in explaining that portion of our pages to your brothers and sisters, you will find something in it to interest and inform yourself.

DAVID COPPERFIELD.—Thanks for your promptitude in answering our query of last Number. There is little doubt but that your tale, judging from the portion received, will be accepted. We must, however, request of you to forward the completion as soon as possible, both as a guarantee that it will be finished, and also that we may be better able to judge of its merits, before we can decide.

Address to Editor at Printers', 23, Middle Street, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

WE ARE ALL TRULY GRATEFUL TO YOU.

SONG OF THANKS FOR SCHOOL ANNIVERSARIES.

BY L. M. THORNTON,

Author of the "Postman's Knock." Air—"Red White and Blue."

Kind Christians, and friends now before us,
Who gaze with delight on this scene,
Through you we are what you behold us;
But *for* you, how sad we had been!
Now blest with kind teachers and learning,
The straight, narrow path we pursue:
Receive, then, the thanks of each bosom—
We are all truly grateful to you.

CHORUS.

We are all truly grateful to you—
We are all truly grateful to you:
Receive, then, the thanks of each bosom—
We are all truly grateful to you.

And, oh! when at Church shall no longer,
Or *school*, little children appear,
But all in the clouds must assemble,
Their final and just doom to hear,—
The thought that your humble endeavours
Led us our condition to view,
Will prove, as glide ages eternal,
A crown of rejoicing to you!

CHORUS.

A crown of rejoicing to you—
A crown of rejoicing to you—
Will prove, as glide ages eternal,
A crown of rejoicing to you!

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A SISTER'S VALUE.

HAVE you a sister? Then love and cherish her with all that pure and holy friendship which renders a brother so worthy and noble. Learn to appreciate her sweet influence as portrayed in the following words:—

"He who has never known a sister's kind administration, nor felt his heart warming beneath her endearing smile and love-beaming eye, has been unfortunate indeed. It is not to be wondered at if the fountains of pure feeling flow in his bosom but sluggishly, or if the gentle emotions of his nature be lost in the sterner attributes of mankind.

"'That man has grown up among affectionate sisters,' I once heard a lady of much observation and experience remark.

"'And why do you think so?' said I.

"'Because of the rich development of all the tender feelings of the heart.'

"A sister's influence is felt even in manhood's riper years; and the heart of him who has grown cold in chilly contact with the world will warm and thrill with pure enjoyment as some accident awakens within him the soft tones, the glad melodies, of his sister's voice; and he will turn from purposes which a warped and false plylosophy had reasoned into expediency, and even weep for the gentle influences which moved him in his earlier years."

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CANNOT DO IT.

"I CANNOT do it."—Yes, you can. Try—try hard, try often—and you will accomplish it. Yield to every discouraging circumstance, and you will do nothing worthy of a great mind. Try, and you will do wonders. You will be astonished at yourself—your advancement in whatever you undertake. "I cannot," has ruined many a man; has been the tomb of bright expectation and ardent hope. Let "I will try," be your motto in whatever you undertake, and if you press onward, you will steadily and surely accomplish your object, and come off victorious. Try—keep trying, and you are made for this world.

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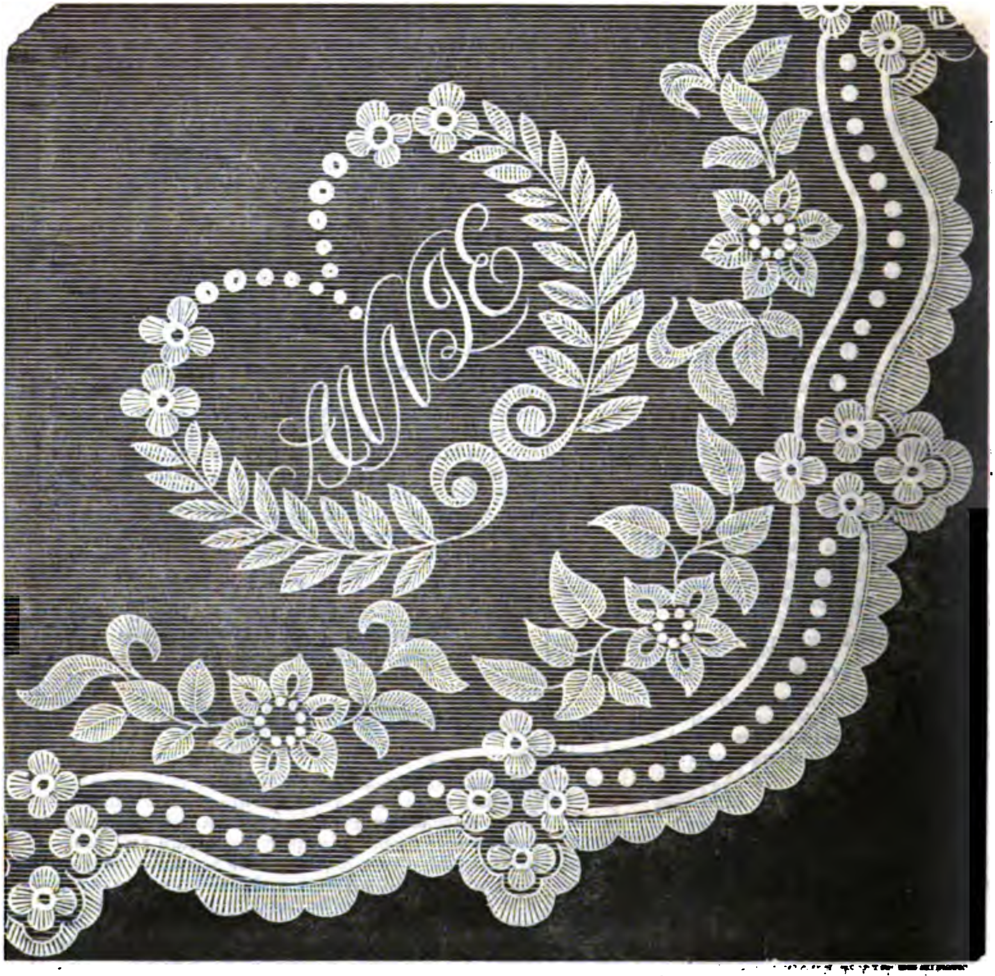
THE GIRL'S WORK-TABLE.

BY MADAME EUGENIE.

HANDKERCHIEF CORNER,

IN EMBROIDERY.

EMBROIDERY is a very elegant occupation, and one in which great taste and skill are required to produce satisfactory results—taste in selection, and skill in execution. It requires both care and practice to embroider well; but there are a few suggestions which may, perhaps, assist those young ladies who are not quite perfect in the art, to avoid the most common defects of embroidery, which are, badly shaped forms of leaves and flowers, irregularity in the size of holes and spots, and altogether a general drawing up of the muslin, which much injures the appearance of the work. To commence any pattern, it ought to be very carefully traced out with a little blue mixed with gum-water on to the muslin, which ought always to be good; and for learners, we think it better to commence with the green waxed-cloth, which is made on purpose. The muslin ought to be very closely tacked down to it, not only round the edge, but in every part between the pattern: this prevents the drawing up. The next point of importance is the tracing the pattern in cotton, so that all the curves may be kept clear and



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER, IN EMBROIDERY.

distinct. When the leaves are worked in satin-stitch, they ought to be worked first with a long stitch, the contrary way, to give them a rich and raised appearance; this adds very much to the beauty of the work. The holes ought also to be run round twice before being sewn over. When the satin-stitch is commenced, the great point is to leave the thread sufficiently loose, and the stitches close together, so that the under-raising shall not be seen. These are the chief points to be attended to; and practice will, with attention, soon render any young lady a proficient in this lady-like amusement. Our illustration gives a very pretty design for a handkerchief corner and border, which, when worked, will prove a very ornamental addition to a lady's dress. The best cotton, and the proper sizes, will be found to be Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Royal Embroidering; No. 16 for running the pattern, and No. 20 for working the satin-stitch.

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THE BOYS' & GIRLS' COMPANION FOR LEISURE HOURS

No. 24, Vol. I.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1857. [Price One Penny.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

Boy.—You have told us about the Rainbow, Mr. Editor, and now we wish to know something about the Northern Lights, called the Aurora Borealis. Fanny was reading about it to-day, and she says it must be a grander sight than the finest rainbow.

Editor.—Grander and sublimer, certainly; for nothing can be conceived more grand or more sublime: but the rainbow is the most lovely and beautiful, exciting softer emotions in the mind.

The Aurora varies very much in its appearance—sometimes it is a single, very broad arch of agitated light, that darts to and fro, scatters millions of bright rays, and exhibits splendid colours. Sometimes there are many luminous arches cast over the heavens, all in rapid agitation, and magnificent in the extreme. I, myself, have seen even more than this—the whole heaven covered with arches, or streamers of enchanting lights, that were all quivering, flashing, and darting at the same time, and exhibiting an indescribable variety and beauty of colour. It was a scene to be beheld but once in a lifetime—never shall I forget it. The streamers began to run across the sky about half-past ten at night; previous to that, for some hours, the clouds in the south had been very remarkable; we were able to read by their light alone, when all else was dark, for it was mid-winter. After the display of red clouds, there came one grand arch, then several, and then, as I have told you, a great number of streams of glorious-coloured light shot over the sky, till it was all barred with tremulous arches. But the uncommon grandeur of the spectacle lasted only about a minute; then the variety of colours disappeared, the arches lost their onward motion, and were converted into the usual flashing radiations; but even then, it surpassed all other appearances of the Aurora; in short, the whole hemisphere was covered with it.

Boy.—I suppose you saw this near the North Pole? for Fanny says that is the region of the Aurora.

Editor.—No, I beheld this most glorious Aurora no nearer the North Pole than the middle of England. Thus, you see, the Aurora is sometimes visible, though rarely, in our own country, on whose northern bounds, indeed, on the Scottish hills and moors, it is often visible. Ossian, the bard of the North, speaks of "the beam of fire by night beyond the hills," and "the meteor fires which light our fathers through the night," and "the distant fires on the heath by night, now seen as lost in smoke, now rearing their red streams on the hill."

But the farther north we go, the more frequent appears the Aurora, and the longer is its stay protracted through the dark hours of night, until, when we arrive at those countries where there is no sunlight during nearly half the year, we find these splendid lights always visible, more or less, and almost stationary through the gloomiest hours of those dreary regions, lighting up, and at the same time adorning a sky which else were dismal indeed. Thus, you will observe, this phenomenon exhibits the kind and wise arrangement of the Creator; for while the Aurora is so vivid and continuous where it is so welcome and so useful, it is never seen, or very rarely indeed, in the hot countries toward the middle of the earth, where there is always a proportion of light from the sun.

Boy.—Is the Aurora seen in the countries near the South Pole, as it is near the North Pole?

Editor.—Yes; but it is named, when witnessed there, the Aurora Australis. We are not so intimate with the southern hemisphere of the globe as we are with the northern, or it is pretty certain we should find the Aurora quite as familiar there; but it has been frequently seen by modern voyagers, though it used to be supposed in former years that these phenomena were never visible in the southern hemisphere.

Greenland, Lapland, and New Britain in North America, are especially illuminated by the magnificent northern lights, which rise directly the sun sets, often with a hissing, crackling noise. In Hudson's Bay, they resemble in shape an umbrella, darting streams of light from every part of the centre, radiating out in every direction. Fancy, if you were a Laplander, seated in your sledge, drawn by the rein-deer—God's good gift for those snowy, icy lands—how thankful you would feel for the Aurora waving its majestic beams over your path, which would be else dark as darkest midnight.

Boy.—What is the cause of the Aurora—how is it produced?

Editor.—The Aurora is an electrical phenomenon akin to lightning, and that is all we know of it. When, in experimenting with electricity, we pass it through a vacuum, beautiful streams of light are produced, which vary in colour and intensity, according to the amount of air, thus imitating the Aurora. But philosophy fails to comprehend more of these wonderful appearances. As an eloquent writer remarks: "The Aurora defies alike man's fancy and his judgment, unknown in its origin, unknown in its end. Ascend the mountain's peak when the heavens glow with the brilliancy of its beamings—watch the flaming sky, like the canopy of some eastern tent, glittering with gold and rubies and sapphires—watch till the heavens seem covered as with ten thousand rainbows, or bannered with the plumes of heaven's most glowing seraphim, till upon night's dark pall the throne and the temple of an Asiatic land seem painted in their richest colourings; and surely, as the scene melts from the eye, you will acknowledge that it is a spectacle calculated to rouse the mind to admiration, and to humble the spirit with devotion and awe. As of old, round the Shekinah of Judaical worship, the beams of Eternal Majesty sent forth their bright streamings, wrapping the spirit at once in cloud and flame, and faintly imaging forth the glories which congregate around the throne of the Eternal, and typifying the overpowering Majesty which bowed Isaiah to the dust—so might we almost suppose, as these bright visions float for a brief minute in our cloudy sky, that the veil is rent which hides from man the throned blaze of Godhead, and that we stand living witnesses of the Creator's immaterial glory!"

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THE FALLING APPLE.

Papa (said Lucy), I have been reading to-day, in the "Boys' and Girls' Companion," that Sir Isaac Newton was led to make some of his great discoveries by seeing an apple fall from a tree. What was there extraordinary in that?

Papa.—There was nothing extraordinary; but it happened to catch his attention, and set him a thinking.

Lucy.—And what did he think about?

Papa.—He thought by what means the apple was brought to the ground.

LUCY.—Why, I could have told him that—because the stalk gave way, and there was nothing to support it.

PAPA.—And what then?

LUCY.—Why then—it must fall, you know.

PAPA.—But why must it fall?—that is the point.

LUCY.—Because it could not help it.

PAPA.—But why could it not help it?

LUCY.—I don't know—that is an odd question. Because there was nothing to keep it up.

PAPA.—Suppose there was not—does it follow that it must come to the ground?

LUCY.—Yes, surely!

PAPA.—Is an apple animate or inanimate?

LUCY.—Inanimate, to be sure!

PAPA.—And can inanimate things move of themselves?

LUCY.—No, I think not—but the apple falls because it is forced to fall.

PAPA.—Right! some force out of itself acts upon it, otherwise it would remain for ever where it was, notwithstanding it were loosened from the tree.

LUCY.—Would it?

PAPA.—Undoubtedly, for there are only two ways in which it could be moved; by its own power of motion, or the power of somewhat else moving it. Now the first you acknowledge it has not; the cause of its motion must, therefore, be the second. And what that is was the subject of the philosopher's inquiry.

LUCY.—But everything falls to the ground as well as an apple, when there is nothing to keep it up.

PAPA.—True—there must therefore be a universal cause of this tendency to fall.

LUCY.—And what is it?

PAPA.—Why, if things out of the earth cannot move themselves to it, there can be no other cause of their coming together than that the earth pulls them.

LUCY.—But the earth is no more animate than they are: so how can it pull?

PAPA.—Well objected!—this will bring us to the point. Sir Isaac Newton, after deep meditation, discovered that there was a law in nature called *attraction*, by virtue of which every particle of matter, that is, everything of which the world is composed, draws towards it every other particle of matter, with a force proportioned to its size and distance. Lay two marbles on the table. They have a tendency to come together, and if there were nothing else in the world, they would come together, but they are also attracted by the table, by the ground, and by everything besides in the room; and these different attractions pull against each other. Now, the globe of the earth is a prodigious mass of matter, to which nothing near it can bear any comparison. It draws, therefore, with mighty force everything within its reach, which is the cause of their falling; and this is called the *gravitation* of bodies, or what gives them *weight*. When I lift up anything, I act contrary to this force, for which reason it seems *heavy* to me, and the heavier it is, the more matter it contains, since that increases the attraction of the earth for it. Do you understand this?

LUCY.—I think I do. It is like a loadstone drawing a needle.

PAPA.—Yes—that is an attraction, but of a peculiar kind, only taking place between the magnet and the iron. But gravitation, or the attraction of the earth, acts upon everything alike.

LUCY.—Then it is pulling you and me at this moment?

PAPA.—It is.

LUCY.—But why do we not stick to the ground then?

PAPA.—Because we are alive; we have a power of self-motion, which can, to a certain degree, overcome the attraction of the earth. But the reason you cannot jump a mile high as well as a foot, is this attraction, which brings you down again after the force of your jump is spent.

LUCY.—I think, then, I begin to understand what I have heard of people living on the other side of the world. I believe they are called *Antipodes*, who have their feet turned towards ours, and their heads in the air. I used to wonder how it could be that they did not fall off; but I suppose the earth pulls them to it.

PAPA.—Very true. And whither should they fall? What have they over their heads?

LUCY.—I don't know—sky, I suppose.

PAPA.—They have. The earth is a vast ball, hung in the air, and continually spinning round, and that is the cause why the sun and stars seem to rise and set. At noon we have the sun over our heads, when the Antipodes have the stars over theirs; and at midnight the stars are over our heads, and the sun over theirs. So whither should they fall to, more than we?—to the stars or the sun?

LUCY.—But we are up and they are down.

PAPA.—What is up, but *from* the earth and *toward* the sky? Their feet touch the earth, and their heads point to the sky, as well as ours. If a hole were dug quite through the earth, what would you see through it?

LUCY.—Sky, with the sun or stars; and now I see the whole matter plainly. But pray, what supports the earth in the air?

PAPA.—Why, where should it go?

LUCY.—I don't know—I suppose where there was most to draw it. I have heard that the sun is a great many times bigger than the earth. Would it not go to that?

PAPA.—You would have thought very justly on the matter, I perceive. But I shall take another opportunity of showing you how this is, and why the earth does not fall into the sun, of which, I confess, there seems to be some danger. Meanwhile think how far the falling of an apple has carried us.

Lucy.—To the Antipodes, and I know not-where.

Papa.—You may see thence what use may be made of the commonest fact by a thinking mind.

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LUMPS OF GOLD.

Two brothers, Philip and Arthur, set off one afternoon to take a walk. It was a fine day, late in October, and though the fields were now bare of crops, and no flowers left on the banks or hedges, the mellow autumn sun threw out so brilliantly the varied hues of the leaves still left on the trees, the sky was of so deep a blue, and the air so clear, that no summer's day could have been brighter or pleasanter. The walk of the two boys took in an agreeable variety; along the high road, through narrow lanes, across a park, over a stream of water, and home across a common.

Philip was in rather a silent mood, but he had plenty to think about in all that he saw, besides listening to Arthur, who, on the contrary, was very talkative. It might be the sight of the golden tints of the foliage, or that he had just been reading something in the newspaper about California and Australia; but his head was full of the gold-diggings, and the delight there must be in picking up gold by handfuls from the sand of rivers, or getting great lumps of it by digging deep holes. "Shouldn't you like to go to California, Philip?" said he, "or to those Bendigo diggings that cousin John is at? How I should like to find a great big nugget myself! There, just such a lump as this stone!" and as he spoke he kicked a great flint out of the pathway. Philip said "yes," and "very nice," and "capital fun," in answer, from time to time, as Arthur went on about the delight of gold-finding; but every now and then something in a hedge or on a bank distracted his attention, or he had something to pick up, or gather, or look at, that made him wander away from Arthur's side, and out of hearing of his talk. Arthur would then stand with his hands in his pockets gazing rather vacantly at nothing; and when Philip came back again he went on with what he had been saying before, or started some new idea about the joys of gold-finding, such as—"A whole bag of gold, Philip, just imagine that! More than you could carry any distance yourself, so that you would be obliged to hire a cart and horses to carry it to the first town where you could get it weighed and changed for English money—bright gold English sovereigns, Philip! that would buy as much food and clothes and all sorts of nice things as you could use in a life-time. Would not *that* be a famous work, Philip?" Philip had nothing to say against it, and had often thought and read about the California and Australia gold-diggings with as much interest as Arthur; but just then he was bent on getting the most he could out of his walk—to tell the truth, he was busy just then in *treasure-finding* himself!

By the time the boys got home, Philip had in fact as many treasures as he could well nigh carry. First of all—and the most burthensome of all—was a faggot of nice dry moss-covered sticks, which he had picked up in the park, and brought home for his mother's parlour fire; for he knew that she liked nothing so well as the smell and crackle of a bit of wood of this kind, and the evenings were now so cold that she had a fire lighted every evening for tea, and was quite glad to make use of Philip's faggot. Besides this, Philip had brought home some nice large tufts of green moss to put over the earth in the flower-pots his father kept in the parlour window, and which would help to prevent the moisture from evaporating. Carefully wrapped up in this moss, Philip had also brought home two fine large acorns, with which he was going to try an experiment. He was going to suspend them in two rather wide-necked phials of water, just so that the acorn would touch the surface of the water. In a month or two he knew that the outer husk or shell of the acorn would crack and a delicate little yellow germ put itself forth, which would gradually increase and unfold itself into green leaves upon a slender stem; while little roots would be sent down into the water to draw up nourishment to the miniature oak-tree. Then out from the bottom of his jacket pocket Philip brought a whole handful of beech-mast, a grand feast for his sister Fanny's tame squirrel, and a treat, too, for Fanny herself, who was almost as fond of the little triangular beech-nuts as "Scuggy" himself.

"Dear me, Philip, what beautiful feathers!" said little George, as Philip next produced six nice white feathers of equal lengths, which he had picked up in the park, as he passed by the lodge at the gate where such fine poultry was kept. "Ah! I know. I am sure, Philip, you have brought them to make me the shuttlecock you promised me." And so he had. And these were not the last of Philip's treasures; for he had his pocket-handkerchief full of nice dry yellow sand, brought for his canary's cage; and a curious pebble which he suspected was a fossil, and another that only wanted cutting to prove an agate. "Well, Philip," said his father, after all these things had been brought forth, and looked at and talked about by all the party, "I think you have not done amiss in your afternoon's walk: and you, Arthur—what have you brought home?"

Arthur had no treasures to exhibit; and then Philip laughed, and said that Arthur's head had been too full of going to the diggings in search of gold to pay attention to such rubbish as he had collected. He really thought Arthur had been fancying all the time that he was at San Francisco, or the Bendigo diggings, for he had talked of nothing else during the whole of the walk.

"Ah, my boy," said the father laughing; "so your wits were gone *wool-gathering*, I suppose, and you missed finding the treasures near at hand. I believe, Arthur," he added, more gravely, "there are only too many like yourself, who, dazzled with the idea of gold-finding, take the trouble of going to the other side of the world in search of it; when, if they would only make good use of their wits and turn to the best account their opportunities here, they might find treasures quite as valuable at home in Old England."

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THE BOYS OF THE BIBLE.

By AUNT MARY.

No. V.—SAMUEL.

The nation of the Hebrews, founded and constituted by Moses, dwelt in the promised land of Canaan; God graciously condescending to manifest Himself in a peculiar manner as their king and chief. Visibly, they were governed by judges, who were strictly guided, or should have been, by the word of the Lord, through the holy and solemn ceremonies of the tabernacle worship. The last eminent judge of Israel was Samuel, a great prophet, whose boyhood is interesting and remarkable. Who is not familiar with the obedient and praying boy, saying, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth?"

There was a Hebrew named Elkanah, who lived in a city at some distance from Shiloh, the place where the worship of God—as the head of the Hebrew nation—was regularly celebrated, with all the rites and observances which Moses had appointed. Elkanah was a devout man, and went up out of his city yearly to worship, and to sacrifice unto the Lord of Hosts, in Shiloh. And with him used to go up his beloved wife, Hannah. And as she did so, year by year, she became more and more sorrowful, because she had no son to bring offerings for; and this was a reproach to her among the mothers of Israel, who looked for the birth of the promised Messiah, in whom all the nations of the earth were to be blessed.

Then said Elkanah, her husband, to her, "Hannah, why weepest thou? and why eatest thou not? and why is thy heart grieved? am not I better to thee than ten sons?" But she wept sore; and presenting herself, with Elkanah, before Eli, the chief priest in the tabernacle of the Lord, prayed in bitterness of soul; and made a vow, that if God would give unto her a man-child, she would devote him to the service of the Lord all the days of his life.

A year after, Hannah had a son born, and she named him Samuel, which signifies, "asked of God."

And Elkanah, and all his house, went up to offer unto the Lord the yearly sacrifices. But Hannah went not up; for she said unto her husband—"I will not go up until the child be weaned, and then I will bring him, that he may appear before the Lord, and there abide for ever."

Samuel was by birth a Levite, and all the Levites were bound to the service of the tabernacle when required there. But the pious and grateful mother resolved to give up her dear little son from his early infancy, that he might be dedicated to God throughout his whole life.

So when she had weaned him, she took him up with her to the tabernacle, with an offering of bullocks, and flour, and wine; and he was presented to Eli, the chief priest and Judge of Israel; and Hannah said, "Oh, my lord, I am the woman that stood by thee here, praying unto the Lord. For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of Him. Therefore also, as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord." And Eli worshipped the Lord, and the child remained in or near to the holy tabernacle, under the care and protection of the high-priest.

Around the splendid and mysterious fabric of the Hebrew tabernacle, were various tents, cells, or other dwellings, for the accommodation of the priests and Levites engaged in the sacred ministrations. The child Samuel lodged with Eli the high-priest, either just within or close to the tabernacle. He appears to have attended upon Eli in the religious services. He ministered before the Lord, being a child. His principal dress was a linen ephod, a kind of square shirt, embroidered, worn by priests. Moreover his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice.

And the child Samuel grew on before the Lord, and was in favour both with the Lord, and also with men.

When he was twelve years old, one night, when Eli was laid down in his place, and his eyes began to wax dim, that he could not see—and ere the light went out of the sacred lamp of God, that burnt in the night-time before the holy ark, above which God's presence was visible in glory between two golden cherubims,—and when the boy Samuel was laid down to sleep, the Lord called Samuel, and he answered, "Here am I." Thinking that Eli called him, he rose, and ran to the high-priest, who was also sleeping near, and said, "Here am I, for thou calledst me." Eli said, "I called thee not, lie down again;" and Samuel went and lay down again. And the Lord called yet again, "Samuel." Again Samuel rose and came to Eli, and said, "Here am I, for thou *didst* call me." And he answered, "I called not, lie down again, my son." Samuel up to this time had never heard the voice of the Lord, as it spake to the holy prophets of those days. That it was often a *real* voice—as real as yours or mine—is quite certain; and the voice was often, as now, accompanied by a real presence of some kind. But it is not for me to

conceive its form or aspect; probably it was that of a glorified human being—as least calculated to alarm those who saw it. Not that God in His full Godhead has ever been, or ever could be, visible to created sight; but it was in this way that He was pleased to manifest Himself, for purposes connected with the redemption of the guilty world by the promised Saviour.

A third time the Lord came, and *stood*, and called "Samuel." Then Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child. "Go, lie down," he said; "and it

'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.'" And Samuel obeyed. Again the Lord came, and stood, and called, "Samuel, Samuel." And the boy answered, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." And the Lord spake the sad doom of Eli, and his sons, and family, because Eli permitted his two sons, who were priests, to dishonour the holy sacrifices, by their greedy, covetous appetites, and were openly and notoriously vile; yet he suffered them to remain in the priestly offices until men abhorred the offering of the Lord.

doors of the house of the Lord. And Samuel feared to show Eli the vision; but Eli said, "What is the thing that the Lord hath said unto thee? I pray thee hide it not from me. God do so to thee, and more also, if thou hide anything from me of all the things that He said unto thee."

And Samuel told him every whit, and hid nothing from him. And Eli knew that God was about to inflict on him and his family just punishment, and wisely submitted himself, saying, "It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth Him good."

And Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him; and he prophesied so truthfully to the people, that all Israel knew that Samuel was established to be a prophet of the Lord.

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HEDGEHOGS.

These curious creatures belong to the class of insect-eating mammalia; and it is very remarkable that they are capable of eating with impunity substances which are usually destructive of life. They will, without apparent injury, devour the wings of Spanish flies, wich cause fearful torments to other animals. The Hedgehog is also internally insensible to poison, and will fight with adders, without receiving any harm from their bites. Prusic acid has also been administered, without producing any palpable effect.

It is well known that hedgehogs are covered with bristles, amounting to sharp prickles, and that they roll themselves up into a ball. This is effected by a peculiar set of muscles, attached to the skin, by which they pull themselves up into the shape, and at the same time, set up every bristle, and drag their head and limbs within. Such is the resistance and elasticity of their bristles, that the owner of them may be thrown to great distances and remain unhurt, and they will even throw themselves down steep places, when they wish to move from a particular spot.

Hedgehogs are nocturnal animals, and frequent woods, gardens, orchards and thick hedge-rows. They feed on insects, slugs, frogs, eggs, young birds in the nest, mice, fallen fruits, and the roots of vegetables, especially the plantain. They bore into the ground to get at these substances. They will clear a house of black beetles in a few weeks. A lady who procured one for this purpose, to the great terror of her cook, says:—

"The first night of its arrival, a bed was made for it in a hamper, half full of hay, and a saucer of milk was set within. The next morning the hedgehog had disappeared, and for several days the search made for it was fruitless. That it was alive, was proved by the milk being drunk out of the saucer. One night I purposely went into the kitchen, after the family had been for some time in bed, and, as I opened the door, I saw the little creature slink into a hole, under the oven attached to the grate. Fearing this would prove sometimes too hot for it, I had some bricks put in to fill up the aperture. The next night the bricks were pulled away, and overturned, evincing a degree of strength which astonished us, but after that, we left the animal to his own care. The beetles and cockroaches visibly disappeared, but as they disappeared, other things also vanished,—kitchen cloths, left to dry at night, were missing in the morning; then a silk handkerchief; at last a nightcap, left on the dresser, was gone; and these abstractions were most mysterious. The next day there was a general search in possible and impossible places, and the end of a muslin string was seen in the oven-hole; it was siezed on, and not only was the nightcap dragged out, but all the missing and not missing articles which the hedgehog had purloined: most of them were much torn, and it was supposed that the poor beast had taken possession of them to make a soft bed."

Hedgehogs are also very useful as snake destroyers. They make a sudden attack on the reptile, give it a fierce bite, and then, with the utmost dexterity, roll themselves up so as to present nothing but spikes, when the snake retaliates; they repeat this manœuvre several times, till the back of the snake is broken in several places, they then finish it by passing it through their jaws, cracking its bones at short intervals, after which the hedgehog eats the snake entirely, beginning at the tail.

In winter they become torpid, retreat to holes in trees, or in the earth, where they make a bed of leaves, moss, &c., in which they roll themselves, and these substances sticking to the spines, make them look like a bundle of vegetable matter. In this condition they wait for the return of summer. Some hedgehogs, however, will sometimes retain their activity all the winter through. Warmth is the principal thing they require, and are easily kept, as they readily accommodate themselves to all sorts of food. They, however, when once accustomed to animal diet, will attack young game; and one was detected in the South of Scotland in the act of killing a leveret.

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Be strictly honest, even in the smallest matters.

INDIA.

At a time like the present, when English soldiers and civilians—fathers, mothers, and children (no, not even the little children spared!)—are being mercilessly tortured and slain by the uncivilized Indian, it must be interesting to our youthful readers to know a little about the manners and customs of this extensive race, and the features of the country they inhabit.

India, or, as it is also called, Hindostan, is separated from the table-land of Thibet by the chain of the Himalays. Some of these stupendous mountains are among the highest in the world. Their summits are lost in the clouds, and covered with perpetual snow, while the plains at their feet are scorched by a burning sun. The rivers of Hindostan are not less remarkable than its mountains. The most famous is the Ganges, which takes its rise in the snow of the Himalays, and flows across the vast low plains of Bengal, receiving numerous tributaries in its course. These, during the rainy season, inundate the whole country, and convert it into a vast lake, extending for hundreds of miles in every direction. Boats are then seen sailing through the rice fields, in which the ears of rice appear above the waters. Nearly the whole sea coast of Bengal consists of extinsive salt-marshes, formed by the Ganges, which enters the sea by eight mouths. On one of them stands Calcutta, the capital of British India.

The southern part of Hindostan is very hilly; two chains of mountains, called the Eastern and Western Ghauts, extending along the opposite coasts of Malabar and Coromandel. They are not very high, but steep and rugged.

Hindostan abounds in immense forests, which contain a great variety of trees. One of the most remarkable is the teak-tree, much used in building ships; its leaves are a foot and a half in length. But few Indian trees are so curious and so valuable as the palm, of which there are several species. In the southern provinces the cocoa-nut palm grows in profusion; it is more useful to the natives than any other tree. They not only use the nut as food, but of the fibrous husk which covers it they make cordage, mats, and many other articles; and the leaves are frequently used to thatch their dwellings. They also obtain, by piercing the trunk, a kind of wine which they call toddy. The palmyra, another species of palm, sometimes grows to the height of a hundred feet, and one of its leaves is large enough to shelter ten or twelve men.

The plants which are most extensively cultivated in Hindostan are indigo,[*] which produces a blue dye known all over the world; and rice, which is the chief article of food among the Hindoos. Both indigo and rice are largely exported to Europe.

The wild animals of Hindostan are so numerous that it would be impossible to mention them all. The most remarkable are the lion and tiger. This last, which, from its size and beauty, is often called the royal tiger, is so fercious that it is an object of the greatest dread to the inhabitants. The elephant, which you know is the largest and also the most sagacious of quadrupeds, is common in India, and is greatly prized by the rich Hindoos, who use them to ride upon, and sometimes also as beasts of burden. The Hindoos are in many respects a highly civilized nation, but they have many barbarous customs, and are, generally speaking, idolaters, with the exception of some Mahometans, and of a very few who have been converted to Christianity by missionaries.

The Hindoos are remarkable for being divided into certain classes called *castes*, which are hereditary, that is, each man belongs to the caste of his parents. Each of these has some religious rites of its own; and even some kinds of food which are allowed to one caste, are forbidden to another. Those of the higher castes look down on those of the lower, as if they were animals of a different species; and in general a Hindoo is much more attached to his caste than to his country.

The idolatry of the Hindoos is extremely barbarous and debasing. Among the various cruel rites which it enjoins, none are more dreadful than that which obliges every woman of the higher castes, who happens to survive her husband, to be burned to death with his corpse! The British Government has used every endeavour to abolish this horrible custom, and it is gradually becoming less prevalent. The river Ganges is considered as sacred by the Hindoos, and it is by no means uncommon for parents to expose their children on its banks, at a time when the river is expected to overflow, so that they may be washed away and drowned. These wretched idolaters consider that they are doing a good action in thus sacrificing their innocent little ones; and sometimes even a man devotes himself voluntarily to death in this manner.

In person the Hindoos are slight and graceful, with a complexion naturally brown, but which, in those who are much exposed to the sun, becomes almost black. They are very simple in their way of living; rice and other vegetables chiefly constitute their food, and the houses of all but the richest people are merely composed of bamboo canes and earth. Their dress usually consists of long robes of cotton or muslin. The poorer people, indeed, wear very scanty clothing, but the women have always rings and other ornaments, either of gold or silver.

The manufactures of Hindostan are numerous; one of the most celebrated is that of muslin, which is far superior even to that produced in England. The Indian shawls are also remarkable for their beauty.

The population of India subject to, or dependent on, the British sway, amounts to nearly one hundred and twenty-five millions.

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[*] The stone blue used in washing linen is a preparation of indigo.

Ceylon.—The beautiful island of Ceylon lies to the east of the southern extremity of Hindostan, whence it is separated by the Straits of Manaar. The western coast of Ceylon consists of an extensive plain, beyond which ranges of wooded hills rise successively behind each other, and cover the greatest part of the island. The interior is called Candy, and has a king of its own, though subject to the British government. It is very unhealthy to Europeans, being composed chiefly of dense forest and underwood, called *jungle*; but it is fertile, and abounds in curious and beautiful plants.

On the sea-coast are several towns occupied by the British. The principal is Columbo, the seat of government, and of almost all the trade. The most peculiar product of the island is cinnamon, which is a very delicate kind of spice. It comes from a species of bay-tree, which grows wild over a great part of Ceylon; but that cultivated in gardens, near Columbo, is considered the best. The bark, which is the valuable part, is peeled off when the tree is about three years old, and spread out to dry, which is all the preparation it requires. The inhabitants of Ceylon are called Cingalese. They are a fine race of people, somewhat resembling the Hindoos; like them, the Cingalese are gentle in disposition, and courteous in manners, but much given to deceit and dishonesty. Some of the forests in the interior of Ceylon are inhabited by a barbarous tribe called the Beddahs, who subsist by hunting, and sleep under the trees. They are so wild and savage that Europeans have little intercourse with them.

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TURNING THE GRINDSTONE.

Dr. Franklin relates the following amusing illustration of the common cunning of men turning their fellows to account:—"When I was a little boy, I remember one cold winter's morning I was accosted by a smiling man with an axe on his shoulder. 'My pretty boy,' said he, 'has your father a grindstone?' 'Yes, sir,' said I. 'You are a fine little fellow,' said he, 'will you let me grind my axe on it?' Pleased with his compliment of 'fine little fellow,' 'O yes, sir,' I answered, 'it is down in the shop.' 'And will you, my man,' said he, patting me on the head, 'get a little hot water?' How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettleful. 'How old are you, and what's your name?' continued he, without waiting for a reply; 'I am sure you are one of the finest fellows that ever I have seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?' Tickled with the flattery, like a fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang, and I could not get away: my hands were blistered, and it was not half ground. At length, however, the axe was sharpened, and the man turned to me with 'Now, you little rascal, you've played the truant; scud to school, or you'll rue it.' Alas! thought I, it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a little rascal was too much. It sank deep into my mind, and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers—begging of them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter—thinks I, that man has an axe to grind. When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant, methinks, look out, good people, that fellow would set you turning grindstones. When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful, alas! methinks, deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby."

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THE DUTIES OF APPRENTICES TO THEIR MASTERS.

1. *Be strictly honest.*—You are allowed free access to a great amount of your master's property, because he believes you to be honest. Make it therefore a matter of conscience, whatever be your circumstances, never to *steal* or *pilfer* the least article of property belonging to your employers.

2. *Beware of wasting or damaging any part of your master's stock.*—Be quite as careful of everything you use, as if it were your own. Never spoil or waste anything, or countenance others in doing so.

3. *Be diligent at your business.*—You will do the best work when you are the most active; and it is for your own advantage to form habits of industry. Never *saunter* over any job you have in hand.

4. *Be exact in observing the hours of labour.*—It is as wrong to rob your master of the *time* which you ought to devote to his service, as it is to rob him of his property.

5. *Avoid eye service.*—Do not act the hypocrite, but work as hard and behave as well in your master's absence, as you would if he were present.

6. *Be faithful to your employer's interest.*—Never injure his reputation or credit by circulating evil reports, but always consider your own interest as identified with his.

7. *Be determined to excel in your business.*—If you neglect this now, you will find the loss as long as you live. Be studious and make yourselves fully acquainted with the principles of your own trade, and spare no pains to become perfect.

8. *Cultivate every moral excellency.*—Without these, your mechanical attainments will avail you little. Avoid bad companions; shun the public-house; never taste intoxicating liquors; be dutiful to your parents, and kind and good to all.

THE HAPPY HOUR.

134

THE PUZZLE OF THE STARS.

Boys and Girls, I pray you show,
How you *nine stars* would so bestow,
Ten rows to form,—in each row *three*—
Tell me, children, how this can be?

135

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1.—**HAABAALLD**—a province in India.—H.
2.—**DRREEEMANNITA**—a sea in the south of Europe.—H.
3.—**EEPLLLHAAACIX**—a celebrated city in Germany—P.
4.—**AADMMREST**—a great town of Holland.—P.
5.—**SSSSAATTEUHCMA**—a province of the United States.—W. R. B.
6.—**AAAALLHBA**—a town of Hindostan.—W. R. B.
7.—**TEEEESSNN**—one of the United States.
8.—**EEEHHTMBL**—a place celebrated in Scripture.
9.—**OOTTHRPMSU**—a celebrated town in Hampshire.
10.—**MNRSTEESWTI**—a noted part of Middlesex.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Dear Boys and Girls,—We will not disguise the pleasure it gives us to be once more amongst your letters. When we surveyed our editorial table on the auspicious morning of the 3rd, while we could not help pitying the postman for his additional labour, we could not resist congratulating ourselves on being the centre of so large an attraction. But another and a graver feeling mingled with our pleasure, and the sense of this feeling was, **Responsibility**, which became so intense that it seemed gifted with a voice, and said—"The children are in your hands—work for them; they are in your hands—teach them; they are in your hands—make them happy; they are in your hands—lead them onwards and upwards; they are in your hands—be patient and loving to them; they are in your hands—train them in the way they should go." We admitted all that the voice said, and bound it on our conscience, where we hope it will take root and blossom, to the delight of those who take an interest in us. Here our reflections were interrupted by the quick entrance of the postman, who, with a pleasant smile, and a roguish twinkle of the eye, as if he pitied us, exclaimed—"More letters from the youngsters, sir! Our children ought to be good with so much reading and writing as is going on now-a-days." Ere we could reply, the man of letters had vanished on his duties, which warned us to proceed to ours; so we fell to work to break the seals of the heap before us, and make our awards. We regret to add, that we had not gone far with our task before we saw it would be necessary to re-institute our *third* class.

First Class.

John Blight (your writing deserves well the praise we previously bestowed on it; we wish some of our little friends and competitors could see your note now before us, it certainly would stimulate them to profit by the example; we accept your bouquet).—**J. W. Kighley** (you have well fulfilled the commission your brother entrusted to you).—**Baker** (you have quite taken up your abode here; let our pastime be ever so difficult or abundant, it fails to baffle *your* ingenuity; we accept the Christian names, but the others are declined with thanks).—**Brutus** (you have left us nothing to excuse, but we see much to compliment you upon).—**Antonio** (not so neatly written as usual).

Second Class.

Flora Melville (we are glad to hear you have been busy; nothing is so conducive to the healthy growth of the mind as occupation; the conundrums shall have attention).—**A. M. D.** (your poem is unsuited in subject, and "Trifles" is too well known; short moral poems, practical in purpose, and chaste in expression, will always find favour with us; we cannot too highly commend your endeavours to please).—**Nero** (well written, the answer to No. 120 very prettily so indeed; not solutions enough for the first class).—**E. E. R. W.** (not quite good enough for the first class, yet excellent solutions; look to your writing, which is grievously wanting in legibility, and very trying to an editor's patience).—**Ida May Foster** (we are glad to observe an improvement in your writing; your charade is not original, nor will the hieroglyphic proverb suit; nevertheless you merit our best thanks).—**Emma**,—Correspondent from Stonehouse (no signature to letter),—and **Eleven years old** (for your lateness you all merit the third class).—**Richard** (we are very sorry to place you here, but really your efforts this time deserves no better fate).—**Nella** (your request shall be submitted).—**Kezia** (it *is* necessary to draw the hieroglyphic—at least, to sketch it, to guide our artist).

Third Class.

T. A. Fox (no stamp had been affixed; you have omitted the *g* in the word *enigma*, which occurs three times in your note; other words, too, are wrongly spelt, but the writing is an improvement on the last).—**Sarah** (too bad).—**Sarah Hudson** (promising).

Julius Cæsar,—Your ornithological enigma is a repetition of that published, or we should have accepted it. When you favour us again, do oblige us by not writing in pencil. Wellington and Rogers accepted. We hope to comply with your request to continue "Trades for Boys" in our next.

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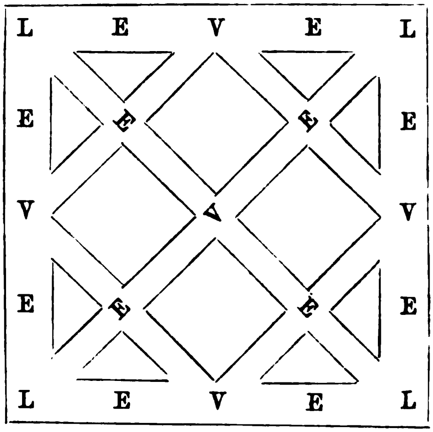
ANSWERS TO PASTIME

(*Pages* 214, 238, 250, *and* 262.)

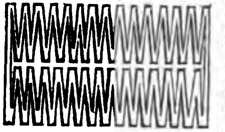
107. O X for D. 108.—Charitable. 109.—Oxford. 110.—Horse. 111.—The man had one eye; the tree had two apples on. 112.—Eye-ye. 113.—Chester-Hester. 114.—Wellingborough-Ellingborough. 115.—Mold-old. 116.—The Hieroglyphic Enigma is—

A little word indeed am I,
A portion of your face I name;
I've letters three, the same reversed—
Then can you tell me what I am?

Its answer is the word eye. 117.—Base manners soil the finest clothes. 118.—The letter Y. 119.—WINE. 120.—



121.—Son-net. 122.—North-umber-land. 123.—Carlisle; Agincourt; Macao; Erie; Lincoln; Italy; Aix-la-Chapelle; the initials give the name of the Camelia. 124.—Live and learn. 125.—Looking-glass. 126.—1. Screech Owl; 2. Bat; 3. Raven; 4. Trumpeter; 5. Swallow; 6. Tumbler; 7. Peacock; 8. Goose; 9. Nightingale; 10. Parrot; 11. Sparrow; 12. the Love Bird; 13. Eagle; 14. Magpie; 15. Ostrich; 16. Kingfisher; 17. Carrion Crow; 18. Bird of Paradise; 19. Lark; 20. Blackbird. 127.—The letter E. 128.—Night-shade. 129.—Looking-glass. 130.—Only one, James the First of Scotland. 131.—Because it is dripping. 132.—Short. 133.—Double the cardboard lengthwise down the middle; then the narrow way; cut first to the right (nearly to the end), and then to the left, and so on to the end of the card; open it then, and cut down the middle, leaving the two ends. The annexed diagram will guide you in the cuttings, which, when you have completed according to direction, open the card, and a person may pass through.



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NOTICE.—As our first Volume will be completed with No. 26, all answers to the pastime from No. 23 inclusive, must appear in the last number of the Volume. It will therefore be necessary that competitors forward their solutions on or before Thursday, the 17th of the present month. The Volume will be elegantly bound in cloth, and gilt-edged, price 3s. 6d.

Address to Editor at Printers', 23, Middle Street, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

THE OWL AND THE GLOW WORM.

A FABLE.

'Twas on a sombre summer night,
  A glow worm, shelter'd by a flow'r,
Spread round its paly glim'ring light,
  To decorate the silent hour:

No brilliant beam, no gaudy glare,
  Diffus'd afar its lustrous ray,
But through the softly breathing air
  The insect shed its mimic day.

While pleas'd its harmless life to pass
On hillock green of dewy grass,
  Attracted by its azure gleam,
The butterfly, with sportive wing,
Would form the gay fantastic ring,
  (As in the burning noontide beam,)
Where, 'mid the gloom, this insect star display'd
Its cheerful lamp—spangling the realms of shade!

Near, on a mould'ring antique tow'r,
  The prison of its moping race,
An owl had chose its murky bow'r,
And hating day's effulgent light,
Its joy the sullen frown of night,
  Its blank domain the silent space!

There, prompt to spread his shad'wy wings
Imperious, o'er less daring things,
Soon as the glow worm's peaceful state
Fix'd his dull eyes, in envious hate,
" Bold worm!" exclaim'd the tyrant vain,
Thou, who with sparkling light art seen,
How dar'st thou mock my gloomy reign?
Thou shalt expire!" The glow worm meek,
(Its trembling light more faint and pale,)
In humble accents, low and weak,

Thus told its true, but artless tale:
" I own, that of the insect race;
I boast no gaudy splendid grace;
I light with feeble lamp the way
Where prouder, loftier beings stray.
I sip the balmy dews around,
But ne'er am heard with busy sound;
Ne'er on your calm repose obtrude,
With counsel vain, or clamour rude.
Can I offend superior things,
Or cope with birds of pow'rful wings?"

The Owl, indignant, bold, and base,
Exulting o'er the insect race,
Replied:—" You shine! detested thing!
Then, pouncing on his humble prey,
Darken'd, in death, its little ray;
But found, tho' quench'd the quiv'ring flame,
His sombre hour was still the same!

◆

Envy.—Other passions have objects to flatter them, and seemingly to content and satisfy for a while; there is power in ambition, and pleasure in luxury, and pelf in covetousness; but envy can give nothing but vexation.—*Montaigne.*

AGES OF ANIMALS.

A bear rarely lives 20 years; a dog lives 20 years; a wolf, 20; a fox, 14 or 16; lions are long-lived—Pompey lived to the age of 20. The average of cats is 14 years; a squirrel, 7 or 8; rabbits, 7. Elephants have been known to live to the great age of 400 years. When Alexander the Great had conquered one Porus, king of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the king, named him "Ajax," and dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription—"Alexander the son of Jupiter has dedictated Ajax to the sun;" This elephant was found 365 years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of 30 years; the rhinocerus to 20. A horse has been known to live to the age of 62, but averages 20 to 30. Camels sometimes live to the age of 100. Stags are long lived. Sheep seldom exceed 10. Cows live about 15 years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live to the age of 1,000. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of 30. An ealge died at Vienna at the age of 104 years. Ravens have frequently reached the age of 100. Swans have been known to live 360 years; Mr. Mallerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of 290 years. Pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of 107.

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If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,
  Five things observe with care;
Of whom you speak—to whom you speak—
  And how—and when—and where.

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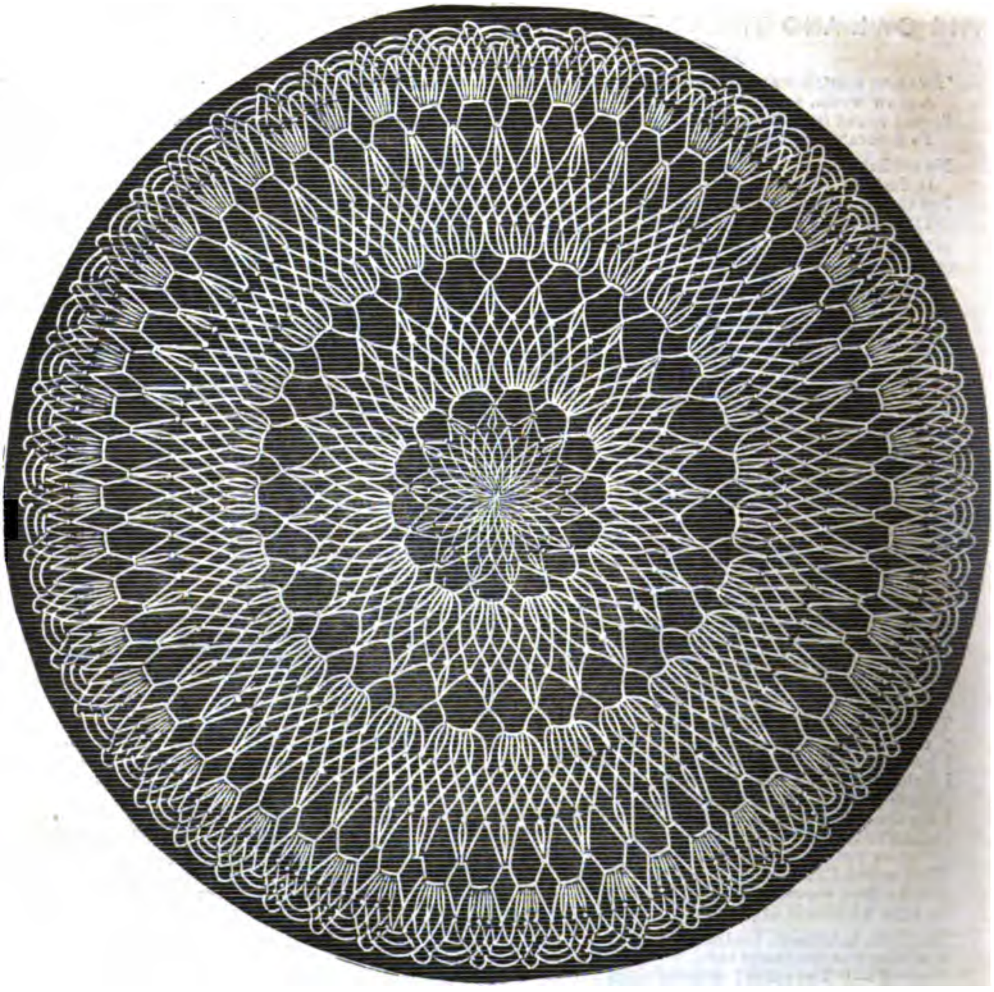
THE GIRL'S WORK-TABLE.

By Madame Eugenie.

HAIR NET.

The Hair Net is a very pretty article of dress, and useful also where the hair is redundant. It is one of those classical fashions revived with so much advantage in the present day, when the stiff modes are entirely out of favour. The materials are as simple as possible, being nothing more than of good netting silk. Brown is the prettiest colour for general wear; but if a more dressy style is desired for peculiar occasions, the colour should be selected to suit the costume with which it is to be worn.

To commence—cast on twenty-seven loops on a small piece of its own silk, using a mesh half an inch wide; close it by netting too rounds with a mesh a quarter of an inch wide; then net a row with the wide mesh; then, still with the wide mesh, net round, taking too loops in one, reducing the number to fourteen. Although you have begun with twenty-seven loops, you will have made another loop by passing the silk to the fresh row,



HAIR NET.

which brings the number even. Then net four loops on one all round, using the wide mesh. Resume with the small mesh, and net too rows; then repeat the three rows with the wide mesh exactly the same as already described; then net two more rows with the small mesh; then the same three rows on the large mesh, which brings the work to the border pattern. After this, a small purse-mesh is to be taken, and one row netted plain round. Another, missing one loop between; and then a third, netting the point-loop only. This forms the edge of the pointed border. These last three rows require a little attention, as it is necessary to leave between each point some little length of silk, both to divide them, and to prevent the work from being drawn up.

These nets are confined round the head by means of an elastic band, passed through the row of loops immediately above the border pattern.

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THE IGNIS FATUUS;

OR,

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

The picturesque but deceitful light we are about to notice has led many a trusting traveller into danger. Indeed, there is an instance on record, where a little girl who had strayed from her home, and believing the Will-o'-the-Wisp which she saw shining in the distance to be a light from her mother's cottage, guided her way to it, and perished in an extensive bog where this delusive phenomenon shone.

Our young friends will better understand how this could have happened, when we tell them the causes of this light.

In marshy and boggy places, a light is sometimes seen to hover over the ground by night, appearing from a distance like a taper gleaming from some cottage window. Be it observed, that the light is not stationary, but seems to move, as though held in the hand of some one walking about by a window.

This appearance is called *Ignis Fatuus*, or *vain*, or *wild fire*. Its most popular names amongst country people is *Will-o'-the-Wisp*, and *Jack-o'-Lantern*, these being the names of a malignant spirit to whom the appearance was formerly attributed. Of late years, the causes seem to have been well ascertained to be the lighting up of an inflammable gas produced by decaying animal and vegetable matter in bogs, marshes, and stagnant pools. It is found that when damp soils are drained and cultivated, the Jack-o'-Lantern disappears. Such has been the case with the extensive bogs and marshes which formerly existed to a considerable extent in the counties of Northampton, Cambridge, and Lincoln. It was in the neighbourhood of the latter place where perished the little girl we have referred to.

In crossing the wild moors, near the place where the counties of Northumberland and Cumberland join, the Ignis Fatuus is often to be met with.

A traveller was once riding over these dreary places, when he was startled by the sudden appearance of a light within fifteen yards of where he reined up. It was a dark night, and the light shone as brilliant as a star, hopping to and fro as though borne hither and thither by a frolicsome fairy. In size it was no bigger than a turnip, while its shape was oval. The horseman approached it, while it seemed to move before him, and to beckon him on. He was soon on the dangerous spot where the delusive light came from; it proved to be a very wet place, where peat-moss had been dug out, leaving what are termed in Cumberland "peat-pots," which soon fill with water, and nourish the surrounding plants, which, in their turn, are changed into peat. The light was about four feet from the ground, and hovered for some time over the "peat-pots," then vanished to the distance of sixty yards, and then entirely disappeared.

The Will-o'-the-Wisp has been accounted for in numberless ways, but none of them appear so reasonable as the following:—

Major Bleeson, of Berlin, made some experiments on this interesting subject a few years ago in a German forest. Bubbles of gas were observed to rise from the water of the marsh in the daytime, and at night rich blue flames played over its surface. On visiting the spot by night, the flames disappeared as the major approached, the motion of the atmosphere driving the burning gas before him. On remaining perfectly still, the flames returned, and he attempted to light a piece of paper by them,—but the current of air caused by his breathing removed the flames too far away. On turning away his head, however, and holding up a screen of cloth, he ultimately set fire to the paper. Moreover, he succeeded in putting out the flame by driving it before him to another part of the ground, where no gas was produced; then applying a flame to the surface whence the gas bubbles issued, a kind of explosion was heard on the surface of the marsh; a bright red light was also seen, which soon afterwards diminished to a faint blue light three feet high. This continued to burn with the unsteady motion observed in the Jack-o'-Lantern, or by whatever other name you give preference to. As the morning approached, all the flames assumed a paleness, and seemed to approach nearer the earth, till they at last altogether vanished from the sight. The major's opinion is, that when once the thin stream of inflammable air is set on fire, it continues to burn by day as well as by night, but that the light is so pale that it cannot be seen by day.

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THE SHEPHERD OF TARN AND GARONNE.

The following narration offers a remarkable instance of persevering genius crowned with entire success.

Some thirty years ago, a young shepherd boy might be seen daily tending his flock in the fields adjoining a hamlet, which is situated in the vicinity of Montauban. This child, the son of a husbandman, fulfilled all the laborious work which his position required. In his moments of repose, he might often be seen near the banks of a rivulet, which, descending from a neighbouring hill, flowed through the small portion of land belonging to his family. The little shepherd frequently disappeared during the greater part of the day; and in the evening hours he used to occupy himself in fashioning with a dexterous hand certain instruments of a curious form, which excited the wonder and admiration of his simple-minded parents. Soon the periods of his absence were prolonged, and his aspect became increasingly thoughtful, until at length he returned home one day with a beaming countenance, and singing joyously on his way, although evidently overcome with fatigue. Having prevailed on his father, his neighbours—the whole village, in fact—to accompany him, he led them to a corner of waste land, where none were wont to pass.

Oh! what a surprise awaited them! The little brook had been enlarged, and under the feeble guidance of the young shepherd, had shaped itself into a graceful basin; the fall of the water was increased by artificial obstacles, and its current conducted into a small, rude building, from which it again issued a foaming stream.

The young Pelissier stepped forward, and opening his little cot, the astonished villagers beheld a small, but perfect mill, which needed only to be of somewhat larger dimensions to grind all the wheat of the commune.

It was a matter of wonder to the whole country—the mechanist was only ten years of age.

It would be endless to detail the many little ingenuities which his artistical imagination devised.

Thus, when at the age of thirteen, without ever neglecting the labour of his father's fields, he had during his leisure hours succeeded in organising a forge, as well as a complete mechanical apparatus,—and that without any fitting materials; being obliged to make even his first and most simple instruments, and by their means, gradually to construct more complicated ones. He also made many little articles in ebony and inlaid work, which were curious models of patient labour, as well as of taste and finish.

In such wise did this man of genius, by the sole power of his artistic nature, united to indefatigable industry, progress from the fabrication of a hammer to the construction of the most complicated machinery.

At the time we are now writing, the little shepherd of Tarn and Garonne is become one of our most talented mechanists; and he has lately accomplished the construction of a clock, which is the object of general admiration among artists.

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ONLY BREAD!

A STORY FOR CHILDREN—FROM THE ITALIAN.

One morning early, Carlino, accompanied by a maid-servant, was on his way to school. This little boy was stout and ruddy, and his clothing was neat and comfortable; but he walked along with a discontented look, holding down his head, while big tears rolled slowly down his cheeks. When he had got about half way he met his uncle. "Heyday! what is the matter now?" inquired the uncle. "Wherefore art thou crying?" Carlino made no answer; so he turned to the servant—"Lisa, tell me what has happened to him."

"Sir," she replied, "he is crying because he is sent to school to-day, with only bread for his luncheon."

"I am sorry, Carlino, that thou shouldst have only bread to take with thee; but it would be still worse if this little mortification were imposed on thee on account of ill conduct. I hope not."

Carlino still remained silent; so Lisa went on saying: "To tell you how it was, sir, little master, after having eat a hearty breakfast, wanted to get also the sweetmeats intended for his luncheon, before leaving home; so his lady-mother said he should not have any to-day."

"Since this is the case, my nephew, thy mama did what was quite right. Where didst thou ever learn to be a glutton? Now thou oughtest to have patience, and say 'The fault is my own, I will not do so any more.' Good-bye; I hope to see thee in better humour the next time me meet."

But Carlino, instead of becoming more reconciled to his disappointment, began to sob aloud, hoping perhaps thereby to excite his uncle's pity. Just at that moment there passed close to his side a ragged-looking little boy, in his shirt-sleeves, and with his coloured apron twisted like a girdle round his waist, and carrying under his arm a piece of coarse brown bread. He was about two years older than Carlino, and was going along with so active a step and so joyous a countenance that it did one good to look at him. The uncle stopped him on his way, saying, in a good-humoured tone, "Wilt thou be so kind as to tell me whither thou art going so fast?"

"Willingly, sir; I am on my way to the Giglio, where I labour every day."

"And from whence dost thou come?"

"From Maiano."

"From Maiano, two miles outside the gates of the city?"

"Yes, sir."

"And at what hour is thy day's work ended?"

"At seven o'clock."

"Thou hast a piece of bread under thy arm, I perceive."

"Yes, sir, it is for my breakfast and dinner."

"What, without anything else?"

"Yes, sir; and very good it is, too."

"But couldst thou not treat thyself to something a little more savoury, out of thine earnings?"

"Oh, sir, I keep all my earnings for my mother; she wants them badly enough."

"And thy father?"

"Ah, my poor mother is a widow," he answered with a sigh.

The uncle, placing his hand kindly upon the little fellow's shoulder, continued: "So thou dost help her? That is all right; it is the duty of a good son to do so. But in the evening, on thy return home, she has, I daresay, a comfortable supper ready for thee?"

"Oh yes, sir; a bowl of broth, or a plate of beans; and on holidays some cheese into the bargain."

"Well done, my little fellow!" and laying his hand upon his shoulder in a friendly manner, he said, "I will no longer keep thee talking now, but hope to see thee another time. Farewell." The boy, pulling off his cap, set off running, as if to make up for lost time.

The uncle, turning round to Carlino, perceived that he was no longer crying; and that, so far from still looking displeased about the dry bread, he seemed deeply intent on the conversation he had just overheard.

"I must wish thee good morning now," said his uncle gaily, "for I have a world of business on my hands." So patting his nephew on the shoulder in the same friendly way that he had done to the labouring child, he bid him adieu.

Carlino was very attentive this day at school, and when the hour of luncheon had arrived, he seated himself down to eat it with a good appetite, although it consisted only of bread. His master observing this, offered him some fruit, and so did some of his schoolfellows also; but, thanking them for their kindness, he declined accepting any.

On his way home from school, he came across his uncle again. "Oh! is it thou, Carlino? How does the world wag with thee now?"

"Well, very well, dear uncle," answered the child, with a bright, joyous countenance. "And do you know, uncle, since this morning, I have thought so often of that little boy!—I would—if I could, that is to say—but then, nobody must know it besides you"—

"Tell me, like a good fellow, what it is you want to do; and if I can be of any use to you with your parents, in getting their permission, I will do my best."

"Well then, this is what I want," said he, drawing quite close to his uncle. "If I might be allowed for some time to come to eat only bread at my luncheon, and not to take any fruit or sweetmeats at my dinner either, and that papa and mama would give me the money I had saved, and that I might send it to the mother of that little boy,—for I am afraid she must be very poor,—then I would be so happy!"

"A very good thought it is, Carlino; and I have no doubt that your parents will approve of the plan."

Carlino, on hearing his uncle speak thus, thanked him warmly, and ran on full of glee towards his home.

His good uncle managed the business for him just as he had promised to do.

For some little while Carlino ate only bread at luncheon, and whenever the fruits and sweetmeats looked particularly tempting at his parents' table, he thought of the poor boy and his mother, and began his dry morsel with renewed appetite. Thus he persevered in his abstinence, and before very long he had the pleasure to receive ten lire as the fruit of his self-denial. He brought this little sum to his uncle, and placed it in his hands, while his eyes danced with pleasure.

"And now, Carlino, I will add as much more to it; and then we can take it ourselves to the widow. What say you to that?" asked the uncle.

"Oh, it will be so pleasant; and when shall we go, uncle?"

"Now, if you please."

This was joyful news to Carlino, and they were soon on their way to Maiano, where they found the poor widow in deep distress, because she had failed in selling her kniting, whereby she had hoped to gain sufficient to pay the rent of her miserable dwelling; and being unable to discharge this debt, her landlord had threatened to turn her out of doors.

On receiving the twenty lire, she seemed to regard this sum as a mine of wealth, and was full of gratitude to those who had thus unexpectedly relieved her misery. The uncle left also a little present for her good son Antonio, and then he returned home with Carlino, who, from that day forth, never gave way to any gluttonous inclination; but when disposed to do so, thought of Antonio and his mother, and of their poor little cottage at Maiano.

THE OAK.

The oak-tree was believed by the ancients to have been created with the world, for the purpose of nourishing and sheltering its first inhabitants. In the plains of Mamre, where Abraham was visited by three angels, there was an oak believed to be the same under which the Patriarch used to repose. Bayle says that this tree still existed in the time of Constantine, a period of at least 1000 years. In the 6th chapter of Judges, we read that the angel of the Lord was seated under an oak, which was at Ophrah, when he appeared to Gideon. In the 24th chapter of Joshua it is written, "And Joshua wrote these words in the book of the law of God, and took a great stone and set it up there under an oak, that was by the sanctuary of the Lord," &c. We could give you many other proofs from Holy Writ of the antiquity of this tree, but what we have said is sufficient.

We will now turn to the fabulous accounts given of it. Jupiter (acknowledged in the Grecian mythology as the most powerful of all the gods), according to some accounts, was born under the shadow of an oak-tree: for this reason, the tree was consecrated to him. The celebrated forest of Dodona in Epirus, planted with oak-trees, surrounded his temple; and it was believed by the people that these trees had power to deliver the Oracles of Jupiter subject to the interpretation of the Dodonides, or priestesses of the temple.

The Arcadians, when rain is wanted, think they will obtain favour with Jupiter, by casting branches of oak into a fountain belonging to his temple, on Mount Lycæus, in Arcadia. The women of Priene, in matters of importance, used to swear by the "gloomy oak," because they had lost their fathers, husbands, and sons, in a battle that was fought near an oak-tree in the neighbourhood of Priene, a city in Ionia.

Diodorus, called Siculus, (a celebrated historian, born at Argyrium in Sicily, about 44 years before Christ), says, that the oaks, and their acorns, on the Herean mountains in Sicily, were of an extraordinary size. He likewise mentions a tree in Hyrcania, similar to the oak, the leaves of which produce excellent honey.

It is reported that Milo of Crotona, the most celebrated athlete of Greece, lost his life through his endeavours, when an old man, to pull up an oak tree by its roots and break it; but his strength being gradually exhausted, the tree when half-cleft, reunited, and his hands remained pinched in the body of the tree: being thus unable to disengage himself, he was eaten by the wolves.

The crown of oak, which was less esteemed among the Greeks than one of gold, was considered by the Romans as a most desirable recompense. A citizen of Rome only could obtain it, and he must have killed an enemy, gained a victory, and saved the life of a Roman. Among the Celtes, this tree was worshipped, and considered as the emblem of hospitality, a virtue highly respected among them. In heraldry, the oak is the true emblem of strength and power.

St. Louis, King of France, who was greatly beloved for the gentleness and affability of his demeanour, used to hear the complaints and petitions of his subjects, and redress their grievances, sitting under an oak-tree in the wood of Vincennes, a short distance from Paris.

You have read of the unfortunate Charles the Second of England, who, after the Battle of Worcester in 1651, whilst fugitive, was kindly received at Boscobel House, situated on the borders of Staffordshire. This solitary dwelling was inhabited by five brothers, of the name of Pendrill, who hid the king in a garret, which being matted, prevented any suspicion of a little cavity over the staircase where he was concealed. His bed was artfully placed behind some wainscot, and shut up very closely.

Charles being dressed in clothes belonging to the Pendrills, was afterwards led into the neighbouring wood, and while they pretended to employ themselves in cutting wood, he mounted upon an oak, where he sheltered himself among the leaves and branches for twenty-four hours. This tree was afterwards denominated the "Royal Oak," and is now enclosed by a brick wall, surrounded by laurels which were planted to commemorate that event.

When Charles was restored to the throne in 1660, he visited the house in which he had been so kindly received, and the oak which had so providentially sheltered him. He gathered some of its acorns, planted them in St. James's Park, and watered them with his own hands every morning. A descendant of the Cooksey family still keeps the gloves and garters which the king left behind him at Boscobel House.

The oak-tree is a favourite simile among the Poets. Homer describes two heroes to two tall oaks on the mountains—

"As two tall oaks before the wall they rise;
Their roots in earth, their heads amidst the skies;
Whose spreading arms, with leafy honours crown'd,
Forbid the tempest, and protect the ground;
High on the hills appear their stately form,
And their deep roots for ever brave the storm."

The poet Spencer represents the person of Contemplation in the figure of a venerable old man, almost consumed with study:

"His snowy locks adown his shoulders spread,
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy branches of an oak half dead."

The accounts given of the extraordinary growth to which this tree sometimes attains, are almost incredible. Ray, in his *General History of Plants*, speaks of several oaks in Westphalia of an enormous bulk, one of which served as a citadel, another measured thirty feet in diameter, and one hundred and thirty in height. Plot, in his *Natural History of Oxfordshire*, mentions an oak that could shelter upwards of four thousand people.

The ship timber is called "Heart of Oak." Before it is in a state to be used, it is requisite that the bark be stripped off, and the trees then suffered to stand uncut for three or four years, that they may become perfectly dry. It will endure, if preserved from damp, six hundred years.

Until the introduction of mahogany, oak timber was very generally used for furniture; but it is now chiefly consumed in ship building.

The bark of the young trees, reduced to powder, in order to tan leather, is called rough tan, or tanners' bark. The bark is also used for a yellow, brown, or black dye. That which has dressed the hides, is called prepared tan. Peat is likewise made from it, for the beds of hot-house plants.

The acorn, fruit of the oak, is good food for pigs and fallow deer; they also serve to fatten poultry.

A prodigious variety of insects live on the oaks, and form different sorts of nutgall, which are used in preparing stuffs to receive different dyes, and also to make ink.

The Mistletoe is one of those plants which draw their nourishment from some other plants. It generally grows on the apple-tree, sometimes on the oak. The bark, the sap, the wood, the leaves and the fruit, are all useful, either in arts or medicine.

The Druids, who were priests of the ancient Britains, used to surround their religious places with oken fences, and strew their altars with leaves and branches of the oak. But the mistletoe was with them an object of higher veneration. They yearly met at an appointed time to receive what they considered the annual present of the gods. People flocked from all quarters to be present at this solemnity, clothed in white. The priest, arrayed in like manner, ascended the tree, and with a consecrated gold pruning-hook, cropped the mistletoe, which he threw into a white sheet held by certain of the people. Two bulls were then sacrificed. Feasting, dancing, and singing terminated the ceremony.

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THE HISTORIC TREASURY.

MURDER OF THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

The pathetic story of the "Babes in the Wood," who knows not? The old ballad which tells that story, most of you know by heart. But you are not aware, perhaps, that it was a disguised recital of the reported murder of his young nephews by Richard III. There is a black-letter copy of the ballad at

Cambridge, which is surmounted by a hind, or female stag, and this was the badge of the unfortunate Edward V., the eldest of the two princes who were murdered in the Tower of London, and whose sad story, as told by Sir Thomas More, in the reign of Henry VIII., is as follows. I shall narrate it, for the most part, in his own words, as more touching and expressive than any I can use.

"The father of the young princes, Edward IV., dying in the strength of his years, and his son Edward V. left to rule before he was ripe, those who should have supported young Edward's estate on his mother's side being suspicious, and on the other, his father's kindred, excited by the execrable desire of sovereignty, left the tender king destitute and unarmed. The reign of this king, if we may so call the short time of his sovereignty, began the same day that his father died; but he never was crowned, nor yet commanded the affairs of the kingdom, his young brother's fortunes being balanced with his. Richard, Duke of Gloucester, by nature their uncle, by office their protector,—to their father beholden,—to themselves by oath and allegiance bound,—all bonds broken that hold man and man together,—without any respect of God and the world,—unnaturally contrived to bereave them, not only of their dignity, but also of their lives."

The duke's character is thus described by Sir Thomas More:—"He was close and secret, a deep dissembler, lowly of countenance, arrogant of heart, outwardly familiar where he hated,—ready to kiss whom he thought to kill; despiteful and cruel he was, not for ill-will always, but often for ambition; friend and foe was indifferent where his advantage grew; he spared no man's death whose life withstood his purpose."

Certain it is that he contrived the destruction of his nephews, with the usurpation of the regal dignity for himself.

As soon as the king his father was dead, young Edward and his brother drew towards London, from Ludlow in Wales, where they had been staying under the care of their mother's honourable kindred, the chief of whom was Lord Rivers, the uncle of the princes, their mother's brother, an accomplished and worthy nobleman. The duke's first object, therefore, was to remove the boys from the safe guardianship they were in. He began to whisper to all those persons who he perceived were at variance with the queen's kindred, and to all who favoured himself, that the young king ought not to be suffered to remain in the hands of those who protected him, whilst his father's kin were far more honourable of blood and estate; and by various subtle arguments, Gloucester secretly excited much fear, jealousy, and hatred of the nobles who were with the king, until it was determined to remove him out of their charge.

Accordingly, as Edward came on to be crowned in London, the Duke of Gloucester, with his armed men, and two powerful nobles, Lord Hastings and the Duke of Buckingham, met the king at Stoney Stratford, where they found him with his company, ready to leap on horseback and set forward.

Gloucester and his friends saluted his grace humbly on their knees, and he received them in a very joyous and amiable manner, nothing mistrusting. But by and bye, in the king's presence, they quarrelled with the noblemen who were about him, and arrested the principal, and brought the king and all his company back to Northampton, where Edward found that his good uncle Rivers was already a prisoner; at which dealing the king wept, and was distressed; but that moved not the Duke, who ere long beheaded all his relatives on the mother's side. And so the duke brought the boy to London.

A little before the midnight following, the tidings came to the queen that the king her son was taken, and all his friends arrested, and sent no man knew whither. She was greatly affrighted, and, in all haste possible, left the palace at Westminster, and took refuge in the abbey sanctuary, which was held a privileged place, even for felons.

The Duke of Gloucester soon removed the king and his brother to the Tower of London—merely for security, he said; but they never left it more. He then took on himself the regal power and authority, and proved an able statesman.

Gradually he managed so that he was solicited to take the crown himself, which he did, as Richard III., with abundance of fair speeches and eloquent arguments.

Then he sent to the Tower Sir James Tyrrel, who carried a letter commanding the Governor of the Tower to deliver to Sir James all the keys of the Tower for one night, which was done.

Meantime, the poor princes, slenderly attended, and altogether neglected by the nobility, had waited from day to day for the coronation of Edward; but gradually they came to the knowledge of their uncle's treachery, and that *he* was to wear the crown himself. "Alas!" cried the dejected innocent, "I would my uncle would let me enjoy my life yet, though I lose both my kingdom and crown!"

But very soon he and his brother were shut up with only one mean attendant, called Black Will. After which time Edward neglected his dress, and sunk into deep dejection, and so, with that young child his brother, lingered heavily, till death delivered them out of wretchedness.

Tyrrell appointed Miles Forrest, and John Dighton, his horsekeeper, to do the deed.

About midnight, all other persons being removed from the children, these two wretches came into the chamber, and suddenly wrapped up the innocent sleepers in the bed-clothes, where they lay, keeping by force the feather-bed and pillows hard upon their mouths, so that they were smothered to death, and gave up to God their innocent souls unto the joys of heaven, leaving their bodies unto the tormentors, dead in the bed. They were, the same night, buried at the stairs' foot, deep in the ground, under a great heap of stones.

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HOW HARRY DIXON BEGAN TO THINK.

The family dinner was just over—Mr. Dixon had gone to his workshop—some of the children had run out to play before going back to school; but Harry had taken his chair near to the fire, where he sat watching his mother as she cleared the table.

Harry was about ten years old—a good-tempered boy, and a handy little fellow in his way; but, like many other boys, he did things without thinking, and so brought himself into trouble. His father often said that the young chap had no head, and was of no use to anybody.

When Harry heard his father say this, he always felt unhappy, and wished he could become a useful boy all at once, and so make up for past troubles. His good disposition made him willing to render such services as were in his power; but he did not know how much power of this sort he had, as he ran about playing with his brothers and sisters, and in the fun and frolic a mishap of some kind was pretty sure to happen.

Harry, as we have said, was sitting by the fire; he had done no mischief that day, and felt pretty comfortable as he watched his mother's proceedings. She had nearly done clearing away, when he saw her take up the bread-basket and water-jug with one hand, and with the other a saucepan from the hob, and carry all three at once away to the pantry.

"How clever my mother is!" said Harry to himself; "I should never have thought of making one journey do for three things." Then he sat silent for a time, wondering whether he would one day be able to do the same. He had often heard his mother say, "Make your head work for your hands," and now he understood what she meant.

The first moments of self-consciousness—that is, becoming aware that we have a mind within us to direct our actions—afford us true pleasure. Those few minutes of reflection formed one of the turning-points in Harry's history, and for the first time in his life he began to think.

After this, it seemed to Harry that difficulties were not so formidable as heretofore; and he scarcely ever woke in the morning without thinking about what he should do through the day. In this way he found out that it was possible for even a young boy to be very useful at home. One of the first things that he did was to collect all the large stones he could find, and with these he made a pathway across the yard to the ash-pen and water-butt; and this saved the kitchen from a good deal of dirt, especially in wet weather. He pulled up all the weeds and grass from the garden paths, and made a rule of sweeping them every other day; besides which he mended the fence, and put a new hasp to the gate. He found time, too, to keep the books in tidy order on the shelves; and, setting his wits to work, he contrived to put a new leg to the washing-stool, and to mend the broken rails of the kitchen chairs. In short, Harry found that when people are willing to be useful they can do almost anything, and he would never have believed, had he not proved it, that so much could be done in a day. He did not give up play, but by making his head work, he gained time for work as well as play. He had not only the satisfaction arising from a true desire to do his duty, but he gained the approbation of his parents: his mother often looked after him as he ran off to school, with a glad eye and thankful heart, that her young son was such a comfort to her.

[Our youthful readers must not suppose that this is a tale merely made up for the occasion; it is a *true* history. Harry is now an old man, yet he can still look back with satisfaction to the time when he began to think.]

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THE MOON.

Next to the sun, the moon is to us the most interesting of all the celestial orbs. She is the constant attendant of the earth, and revolves around it in twenty-seven days eight hours, but the period from one new moon to another is about twenty-nine days twelve hours. She is the nearest of all the heavenly bodies, being only about 240,000 miles distant from the earth. She is much smaller than the earth, being only 2180 miles in diameter, and that of the earth is about 7930. Her surface, when viewed with a telescope, presents an interesting and varied aspect, being diversified with mountains, valleys, rocks, and plains, in every variety of form and position. Some of these mountains form long and elevated ridges, while others, of a conical form, rise to a great height from the middle of level plains; but the most singular feature of the moon is, those circular ridges and cavities which diversify every portion of her surface. A range of mountains of a circular form, rising three or four miles above the level of the adjacent districts, surrounds, like a mighty rampart, an extensive plain; and in the middle of this plain or cavity, an insulated conical hill rises to a considerable elevation. Several hundreds of these circular plains, most of which are considerably below the level of the surrounding country, may be perceived with a good telescope, on every region of the lunar surface. They are of all dimensions, from two or three miles to forty miles in diameter; and must present to the view of a spectator, placed among them, a more varied, romantic, and sublime scenery than is to be found on the surface of our globe. The lunar mountains are of all sizes, from a furlong to five miles in perpendicular elevation. The bright spots on the moon are the mountainous regions; the dark spots are the plains, or more level parts of her surface. There may probably be rivers, or small lakes, on this planet; but there are no seas or large collections of water.—*Dick's Christian Philosopher.*

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COVERING OF ANIMALS.

The covering of animals is as much to be admired as any part of their structure, both for its variety, and for its suitableness to their several natures.

We have bristles, hair, wool, furs, feathers, quills, prickles, scales; yet in this diversity, both of material and form, we cannot change one animal's coat for another, without evidently changing it for the worse. We must remark, too, that these coverings are, in many cases, armour as well as clothing—intended, that is, for protection as well as for warmth.

The human animal is the only one which is naked, and the only one which can clothe itself.

This is one of the properties which renders man an animal of all climates, and of all seasons. He can adapt the warmth or lightness of his covering to the temperature of his habitation. Had he been born with a fleece upon his back, like the sheep, although he might have been comforted by its warmth in cold climates, it would have oppressed him by its weight and heat in warmer regions.

What art, however, does for men, nature has in many instances done for those animals which are incapable of using art. Their clothing, of its own accord, changes with their necessities. This is particularly the case with that large tribe of quadrupeds which are covered with fur.

Every dealer in hare-skins and rabbit-skins knows how much the fur is thickened by the approach of winter. It seems to be a part of the same design for the animal's ease, that wool in hot countries passes into hair; whilst, on the contrary, hair, in the dog of the Polar regions, is turned into wool, or something very like it.

The covering of birds is equally worthy of admiration. Its lightness, its smoothness, its warmth, the feathers all inclined backwards, the down about their stem, the over-lapping of their edges, together with the variety of colour, forms altogether a dress for their bodies so beautiful, and so well suited for the life which the animal is to lead, as I think no one could have conceived if he had not seen it.

CLAPPERTON; OR, THE GOOSE'S HISTORY.

This game was suggested by the ancient one of "Coach," but is much altered to avoid both the necessity of young and old making themselves giddy by twirling round, when their names are mentioned, and to effect a compromise in the redemption of the forfeits; the ordinary mode being often singularly tiresome. In the History of the Goose, a commencement of which is appended, to show the sort of story which should be invented for the occasion, *no* notice is to be taken when *her* name occurs, but whenever the word Drake or Doctor is mentioned, every one is to clap their hands once, unless the two are joined, when two merry claps must sound. Any one omitting to clap at the right place, or clapping when the Goose is named, pays a forfeit, and *all* the forfeits may be redeemed by quoting *two* lines of verse, varied by kissing the mantel-piece, if the little ones present prefer it to the former mode. This saves all trouble of crying the forfeits, or the performance of disagreeable sentences, which too often cease to render the game a jest:—"A Goose feeling out of spirits one morning, consulted her favourite Doctor Drake (two claps), who advised her to go a long journey to foreign countries, which she resolved to do. So making, by the Doctor's advice (one clap), a good meal of cabbage-stalks and apple-parings, she set out from Dingle Farm, escorted by Doctor Drake (two claps). A shrill scream soon announced some disaster, and the Doctor (one clap) was obliged to extract two thorns from one of the Goose's wings, and to bathe her foot, stung by nettles, in a ditch, before they could proceed. After this they got on pretty well, though Goose was so fat she could not have forced her way through one of the stiles, had not the Doctor (one clap) given her a good push behind. Part of the journey lay through a meadow, in which two Miss Chickens, admiring the Goose and the Drake (one clap), joined them; but they talked so fast, the Doctor (one clap) soon gave them to understand their company was unacceptable. A Cock in the neighbourhood looked disposed to fight Doctor Drake (two claps) for this rudeness to his daughters, but the Doctor (one clap), not thinking it becoming to his professional dignity to engage in duels, only quacked a haughty reply, and went on with his patient. They soon met with a pig-driver."

H. M. R., Jun.

SIGNS OF RAIN.

Many flowers close their petals previous to rain, one of which, the pimpernel, has obtained the name of the poor man's weather-glass. The celebrated Dr. Jenner, in reply to a lady who asked him if he thought it would rain, summed up in rhyme the following:

The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs creep.
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head,
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see! a rainbow spans the sky.
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
Hark! how the chairs and tables crack,
Old Betty's joints are on the rack!
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry.
The distant hills are looking nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine—
The busy flies disturb the kine.
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings;
The cricket, too, how loud it sings.
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits smoothing o'er her wiskered jaws.
Thro' the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
The sheep are seen at early light
Cropping the meads with eager bite.
Tho' June, the air is cold and chill;
The mellow blackbird's voice is still.
The glow-worms, numerous and bright,
Illumed the dewy dell last night.
At dusk the squalid toad was seen
Hopping, crawling, o'er the green.
The frog has lost his yellow vest,
And in a dingy suit is dressed.
The leech, disturb'd, is newly risen
Quite to the summit of his prison.
The whirling winds the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays.
My dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton-bones on grass to feast;
And see yon rooks, how odd their flight!
They imitate the gliding kite,
Or seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball.
'Twill surely rain—I see with sorrow,
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

THE HAPPY HOUR.

QUITE TIRED OUT.

You undertake to make a person so tired, by attempting to take a small stick out of the room, as to be unable to accomplish it, although you will add nothing to his burthen, nor lay any restraint upon his personal liberty.

To perform this manœuvre, you take up the stick, and cutting off a very small sliver, you direct him to carry it out of the room, and return for more; concluding by telling him that you mean him to perform as many similar journeys as you can cut pieces off the stick. As this may be made to amount to many thousands, he will of course gladly give up the undertaking.

THE WONDERFUL HAT.

Place three pieces of bread, or other eatable, at a little distance from each other on the table, and cover each with a hat; you then take up the first hat, and remove the bread, put it into your mouth, and let the company see that you swallow it; then raise the second hat, and eat the bread that was under that, and do the same with the third. Having eaten the three pieces, give any person in company liberty to choose under which hat he would wish these three pieces of bread to be. When he has made choice of one of the hats, put it on your head, and ask if he does not think that they are under it.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Searcher for Origins.—Who was the first Man who carried an Umbrella?—The first man who is said to have dared the gibes and insults of those who love to attack every novelty, by carrying an umbrella, was Jonas Hanway, the traveller, who died about the year 1780. After sheltering himself under his invention for nearly thirty years, he saw the ridiculed and abused instrument come into general use.

Romulus.—It was not that you failed to solve the ornithological enigma that you lost your accustomed place, but that you failed in two others, if we remember rightly. Now for the errors you have been at some pains to point out. There is no defence for the error in No. 116: it is too palpable to any one who knows the simplest laws of grammar; it should have been, as you point out, a *pronoun* left, and not a *preposition*, as printed. In the Enigma, No. 126, we had a right to take the owl as much as the raven, seeing that both fly by night; but you must recollect that it was the *ominous* bird that was required, therefore raven was the correct answer. A properly taught parrot *will* repeat distinctly every word you say, and here we claim to be correct again. Naturalists place the Bird of Paradise in the first class for beauty, and hence its name; we yield you the cuckoo, and we are obliged that you have pointed the errors out, and given us an opportunity of defending them.

Julius Cæsar.—The Aurora Borealis is always accompanied with a sound that is almost indescribable, but may be compared to the crackling of wood while burning.

John Blight—If you keep your position to the end of the year, we shall cheerfully waive those you made no endeavour to solve.

Ida May Foster.—As you assure us your contributions are original, we accept them with thanks.

Eleven Years Old.—You need not have sent the solution to the hieroglyphic letter until the appointed time; however, it shall be considered in the next award. We accept "Gallon." You should always divide your propositions into paragraphs.

David Copperfield.—We have at length found an opportunity to look over your story of "Arthur Greenfell," and we regret that our decision is unfavourable to its acceptance. The object you have in view, to warn children against disobedience, was most praiseworthy; but the incidents you have chosen to point the moral of your story are unpleasing. The remainder of "Adventures of a Sixpence" is to hand, and shall receive early attention.

William Brown.—Why do not Violinists tune their Instruments before they come into the Orchestra?—Catgut strings will be strongly contracted in a crowded room, where the air is loaded with perspiration, and hence we find that the fiddle-strings of the performers, in a well-filled room, are more liable to break than under ordinary circumstances. Unless the instruments had, at the time of tuning, been exposed to the atmosphere in which the performance was to take place, all harmony would soon be destroyed.

William Atkinson.—Origin of the word Volume.—As years passed on, writing on the inner bark of the Lime-tree superseded among the Romans the mode of writing on leaves. The name of the book was *liber*, in Latin; and a book formed of it was called *a liber*. Leaves thus written on were rolled up for convenience-sake, and were called a volume—a term which was afterwards applied to all books of whatever form or shape.

A Young Lady writes to say that a dispute has arisen between herself and a friend, as to the cause of the death of Alexander; one argues "that the great warrior died from intemperance, in draining the cup of Hercules;" the other, "that his death was caused by the pestilential marshes of Babylon." The account which is most generally received is, that Alexander died from intemperance. If he had drained the marshes instead of the cup, it would have been better for his health, probably; but it is not unlikely that the poison of the cup, and the poison of the swamp, may have each contributed to put an end to the life of the conqueror, as drunkards are most liable to be fatally affected by mephitic influences.

Tom Brown.—Manufacture of Marbles.—There is something ingenious in the manufacture of these toys. The greater part of them are made of a hard stone, found near Coburg, in Saxony. The stone is first broken with a hammer into small cubical fragments, and about 100 or 150 of them are ground at one time in a mill, somewhat resembling a flour mill. The lower stone, and which remains at rest, has several concentric circular grooves; the upper stone is of the same diameter as the lower, and is made to revolve by water or other power. Minute streams of water are directed into the furrows of the lower stone. The pressure of the runners on the little pieces rolls them over in all directions, and in one quarter of an hour the whole of the rough fragments are reduced into neatly accurate spheres. [We hope our young correspondent, to whom we have specially imparted the art of marble making, will not be selfish enough to keep it to himself, but that after a game with these interesting and favourite toys, he will assemble his playmates around him, and disseminate the information. Make it a rule of life, that what we learn for our own good, every opportunity should be taken to impart it to others.]

J.B.—Aid to Memory.—The following poetical list of the rulers of England from the Norman Conquest may probably assist the memory of our correspondent, and obviate the difficulty he mentions:—

"First William the Norman, then William his son;
Henry, Stephen, and Henry; then Richard and John;
Next, Henry the third; Edwards, one, two, and three;
And again, after Richard, three Henries we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess;
Two Henries, sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen Bess.
Then Jamie the Scotchman, then Charles whom they slew,
Yet received after Cromwell another Charles too.
Next Jamie the second ascended the throne,
Then William and Mary together came on;
Till Annie, four Georges, and William all past,
God sent us Victoria—may she long be the last."

NOTICE.—As our first Volume will be completed with No. 26, all answers to the Pastime from No. 23 inclusive must appear in the last number of the Volume. It will therefore be necessary that competitors forward their solutions on or before Thursday, the 17th of the present month. The Pastime in the present No. and our next is so arranged as not to require answers. The Volume will be elegantly bound in cloth, and gilt-edged, price 3s. 6d.

Address to Editor at Printers', 23, Middle Street, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

THE CHILD AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.

(*Translated from the French of Florian.*)

THE little hero of my tale,
Brought up in a retir'd vale,
Was summon'd from his native green
To visit friends he ne'er had seen.
He viewed the various objects o'er,
He had not once beheld before.
A Looking-Glass beside him placed,
His own resemblance straightway trac'd;
With pleasure he the figure sees,
(For self is ever sure to please),
And nature's frailty was confess'd
Already in his childish breast.
Before the glass he moulds his face—
The shadow renders the grimace:
And when, with rage, he lifts his fist,
He sees the wrathful form resist.
At length, of empty threats grown tir'd,
Revenge his kindling bosom fir'd;
And, at the visionary foe,
He fiercely aims an angry blow?
Soon his weak, wounded hands display
The bleeding forfeit of the fray:
Trembling with agony and rage,
Determin'd still the war to wage—
Again he strikes the shatter'd glass
And then to grief his passions pass.
The watchful mother, who had been
Gazing a moment on the scene,
Thus kindly spoke:—"Dry up your tears,
And tranquillize a mother's fears!
Now tell me—was it your grimace
That rais'd the same ill-natur'd face?"
"Yes," said the child. "Now look again—
Behold how passion's burst is vain.
You smile—that smile returns: and see
The same delight on both must be.
The friendly hand to you he gives,
For that which he from you receives.
Nor does resentment warm his breast,
Since you that feeling have suppress'd.
This is a lesson, bear in mind,
That should be known by all mankind:
For evil done, we must expect
An ill-return, or cold neglect;
While goodness always finds a friend,
And virtue will with virtue blend!"

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KINDNESS IN CHILDREN.—If boys were acquainted with the wonderful structure of insects, and of other animals low in the scale, they would not be found sticking pins into flies, or tormenting cats; nor, when men, would they treat those noble domestic animals, the horse and the ox, with cruelty. The girl who has learned to derive enjoyment from observing the operations, and watching the metamorphoses of insects, who knows their history, and is conversant with their structure, habits, and curious economy, will mark these circumstances in animals higher in the scale; and, ascending to her own species, will learn also the elevation of her own nature. As she grows up to womanhood, she will feel more intensely the delicacy and dignity of the feminine character, and resist with more force the temptations which always beset innocence, amiability, and inexperience, both from without and from within.—*Loudon.*

THE GIRL'S WORK-TABLE.

BY MADAME EUGENIE.

CROCHET WATCHPOCKET.

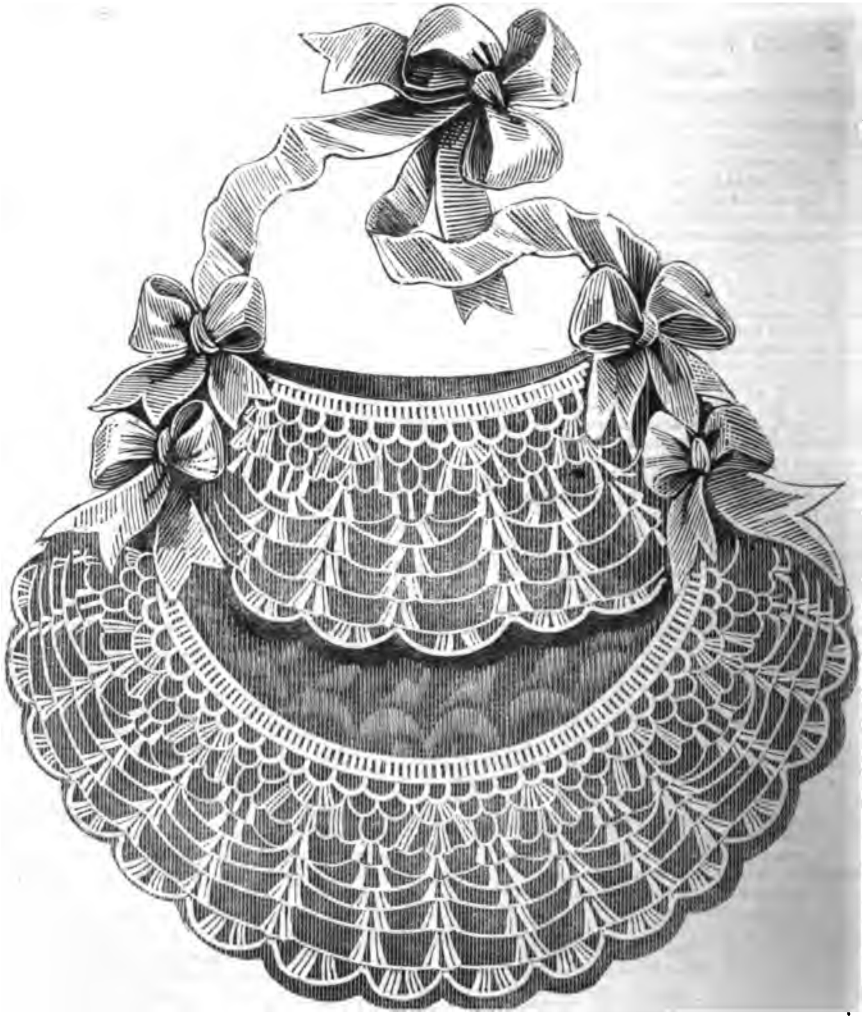
THE Watchpocket of which we are now supplying the design will be found a very pretty article, although made without difficulty. As most young ladies are now well practised in the art of Crochet, the part which is composed of that sort of work will be easily accomplished, and the rest is simple in the extreme.

The pocket itself is made of silk, of any colour that may best suit the room for which it is intended. Our design is in green, but this can be varied at pleasure. The front is made with a thin layer of cotton-wadding between two pieces of the silk, those two pieces being first run together in the inside at the top, and then quilted round. The back has in it a piece of cardboard to keep it in the right form, is also covered with silk, having a layer of cotton in the inside for the watch to rest upon. This cotton wool answers the double purpose of dulling the sound of the ticking of the watch, which sometimes prevents persons of delicate constitutions from sleeping, and of preserving it from injury. The back and front, being thus prepared, are to be put together, and stitched all round the outer edge; after which it should be cut neatly round; the pocket is to be bound with ribbon of the same colour. Then the two pieces of crochet are to be laid on, the satin ribbon strings and bows added, and the work completed.

We are quite sure that any lady undertaking this little piece of work will be pleased with the result. The coloured silk relieves the crochet, contrasts well with it, shows its pattern to advantage, and altogether produces a very pretty effect.

The following are the directions for the crochet pattern:—

Take number 4 of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Boar's Head Crochet cotton, and commence by making a chain of forty-two stitches in length; turn round, and work one long stitch in every loop, with one chain between every other long stitch: this is to form the circular shape for the top. *The second row.*—Work one long and three chain, leaving two loops between the last row. *Third row.*—Five chain, loop in, five chain, loop in, three chain, three long, three



CROCHET WATCHPOCKET.

chain, three long, three chain; loop in these six long loops, and work on one loop of the last row, five chain, loop in, five chain, loop in. *Fourth row.*—Five chain, loop in, three chain, three long stitches worked on the three chains in last row, three chain; three long, three chain; three long (these six long stitches are worked in the three chain between the six long of the last row), three chain, three long, three chain, loop in, five chain, loop in, and repeat the long stitches. Continue these rows until there are seven in depth. On the last row, work three long, three chain, three long, three chain; loop into the three chain between the long stitches of the last row. This is for the first border of the pocket. The second border must be commenced in the same manner, but must be made the length required.

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CAVERNS.

The natural caverns that exist about England and Scotland form one of the grandest features of these countries. Some of them are wide clefts in the rocks, while others form a series of beautiful grotto-work. Those most deserving attention in England are Pool's Hole, the Derbyshire Peak, and Elden Hole.

Pool's Hole, situated at the foot of Grindon Hill, in Derbyshire, is a vast cavern, formed by nature in the limestone rock. There is a tradition in the county that this cavern was once the resort of a daring outlaw, named Pool; and hence its name.

The entrance is low, narrow, and repulsive, but within it progressively widens to a lofty, spacious cavern, the roof of which is resplendently adorned by pendent stalactites, or droppings of water laden with calcareous matter. These droppings on the rugged floor form likenesses to innumerable objects, among others, a woolpack, a chain, a foot, a turtle, a flitch of bacon, a lady's toilette, and a lion. At the spot termed the flitch of bacon, which is a large water icicle hanging from the roof, the cavern becomes somewhat contracted, but beyond this part it grows wide and lofty again, and so continues until you arrive at the Queen of Scots' pillar, a name given to a large massy column of stalactite on account of its having been visited by that unfortunate princess during a visit to Buxton. As the pillar cannot be passed without difficulty, few persons venture beyond it. Nor does this seem desirable, for by proceeding thus far, a complete idea of the cavern may be formed.

The path hitherto lies along the side, and at some height from the bottom of this subterraneous passage; but to visit and examine the interior extremity, it becomes necessary to descend a few yards by very slippery and ill-formed steps. At the distance of twenty yards from the entrance, the passage rises with a perpendicular ascent to the height of about eighty yards. Seldom is an attempt made to climb up, but it is customary for the guide to fix a candle at the extremity, which, to those who stand below, has a singular and picturesque effect. The way of returning is at the bottom of the cavern, and the visitor passes under the Queen of Scots' pillar, before referred to. By thus changing the route an opportunity is formed of better ascertaining the height and width of the cavern in every part, and of viewing other accumulations of stalactite, some of which are of great size and wonderful form. The entire length of this subterraneous passage is about eight hundred yards; it belongs to the Duke of Devonshire, and some years since was granted by his grace to nine old women, who acted as guides, and received the money bestowed by the visitors to this remarkable cavern.

The Peak Cavern, near Castleton, sometimes also called the Devil's Cave, is another great wonder of Derbyshire. It cannot fail to excite the wonder and admiration of every beholder. It stands within a hundred yards of the town, in a fissure or separation of the rock: a narrow path by the side of a sparkling stream leads to this celebrated place. A high bank is so situated as to prevent a view of it until the traveller is near enough to be fully aware of its dimensions, and feel the power of its grandeur; it then bursts upon him in all the vastness of its character. On each side the huge grey rocks rise almost perpendicularly to the height of nearly three hundred feet, and, meeting each other at right angles, form a deep and gloomy recess. In front, the mouth of the cave, overhung by a vast canopy of impillared rock, assuming the appearance of an arch, strikes the mind as solemnly grand; this arch extends in width 12 feet, in height 42, and 250 feet in length.

After passing through the first cavern, the roof becomes lower, and a gentle descent conducts, by a detached rock, to the interior entrance. Here, the light of the day, which gradually grows dimmer, wholly disappears, and torches are called in requisition. During his progress, the visitor is conducted in succession through different caverns, known by the romantic names of the Grand Saloon, Roger Rain's House, the Devil's Cellar, Half-way House, Devil's Hall, Gloucester Hall, and, last of all, the Bell House, or Great Tom of Lincoln. In explaining the deep recesses of this cavern, it is necessary to pass and repass a current of water twice, which is generally accomplished either by means of a boat, or on the shoulders of the guide. The entire length of this wonderful cavern, from its entrance to its termination is 2250 feet, and its depth from the surface of the mountain 620 feet.

A third wonder in Derbyshire is Elden Hole, situated on the side of a gentle hill, to the north-west of the village of Peak Forest. There is nothing very extraordinary in this fissure; it is simply a deep, yawning chasm; but many and marvellous are the stories connected with the spot. Cotton, who may be styled the poet laureate of the Peak, endeavoured to ascertain the depth of this fathomless pit; but according to his own account, he was unable to succeed. His own words are:—

"For I myself, with half the Peak surrounded,
Eight hundred, fourscore, and four yards have sounded;
And though of these fourscore returned back wet,
The plummet drew, and found no bottom yet;
Though when I went to make a new essay,
I could not get the lead down half the way."

The entrance to Elden Hole is perpendicular. It is a deep chasm in the ground; near the surface it is ten yards wide and thirty long, but from hence it gradually contracts. So early as the reign of Elizabeth, the Earl of Leicester is reported to have hired a man to go down into Elden Hole, for the purpose of ascertaining its form and dimensions. The account of this experiment says:—"He was let down 200 ells, and after he had remained at the length of the rope awhile, he was pulled up again with great expectation of some discovery; but when he came up he was senseless, and died, within eight days, of a frenzy."

There are various kinds of caverns; some are wide clefts in the rocks, and have the appearance of having been torn asunder by some powerful agency; others form a series of grottoes connected by passages; while a third sort admit daylight at both ends, and are frequently traversed by rivers. Some of these caverns are formed by the constant action of water on limestone or gypsum rocks; others are evidently due to volcanic agency. The cavern of Fredericshill, in Norway, is said to be 11,000 feet deep. In the north-west of Georgia is a cave 50 feet high and 100 wide, which has been explored to the distance of several miles. Caverns are frequently adorned in the most magnificent manner, with stalactite and basaltite columns. Among these are the celebrated grotto of Antiparos, in the Greek Archipelago, the entrance to which, as seen by torchlight, appears studded with diamonds and precious stones; and in our own country, the Cave of Fingal, in Staffa.

Sir Walter Scott thus describes the latter:—"The stupendous columnar side walls—the depth and strength of the ocean, with which the cavern is filled—the variety of tints formed by stalactites dropping and petrifying between the pillars, resembling a sort of chasing of yellow or cream-coloured marble, filling the interstices of the roof—the corresponding variety below, where the ocean rolls over a red, and in some places a violet-coloured rock, the bases of the basaltic pillars—the dreadful noise of those august billows, so well corresponding with the grandeur of the scene—are all circumstances elsewhere unparalleled." At the extreme end of Fingal's Cave is a kind of natural throne, from which the spectator commands a fine view of that magnificent hall, which by its beautiful symetry resembles, yet surpasses, the imitative efforts of man.

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THE BOYS OF THE BIBLE.

BY AUNT MARY.

No. VI.—DAVID.

SAMUEL, the prophet, had anointed Saul to be the first king of Israel; that is, he chose him by Divine direction, and poured oil over his head, as a sign of investiture with royal authority.

But Saul proved disobedient to the commands of God, and when Samuel was an old man, he said to Saul, "The Lord hath rent the kingdom of Israel from thee this day, and hath given it to a neighbour of thine, that is better than thou."

This second king of the Jews, chosen by Divine guidance, was David, the "sweet singer of Israel," whose Psalms are cherished in the memory, and we hope, in the heart also, of every one who honours the Bible.

David was a youth under fifteen years of age, and he was tending the sheep of his father, Jesse, who lived in Bethlehem, when he was called from the sheepfold to the presence of the aged prophet Samuel.

The Lord had said to Samuel, "Fill thine horn with oil; and go, I will send thee to Jesse the Bethlehemite; for I have provided me a king among his sons."

And Samuel said, "How can I go? If Saul hear it, he would kill me." And the Lord said, "Take an heifer with thee, and say, I am come to sacrifice to the Lord! And call Jesse to the sacrifice, and I will shew thee what thou shalt do; and thou shalt anoint unto me him whom I name unto thee."

So Samuel went to Bethlehem, and called the Israelites to the sacrifice which he was about to offer up for them. And he called Jesse also, who was an old and honoured Ephrathite, and his sons.

Samuel having made known his secret purpose to Jesse, he selected Eliab, who appeared the tallest, and most royal of aspect; but the Lord rebuked Samuel for thus judging, in these fine words, which you should carefully mark: "Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature: because I have refused him: for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; *for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.*"

Then Jesse called Abinadab, and made him pass before Samuel; but the prophet said, "Neither hast the Lord chosen this." Shammah, the third son, received the same announcement, as did four others. Then Samuel said to Jesse, "Are here all thy children?"

Jesse had not thought it worth while to bring the shepherd boy David, thinking surely, among seven warlike and full-grown sons, one would be the chosen. He replied, "There remaineth yet the youngest, and, behold, he keepeth the sheep." Samuel said, "Send and fetch him; for we will not sit down [to the sacrificial feast] till he come hither."

And Jesse sent, and brought David in—a ruddy, bright-eyed, beautiful shepherd-boy, of ten or fifteen years of age.

And the Lord said, "Samuel, arise; anoint him: for this is he." Then Samuel took the horn of oil, and anointed him in the midst of his brethren; and the Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward. Still, you are not to suppose that he proceeded to depose Saul—far from it, nor was he viewed as a king, but as one that would be so at the appointed time. He assumed nothing, but kept to his plain and simple duties, until his three eldest brothers followed King Saul to battle against the Philistines; and his father, Jesse, sends him with provisions for his brethren. "Take now," he said, "an ephah of this parched corn, and these ten loaves, and run to the camp, and carry these ten cheeses unto the captain, and look how thy brethren fare."

And David rose up early in the morning, and left the sheep with a keeper, and went as Jesse had commanded him; and he came to the trench, in the valley of Edom, as the host was going forth to the fight, and shouted for the battle—for the Philistines and the Israelites were in full battle array, army against army.

And David left his carriage in the hand of the keeper of the carriage, and ran into the army, and came and saluted his brethren. And as he talked with them, there came up, from the enemy, a champion of the Philistines, named Goliath of Gath. He was of gigantic height and terrible appearance, clothed in brass, and carrying an enormous spear. He stood before the armies of Israel, and defied them, crying out, "Give me a man, that we may fight together." But there was no man of Israel dared to accept the challenge.

The shepherd-boy's indignation was roused—he inquired of the men that stood by him, "What shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine, and taketh away the reproach of Israel?" They answered him, that the king would enrich the successful champion of Israel with great riches, and give him his daughter to be his wife.

And Eliab, his eldest brother, heard when David spake to the men; and he angrily said, "Why comest thou down hither? and with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride, and the haughtiness of thine heart; for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle."

And David said, "What have I now done? Is there not a cause?"

David spoke to the men of the army so earnestly, that they told the king, Saul, who sent for him.

David spoke firmly—"Let no man's heart fail him because of Goliath; I will go and fight with this Philistine." But Saul said, "Thou art not able, for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war."

David answered, "Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock. And I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear; and this Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God. And the Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine."

And Saul said, "Go, and the Lord be with thee." He offered the youth his own armour, but David put them off him. And he took his staff in his hand, and chose five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had, and his sling was in his hand. Thus, with his shepherd's staff, he drew near the terrible giant that the armies of Israel feared.

They approached each other, and Goliath saw with surprise, in the champion who was to meet him single-handed, a fair and ruddy youth, totally unarmed. Considering that he was insulted, he cried, "Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with a staff?" And he cursed David by his gods. "Come to me," he cried, "and I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field."

How beautiful and characteristic is David's reply! "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied."

And as Goliath came on, David rested, and ran toward the enemy to meet the Philistine. And he put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slung it, and smote Goliath in the forehead, that the stone sank into his forehead, and he fell upon his face to the earth. So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and a stone.

And when the Philistines saw that their champion was dead, they fled, and were chased by the Israelites, and their tents taken. And David cut off the head of Goliath, and brought it to Jerusalem. The scene of this famous exploit is now called the Terebinth Valley, or the Vale of Bitumen. It is very small, and a torrent of water flows through it from the hills above.

The conqueror of Goliath became at once the most popular character in Israel. He was received in the king's court, and a most intimate and tender friendship is formed between him and Jonathan, Saul's son. Jonathan was a most loving and amiable, as well as valiant, young man.

He loved David as his own soul, and clothed him in his own robes, "even to his sword, and to his bow, and to his girdle."

But Saul became jealous of David's great popularity with the people, and the shepherd returned back to his happy rural home-life with his father Jesse. But there Saul could not let him remain; a mysterious sickness, an evil madness, possessed the king, for the Lord had departed from him. So he commanded Jesse, "Send me David, thy son, which is with the sheep," and Jesse sent him. And David came to Saul, and stood before him, and the king loved him greatly, and made him his armour-bearer. He now remained some time at court, soothing the melancholy of Saul, with his playing upon the harp. And here we must leave him for the present. Saul's jealousy soon returned, and he sought to kill David again and again; but Saul perished in battle, and David became king in his stead. And thus he gratefully sings, "I waited patiently for the Lord, and He inclined unto me, and heard my cry." "He brought me up out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God; many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord."

◆

STINGING NETTLES.

The common or large nettle is known by grievous experience to every one, though perhaps you have never yet inquired whence the pain arises from touching it. The sting is not like a pin or needle, solid throughout, but is hollow at the centre and perforated at the point; and, when touched, it is not only sharp enough to pierce the skin, but also is so constructed as to inject a particle of poisonous fluid into the wound it makes, and this is the source of the pain which follows. The wound itself is so minute that it could scarcely be felt; but the poison irritates, inflames, and causes the well-known pain alluded to. The plant, the small species of which stings the most severely, is covered all over with hairs; but, by using a microscope or magnifying-glass, you may perceive that these are not all of one kind, some being perforated, which are the stings, while others are not. Each sting stands upon a pedestal, and the pedestal performs the office both of gland and poison-bag. It is cellular and spongy within; the sting is placed on its top, and may be moved by a slight pressure to either side, or round in a circle; it seems to stand, as it were, on a universal joint. When a body touches its point, the base is pressed down into the spongy pedestal, and the poisonous fluid rushes up through the tube of the sting, and flows out at its point.—*Drummond's Letters.*

◆

THE HAPPY HOUR.

THE WATCH-WORD.

One of the company must leave the room, while another touches some article in her absence, which she must endeavour to guess on her return. Before her departure, the mistress or master of the play takes her aside and whispers to her the watch-word, meaning, that when she hears her ask, "Is it this?" she may be sure that she points to the object which has been actually touched: but on the other hand, the question "Is it *that?*" refers to things that have not been touched.

EXAMPLE.

MARIA.—'Louisa, do you go out, but first let me say something to you in private (she takes Louisa aside, and whispers to her, saying,) Julia will touch something while you are gone, and when on your return, I point to different things and ask, 'Is it that?' you may be sure I am not directing you to the right object, and you must say 'No.' But when I ask 'Is it *this?*' you may say 'yes;' for you may be sure I mean the thing that Julia has touched. Go now, remember that the watch-word is '*this*,' and reply accordingly. (*Louisa goes out*) Come, Julia, what will you touch?'

JULIA.—'There, I touch the work basket. Come in, Louisa.' (*Louisa returns.*)

MARIA.—(*pointing to a book*) 'Is it that?'

LOUISA.—'No.'

MARIA.—(*shewing a pincushion*) 'Is it that?'

LOUISA.—'No.'

MARIA.—(*pointing to a newspaper*) 'Is it that?'

LOUISA.—'No.'

MARIA.—(*shewing a work-box*) 'Is it that?'

LOUISA.—'No.'

MARIA.—(*pointing to a basket*) 'Is it *this?*'

LOUISA.—'Yes.' (The other girls, being unacquainted with the play, look surprised.)

CHARLOTTE.—'Well, it really was the basket that Julia touched!'

HELEN.—'How could Louisa possibly know?'

HARRIET.—'How could she be sure that Julia had not touched any of the other things that were mentioned?'

MARIA.—'Well, Harriet, you shall go out our next. So first come aside with me, and I will let you into the secret. [By-the-by, it must be remembered that in this way no one goes out twice.]

She takes Harriet to the other end of the room, and whispers to her that the watch-word will now be 'THAT.' Harriet goes out, and, while she is away, Charlotte touches the lamp; and on her return, Maria questions her awhile, by asking, 'Is it this?' to which, of course, Harriet answers 'No;' but when Maria inquires, 'Is it THAT?' as she points to the lamp, Harriet knows that she may say 'Yes.'

◆

ANSWERS TO PASTIME.

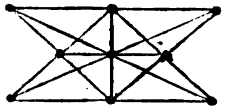
(*On Pages* 274, 286.)

133

Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, August, 1857.

RESPECTED SIR,—In returning my sincere thanks for the many "Leisure Hours" you have found me amusement of an harmless and instructive character, allow me to hope that your Journal has realised your expectations as regards its success. I should advise all to buy it, for it is invaluable; for while it informs, it amuses. Yours respectfully, ANONYMOUS.

134.



135.—1. Allahabad; 2. Mediterranean; 3. Aix-la-Chapelle; 4. Amsterdam; 5. Massachusetts; 6. Allahabad; 7. Tennessee; 8. Bethlehem; 9. Portsmouth; 10. Westminster.

◆

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—With the subjoined awards we take our leave of you in this volume, trusting to spend many a "Happy Hour" with you in our next. Ere we say farewell—ere we close this sheet and commit it to the binder's care, to be bound up with the other twenty-five—we beg to record our sense of the general intelligence you have shown in our Pastime department, and our thanks for the kindly expressions so often mingled with your letters to ourselves personally. In return, we assure you that nothing shall be wanting on our part to pour new sources of delight into our pages. Again—Farewell.

FIRST CLASS.

IDA MAY FOSTER and **FLORA MELVILLE** (we are glad to leave you in this enviable position at the close of our volume).—**BRUTUS** (for the charades we are obliged, but regret that two of them are inadmissible, on account of orthography being sacrificed to sound, and the other we do not deem correct in its answer; "wakes" are not commonly held in fields, but in houses).—**JOHN BAKER** (we take it for granted that you would have answered correctly; your answers are arranged most neatly, and trimmed off so prettily with black and red ink as to make them quite pictorial; your puzzle is very stale, but the tree with eight heads we accept with pleasure).—**ROMULUS** (we will not contend the point with you, but you will find Bechstein—a great authority upon birds—is against you: more prospectuses shall be forwarded, and we feel grateful for what you have accomplished for us).—**NELLA** (charade is too defective for acceptance).—**JOHN BLIGHT** (your answers, for correctness and the neat manner of sending them, deserve our highest commendation).—**W. RAMSDEN.**

SECOND CLASS.

RICHARD (well written and neatly arranged).—**J. W. KIGHLEY** (it grieves us to learn of your continued ill health; your sister is very prompt in acting for you, but we fear she has omitted the solution to No. 134).—**A. M. D.** (your note is very imperfect in the orthography; no doubt you are very young, and that as you grow older you intend to grow wiser; but do try to mend your defective spelling *at once;* set about it in earnest, and you will soon overcome the difficulty).—**ALDERSHOT** (you omitted your name, but we hope you will recognise yourself by the name of the place you date from).—**MULTUM, SLIPPER, & RETURN** (we are much obliged for your submission of the charades, but as they are not original we cannot avail ourselves of them).—**T. A. FOX** (improved in spelling; the charades declined for the same reason given to Multum).—**ANTONIO** (we had hoped that you would not have allowed this opportunity to pass of figuring in the first class—remember there were but three things to solve; so easy a task is not likely to occur soon or again).—**TOM DIKE** (our numbers can be neatly bound in a volume from one shilling upwards; your praise much gratifies us—to please others is our chief ambition in life).—**JESSIE** (better than the last, especially the writing).

ANNE MOUSE.—We have reflected on your objections to our hieroglyphics, and believe them to be founded in error, and that no such evil as you anticipate is likely to arise from this interesting source of pastime.

WILLIAM LAWS.—If you did not send answers, the award at page 226 could not refer to you, and we may infer we are honoured with another bearing your name; we accept the charades, but, with thanks, decline the conundrums and transposition. The republication of the "Rose," by Dr. Watts, beautifully simple as it is, is too well known to every child to be interesting to our pages.

NOTICE.—Among other and important improvements, it is intended (after our next, being the first Number in Vol. II.,) to print the heading on a slip, and slightly attach it to the Number, thereby obviating the objection to the repetition, when bound up in the Volume.

END OF VOL. I.

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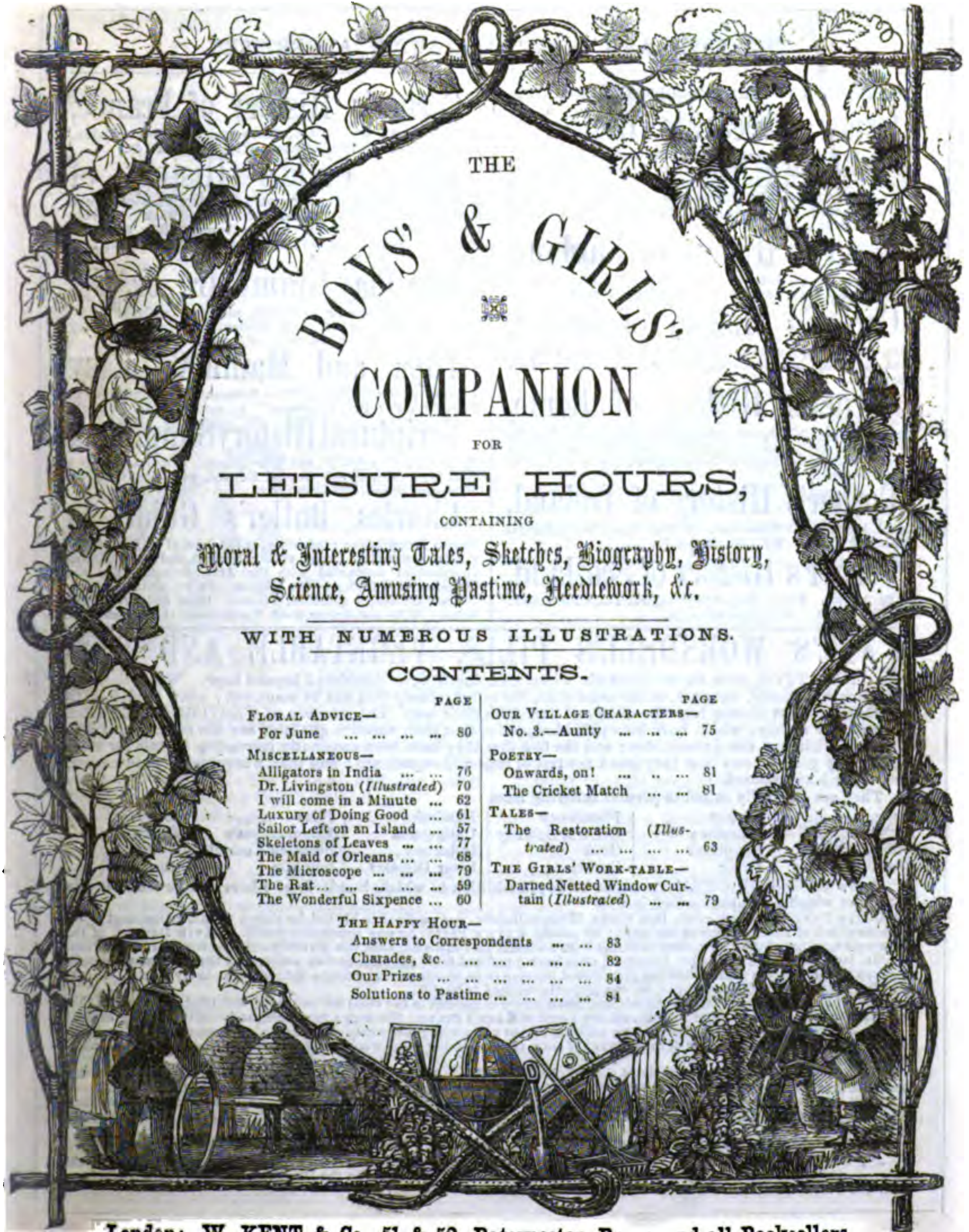

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A GLANCE AT CHINA.

CHINA PROPER is bounded on the south and east by the ocean; on the west, by Thibet and the desert; and on the north, by the great wall. Two mighty rivers are seen rising, nearly together, in the mountains of the west, one flowing north, the other south; and, after a lengthened and tortuous course, approaching each other nearly about the centre of China, from whence they flow side by side, till they empty themselves into the eastern sea, not far from each other; the one is called Hoang-ho, or the Yellow River, and the other Yang-tsze-keang, or the Child of the Ocean.

At the first settlement of the Chinese in their patriarchal regions, they doubtless occupied but a small portion of that space which they now call their own. The first part of the country possessed by their primeval ancestors, soon after the dispersion, was that portion of territory now included in the provinces of Shan-se and Shen-se, on the banks of the Yellow River, just after it crosses the great wall; or the north-western part of China Proper. Here the land was laid out in portions which were divided into nine equal squares, the outer allotments of which were cultivated by eight separate husbandmen, while the middle plot was wrought by the united strength of the whole, and the proceeds given up for the service of the state. As the population increased, they spread themselves farther eastward, occupying the lands that lie between the Yellow River and the modern wall, as far as the sea; until, in the time of Confucius, the whole of the territory north and south of the Yellow River, as far as the Yang-tsze-keang, was inhabited by tribes speaking the same language, and adopting the same customs, separated into different states, and acknowledging one federal head. In process of time, these were all brought under the dominion of Tsin, and the foundation of that empire was laid, which has been long known to the western world under the appellation of Sin, Chin, and China. It was long, however, before the emperors of China extended their sway over the tribes lying to the south of the Yang-tsze-keang, and, for many ages, the provinces of Fuh-këen, Canton, Kwang-se, Yun-nan, and Kwei-chow, were in a state of barbarism, scarcely submitting to the Chinese yoke, and deriving little benefit from the civilising influence of their northern neighbours. Education, however, and superior tactics, gradually won over the southern states, and the emperors of China became lords of all within the wall and the ocean, and extended their influence from the desert to the eastern sea.

Having thus far progressed, China was soon enabled to enlarge her territories by that which generally circumscribes dominion. She spread, not by conquering, but by being conquered. For many ages, the effeminate Chinese had been exposed to the incursion of the Tartar hordes, which infested their northern border. To keep out these, the great wall was built, but built in vain. First, under the Mongols, and, subsequently, under the Manchows, the Tartar race invaded the territory, and ascended the throne of China. In this, however, the superiority of knowledge over ignorance—of civilisation over barbarism—has been apparent. Mencius, a Chinese philosopher, who flourished before the Christian era, has a passage in his works to the following effect:—"I have heard of barbarians being improved by the Chinese, but I never heard of the Chinese being improved by barbarians." Thus the Tartars, after subjugating China, instead of altering its institutions, and changing its maxims of government, conformed themselves to the customs and laws already existing in the country, and were, in fact, subdued by the Chinese; while China remained what China was, having only changed its rulers, and gained a great accession of territory.

The modern empire of China assumes a peculiar interest and importance, on account of the extent of its territory. In addition to China Proper, which, within its eighteen rich and fertile provinces, each of them equal in extent and population to some European kingdoms, covers an area of 1,298,000 square miles, the empire is now swelled by the annexation of Chinese Tartary, a thinly peopled, but outstretched region, extending from the sea of Ochotsk, on the east to Bukaria on the west; and from the Altay and Nershink mountains on the north, to the great wall, on the south.

The power of China is strengthened, by having Thibet, on the one hand, and Corea and Loo-Choo, on the other, almost entirely subject to its influence; while its importance, in the eyes of eastern nations, is augmented by claiming to include Cochin-China, Camboja, Burmah, and Siam, among its tributary kingdom. What an enormous and overgrown dominion is thus presented before us, extending over thirty-five degrees of latitude, and seventy of longitude, and covering an area of upwards of 3,000,000 square miles!

The Chinese empire occupies no inconsiderable space in our map of the earth's surface, and fills up nearly the whole of their own; no wonder, then, that the Chinese should consider their country as the middle kingdom, including all within the four seas; and that, with them, the world and their empire should be synonymous terms. It is true, that a great part of these territories are uninhabitable deserts, and Chinese Tartary may have only four inhabitants to a square mile; yet the government of that country extends an influence over nearly as much of the earth's surface, and more of its population, than either England or Russia, and makes its orders heard and obeyed from Peking to E-le, and from the capital to Canton, among several hundred millions of people. By its new accession of territory, China has come into the neighbourhood of the British possessions; and, though originally so distant from us, seems to shake hands across the Himalaya mountains—and invite western nations to publish amongst them the glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

But not only have the victories of China brought her to the Himalaya on the east side, but our recent annexation of the Punjaub to British India gives us a vast extent of territory on the west side. What the result of the recent capture of Canton may be, it is not at present in our power to determine; but amid the enterprises of this century, not only may we see the Atlantic and the Pacific joined to each other at the Isthmus of Panama, but a railroad may yet go out from Bombay, with a station at Calcutta, and the grand terminus at Peking. Most improbable indeed is such a line; but if there is a cause, the valleys can be exalted, and the lofty hills laid low.

The government of this vast empire is based on filial obedience. On this principle rests their political code. For though the emperor stands in no natural relation to his people, and is rather cherished by them than contributes to their support, yet he has induced the belief that he is their parent and protector, and as such possessed of unquestionable authority over them. In order to strengthen this assumption, the idea of divine right is superadded to that of earthly supremacy. Heaven and earth are considered the parents of all mankind, and the emperor, as the Son of Heaven, is, of course, next in authority, and reverenced accordingly. Whoever, therefore, obtains the decree of Heaven, to ascend "the dragon throne," has a sort of mysterious dignity thrown around him; and it is, in their opinion, as wicked to dispute the authority of the supreme on earth as the supreme in heaven. Both parents and rulers are by the Chinese infinitely exalted above children and subjects, and receive not only homage but adoration. Moral feeling, therefore, carried to an excess, and strengthened by superstitious awe, lead the Chinese, without questioning, to yield to authority; and this submissive, unresisting spirit is the source of that peace and good order which prevail throughout the empire. Thus to establish and sanction the most absolute despotism, and to render it subservient to the pacification of a great country, argues a degree of penetration and discernment which does not comport with a barbarous state of society.

The civilisation of China has been much boasted of—and by so much the dark and cruel customs of that land have been faintly looked at—but *true civilisation* has been in any country but little advanced, where the female character continues to hold the degraded place it does in China—where the birth of a female child gives no joy to the family; and where in numberless instances, it is followed by the murder of the infant. The prevalence of torture, moreover, in the administration of their laws—the neglect of the sick and the aged—the laws against emigration on the one side, and those against the entrance of foreigners on the other, show indeed that the civilisation of China without the Gospel, is but at a low ebb; still, the excellence of many of their laws, their filial attachments, the inventive genius of the people, their external politeness, &c., are not silently to be passed over.

The inhabitants of China use the most exalted language in speaking of their country—"THE GREAT MIDDLE KINGDOM." Hence they designate the land of their fathers "The flowery nation"—"the region of eternal summer,"—"the land of the sages,"—"the celestial empire,"—while they unscrupulously term all foreigners "barbarians," and sometimes load them with epithets still more degrading and contemptuous, such as swine, monkeys, devils.

The soliloquy of one of them is rather amusing; "I felicitate myself," says Tëen Ke-shih, "that I was born in China, and constantly think how very different it would have been with me, if born beyond the seas, in some remote part of the earth, where the people, deprived of the converting maxims of the ancient kings, and ignorant of the domestic relations, are clothed with the leaves of plants, eat wood, dwell in the wilderness, and live in the holes of the earth. Though living in this world in such a condition, I should not have been different from the beasts of the field. But now, happily, I have been born in the middle kingdom. I have a house to live in; have food, drink, and elegant furniture; clothing, caps, and infinite blessings; truly the highest felicity is mine!"

The civilisation of the Chinese will be seen in their complaisance towards each other. In no unchristian country do we find such attention paid to ceremony, such polish in daily intercourse, and so many compliments passing to and fro, as among the Chinese. In associating with friends, and in entertaining strangers, their politeness is remarkable. The poorest and commonest individual will scarcely allow a passenger to cross the door without asking him in; should the stranger comply, the pipe is instantly filled and presented to his lips, or the tea poured out for his refreshment; a seat is then offered, and the master of the house does not presume to sit down, until the stranger is first seated. The epithets employed, when conversation commences, are in keeping with the character of the people. The familiar use of the personal pronoun is not indulged in; on the contrary—"venerable uncle"—"honourable brother"—"virtuous companion"—or "excellent sir"—in addressing a stranger, are used instead of the pronoun "you;" and "the worthless fellow"—"the stupid one"—"the late born"—or "the unworthy disciple," instead of the pronoun "I," are terms of common occurrence. "What is your noble patronymic?" is the first question; to which the usual reply is, "my poverty-struck family name is so and so;" again, the question is asked respecting the "honourable appellation, the exalted age, and the famous province," of the stranger, which queries are replied to by applying to one's self the epithets of "ignoble, short-lived, and vulgar;" and thus the conversation proceeds in a strain of compliment, the very commonness of which proves the civilisation of the people. The titles bestowed upon the relations of others, together with the humiliating light in which persons speak of their own connexions, are also remarkable. "Honourable young gentleman," for a friend's son; and "the thousand pieces of gold" for his daughter, are usual appellations; while the individual replies by bestowing the epithet of "dog's son," and "female slave," on his own offspring.

The ceremonies observed on the invitation and entertainment of guests are still more striking; complimentary cards are presented, and polite answers returned, all vieing with each other in the display of humility and condescension. On the arrival of the guest, considerable difficulty is found in arranging who shall make the lowest bow, or first enter the door, or take the highest seat or assume the precedence at table; though the host generally contrives to place his guest in the most elevated position. When conversation commences, the mutual assent to every proposition, the scrupulous avoiding of all contradiction, and the entire absence of every offensive expression, or melancholy allusion, shew what a sense these people entertain of politeness; while the congratulations or condolence lavished on every prosperous or adverse occasion, and the readiness to "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and to weep with them that weep," manifest the degree of interest they appear to take in each other. Any one who would examine the style of their epistolary correspondence, the form of their invitation cards, and the phraseology of their polite discourses, must see, that, professedly at least, "they esteem every other better than themselves," which is the foundation of politeness.

"But the civilisation of the Chinese appears in a more substantial form, in the discoveries they have made, and the arts and sciences which they have cultivated. Their inventive genius has been manifested in various particulars, and at early periods. Three most important discoveries, which have given an extraordinary impulse to the progress of civilisation in Europe, were known to the Chinese previous to their being found out by us. First of all ranks the invention of the mariner's compass, with which the Chinese seem to have been long acquainted. The earliest allusion to the magnetic needle is met with in the traditionary period of their history, about 2600 years before Christ; when the Yellow Emperor, having missed his way, invented a carriage, upon the top of which was a gallery, surmounted by a little figure, pointing to the south, whichever way the carriage turned.

At a later period, we have a more credible account of this discovery, in the reign of Ching-wang, of the Chow dynasty, B C. 1114; when it is said that some ambassadors came from the modern Cochin-China, affirming, that having experienced neither storm nor tempest in that country for three years, they imagined it was in consequence of the sages then existing in China; and therefore had come to pay court to them. On the return of these ambassadors, they knew not what course to take; and the prime minister of China gave them five close carriages, all provided with instruments that pointed to the south: with these they were enabled to find their way, and in a year arrived at their own country. "Hence," adds the historian, "these south pointing carriages have ever since been used as guides to travellers." There are several other references to this important invention at later periods, so as to make it evident that they possessed the discovery before the people of Europe, and it is not improbable were the means of communicating it to us; for it is well known that Marco Paulo, the Venetian traveller, visited China A.D. 1275, and that the mariner's compass was not invented by Gioia, of Naples, until A.D. 1302, so that it is not unlikely that the Italian communicated it to his countryman. Though the Chinese have not much improved the art of navigation, and have allowed us to exceed them in nautical science, yet we should remember from whence the grand invention was derived, and accord the due meed of praise to those who so early possessed it.

Next in the order of utility stands the art of printing, which it appears was known to the Chinese upwards of nine hundred years ago! Some say that it was invented by one Fung-taou, the time-serving minister of the first ruler of the Tsin dynasty, A.D. 937; though by a reference to Chinese history, it appears, that eleven years previous the ruler of Tang ordered the nine classics to be engraved, printed, and sold to the people.

In the time of Confucius, B.C. 500, books were formed of slips of bamboo, upon which they wrote with the point of a style. About one hundred and fifty years after Christ, paper was invented, when the Chinese wrote on rolls, and formed volumes. A.D. 745, books were first bound up into leaves; and two hundred years afterwards they were multiplied by printing; so that the Chinese appear to have made early advances in civilisation whilst we only discovered the art of making paper in the eleventh, and that of printing in the fifteenth century. The mode of printing adopted by the Chinese is of the simplest character. Without expensive machinery, or a complicated process, they manage to throw off clear impressions of their books in an expeditious manner.

Another discovery, which is supposed to have originated with the Chinese, is that of gunpowder. Soon after the commencement of the Christian era, this people were in the habit of using what they called 'fire medicine,' which they employed for the purpose of making signals, and affording amusement in the shape of rockets and fireworks, but do not appear to have used it to project bullets to a distance, in order to attack an enemy.

The historian of the Yuen dynasty, A.D. 1280, says, that 'fire engines' commenced about that period. Wei-ching constructed machines for throwing stones, in which he used powder, made of saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal. Some time after this, guns and powder were invented in Europe; and, it is not unlikely, were introduced into this part of the world, in consequence of the statements of Marco Paulo.

In the art of engraving the Chinese excel. The rapidity with which they carve their intricate and complicated characters is really surprising, and not to be imitated by European artists, in the same style of execution, and at the same low price. A London engraver was surprised, when he learned that what would cost sixty or eighty shillings in England, might be accomplished by a Chinese workman for half-a-crown. In seal engraving they are not behind our own countrymen, and in ivory and ebony, tortoiseshell, and mother-of-pearl, their carving surpasses that of most other artists. The celebrated Chinese balls, one in the other, to the amount of seven or nine, all exquisitely carved, have puzzled many of our English friends, who have been at a loss to know whether they were cut out of a solid piece, or cunningly introduced by some imperceptible opening, one within the other. There can be no doubt, however, of their having been originally but one piece, and cut underneath from the various apertures which the balls contain, until one after another is dislodged and turned, and then carved like the first. The ivory work-boxes and fans, commonly sold in Canton, exhibiting the various figures standing out in very bold relief, may be considered as fair specimens of Chinese skill. The government of China has, for the last thousand years, also paid great attention to the manufacture of porcelain.

DESPAIRING DICK AND ROBIN READY.

RICHARD and Robin Broadax were the sons of a well-to-do-miller, and I cannot better describe the difference between them than by quoting the old nursery rhyme—

"Richard and Robin were two pretty men,
They lay a-bed till the clock struck ten;
Robin starts up and looks at the sky,
'Oh oh! brother Richard the sun's very high!
I'll go before on little Jack Nag,
And do you follow after with basket and bag.'"

This was the usual mode of procedure with my two heroes. Robin always had his eyes open first, and was ready to seize upon every advantage which offered. He rode forward upon any little Jack Nag of an opportunity there was going, while poor Dick brought up the rear, under all the heat and burdens of the day.

When they were boys and had a hard task to learn, Robin put his mind to it: and though he was not more gifted than Dick, he accomplished it first, because Dick always thought, "I can never get that; it is too hard! I can't possibly learn it, so it is no use to try," until at last he had to be made to do it, with the ruler and the rattan!

Richard was always saying, "Never borrow trouble," which he interpreted to mean, "Never do anything you can help doing, and put off all exertion until you are forced to it." Robin's favourite maxim was, "Drive your work—don't let your work drive you!"

So, when they grew up, Richard always fancied everything too much for him, and never made any effort till pushed to extremity by necessity—like a dog by an unavoidable bull, whom he only tries to run away from until he gets pinned to some wall by the pursuing animal. Now Robin in a dilemma, was ready to take it by the horns and overturn it, which is the easiest way to escape, if one can only have the courage and promptness to do it.

Richard let everything overcome him from faint-heartedness. Robin considered himself a match for whatever might turn up. So Richard got the name of Desparing Dick, and Robin was called Robin Ready.

Just before their father died, he said to his sons, "I leave Richard my mill, because all he has to do is to put the corn in and let it come out flour, and there is no risk or danger about it.

"And to Robin I leave my farm. It is a poor bit of land, not worth half so much as the mill. But Robin inherits my energy and hopeful temper, and they are treasures in themselves. So, boys, you will soon be equally rich, and I don't know how I could do more fairly by you."

When the old man was dead, his two sons separated—one went to his mill and the other to his farm.

It was winter, the time for improvements, fencing, &c. Robin went heartily to work, and by the labour of his hands he put up substantial stone walls, trenched a meadow, built a spring-house, and hauled off stones that cumbered his fields. He repaired the house and barn, and made all snug about the place. In the spring the tax-assessor said his farm was nearly doubled in value.

The old miller had just completed a fine new dam to the mill-pond—which required a very strong and high one—but the machinery of the mill was a little out of order and pretty old.

"Why don't you set about renewing the belts, and getting those cog-wheels mended, Dick?" asked Robin.

"Oh, there is so much to be done, that I don't know where to begin."

"No, there is not much the matter. All is right but a few trifles, and it don't make any difference where you begin. Now, I'd have that wheel new-belted this very day, and one of your stones has ground uneven."

"Yes, yes; I know. There are a thousand things to be done, and I can't bear to begin. I don't know when I could stop."

"Now, Dick, you've heard that old proverb which says, 'If you can't master the whole, don't forsake the whole.' You could make a fortune out of this mill if you would only set to work. But if you spend your time sucking your thumbs, you must expect to live on the milk there is in them!"

Dick only sighed for an answer, and Robin went away quite grieved.

When the spring came, and the deep snow-banks began to melt, the pond filled to the top of the new dam, and the water began to flow over finely. The mill hummed and rattled, and ground snowy flour, or golden meal, all day long. But a very warm, copious rain fell and produced a great freshet.

Robin went over to see if his brother's new dam was safe, and when he got there he saw Despairing Dick, sitting in the rain, on a bank above the pond, crying and bemoaning.

"What's the matter? Is your wife or child drowned!" asked Robin, in a fright.

"Oh, no! oh, no! But the freshet will sweep away my new dam, the only thing about the mill that is first-rate! Oh, dear! oh, dear! don't you see the swirl in that corner, and the jet of water under the main fall? It is undermined—my new dam! all is over with it! there go hundreds of dollars!"

"No, no," said Robin; but he looked very pale; "we wont be beat yet! We *must* save it."

"But we can't. It's no use to try."

"But we *will!*" said Robin. "I'm not going to give up to every little freshet that comes! Here, Dick, you run home, and send one of your hands with a cart-load of straw. Hurry, now!"

"Oh, it is of no use to hurry! It will all go, I'm sure."

"Well now, Dick, you know *I* don't give up so easy as all that. It will go against me to see this fine dam lost! So do you hurry home and order out your men for my sake, and I wont spare myself for yours."

Dick's hired hands were a little more active than himself, so it was not long before a load of straw arrived, with pitch-forks and poles for ramming. Meanwhile, Robin had been working hard, thrusting down into the little whirlpool the clumps of leaves and grass which floated by—just to gain time.

With the long poles they now rammed the straw, little by little, in the holes which the water had made inside of the dam. At last they filled it, and thus the gravel and mud, which the freshet brought with it, settled down until all was tight, and instead of flowing inside of the dam the waters poured over it again.

"Well," said Robin, privately, to his brother, who came dejectedly along, just as it was done, "all's safe, Dick! It did'nt take long, and where was the use of sitting down to cry, when a little bit of hearty work would set matters right?"

"But how could I imagine that I could prop up a mill-dam with straw?"

"You never know what you can do till you try, Dick; and at any rate, whether you succeed always or not, I believe in the old song, which says:

'Up, up,—never despair,'"

A. L. O.

CHRISTIAN NAMES, THEIR DERIVATION AND MEANINGS.

NAMES.	DERIVATION	MEANINGS.	NAMES.	DERIVATION.	MEANINGS.	NAMES.	DERIVATION.	MEANINGS.
Aaron	Hebrew	Mountainous	Diana	Greek	Giving light	Julia	Hebrew	Beguiling
Abel	..	Vanity	Dorothy	..	Gift of God	Jemima	Latin	Sweet song
Abram	..	High father	Edgar	Saxon	Happy honour	Lucy	..	Constant
Adam	..	Earthy, red	Edmund	..	Happy [piness	Letitia	..	Joy
Albert	Saxon	All bright	Edward	..	Keeper of hap-	Louisa	French	Modesty
Alfred	..	All peace	Edwin	..	Victorious	Laura	..	Rustic beauty
Adolphus	..	Happiness	Egbert	..	Ever bright	Louis	..	Lofty
Alphonso	..	Our help	Ebenezer	Hebrew	Stone of help	Lydia	Greek	Well of water
Alexander	Greek	Helper of men	Elijah	..	God of help	Mark	Latin	A hammer
Ambrose	..	Immortal	Elisha	..	God the Lord	Matthew	Hebrew	A gift
Amos	Hebrew	Burden	Enoch	..	Ordained	Michael	..	Like God
Andrew	Greek	Courageous	Esau	..	Complete	Moses	..	Drawn out
Anthony	Latin	Flourishing	Ephraim	..	Fruitful	Martha	..	Bitter
Archibald	German	Bold	Ernest	Greek	Serious	Mary	..	Beautiful
Arnold	..	Support	Eugene	..	Nobly born	Matilda	Greek	Lady of honor
Arthur	British	Strong man	Eustace	..	Firm	Margaret	..	A pearl
Augustus	Latin	Majestic	Edith	Saxon	A gift	Madeline	..	Domestic
Augusta	..	Imperial	Eleanor	..	All faithful	Maria	Latin	Beauty
Alexandrina	Greek	Helper of men	Elvina	French	Sweetness	Morgan	British	Warmer
Amelia	French	Sincere	Emily	..	A sweet heart	Maurice	German	Son of a black
Agnes	Greek	Chaste	Emma	..	A nurse	Nicholas	..	Victorious
Angelina	French	A mirror	Elizabeth	Hebrew	Fulness of God	Nicodemus	Hebrew	Innocent blood
Alicia	Latin	Noble	Esther	..	Secret	Nathaniel	..	Power of God
Adelaide	German	A charm	Francis	German	Free	Olympus	Greek	Heavenly
Adeline	..	A princess	Frederick	..	Rich in peace	Oliver	..	An olive
Arabella	Latin	Fair altar	Fanny	French	A white rose	Owen	British	Well born
Anne	Hebrew	Gracious	George	Greek	Husbandman	Obadiah	Hebrew	Servant of God
Ada	Saxon	A pledge	Geoffrey	German	Joyful	Orlando	German	Counsel
Agatha	Greek	Good	Gilbert	..	Bright as gold	Patrick	Latin	A nobleman
Bernard	German	A bear's heart	Godfrey	..	God's peace	Paul	..	Little
Bertram	..	Illustrious	Guy	French	The mistletoe	Peter	Greek	A rock
Benjamin	Hebrew	Son of the right	Gertrude	German	Truth	Philip	..	Warlike
		hand	Georgiana	French	Select	Penelope	Greek	Turkey
Bethesda	..	House of mrcy	Grace	Latin	Favour	Phoebe	..	Light of life
Barbara	Latin	Foreign	Harold	Saxon	A champion	Priscilla	Latin	Old
Beatrice	..	Happy	Henry	German	Rich in wsdm	Ralph	Saxon	Help
Bertha	Greek	Bright	Herbert	..	Bright Lord	Richard	..	Powerful [cil
Blanche	French	White	Hubert	..	Bright	Robert	German	Good in coun-
Bridget	Irish	Shining, bright	Horatio	Italian	Worthy	Rose	Saxon	Sweet Flower
Caleb	Hebrew	A dog	Hugh	Dutch	Mountain	Rosamond	..	Rose of peace
Charles	German	Noble spirited	Horace	Latin	Ingenious	Ruth	Hebrew	Trembling
Conrad	..	Able counsel	Harriet	Greek	Sweet smell	Rachael	..	A lamb
Christopher	Greek	Bearing Christ	Henrietta	..	A star	Rebekah	..	Fruitful
Cleophas	Hebrew	Whole Glory	Helen	..	Alluring	Solomon	..	Peaceable
Cornelius	..	A horn	Hannah	Hebrew	Merciful	Samson	..	A little son
Cyprus	Greek	Fair	Isaac	..	Laughter	Samuel	..	Asked of God
Clementine	..	A white hart	Isaiah	..	Fire of Lord	Saul	..	Death or grave
Catherine	..	Pure, clean	Israel	..	Prince wh. God	Simon	..	Hearing
Charlotta	French	All noble	Isabella	Spanish	Fair Eliza	Stephen	..	A crown
Clara	Latin	Youthful bride	Jacob	Hebrew	Supplanter	Sarah	..	A princess
Caroline	..	Noble spirited	James	..	Superior	Susan	..	Rose
Christiana	..	Benevolent	Job	..	Sorrowful	Sophia	Greek	Wisdom
Cecilia	..	From Cecil	John	..	Grace of Lord	Selina	..	A nightingale
Clarissa	..	A lily	Jonathan	..	Gift of God	Theodore	- ..	Friend
Constance	..	Constant	Joseph	..	Increase	Theophilus	..	Friend of God
Dan	Hebrew	Judgment	Joshua	..	Saviour	Thomas	Hebrew	A lion
Daniel	..	.. of God	Judas	..	Confession	Victoria	Spanish	Victory
David	..	Dearly beloved	Jane	..	A willow	William	German	Comely, de-
Deborah	..	A bee	Janet	..	Little Jane			fending many
Dennis	Greek	Fond of wine	Judith	..	Praising	Walter	..	A woodman

THE BARONET AND ELLIE AT THE ART EXHIBITION.

THE RESTORATION,

A SEQUEL TO THE "ADVENTURES OF AN ORPHAN."

BY RICHARD CHANDLER.

CHAPTER I.

CERTAIN events stand forth in the history of the most common place, as the land-marks of time, and in their absence day succeedeth day with unvarying sameness. Perchance this placid passage of time is of itself no bad indication of happiness, since the beacons on our path, to warn us of its rapid flight, are too frequently of a painful character. At the close of our last contribution to the "Boys' and Girls' Companion," we left our heroine at the mansion of Sir Francis Evershot, surrounded by every luxury, and the object of the utmost care. Ellie, however, was not a selfish child, and though for some time her thoughts were much occupied by the exciting events which attended her elevation to a higher sphere of life, she soon began to settle down to old feelings. Often would she prattle to the old gentleman of her fond mother and darling sister, until the Baronet seemed more inclined than herself to nourish the idea that the lost Agnes must still be living. He was, however, habitually, a cautious man, and, as was the case with his granddaughter, excitement left him little altered from the former man. A violent flood may cause a temporary change of the course of a stream, but on its cessation the waters resumed their confined path. Great was Ellie's delight in wandering from room to room of Evershot, listening to the mysterious tales Mrs. Rutland loved so much to relate, or weaving her own little web of romance on the lives of the grim old knights and ladies whose pictures filled the spacious gallery. There would she take any of her young associates, and spend the most delightful hours, enjoying the pleasure of the present or reaping a silent happiness of the past. Thus time slipped by year after year, and Ellie's amiable disposition, ripening with age, made her a general favourite, from the motherly Mrs. Rutland to the eccentric Smithers. Some little disappointments were, however, still her lot. Acquaintances are not always friends, and it was from the former class that Ellie's troubles mainly arose. Of course, the granddaughter of a Baronet mixed with a different class of society from the child of the vagabond, or even the daughter of a penniless subaltern. Some of our little friend's new playmates were of the genuine English gentleman stamp; but as no rank or individual is perfect, there were others whose principles and behaviour were of a lower order. Those who prided themselves in being better bred than their associates were glad of any opportunity of displaying their superior refinement; and little sensitive Ellie often winced under their rude remarks. Once in particular she endeavoured to amuse a party of visitors with a performance of a play, suited to the powers of the performers; and, by common consent, the leading part fell to herself. Flushed with pleasure, and entering fully into the feelings of the injured Princess, whom she represented, Ellie succeeded, as, in fact, all do who but use their best exertions, in charming her audience. Just before the fall of the curtain, when the applause was gladdening the heart of the little performer, her cup of happiness was dashed to the ground, in consequence of her overhearing a remark, made by a rude girl, to the effect that Ellie played lowly and vulgarly, just as a showman's child would. Her character of the Princess—the praises of her friends—were forgotten, and the *prima donna*, with streaming eyes, rushed from the room to find comfort from the friendly Smithers, who was taking his supper in the servant's hall.

"Never you mind, missie;" was the solace he administered; "there's not one of 'em could show off these figures like you could. Why, you made me as proud of you as any conductor of a horchestra (Smithers had not yet learnt to apply his 'h's' correctly) would be of a new trombone player he had brought out. Those that do best are best, as the cabbage said to the tulip."

It was long, however, before Ellie learnt that there was no disgrace in her former circumstances, and that the world is a little more hollow than it seems. As it is not so much the career of Ellie which I would attempt to show in this brief sketch as that of one dear to her, I will, for the present, only add that the little maid became more and more an object of regard to the Baronet, who, at her request, built a school on his estate for the education of the children of his poorer tenantry, wherein his little favourite at once received and conveyed information. Sometimes a letter from the distant home of her early benefactor, the former Miss Wilson, gladdened the heart of the receiver; sometimes a rustic *fête* enabled the child to make others, for the time, light-hearted as herself.

I have spoken of the paintings which adorned the walls of Evershot House. The Baronet, whose taste was good, and who, himself, possessed some talent as an artist, failed not year by year to visit the Exhibition of Works of Art in London, and, as may be supposed, the Exhibition of Paintings in Water Colours came in for a fair share of his patronage. Small things not unfrequently lead to larger, if, indeed, the distinction between larger and smaller has not been utterly destroyed by the inquiring tendency of the age; and, as it will be seen, this apparently unimportant circumstance has much to do with the development of my tale. Ellie was now twelve years of age; no puny consumptive stripling, but a hale, robust child, whose constitution had been weakened by no injudicious training. It was the first time that her uncle had thought fit to make her the companion of his summer tarry in the metropolis. Sir Francis was, in many respects, a fortunate man, though his means were not of so extensive a character as to enable him to compete with his opulent neighbours. Although he was not able to keep up a town mansion in Grosvenor-square, he had comfortable rooms in St. James-street, which had suited him well in his bachelor days, and to which he clung during the few years of his married life, and the longer period during which he had been a widower. Ellie was usually a favourite with the housekeeping class, and the good woman who provided for the comfort of Sir Francis failed not to take all care of his granddaughter. From this convenient locality, therefore, did the old gentleman start forth with his little charge to see whatever might be seen of a nature calculated to furnish instruction or interest. Sir Francis was prudent to risk the loss of his unvarying health, by late hours; hence, he contrived to derive enjoyment of that rare character to which no regret succeeds. Though living so close to London, the "season" was a period of some importance to the inhabitants of Evershot Park, and there was the usual amount of purchases to be made and business to be attended to. When this duty was thus disposed of—and Ellie was not unmindful of the claims of her scholars and dependants—her grandfather undertook to show her the paintings of which she had heard so much. In fact, knowing the Baronet's fondness for works of art, the wife of a gentleman whose estates in the country and apartments in town were not far distant from those of Sir Francis's, had expressed herself well pleased with the exhibition, and excited in Ellie's mind a great desire to form her own opinion on the subject.

"Something generally happens most years," said the farmer, mentioned in the "Wide, Wide World," and on the present year the great event among the world of art was the appearance of a new painter, who combined portrait painting with the production of sea pieces, in the most wonderful manner. This celebrity had sprung from the utmost obscurity, and his fame, therefore, was the more astounding. Ellie determined, whatever she might pass over, that Mr Bellingham's last production, "The Escape from the Wreck," should be duly observed. The visitors to the exhibition were on this occasion blessed with a fine day, an event which, by the way, is not nearly so rare in London as many funny people seem to imagine. Sir Francis had, of course, provided himself with a catalogue, and being a methodical man, he perused it attentively, to ascertain that he was beginning at the right end. While he was turning over the leaves, to make assurance doubly sure, he released his hold of Ellie's hand, and on turning to seek her, was much struck by the appearance she presented. Her eyes seemed riveted on a small painting, on which the light streamed most magnificently. Her face betrayed the utmost astonishment, and every muscle seemed petrified into the state in which it was at the time of the object of her attention first coming under her notice. Sir Francis was at all times much interested by the simplicity of his favourite, and for a short time he watched the preoccupied child with the curiosity of one who looked upon every impulse of the human mind as a fine study. He was not the only one who was impressed with Ellie's earnestness. Many a portly gentleman and beaming lady stopped his and her easy pace to mark the little one's abstracted manner.

"Well, Ellie, my dear," said her grandfather at last, in a tone which showed some little annoyance at the public attention she was attracting, "what do you find to interest you so much? That is 204, the painting by Bellingham—nicely done, is it not? here it is in the catalogue—look!"

"Oh! grandfather," said the child, at last, heaving a sigh, "do you not know the face of that flaxen-haired child, which the mother is pressing to her arms? have you never seen it before?"

"No, my child, nor have you. Artists always select what they think pretty faces for their characters. Perhaps some one may like to put on canvas the features of my Ellie. Oh, there is a painting of the old tower near Meadowsley, which you may have noticed often; how nicely the setting sun is executed! let us inspect it."

Ellie mechanically obeyed; but it was evident that the tower near Meadowsley, however it might at other times have delighted her, was now but a very second-rate thing compared to Bellingham's sea-piece. Again Sir Francis turned to his catalogue, and again his young companion gazed upon the fascinating picture.

Thinking, however, that her kind grandfather would have reason to be dissatisfied if she were to appear otherwise than amused with the other subjects of the painters' art, the little girl followed him up and down the gallery, and failed not to add her own approbation to the Baronet's applause of any piece which appeared to him to possess extraordinary merit. After the grandfather and grandchild returned from the exhibition, the former had an engagement to dine with some bachelor friends at their club, so he left Ellie to entertain and be entertained by the lady who had first mentioned in her presence the wonders of the exhibition.

"Well, Ellie," said the lady, whose name was Mrs. Carteret, "what did you think of the pictures? and which was your favourite—the large hunting-scene, the battle-piece, or the smuggler's watch?"

"I liked them all very much, dear Mrs. Carteret, but there was one I admired more than either of these."

"And which was that? I suppose some piece daubed with colouring,—the 'dying peacock?'"

"Oh, no," answered Ellie, horrified that her friend should have such a bad opinion of her taste; "my favourite piece was the lady escaping in the boat and pressing the child to her arms."

"I am afraid, Ellie, you have learnt to accept the views of others in preference to forming your own ideas. What do you see to admire in Bellingham's painting? you are not an adept with your pencil, or I could point out my objection to it. In the first place, it does not seem to me to be executed in so free a style as it might be."

"I did not think of the style of the painter, so much as I did the subject," said Ellie. "I thought I knew the little girl he had chosen for the rescued child."

"Not very likely, my dear," remarked the lady; "any charity-child with bright eyes and a good complexion will suffice for the purpose of a painter."

"I am afraid you forget," said Ellie, demurely, "that I was but a sort of charity-child once."

Mrs. Cateret became conscious that she had touched on a painful point; and, therefore, hastened to change the conversation, which the little girl had no opportunity of bringing back during the course of the evening to the original subject.

It was Sir Francis's custom, if the price were not too extravagant, to make some addition to his picture-gallery every year from some one or other of the London exhibitions, so that the inmates of Evershot Mansion almost reckoned time by the purchase of some other painting. This year he was undecided whether he should purchase a hunting-piece, which he greatly admired, or a painting of a quieter tone, the price of which suited his views.

"Come, Ellie!" said he to the child, "which shall it be for the fifty guineas? you shall be judge."

"Oh, grandfather!" said the child, "could you not buy the pretty picture with the little girl and the lady?"

"What, Bellingham's? why that would cost a hundred guineas, at least;" exclaimed Sir Francis, in surprise. "Does my little pet think I am made of money?"

"But it is *such* a pretty thing, and the child is so much like dear little Agnes," pleaded Ellie, "I would sell Fairy," (the pony which her grandpa had given her,) "if you would but have my picture, instead of yours."

"Well, Ellie, I will try to please you, now I know your reason; but do not forget that I cannot buy all the things which may remind you of your dear sister. I hope I am not misapplying the money."

Having ascertained that the address of the painter was Berners-street, Oxford-street, Sir Francis took the child to his house, and inquired the price of the escape from the wreck.

Mr. Bellingham was one whom the world as yet paid more in praise than in cash, and as the value he set on his work did not exceed Sir Francis's opinion of its worth, the latter agreed to become the purchaser at the close of the exhibition.

"By the way, Mr. Bellingham," said the Baronet to the painter, "as it is the whim of my little pet, perhaps you would tell me who sat for the head of the child."

"I really forget the little one's name," answered Mr. Bellingham, unconcernedly, "but I think she was a daughter of the woman who forms the main figure of the subject. I have not seen either of them since."

Sir Francis thanked the painter for his courtesy, and looked significantly to his grandchild, whose visions of romance were much shaken by what she had heard. However, she contented herself by scanning narrowly the contents of the artist's studio, which was indeed a singular place, almost full of wooden imitations of human bodies and limbs, which she was told were called lay-figures.

At the close of the season, which was marked by no event of great importance to the course of our tale, the sojourners in London returned to their country homes, and Ellie was again occupied with her school and garden and the numerous duties and pleasures of rural life.

(To be continued.)

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THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

It was in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, according to a French historian, than an unknown prisoner, young, and of noble appearance, of distinguished height, and great beauty of person, was sent in profound secrecy to an island on the coast of Provence. The captive wore, while travelling, a mask so contrived by steel springs, that he could take his meals without uncovering his face, a strict order having been given that if he disclosed his features he should instantly be put to death. The king's minister, Louvois, paid him a visit, and spoke to him standing, treating him with the greatest respect. It was said that during this period of his confinement he one day traced some words with a knife on a silver plate, and threw it from a window facing the sea. A fisherman brought it to the governor of the island, who, when he found that the man could not read, dismissed him with the remark, that he was lucky in his ignorance. The governor of the place where the stranger was confined was afterwards appointed to command the Bastille; and under his care the man in the iron mask was taken secretly to Paris. In the Bastille, he was lodged as conveniently as the nature of the place allowed: his table was excellent; all his requests were complied with; and the governor seldom sat down in his presence. He played the guitar, and had a liking for lace and fine linen. The physician who frequently attended him was in the habit of looking at his tongue, but never saw his face. The very tone of his voice was said to inspire interest: no complaint ever escaped him, nor did he attempt, even by a hint, to make himself known. He died in 1703, and was buried at night in the cemetery of St. Paul. So great was the importance ascribed to this dark event, that M. de Chamillart, the war-minister, successor of Louvois, was entreated, even on his death bed, by his son-in-law, to explain the mystery; but he replied, it was a solemn secret of state, which he had sworn never to reveal.

This is the romance of the history; and it is no wonder, considering the real state of the case, which, was extraordinary enough, though differing in some points from the above, that men's heads should be busy in imagining, and their tongues in circulating, various surmises respecting the name and station of the masked prisoner. At one time he was Fouquet, the disgraced minister of finance; at another, an Armenian patriarch. Some people were sure it was Louis Comte de Vermandois, son of Louis the Fourteenth, and Mademoiselle de la Vallière, though *he* was said to have died and been buried in 1683. Others declared the prisoner to be the Duc de Beaufort, who, however, had to all appearance been slain and beheaded by the Turks, at the siege of Candia. On grounds about as solid, he was imagined to be the Duke of Monmouth, whom the Londoners, if their eyes had not deceived them, saw executed on Tower-hill, in 1685. But the favourite, and for some time generally-received opinion, was that which represented him as a son of Anne, mother of Louis the Fourteenth. It was at one time boldly asserted that he was a twin-brother of that monarch; though another version of the time and circumstances of his birth reflected great disgrace on the queen.

Amidst these various notions the following existed, but obtained, till lately, little credit—that the object of curiosity was a private agent of Ferdinand Charles, Duke of Mantua, and that he suffered this strange and long imprisonment for having deceived and disappointed Louis, King of France, in a secret affair of state, the particulars of which could not come to light without exposing the shame of both the principals concerned. The truth of this statement has since been established beyond any reasonable doubt;[*] and we will briefly furnish the facts, which are worthy of historical remembrance, as features of the time and country to which they belong. But another and a better purpose may be answered by the following narrative: let it serve to show the folly of deceit, even with reference to the present life. "He" and he only "that walketh uprightly, walketh surely;" and the cunning man who "trusts in wrong and robbery," will often find himself thence deprived, if not of liberty and fortune, of good character, which should be more precious than either.

In 1677, when the grandeur of Louis the Fourteenth was at its height, and he was served by men of courage, genius, and industry, whose ambition was to gratify that of their master, the Abbé d'Estrades, ambassador of France to the Venetian state, conceived the idea of obtaining for his sovereign the town of Casal, a fortress in the territory of the above-mentioned Duke of Mantua, and capital of the Montferrat. A dissipated and uneducated prince, such as the Duke, once in the hands of the wily French ambassador, was likely to be prevailed upon by means of a shrewd address, and the offer of money, to resign Casal, though it was the key of Italy. The agent selected for playing this double part was Count Ercolo Antonio Matthioli, a native of Bologna, Bachelor of Laws in the University of that place, and a senator of Mantua. He had been a minister high in favour with Ferdinand's father, and still busied himself in watching the aspect of public affairs, which, with regard to Ferdinand's interests, were somewhat precarious, owing to the power of the Spanish Government at Milan, and the growing influence of the house of Austria in his dominions, his mother being a lady of that family. This man, a designing politician, readily submitted to become the tool of one more designing. The instructions he received from D'Estrades, were to point out to Ferdinand the dangerous power of Austria and Spain, and their ambitious designs upon Casal and the Montferrat, urging that the only course to which he could safely resort, was to seek protection from the King of France. Into this project the young prince at once entered; understanding that Louis, on paying him a sum of money, was to send French troops into Italy, and place him at their head.

So far all went on well. D'Estrades chuckled at the probable success of his scheme, and expressed, by a letter to Louis, his delight at Casal being about to be annexed to the crown of France, blessing his fortune for having procured him the honour of serving a monarch whom he revered as a *demigod!* Such was the gross flattery addressed to one who, whether we regard him as a man or a sovereign, was a most hardened and tyrannical person. But difficulties gathered in the way of this shameful scheme. The course of guile seldom runs smooth. The Duke, closely watched by his mother and the Austrians, could not openly have an interview that was necessary with D'Estrades, but promised to give him audience in Venice, at the ensuing carnival, when they were to meet in disguise. Louis, in the mean time, by letters to D'Estrades, kept up Ferdinand's hopes of commanding an army, though delay was evidently sought for, each party proceeding with the utmost caution, and endeavouring to make the best bargain for themselves. Matthioli insisted on a hundred thousand pistoles as the present which Ferdinand was to receive for admitting a French force into Casal; but the Abbé thought the bribe too high, and brought down the pistoles to crowns. At length the conference between the Duke and D'Estrades was obtained: and they met at Venice by midnight. The former, being now actually in want of French protection, showed his impatience for the conclusion of the treaty. The result was, that Matthioli was despatched to Paris, where the scandalous compact was drawn up, he receiving a handsome reward, and promises of preferment for his relations.

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[*] See the History of the Iron Mask, extracted from documents in the French records, by the late Lord Dover.

To account for what took place afterwards, we now come to the fact, that the Italian intriguer was tampered with by the agents of Spain and Austria, who probably offered a higher bribe; for, instead of returning to France, as it had been settled, he invented a variety of excuses, and, lastly, declared that the Duke, his master, had been obliged to execute a treaty which disabled him from keeping his engagement with France. It was now too late for remonstrance; and at length the mortifying truth was plain, that the great Louis had been duped by the obscure minion of a petty Italian prince![*] The crime could only be visited by the ruin of the offender. By order of the king, Louvois instructed D'Estrades to seize and imprison Matthioli, allowing him no intercourse with any one. Soon after the breach of the treaty, the unfortunate man met D'Estrades at Turin, and had the boldness to press for payment of expenses incurred by him during the late affair. Here he fell into his own trap: the application was craftily answered, and the parties proceeded together to a place within the French territory, where Matthioli was instantly arrested. Though armed, he offered no resistance, but was carried that night to Pignerol; the leader of the party alone (Catinat) knowing the prisoner, whom, for better concealment, he named L'Estang. From that period to the day of his death, *a space of more than twenty-four years*, Matthioli remained under the close and watchful custody of St. Mars, first at Pignerol, next at Exiles, then at the Isle of St. Marguerite, and lastly in the Bastille.

It is needless to follow the poor sufferer through all his mean prevarications: his meanness was clearly proved; and certainly a more ingenious plan of revenge was never resorted to than that adopted by the capricious monarch in this remarkable case. After a confinement of nearly ten months at Pignerol, the prisoner began to show symptoms of a wandering of mind: he talked incoherently of unearthly visits and apparitions. This afforded an excuse for increasing his punishment, by placing him in the same room with a Jacobin monk, who was actually mad, perhaps from ill-usage, and who annoyed him by some outrageous attempts at preaching. A painful part of the story is, that Matthioli, on showing some obstinate resistance, was threatened with the cudgel; a treatment which he received meekly, as it appears he presented a valuable ring to the officer who had threatened him.

In 1681, St. Mars was removed to the command of Exiles, a few leagues from Pignerol; and the Count and his companion were carried with him in a litter, and under military escort. Owing, it is supposed, to the unwholesome air of this place, the monk died; and in 1687, St. Mars, who had become governor of St. Marguerite, reported of *one prisoner only*. This we are warranted in concluding was Matthioli, *the man in the iron mask*. He passed eleven years of his existence in the Isle of St. Marguerite. His chamber here was lighted by a single grated window on the north side, in a wall nearly four feet thick, facing the sea. It is here that he is described by Voltaire as richly dressed, supplied with laces from Paris, served at table with silver plate, wearing a mask of iron, and occasionally amusing himself in solitude by plucking out the hairs of his beard with steel pinchers. Here, too, it is said, Louvois visited him, and remained respectfully standing in his presence. After the particulars we have given, it is hardly necessary to point out the exaggerations which appear in these and other highly-coloured statements respecting him: and our readers will not be surprised to learn, that the mysterious writing picked up by the fisherman was scribbled with "sorry stuff" by another person, not on a silver, but in reality a pewter, dish; that the interesting "young" prisoner, though tall and dignified, was in the downhill of life; and that his clothes, however rich and handsome they may have been at the commencement of his captivity, were ordered to last him three or four years together.

But we approach the end of this strange eventful history, by tracing the governor, attended by his helpless burden, on his way to that memorable prison in Paris, the Bastille, which they entered in September, 1698. Matthioli travelled in a litter; and it is reported that on one occasion, when St.

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[*] Casal did not come into the possession of the French till 1681. It was after taken by the allies, and its fortifications demolished; but was subsequently re-taken by the French.

Mars halted in the neighbourhood of his own estate of Palteau, the unknown was seen coming out of his vehicle in a black mask—a circumstance still talked of in the neighbourhood. The peasants observed that his teeth and lips were seen, that he was tall, and had grey hair. The mask, to which he owed much of his fame, seems to have been of black velvet, fitted to his face with strong whalebones, fastened by a padlock between his head, and further secured by a seal. That his features were ever actually cased in iron is a tale not to be believed. Still, it is painful to reflect on the sufferings a dishonest man, of an active mind, must have undergone in his tedious confinement, during which the horrible order issued by Louis was, "That he should have nothing which could make life agreeable."

After an imprisonment of twenty-four years and a half, Matthioli's deliverance came upon him almost as suddenly as his loss of freedom. On a Sunday, in November, 1703, he felt a slight illness on going from mass, and died the next morning, without any apparently serious attack of disease, being then sixty-three years of age. He was buried the following day, in the neighbouring churchyard of St. Paul, and is registered in the books of that parish, as "*Marchiali, aged about forty-five years.*" Persons who died in the Bastille were frequently interred under false names and ages; and it is by no means surprising, in the case of such a notable state-prisoner, that his persecutors, who had adopted during his life every expedient to conceal his real name and history, should have resorted to this method of preventing discovery after death, especially as this happened while Louis and the Duke were still alive. On the decease of the pretended Marchiali, his keepers scraped and white-washed his prison-walls; and not content with reducing to ashes even the doors and window-frames of his apartment, they melted down all the metal vessels, whether of copper, pewter, or silver, which had been used in his service. When the records of the prison were made public, in 1789, the register was searched in vain for any thing that could throw light on this affair: the leaf which contained it had been carefully removed.

If it may appear strange, that a person of no greater consequence than the Duke of Mantua's agent should have been the object of these anxious precautions, it must be again observed, that fiction has thrown false lights on the history of his fate. That Louis the Fourteenth should doom Matthioli to captivity for life, and desire that no man should hear his story, or even look upon his face, is, under the circumstances, not surprising. His crime was peculiar; he had broken faith with the government of the great monarch, and exposed his baffled scheme to the courts of Italy. Pride and rage called aloud for vengeance, and that in a way not uncommon in France at the period in question. Matthioli was to be as one dead: and though the king's hand was kept from his blood, the whole transaction fixes a dreadful stain on the character of Louis. To invent means of effecting his design was the business of inferior agents: and the walls of old state-prisons, if they could speak, would, doubtless, record various instances of fantastic and curious persecution, harassing alike to captive and to keeper, displaying the very excess and refinement of cruelty; as if men aimed at perfection in the practice of oppression, as of noble arts.

Such is the true story of the Iron Mask. It will not now be the astonishment of future ages; but it may still continue to instruct them, although its hero has descended from the rank of princes, patriarchs, and admirals, to that of a mean Italian adventurer, whose memoir may be concluded in the words of the poet:—

> "Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell;
> I took thee for thy better!"

A WORD TO BOYS.

Be polite.—Study the graces; not the graces of the dancing master, of bowing and scraping, nor the foppish infidel etiquette of a Chesterfield; but benevolence, the graces of the heart, whatever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report. The true secret of politeness is to please, to make happy—flowing from goodness of heart—a fountain of love. As you leave the family circle for retirement, say good night; when you rise, good morning. Do you meet or pass a friend in the street? bow gracefully, with the usual salutations. Wear a hinge on your neck—keep it well oiled. And above all, study Solomon and the epistles of Paul.

Be civil.—When the rich Quaker was asked the secret of his success in life, he answered, "Civility, friend, civility." Some people are uncivil—sour, sullen, morose, crabbed, crusty, haughty, really clownish and impudent. *Run* for your life. "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him."

Be kind to everybody.—There is nothing like kindness—it sweetens everything. A single look of love, a smile, a grasp of the hand, has gained more friends than both wealth and learning. "Charity suffereth long, and is kind."

Never strike back.—That is, never render evil. Some boys give eye for eye, tooth for tooth, blow for blow, kick for kick. Awful! Little boys, hark! What says Solomon? "Surely the churning of milk bringeth forth butter, and the wringing of the nose bringeth forth blood: so the forcing of wrath bringeth forth strife." "Recompense to no man evil for evil; but overcome evil with good." "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you."

In reply to a question, avoid the monosyllables "yes" and "no." Thus: "Is your father in good health?" instead of saying, "Yes, sir," say, "Very good, sir, thank you."

Avoid vulgar, commonplace, or slang phrases, such as, by "jingo," "first rate," "I'll bet," &c. Betting is not merely vulgar, but sinful; a species of gambling. Gentlemen never bet.

Think before you speak.—Think twice; think *what* to speak, *how* to speak, *when* to speak, to whom to speak; and withal, hold up your head, and look the person to whom you are speaking full in the face with modest dignity and assurance. Some lads have a foolish, sheepish bashfulness, shear off, hold down their heads and eyes, as if they were guilty of sheep stealing! Never be ashamed to do right.

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THE FUNERAL OF A MOTH.

A CHILD'S VISION.

A LITTLE child had been amusing itself at the feet of its mother, kicking and rolling about, and playing all sorts of antics, when it espied a moth disengage itself from the fibres of the carpet, and poise its small wing with a short, wavering flight. The child stopped its noisy song, rolled over upon all-fours, and commenced a struggle for the poor insect, slapping its clumsy hand upon the carpet in the hope of striking it down. It did so at last—the moth fell upon its side, quivered slightly, and was still.

The child would have taken it in his hand, but suddenly there was a sound as of innumerable tiny bells tolling, and very low sad music. He laid his cheek upon his arm, the bright curls falling all about the carpet, and his little feet stretched out, and crossed one over the other, the disarranged tunic revealing liberally his round white limbs, indolently exposed. Thus the child lay, listening to the music, that seemed to say—

"Alas! for death is amongst us."

It could not tell what was meant, but it saw that the beautiful moth stirred not, and it felt something very sad must have happened. At length a large black beetle was seen to move slowly along, and look at the little insect, and then, while the eyes of the child were fixed intently to see what would become of it, the beetle seemed a little, small old woman, much wrinkled, and dressed in black. She moved about quite briskly, and the child could scarce forbear a smile to see such an alert, diminutive thing. His mother's little gold thimble had fallen from her basket, and now stood upon the carpet beside the dead moth; and the child observed that the little woman in black was not as tall as the thimble. She took a robe made of the fibres of a rose-leaf from her pocket, and shrouded the moth, singing all the time:

"Alas! for the gladsome wing
  Shall never more be spread—
When cheerful voices ring,
  They may not wake the dead."

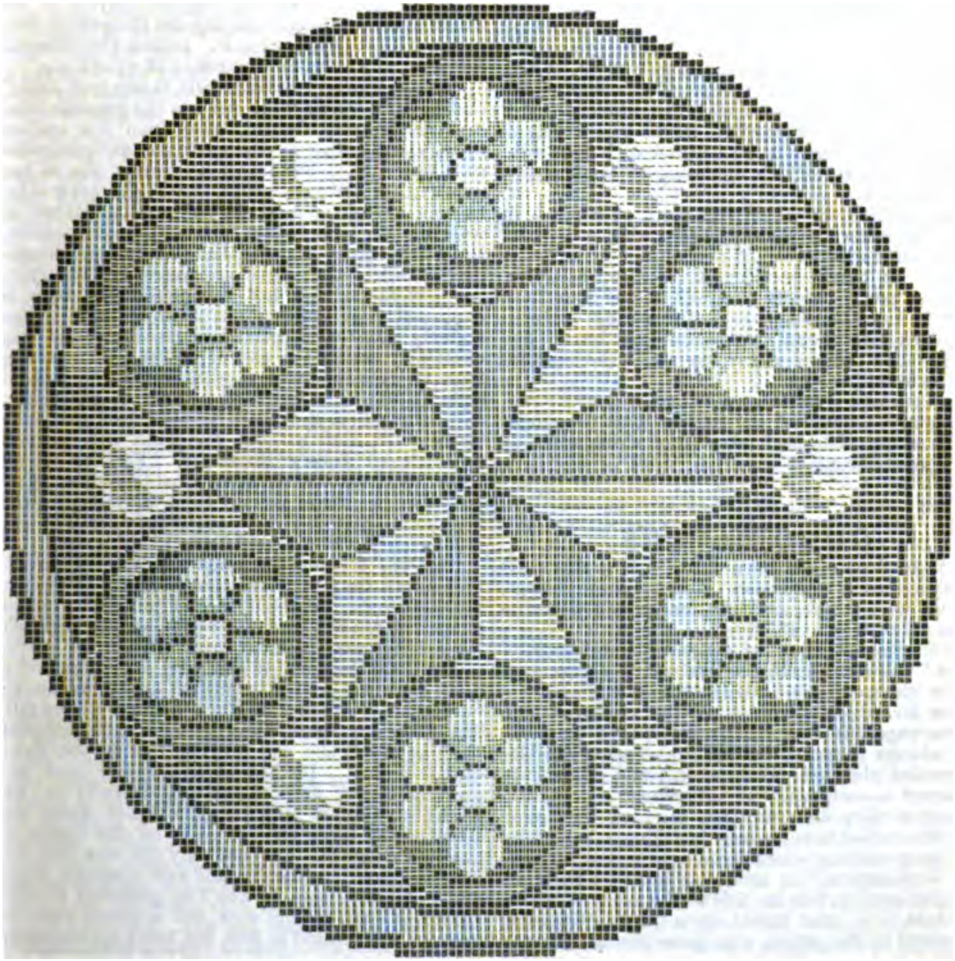
Then a grasshopper came in, with a slow, sepulchral tread, bearing upon his thigh the severed pericarp of the balsam, lined with gossamer, and having tassels hanging from the pall. He had no sooner approached the body of the dead moth, than he appeared a grave and venerable undertaker, bearing the coffin, into which he and the little old woman put the poor insect, and covered it with the pall of gossamer, singing in a sweet sad voice.

Then an immense procession of moths (they were of that kind called death's-head, undoubtedly a class designed to officiate exclusively at funerals) followed the undertaker as he bore out the body; but, as they moved on, they were little men and women, dressed in drab, each with a sad, pale face, and now and then one of the younger with a handkerchief pressed to the eyes; while all sang in chorus the following words:

"Rest thee, rest thee, blighted one,
  Sunshine may not come to thee;
When our joyous wings are spread,
  Thine in death shall folded be.

Rest thee; sad and early call'd
  From our pleasant haunts away,
Where we meet in sunset revels
  At the close of summer day."

The child heard the hum of their voices when he had ceased to distinguish the words. Then he arose, and laying his head upon his mother's lap, wept bitterly, telling her what he had heard and seen, and asking what *death* meant. She talked long upon the sad but pleasant subject, telling of that land where death is not, till the heart of the little child grew joyous within him, and he called that land his home. Had the child been less young or less innocent, the vision of the moth's funeral had not been vouchsafed. But he never from that time wantonly destroyed the humblest creature made by the wisdom, the goodness, and love of our Heavenly Father. He saw there was room enough in the great world, and in the pleasant sunshine, for him and them; and he remembered that a better land had been promised to man only—therefore he would not abridge the few days of happiness granted the little insect. The child daily grew gentle and loving; for the exercise of kindness, even in one simple instance, had fixed the principle in his young heart, till it expanded so that it embraced all the creatures made by our great and good Parent. It was thus that he learned, not only to love worthily the good and loving, but even those in whom the image of God, stamped upon the human soul, had become marred and effaced by sin. He prayed even for these, and the blessedness of such prayers returned upon his own head. Thus did the child learn wisdom and goodness from the Funeral of a Moth.



BRIOCHE CUSHION.

THE GIRL'S WORK-TABLE.

By MADAME EUGENIE.

BRIOCHE CUSHION.

As much of the decoration as well as the comfort of a drawing-room is the result of the industry of the young ladies of the family, who take an interest in the pleasant occupations of the work-table, we supply the design for an article which, we think, will prove well worthy of their attention, even with this double purpose in anticipation.

Our brioche cushion is to be worked in Berlin wool. The star in the centre is done in crimson and brown. We mean, that each point being divided into two, the one half is to be in crimson, the other half in brown. The rings, which fit in between the point of this star, have a black outline, filled in with grey. The rosettes in the interior of each are gold-colour and yellow; the small portion of ground surrounding them, deep violet. The balls, which are introduced between the six rings filling in the space between the divisions, are white, shaded with grey, on a ground of pale green, having a leaning towards a blue shade. The border, which encircles the pattern, enclosing the whole, is of a rich gold-colour at each edge, with a central line of yellow, which ought to be covered with floss silk. Beyond this, it will be advisable to work a few rows in black.

The cushion, of which this piece of work is to form the cover, is usually made with a holland case, stuffed with wool. A row of the white balls, worked on a sufficient length of narrow canvas, makes a pretty border. On either side four lines must be put, according to the following order:—one black, one brown, one crimson, one brown, one black. The ground within, on which the balls are laid, is of deep violet.

The cushion is made up with a twisted cord round its edges, composed of the colours most prominent in the work. The back may be of either cloth or any sort of damask.

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GOOD-NATURE.

"If good-nature is not a virtue, it is at all events a very agreeable companion," said Arthur to George, as they were talking over the merits and demerits of one of their schoolfellows.

"Good-nature is called a virtue in most books, I think," answered George; "and yet, if nature gave a man the goodness, I do not see how it can be a virtue for which any merit is due to him,—for a virtue, papa has often told us, is acquired by habit, and always supposes that we make some sacrifice of present pleasure. But we will talk about it to papa and mamma when we get home."

And so they did; and Mr. Howard was much gratified to find that his boys began now habitually to discern the true characteristics of virtue.

"Good-nature," he said, "is indeed a most attractive quality, but its title to the name of virtue depends, to a great extent, upon the constitutional character of the person who possesses it. It may be highly honourable to its owner, as where the influences of ill-nature have been subdued by severe and long-continued struggles. All the good-nature that is acquired is virtue—and very meritorious virtue too—but its exhibition can only be in words or deeds of prudence and benevolence. The result to human happiness will be the same, whether prudence or good-nature is the cause of right conduct; yet the merit of the same conduct may be different; for in one case there may be no temptation to do wrong, no disposition to misconduct or ill-humour. The disposition may have been made so gentle by native temperament as not to feel any desire to give pain. In another case the impulse may be to act amiss, and the stronger the impulse the greater will be the virtue of conquering it. I think your mamma can tell you a story in illustration of what I say."

"I have known two little girls, Grace and Julia," said Mrs. Howard; "the one was the gentlest creature nature ever formed, even from her earliest infancy,—the other as passionate and as untractable as a wolf's cub; but by virtuous effort she at last subdued her natural temper, and as she grew older became one of the most amiable and delightful of women. They were not sisters, but companions, and I have often heard of Julia's rebellious disobedience, and of the plague she was to her family, to her governess, and her schoolfellows. How it happened that Grace loved Julia so well, I can scarcely tell; for it seemed to me that Julia was constantly acting the part of tyrant, and exacting from Grace a thousand services which she had no right to expect. Julia had her fits of generosity, and of affection, and these perhaps had won over Grace, who bore without complaint and without reproach all Julia's ill-temper. Perhaps Grace knew more of Julia's good qualities than other people knew; for in general Julia was thought to be a very disagreeable girl, whom nobody cared about; at all events, nobody cared about pleasing her.

"On one occasion Julia had been venting her ill-humour, in the sitting-room, upon one of her junior school-fellows. Something had put Julia out of temper, which was very easily done, and so, to gratify her spitefulness, she tried to snatch a book out of the hands of the younger girl, who, not surrendering it at once, was violently pushed away, and fell on her forehead, which was much bruised by the fall. The governess heard Julia scolding, and fancying that, as usual, she was playing the despot, came into the room. Instead of apologising and expressing regret, Julia spoke impertinently to her governess, and ran into the school-room, where she slammed the door, and locked it on the inside, in absolute defiance. She not only did this, but she put the poker into the fire, and said to herself in the midst of her passion, 'I won't be punished!' The governess came to the door, and required Julia to open it; she refused at first, but being apprehensive the door might be forced, she at last opened it, ran to the fire, drew out the red-hot poker, which she brandished, and told the governess to come near her if she dared. You may fancy what an effect such daring insubordination as this had upon the governess. She left the school-room, and Julia there, to reflect a little upon her violent and unladylike behaviour; and soon did Julia's conduct smite her, and she was as wretched as contrition and self-condemnation could make her. She was severely punished by exclusion from that school-room where her misbehaviour had been so outrageous, and in truth the school-girls were not sorry she was kept away.

They loved their governess, and were indignant at the manner in which Julia had behaved towards her. They loved the little girl whom Julia had treated so unkindly, and when the time was expired during which she was banished from the school-room, they felt no willingness to make any advances, or to say or do anything that should alleviate Julia's suffering.

"Not so, however, Grace. At the first moment which her governess allowed her, she flew to Julia's room, whom she found in tears. Grace wiped the tears away from her cheeks, and they only streamed the more. Grace could not utter a word, but smiled; and Julia saw that her friend had been weeping too. She felt as if her stubbornness and ill-humour were melting away from her mind; and shaking Grace by the hand, she said, 'Oh, Grace! I will try—indeed I will!' Grace kissed her, and led her to the school-room.

"It was a terrible struggle. Of all the girls there was not one that welcomed her. She saw some of them frowning,—others turned away from her,—several engaged in conversation, that they might not appear to notice her. Julia's heart felt heavy. Twice or thrice she was about to give way to her pride, and to say aloud that she did not care for one of them; but in the midst of her perturbation, the little girl whose book she had snatched away, came running to her, and said kindly, 'I am glad to see you here again;' and Julia exclaimed, 'Have you pardoned me?' in a tone so novel and so imploring, that many of the girls were moved to pity. 'Oh, yes! yes!' said the little girl; 'I have thought about you hundreds of times, and often have Grace and I talked about you. I am sure we shall be friends now.'

"From that moment the seeds of self-control began to spring up in Julia's mind. Every day some little conquest was made; and how Grace rejoiced to find her friend gradually become all that she wished to be! To Grace, Julia confided all her anxieties. Often and often, when she really meant to do right, when she was striving to obtain the mastery over her ill-humour, she was misunderstood, she did not get credit even for her resolutions, and for her exertions. She had been so long an object of dislike, that scarcely anybody was willing to give her any further trial. She had been judged so often, and so often condemned, that her companions were unwilling to think she could ever be worthy of their regard. She had thus not only the difficulty of subduing her own vicious tendencies, but what appeared to her a greater difficulty, namely, to remove the prejudices against her which existed in the minds of others.

"She was not without encouragement, however, for Grace, who always felt a remarkable partiality for her—a partiality which had been proof even against all Julia's defects—a partiality which had forgiven so much unkindness,—Grace, I say, had become attached to Julia with extraordinary affection. It is true that Julia had not been all that Grace fancied she should have liked in the friend of her bosom, but she now found her constantly attempting to become a model of goodness; and, as Grace was disposed to do her more than justice, towards Grace all Julia's virtues were exhibited, because they were so much appreciated, so kindly welcomed, and Grace was Julia's perpetual advocate; a favourite herself, she gradually insinuated her favourite into the favour of others. The friendship between Grace and Julia seemed, if that were possible, to strengthen every day. Julia felt no small portion of gratitude, mingled with her love; for on no occasion had Grace forsaken her. In her perilous moment, in that crisis when it seemed doubtful whether right or wrong would have been her choice, it was Grace who determined that the balance should incline to the side of virtue, and in the mind of Grace—gentle and good as she was—there was, perhaps, a small portion of pride in that she had been able to influence the self-willed Julia, and to make her so kind and amiable as she was now become.

"Grace and Julia are grown to womanhood; and it would not be easy to say which of them is the happier, or which the better. Each is at the head of a family; each is the object of the most affectionate attachment from all around them. Their mutual friendship has never subsided, never slackened; and it seems as if it would descend to their children. Virtuous effort has done for Julia everything that natural gentleness did for Grace. If you were to speak to Grace of her own amiable temper, she would say she had no merit at all; for that she was born without violent passions, and deserved no credit for resisting what was never a temptation; but she would break out in eloquent praises of Julia, and tell you that you might there study a specimen of virtue; that you might there see the might of good resolutions; that you might there learn how a gentle character was to be formed in spite of all the tendencies and trials of an infirm nature. Ask Julia how she managed to triumph over her infirmity. She will assure you the merit was not hers; she will attribute all to Grace's gentleness and kindness. Both Grace and Julia, my children, are objects fit for imitation. Grace was virtuous—Julia made herself so."—*Dr. Bowring's Minor Morals.*

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Something Every Day.—It was a matter of astonishment to all Europe, that Luther, amid all his travels and active labours, could present a very perfect translation of the whole Bible; but a single sentence explains it all,—he had a rigid system of doing something every day. In answer to a question, how he did it? he said: "I translate a verse every day." This soon brought him to the close of the whole Bible.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ECLIPSES,

AND THEIR EFFECTS UPON THE INHABITANTS OF DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE GLOBE.

THE earth which we inhabit is one of a large family of worlds known as the solar system. As all the bodies constituting this system, with the single exception of the sun, are in constant motion, it necessarily follows that some will occasionally assume a position between others and the eye of the observer placed upon the earth. When such an event happens the nearer of the two will wholly or partially conceal the more distant. Sometimes one of the planets whose paths in the heavens lie between the earth and the sun, will be seen to pass across the disc of the great luminary as a small round black spot. This phenomenon is called a *transit*, and can only take place with the planets Mercury and Venus. Again, it frequently happens that the disc of the moon, in its motion through the firmament, will pass, between the eye of the observer and some fixed star. The sudden disappearance of the star is called an *occultation*. An *eclipse* is a phenomenon of the same character, but owing to the greater apparent magnitude of the bodies concerned in it, the phenomenon is much more imposing than the transit of a planet, or the occultation of a fixed star. When the moon interposes herself between the sun and the earth, the former may be eclipsed. The eclipse is *partial* when the moon hides only a part of the sun's disc; *total*, when she covers the whole of it; *annular*, when the sun, masked by the moon, projects all round in the form of a luminous ring; lastly, it is *central* when the spectator's place is in the prolongation of a line joining the centres of the sun and moon. An *eclipse of the moon* occurs when the earth intervenes between the moon and the sun, and intercepts the light of the latter from a greater or lesser part of the moon's disc.

Before we can enter into further details, we must explain one of the most obvious laws of light. Luminous rays, emanating from any source, invariably travel in straight lines until their further course is obstructed by an opaque body, which body throws a dark shadow in the direction pointed out by the rays. The form of this shadow is, therefore, partly determined by the figure of the opaque body, and partly by the size and shape of the illuminating source. To illustrate this, let us first suppose the source of light to be the flame of a candle, which, from its minuteness, we may consider as a mere luminous point throwing out rays in all directions, diverging like the spokes of a carriage wheel. If we now suspend a globe one foot in diameter, so that its centre is exactly one yard from the candle, it is evident that it will just intercept the whole of the light from a second globe of twice its diameter placed at the distance of two yards, or from a third, having a diameter of three feet, suspended at three yards' distance. Let us now imagine all the conditions to be reversed, and suppose the largest ball to be the source of light instead of the candle. A moment's reflection will convince us that the shadow now thrown by the ball two feet in diameter will only just cover the one-foot ball, and will come to a point where the flame of the candle formerly existed.

We will now see what connection these facts have with the phenomena of eclipses, and will consider the nature of the shadows cast by those rolling orbs which are illuminated by the sun. The diameter of the sun being upwards of a hundred times greater than that of the earth, and more than four hundred times greater than that of the moon, it necessarily follows that the shadows thrown by these comparatively small bodies are conical. The following diagram (Fig. 1) will show how completely the phenomenon of a solar eclipse can be accounted for by the conical shadow of the moon. Let S, M, E, represent respectively the sun, the moon, and the earth, and the dark cone between M and E the moon's shadow, or *umbra*. A spectator situated at that point of the earth's surface immediately within this shadow will witness the phenomenon of a total eclipse. The faint shadow which surrounds the apex of the cone in our diagram is called the *penumbra*, and is occasioned by certain rays of the sun being intercepted by the body of the moon while others pass. This imperfect shadow marks the limits of partial obscuration, within which observers will only be able to see a portion of the sun's disc. By referring to the diagram it will be easily understood how it is that a solar eclipse can never take place at the same time all over the earth. The eclipse which is total within the *umbra*, and partial within the *pennmbra*, will be invisible at *a*, as the spectator stationed at that point will be able, as it were, to look over the body of the moon. A solar eclipse may be illustrated by holding a screen before a candle. The eclipse of the candle may be total for one spectator, but not for another, on account of their difference of position; but a ball thrown into a dark corner may be invisible to all the persons in the room: this illustrates a lunar eclipse.

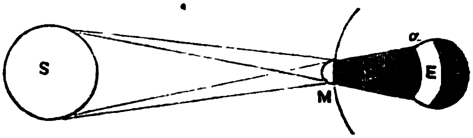

Fig. 1.

A lunar eclipse takes place when the moon enters the conical shadow of the earth; but this phenomenon, unlike that of the sun, can be witnessed from any part of the globe upon which the moon shines. In Fig. 2 is represented the sun; E e V, the earth's shadow; A B, the orbit of the moon round the earth; and M the moon immersed in the earth's shadow.

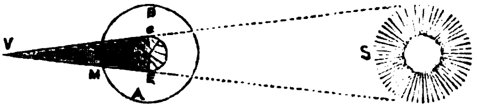

Fig. 2.

The only time when the earth is between the sun and the moon, is when the moon is at her full; hence an eclipse of the moon can only take place when she is at her full. If the moon's orbit were in the same plane as the earth's orbit, the moon would be eclipsed at every full moon; but this is not the case; her orbit is a little inclined to the plane of the earth's orbit, so that at full moon she is generally either a little above the earth's shadow or a little below it. But there are two points in her orbit, called the nodes, which cross the plane of the earth's orbit, and therefore an eclipse will take place when she happens to be in, or near, one of the nodes at full moon.

The amount of darkness occasioned by a total eclipse is never so great as ancient writers would have us believe, when they talk about it being greater than that of night, and when they tell us that stars were visible in every direction. Nevertheless, the gloom is very considerable, and comes upon the earth so suddenly that it is impossible to witness it without a feeling of involuntary terror. Even scientific men have paused in the midst of their investigations, impressed with the awful grandeur of the phenomenon. The effect produced by the sudden cessation of sun-light upon the uneducated of former times must have been great indeed. Fontenelle tells us that during the greatest obscuration in the eclipse of 1654, the inhabitants of Paris were so alarmed that many of them ran and hid themselves in cellars and vaults. Arago relates a pleasing anecdote connected with the phenomenon of 1842. A poor lad of the commune des Sieyes, happened to be minding his sheep, supremely ignorant of the event that was about to take place. When he saw the sun gradually obscured, without any signs of clouds or mist, and being quite unable to explain the cause, his fears became unbounded; when the great luminary had entirely disappeared, he could not repress his tears, and began to call loudly for help. His cries continued until the sun threw out his rays, at which he was completely reassured, and then crossing his hands devoutly, he uttered a few earnest words of thanksgiving to the glorious sun.

Even the lower animals are affected by the darkness; horses and dogs are frightened, and birds go to roost as at the approach of night. Some sensitive plants (such as the *convolvulus* and the silk-tree *acacia*) close their leaves or petals, and dew has been known to form on the grass. The peculiar colouration of terrestrial objects is not the least remarkable of the various phenomena attending the gloom. Dr. Robertson of Edinburgh, who witnessed the total eclipse of 1851 from an island on the coast of Norway, says, "The appearance of the country, seen through the lurid opening under the clouds, was most appalling. The distant peaks of the Tostidals and Dofriefeld mountains were seen still illuminated by the sun, while we were in utter darkness. Never before have we observed all the lights of heaven and earth so entirely confined to one narrow stripe along the horizon—never that peculiar greenish hue, and never that appearance of outer darkness in the place of observation, and of excessive distance on the verge of the horizon, caused in this case by the hills there being more highly illuminated as they receded by a less and less eclipsed sun." Mr. Hind, stationed at Ravelsburg, near Engelholm, says that at the total obscuration, "the entire landscape was overspread with an unnatural gloom; persons around him assumed an unearthly, cadaverous aspect; the distant sea appeared of a lurid red; the southern heavens had a sombre purple hue, the place of the sun being indicated only by the corona; the northern heavens had an intense violet hue, and appeared very near. On the east and west of the northern meridian bands of light of a yellowish crimson colour were seen, which gradually faded away into the unnatural purple of the sky at greater altitudes, producing an effect that can never be effaced from the memory, though no description could give a just idea of its awful grandeur."

The uninitiated of different lands have invented wonderful fables to account for eclipses. Fontenelle in his beautiful discourse upon the plurality of worlds, tells us that the Hindoos believe the obscuration of the sun and moon to be caused by a dragon, who seizes the orb with his black talons, and thus hides it from view. During an eclipse the sacred rivers of India may be seen dotted over with thousands of heads, the Hindoos having cast themselves into the water to pray that the sun or moon may have strength enough to vanquish the monster. The Chinese, who entertain a similar belief, endeavour to frighten away the dragon by shouting and beating drums. The American Indians believe that the sun and moon are angry with each other before an eclipse, and that the phenomenon is caused by their embracing at the command of the Great Spirit. Even the Greeks, who had attained to such a high degree of civilisation, could find no other explanation of a lunar eclipse than that the moon was enchanted, so that certain evil spirits might descend to the earth concealed by the gloom, for the purpose of casting a poisonous dew upon the herbs and trees.

The exactitude with which modern astronomers can predict eclipses is very wonderful, and must have impressed every one who has thought about the subject. In former times the astronomer must have been looked upon as a demi-god. Columbus is said to have restrained the mutinous spirits of his sailors by predicting an eclipse, which feat, though it appeared miraculous to them, his knowledge of mathematics enabled him to perform with ease. Many ancient nations possessed the secret which enabled them to predict eclipses. An American astronomer has painted a glowing picture of the daring genius who first ventured to foretell the dread phenomenon—a genius whose name and country are unknown.

The Chinese, the Indians, the Chaldeans, and the Egyptians were all acquainted with astronomy, and able to predict eclipses; but it is impossible to say which nation produced the first celestial prophet.

The Chinese boast of a series of eclipses recorded in the annals of the nation, extending over a period of 3858 years, all of which, they pretend, were not only carefully observed, but calculated and figured previous to their occurrence. The same motives which led the Chaldeans and Egyptians to attend to the celestial phenomena, namely, the regulation and division of time, had equal influence among the Chinese, and we accordingly find the care of the calendar occupying the attention of their earliest princes. In the reign of Hoang-Ti, who flourished 2600 years before our era, an observatory was built for the purpose of correcting the calendar. The reign is also rendered memorable by the institution of the *Mathematical Tribunal*, for promoting the science of astronomy and regularly predicting eclipses, to which an extraordinary importance has always been attached in China. The members of this celebrated tribunal were made responsible with their lives for the accuracy of their predictions by a law of the empire, which ordained that "whether the instant of the occurrence of any celestial phenomenon was erroneously assigned, or the phenomenon itself not foreseen and predicted, either negligence should be punished with death." In the reign of Tchong-Kung, the two mathematicians of the empire, Ho and Hi, were the victims of this absurd and sanguinary law, an eclipse having taken place which their skill had not enabled them to foresee. At a later period of Chinese history one Y-Hang had the mortification of announcing two eclipses which did not take place. He escaped punishment by declaring that his calculus was not in error, but that the celestial bodies had deviated from their ordinary courses out of respect to the virtues of the emperor. The fate of Ho and Hi had probably suggested to the Chinese astronomer this ingenious mode of disarming the emperor's resentment by flattering his vanity. It is characteristic of the Chinese character (a strange mixture of intelligence and credulity), that, even when the phenomena of eclipses were found to be capable of prediction, it should remain the practice to shout and beat drums to frighten away an imaginary monster.

The Messrs. Landor, the celebrated African travellers, give the following account of the effect of an eclipse in the interior of Africa:

"About ten o'clock at night, when we were sleeping on our mats, we were suddenly awoke by a great cry of distress from innumerable voices, attended by a horrid clashing and clattering noise, which the hour of the night tended to make more terrific. Before we had time to recover from our surprise, old Pascoe rushed breathless into our hut, and informed us, with a trembling voice, that 'the sun was dragging the moon across the heavens.' Wondering what could be the meaning of so strange and ridiculous a story, we ran out of the hut half-dressed, and we discovered that the moon was totally eclipsed. A number of people were gathered together in our yard, in dreadful apprehension that the world was at an end, and that this was but the 'beginning of sorrows.' We learn from them that the Mahomedan priests residing in the city, having personified the sun and moon, had told the king and the people that the eclipse was occasioned through the obstinacy and disobedience of the latter luminary. They said that for a long time previously the moon had been displeased with the path she had been compelled to take through the heavens, because it was filled with thorns and briers, and obstructed with a thousand other difficulties; and therefore that, having watched for a favourable opportunity, she had this evening deserted her usual track, and entered into that of the sun. She had not, however, travelled far up the sky, on the forbidden road, before the circumstance was discovered by the sun, who immediately hastened to her in his anger, and punished her dereliction by clothing her in darkness, forcing her back to her own territories, and forbidding her to shed her light upon the earth. This story, whimsical as it may seem, was received with implicit confidence in its truth by the king and queen, and most of the people of Boussa; and the cause of the noises which we had heard, and which were still continuing with renewed vehemence, was explained to us by the fact that they were all 'assembled together in the hope of being able to frighten away the sun to his proper sphere, and leave the moon to enlighten the world as at other times.' This is much after the manner of many savage nations.

"While our informant was yet speaking to us, a messenger arrived at our yard from the king, to tell us the above tale, and with an invitation to come to see him immediately. Therefore, slipping on the remainder of our clothes, we followed the man to the residence of his sovereign, from outside of which the cries proceeded, and here we found the king and his timid partner sitting on the ground. Their usual good spirits and cheerful behaviour had forsaken them entirely; both appeared overwhelmed with apprehension, and trembled at every joint. Like all their subjects, in the hurry of fear and the suddenness of the alarm, they had come out of their dwellings half-dressed—the head and legs, and the upper part of their persons, being entirely exposed. We soon succeeded in quelling their fears, or at least in diminishing their apprehension. The king then observed, that neither himself nor the oldest of his subjects recollected seeing but one eclipse of the moon besides the one he was gazing at; that it had occurred exactly when the Falâtahs began to be formidable in the country; and that it had forewarned them of all the wars, disasters, and calamities which subsequently took place.

"We had seated ourselves opposite to the king and queen, and within two or three feet of them, where we could readily observe the moon and the people without inconvenience, and carry on the conversation at the same time. If the royal couple shuddered with terror on beholding the darkened moon, we were scarcely less affected by the savage gestures of those within a few yards of us, and by their cries, so wild so loud, and so piercing, that an indescribable sensation of horror stole over us, and rendered us almost as nervous as those whom we had come to comfort. The earlier part of the evening had been mild, serene, and remarkably pleasant; the moon had arisen with uncommon lustre, and being at the full, her appearance was extremely delightful. It was the conclusion of the holidays, and many of the people were enjoying the delicious coolness of a serene night, and resting from the laborious exertions of the day: but when the moon became gradually obscured, fear overcame every one. As the eclipse increased, they became more terrified. All ran in great distress to inform their sovereign of the circumstance; for there was not a single cloud to form so deep a shadow, and they could not comprehend the nature or meaning of an eclipse. The king was as easily frightened as his people, being equally simple and ignorant; he would not therefore suffer them to depart. Numbers sometimes beget courage and confidence, he thought—so he commanded them to remain near his person, and to do all in their power to restore the lost glory of the moon."*

OUR VILLAGE CHARACTERS.

No. 1.—OLD UNCLE NATTY.

Ah, poor old Uncle Natty is dead now! How well I remember him! his long white coat, his staff, flaxen hair, and bent though venerable figure, seem before me now. How kind he was to us, little curly-headed urchins, and the pat on the head, and the cheerful, "May God bless you, my little merry hearts!" were worth a hundred runs to meet him!—at least we thought so.

Well, reader, you must picture him in your mind—you must see him; you will not like him half so much if you do not. Fancy a manly-looking figure, once six-foot, but now bent with age, a fine open face, though sad, that seemed to say I love you; a venerable form, with knee breeches, and the coat, staff, and flaxen hair, aforesaid,—and you will have some idea of our uncle, though not quite like him—of course not.

Yonder is the cottage where he used to live, that one with the woodbine over the door, seeming to be as venerable, yet as kind and homely, as Uncle Nathan himself.

It is market-day at the town, a mile distant; Uncle Natty has gone for his weekly necessaries, and half a dozen of us, mischief-makers (as mother calls us), myself included, have started to meet him. Perhaps it is more than the pat of the head and kind word that we go for, but that matters to no one but ourselves. Perhaps the basket on his arm has something to do with it,—perhaps it has, reader, but never mind about that, it cannot matter to you. Some of us are brambling, one or two are gathering a nosegay of wild-flowers to place in the old man's pitcher at home, and one, in his eager pursuit of a butterfly, has left his shoe sticking in the mud; when the white coat is seen through a gap in the hedge round the corner, and, unmindful of brambles or anything else, off we go. Supposing a painter had been there, our forms would soon have been on canvas. One little fellow's cheeks are shaking, his tongue is out, and he is puffing and panting to be first; another has caught his foot in a briar, and lays all his length on the grass, forming an excellent stumbling-block for the one behind him who comes with more force than pleasantness upon his back. With no worse disasters than these we are soon around our old uncle. Supposing he had been the Magical Mountain of Loadstone, and we the very best steel, he could not have drawn us quicker—not he, my dear reader, it would have been impossible. "God bless you, my little merry hearts!" Those are his first words: he never departs from the old formula, those always did come first, and always shall; but with a reverential tone, and in a half musing manner, he adds: "and may they always be merry! may no worldly care blight them! may no worldly sorrow tarnish them!" And then speaking higher, he says: "Ah, boys! I was a boy once—a merry one; my heart was as free and full of fun as the lighest one amongst you; but I am a man now. Perhaps you wonder what made that free-hearted, merry boy a sad man, an old, withered, stooping, sorrowful being. Boys, do you wish to know? shall I tell you?"

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* The former part of this article is taken, with some alteration, from a very useful periodical, which has lately courted public favour, called "Handy Helps to Useful Knowledge," price 1d., published by W. H. Angel, 11, Lovell's Court, Paternoster Row.

There was a sad earnestness in his voice, as he spoke, which made such an impression on us youngsters, that, hardly knowing what we did, we entered his cottage with him, and stood in silent expectation around him.

"You want to know, then?" said he. "Very well, I will tell you. Sixty summers have passed away since my tale begins—sixty winters have gone, but it seems to me but as yesterday. I was a child then, and my hair, which you now see is flaxen with age, was jet black; my cheeks, which are now thin and wrinkled, once had a colour as fresh as yours. I had brothers and playmates, too—merry romping children like myself, but they are nearly all gone; old Simon, who lived opposite, was one, but his hair is now as white as mine. I had a mother, and a kind one—as kind as your mother is to you,—she is gone now;" and the old man wiped away a tear. "But you wish to know what made me old, what made me stoop, what made me wrinkled, what took my mother and brothers from me. It was time. Yes; old Time tries the deeds of men. As the refining-pot is to gold, so is time to our faults. I remember my mother sending me to school, with my basket on my arm. It was a cold frosty morning, and the ice would nearly bear. 'Remember,' said she, 'and do not go on the ice.' I said, 'Yes, mother;' and went trotting to school. When I got to the pit round the corner, yonder,—you can see it here,—there was a number of boys sliding; the temptation was too much for me. I forgot my mother's command, and went to slide. My mother from this window saw me, as she thought, commit an act of wilful disobedience without any hesitation. I never saw her alive any more; for that same night she broke a blood-vessel in giving birth to my brother, and died. Time passed onwards, and the chubby-faced boy changed into a thoughtful man; but I never could forget that act of disobedience; and oh, how often have I wished I could just have asked my mother to forgive me! Time passed, and by his magic wand, in the place of youth, stands age,—the old man stoops, his hair is white, his cheeks are withered, and he now warns you always to obey your mother. Time still passes, and in a few years you will see me carried to my grave. Oh, boys, beware! time will judge your actions, and severely too, and perhaps the thoughtless act of your childhood may make you a miserable man. When I am dead, think of poor old Uncle Nathan; for he, from his heart, wishes you may say on your death-bed, I never did an act, or said a word, that could hurt the feelings of my mother."

Children will be children,—they really cannot help it; and very soon we, the mischief-makers aforesaid, recovered our spirits, which were damped by our Uncle's sad recital, and were scampering down his garden, admiring his well-kept flower-beds. But the sun had nearly set, as if to remind us of what Uncle said: that time was passing, quickly passing,—much too quickly for us, as we thought; and we had all, after receiving a book from Uncle, to say, in reply to his "Good bye, and God bless you, my little merry hearts!" what the reader will have to say too, that is, Good bye, Uncle Natty!

Holbeach, 1858. H. M. CRUISER.

FLORAL ADVICE FOR APRIL.

By G. M. F. G.

"Not a tree,
A plant, a leaf, but contains
A folio volume; we may read and read,
And read again, and still find something new;
Something to please, and something to instruct,
Even in the humble weed."

To those about to commence gardening, we would say, do not lay out all your money at once, be it much or little; nor let the beauty of this plant or the cheapness of that tempt you to buy unnecessarily. Purchase merely enough to get along with at first. It is only by experience that you can possibly tell what you are likely to require. Begin humbly. As your experience increases, so may you increase your stock. Neatness, tastefulness, and good sense may be shown in the management of a small garden, and the arrangement of a few plants as well as upon a larger scale; and these qualities are always praised, and always treated with the greatest respect and attention.

All the winter work of the garden left undone should now be got over as soon as possible, and before the busy time of sowing commences. Walks, where wanted, should be made. The whole art of making a gravel walk consists in having a good foundation of broken bricks, lime, rubbish, or other binding materials, previous to laying on the gravel. The walk should be made with a slight rise in the middle, to allow the water to run off. If the yellow gravel mixed with clay, that forms such nice walks, cannot be obtained, any other gravel mixed with road-scrapings will answer the purpose, though it will not look so well. No walk, be the garden ever so small, should be less than three feet wide. Box, the neatest of all edgings, should never be planted; a foot in length of old edging will make several yards of new. The proper way to plant box is as follows:—Take the old box and divide into small pieces, each having root fibres, and trim the top; then take a line and stretch it tight along the ground, exactly where you intend the edging to be; with a spade open a small trench along the line, the side of the trench next the wall being perpendicular; place the pieces of box along the perpendicular side of the trench, keeping their tops level; fill the earth into the trench, and press it well down with your foot, after which water it, and the art is completed.

Watering is an operation second to none. It is, in fact, one of the many operations which demand almost your whole attention. Your own experience will tell you whether a plant requires water or not, and when you find it does, give it a good soaking.

Weeding comes next to watering, and is of equal importance. This piece of business should be carried out while the sun is most powerful, as, under such circumstances, weeds will die off, or nearly so, as fast as they are hoed up. They will require raking off the same day, however, as in the event of a shower, which is next to a certainty at this time of the year, they would freely take root again, and become a living specimen of the old adage:—

"Ill weeds grow apace."

Plant all your dahlias which you intend to propagate from, if you have not done so already; but if you only require one or two of a sort, you need only divide them, taking care to cut a peice of tuber to every eye. Now is also the proper time to sow dahlia seed, if you feel inclined to try your skill at raising new varieties. Stir the earth between panseys, top dress them, water them frequently in hot weather, shade those commencing to bloom, and bed out any that are in pots. Hardy annuals may be sown in the borders, and tender annuals in a hotbed or frame, the former kinds which have been protected through the winter in frames may be planted out about the end of the month. Roses may be pruned towards the end of the present month, if from unavoidable circumstances you have neglected to do so; likewise search among them for grubs, which I need not inform you are very destructive. Protect hyacinths in flower from sun and rain. Auriculas should be removed to some place where they can be covered with handglasses, and shaded from sun; seed may likewise be sown any time this month. Plant out biennials and perennials where you intend them to flower, and sow seed if you need a fresh supply. Give polyanthuses plenty of water, and prick out seedings as soon as they are large enough. Examine plants in pots, to ascertain which require re-potting and remove any decayed leaves you may find about them. As tulips are very susceptible of check, do every thing in your power to protect them from frost. Stir the earth between ranunculuses, and water them frequently. Cuttings may be made from all the ordinary clump and border plants, if you have not previously done so. Remove piccotees to a sheltered spot.

THE FATHER'S CURSE.

A Village Tale.

BY EDWARD W. COX.

I WELL remember, many years ago,
How we had gather'd under the elm tree,—
A noisy group, to gambol and to laugh
The summer noon away. But scarcely then
The dial of my life had told ten years,
And I was fickle as the mountain breeze,
And fearless as the inexperienced lamb
That hath not learn'd to know what danger is.
With a few village children, like myself,
Sipping of life's full cup, I sat and smiled,
Because a smile was pleasure's messenger.

Thus were we gather'd, when there came to us
An old, old man, whose hair was very grey,
His face all wither'd, and his palsied limbs
Shaking like aspen leaf in the night air.
A rudely fashioned staff—a little dog,
That seem'd to share his sorrows, were the sole
Companions of his pilgrimage. The man
Sat himself down upon a rustic seat
That hospitable hands had framed, and known
To all the country as the "Traveller's Rest."
Reclining there, he wiped his furrow'd brow
Which the hot sun had kiss'd too rudely, and
Opening his scrip, he took a hard brown crust,
Of which he gave the dog a part, and part
Reserved to his own share. The faithful brute
Lick'd the thin hand that minister'd to him,
And then, methought, a small unconscious tear
On the grey lashes of the old man lay.
He asked us many things of Lydford Green,
(The village were we dwelt) and of the men
Who tenanted its cottages; and much
He queried of an unfrequented place,
Whither none dared after nightfall to go,
And which was called by us "the Father's Curse."

It was a strange, secluded spot, far down
Amid the valley, and through a thick wood
Your path must be ere you arrive at it:
A low and half-dismantled ruinous wall
Clasp'd in the firm embraces of the weed
That, like pale envy, feeds upon the fallen,
First meets your eye; and if through the rude gate
You go, a garden overgrown with grass
And flowers that have sprung up untrain'd and wild,
Wakens a silent shudder in your breast.
There stands a cottage covered with grey moss;—
Its windows curtain'd with the tapestry
That spiders weave, and all along the roof
The clustering houses of the swallow tribe.
Within—but none did dare to search within;
For strange, unearthly seeming voices came
From the dark rooms, as if held revel there
All spirits that infest the night.
'Twas of this place
That the old man made question; and we told
How that it was accurst with ill report—
And how the villagers would point to it
In eloquent silence, and with shaking heads
To our young curiosity reply.

The pilgrim heard us patiently, and traced
With his strong staff strange characters in the dust,
Which were no sooner written than erased.
From his sunk eyes the tears fell long and fast;
The faithful dog redoubled his caress,—
And we, with childhood's pity, pluck'd some flowers,
And offered them to the poor weak old man.

He kiss'd the smiling jewels of the field
And thrust them in his bosom; then to us
He beckon'd to draw nigh, saying that he
Had somewhat to relate which after years
Perchance might profit by. Then thus he spake:
"I had a father once—but in the grave
He lies and sleeps most calm and pleasantly.
I had a mother too—but she with him
Dwells in the churchyard. 'Twas my fate to be
Their only child, and so they lavish'd love
Upon me until love could do no more:
When age had braced my limbs I used to trip
With my fond father, when he went about
His rustic business, and drink draughts of health
From the fresh breezes. Sometimes to attend
On the hill-dwelling sheep, and on the plough
To wait sometimes,—but sometimes nothing craved
His jealous care;—then he would set me down
Upon some mossy hedge-row or the green
Gay mantle of the field, and in rude phrase
Would hold sweet converse about holy things—
God and the Saviour's love, and seraph forms
That wander on the earth, hymning such strains
As on the grossness of our mortal ears
May tremble, but the dull sense waken not.
I was his pride—his joy—and every morn
And every evening did he offer up,
On bended knee, a prayer that Heaven would pour
Its choicest blessings on my head; and so
Years past, and I grew up and he grew old.

"But I was prone to evil in my youth,
And bad companions lured me to forsake
The ways of virtue;—long my father closed
The eyes of love upon my gathering guilt,—
And long he wept—entreated, but in vain.
The seeds of piety that in my heart
He had implanted were all rooted up,
And in their stead, the tall rank weeds of vice
Flourish'd and flung their shadows o'er my soul.

"It was a chilly night, and, by a star
That twinkled in the middle heaven, I knew
That darkness had done half its work. The frost
Had bound the breezes up, and on the clouds
Laid its cold finger that they moved not, but
Like spectres stood upon the spangled sky.
I was returning from a revel, flush'd
With the strong drink, that, though it made me mad,
Deprived me not of feeling, thought, or sense.
I gain'd our cottage-door and enter'd it—
My father sat before the fire alone,
For my poor mother, having anxiously
Counted the distant clock till it toll'd twelve,
Being worn out with watching, went to rest.
An open Bible on the table lay,
And, by the burning redness of his eye,
I could perceive he had been weeping much.
He tried to frown upon me, but could not,
Nature so work'd within him; but he pass'd
His hand across his unsmooth'd brow and swept
A tear from the grey lashes.
'Richard, son,'
He said, in solemn tone, 'why are you thus?
Why does the midnight find you not at home,
And why are you estrang'd from me, my son?'
But I made answer in some hasty words,
Whereat the old man anger'd, and his brow
Figured the frown it sought in vain before.
'Rash boy!' he said, 'God's curse will light on thee,
If from thy wicked ways thou turn not soon.
Then wilt thou be a shame to us, and ill
Will wait upon thee, and my old grey hairs
Thou wilt send down in sorrow to the grave.'

"Then much he question'd me of those to whom
My hours were dedicate; and many threats,
From his own anguish'd spirit, and the book
That lay before him, he shower'd down on me.
But I, being drunken, answered angrily,
And, when the old man urged reproaches much,
I struck him;—yes—I struck him;—struck—like this.
With a loud groan he fell back from his seat;
My head grew giddy and my brain whirl'd round;
I saw—I think I saw—great drops of blood—
Red, fiery red, upon the hearthstone glare.
I heard a rushing, as if Hell were loosed,
And howling fiends:—I sallied from the cot,
And the cold night breathed very bleak on me.

"Upon the many-twinkling face of heaven
A change had been since last I look'd on it.
The winds had broken loose, and in their rage
Swept over the thick wood, and through the cliffs
And passes of the perpendicular mountain scream'd,
Singing most drearily. The cheerful stars
Were all erased,—save that one star alone
Of which I spake as showing me the hour.

Upon the wind's wings rode enormous clouds
That flung their drifting fleeces to the earth
And clothed it with a soft white mantle. Still
The howlings echoed in mine ears, and still
I saw the red drops blazing in mine eye,
And still my brain spun round. The gather'd snows
Received my hasty feet and wore the print
Of what had trodden them;—I turn'd and cursed
The tell-tale fleeces, and, in my despair,
Went back to sweep away the imprinted marks,
And so made others;—then I thought indeed
That God had set his curse upon my brow,
And that the earth bore witness of my crime;
A burning weight did sit upon my brain;—
I ran—I flew—the fierce winds beat on me—
The snow-storms swept my cheeks, but could not quench
The fire that made me mad.

"Then morning came
And found me flying still, unconscious where;
And evening kiss'd the hills,—and morn again
Hung out his lamp, ere, in the dwelling-place
Of man, I dared to asked a little food.

"At length I came to the sea-shore, where ships
Rode the white-crested waves, and multitudes
Of weeping warriors to their mother earth
Lisp'd an adieu,—a few brief moments more
I was a soldier and upon the sea—
Alone,—unfriended, desolate, accurst!

"I could not sleep for frightful dreams of blood
And of the old man on the hearth-stone dead;
And if, in the first watches of the night,
I could perchance forget myself, as sure
As in the middle Heaven that star was throned
I did awake, and feel a strange impulse
To go from my warm bed to look on it.
Then would thin phantoms float before mine eyes—
The gory drops enkindled into flame;—
The rushing sound rang in my ears, and words
Of horrible import would come to me.
So till the pale star mingled with the morn,
I watch'd its travelling, and in the ship
I was accounted mad.

"At length we gain'd
The port, and, though my comrades all rejoiced,
Yet I did not rejoice, for sea or shore,
City or desert, was the same to me.
Into uncivilised places then we pass'd,
Where dwelt wild men—untutor'd savages,—
With whom we waged incessant war, and woke
The voice of the proud cannon in the woods
And in the mountain solitudes, that before
Had never heard but Heaven's artillery.
The battle was a bliss to me,—for there
I hoped to die; and into the thick
Of clubs and spears, like a distracted man,
I rush'd, and of the poison'd arrow ask'd
For pity and destruction;—but in vain.
The weapons hiss'd about me in the air,—
And hostile crowds encircled me, but none
Answer'd my invocations;—'twas as if
On me, as upon Cain, a mark were set
Whereby I might be known.

"At length there came
One to us from my country, and perchance
In passing talk he told how he had seen
And known my birth-place;—nay, that but of late
He had beheld it. Then my cheek grew pale,
And my heart smote within me at the name,—
And (for none knew me), hesitating much,
I ask'd of its inhabitants. The man
Then said 'how an unnatural son had hurl'd
His father from the seat whereon he sat,
And stricken him so, that they who found him there,
Bathed in his own blood, did believe him dead.
But that they put him on a couch and tried
Their rustic surgery, so that at length
His eyes he open'd and look'd on the light,
And shriek'd and call'd upon his wretched boy,
Curses and prayers commingling in strange sort.
But the wound heal'd; and from his bed he rose;—
But men say that the windows of his mind
Were never well uncurtain'd more—for morn
And noon and night he spake no word, save when
His spouse recall'd remembrance of old time.
Daily he went about his rural work,
With face composed and calm, and tearless eyes,
Which yet told that the night had seen him weep.
But sorrow soon extinguish'd Reason's torch,
And his mind was a blank—an utter blank—
And then he died—and to the sheltering tomb
His widow'd helpmate quickly follow'd him.'
"Desperately that day I rush'd into the fight—
Seeking to die. It was high noon when first
The strife began, and at the evening hour
I was a prisoner wounded grievously.
"Heaven so ordain'd that he who captured me
Was mighty in the land, and had a wife
Whose virtues would put many to the blush
In this our Christian country; and they shone
Amid the rudeness of those savage tribes
Like a green mantled-tree by travellers seen
Alone upon the desert. She bewail'd
My piteous state, and, as a mother kind,
Tended me, ministering wholesome food
And simple medicines such as herbs will make.
Then to a cavern in the forest shades
She led me, signifying that her lord
Had destin'd me for sacrifice. At night
Thither she came, laden with delicate meats,
And, having sooth'd my hurts, departed straight.
In these deep solitudes my thoughts were turn'd
Upon my father and the blood-red drops;—
And every night I sat upon the turf
While the dews dropp'd around me, and distill'd
On my uncover'd head;—and on that star
Bent an unswerving glance, till it went down
Behind the hill-top,—for in that far place
Low in the heaven its highest travel was;
And every night, methought, the dreadful deed
I acted o'er again.
"'Twas whilst I kept
This awful vigil, that my Indian friend
Once came to me, in her hand carrying
A little book that had been spoil'd, she said,
From my fierce countrymen; and knowing not
The use of it herself, she deem'd it best
To give it to my care.

"I read that book,
And from that moment was a better man;
The visions came no more, and though sometimes
I could not but go gaze upon the star,
After a little while it vanish'd all
From the revolving vault Peace came again,
Though Pleasure could not, and for God's good time
I waited patiently.

"When I was well
The Indian bade me go, and pointed out
The way which I should traverse. Many tears
We shed at parting, and the woman wept,
'Because,' she said, 'I was so like her son
Who dwelt in the far country of the dead.'
After much toil and travel I return'd
To where lived civilised man, and there abode
In penitence. Children, what book was that
Which shed so soft a balm on my despair?
It was the BIBLE.

"But at length I felt
A longing to behold my home once more,
Ere I lay down to sleep:—'twas not a wish,
But a strong, maddening impulse yet again
To gaze upon the hearth stone where the blood
Glared at me, and to kneel upon the floor
Where the old man lay stunn'd by my rash arm.
Long time I journey'd, and at length am come
To die amidst those scenes that first I loved,
The places of my pleasures and my crimes.
My children, I am he for whose dark deed
That cottage is accurst,—there first I drank
Of life's uncertain stream, and there grew up.
What do ye call it now?——The Father's Curse."

◆

"APRIL FOOLS' DAY."

It is an old and most absurd custom—and one which does more injury to youth, in legalising deception, than any other we know of—to make, as it is called, fools of each other on the 1st of April. Thus, as our readers are aware, on emerging from their homes on this day to go to the school, or to pursue their usual daily avocations, it requires all the self-possession, not only of youths, but of adults, to prevent their being entrapped by the more impudent class of boys—and girls, too—with such sayings as, "See, sir, your handkerchief is all but out of your pocket!" or, "You have dropped your shawl, mum!" at which the unguarded deceived one places his hand to his pocket, or looks back for the strayed garment. Of course, at the very moment,—having a tangible proof that the handkerchief is quite safe and that the robe is still gracefully adorning the person,—the recollection that it is the 1st of April flashes with electric speed into the mind, when the male "April fool" is annoyed, and threatens chastisement, and the duped female blushes, and cannot refrain from smiling, although anything but pleased.

These frauds, though annoying, are harmless compared with some, where, as we have known in our youth, boys have been sent to a dairy to purchase a "pen'orth of pigeons' milk;" and to a neighbouring shoemaker, in a small way of business, for "strap oil;" in both of which cases the innocent betrayed one—with, generally speaking, the most amiable of dispositions—gets, to his utter astonishment, neither milk nor oil, but "a good, sound thrashing;" and his deceivers, not content with that, taunt him with jibs and jibes, whereupon the sweetest temper becomes ruffled, and quarrels ensue, in which, probably, both deceiver and deceived incur, not only personal chastisement, but the wrath of an infuriated parent at the disgraceful appearance of their "fondest hope" with a blackened eye, or an otherwise damaged countenance.

Well does the writer remember having been, when very young, made "a fool" of by a wealthy farmer, the annoyance of which tempted him to retaliate by sending the worthy cultivator of the soil, within three hours of *his* success, six miles (there and back) from his home, by telling him that a flock of sheep had entered upon a field of his in which new barley was springing up. Oh! what a fury the farmer was in on his return! with what withering force did he tell of the deceit practised upon him! and when the writer, who was within hearing, presented himself to the enraged farmer—as he thought he had better do, and have done with it—what a thrashing he got! not only from the deceived, but from those under whose care he was placed. How he bitterly repented of having told the lie whereby to practise the deceit! He learnt a lesson on that occasion never to be forgotten; and rather would he, every year for the remainder of his life, be the victimised than the victimiser.

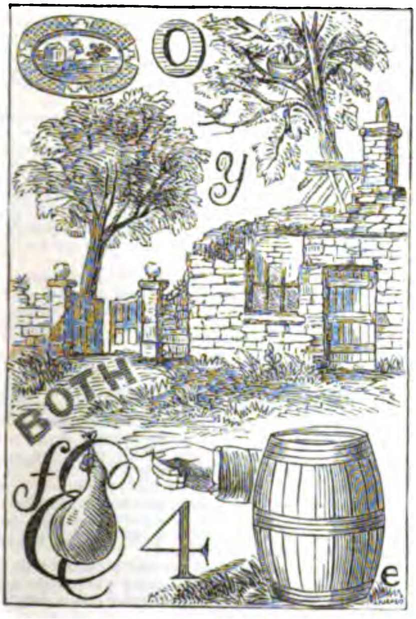
Reader, take the following advice:—On this day, the 1st of April, be on your guard, and do not suffer yourself to be annoyed or deceived; and, on no account, do you join in the sinful practice of telling lies to deceive others; but, on the contrary, persuade your companions from such folly.

No satisfactory origin has been assigned for this ancient custom, although many conjectures have been offered; such as, that it arose from the stratagem practised by the Romans to obtain wives from the Sabines, when Romulus invited the latter to their games in honour of Neptune, at the beginning of April, and the Romans seized and carried off the Sabine damsels, who had been imposed upon by being invited with a mere pretence: that as great festivals were wont to continue eight days, the 1st of April, being the octave of the Feast of the Annunciation, may be supposed to have been employed in fool-making, all other sports having been exhausted in the preceding seven days: and that it is derived "from the mistake of Noah sending the dove out of the ark before the water had abated, on the first of the month among the Hebrews answering to our 1st of April; and to perpetuate the memory of this deliverance, it was thought proper, whoever forgot so remarkable a circumstance, to punish them by sending them upon some sleeveless errand similar to that ineffectual message upon which the bird was sent by that patriarch." W. G.

THE HAPPY HOUR.

HIEROGLYPHIC SENTENCE.

1



G. M. F. G.

PUZZLE.

2

I am a word of four letters. My first is one-fifth of my fourth; my third is one half of my first; twice my first, and six times my third, gives my fourth. My whole is felt during the winter season. **Robert Johnson.**

CHARADES.

3

My first is neither the top nor the bottom; my second is a division of gender; my whole is a county of England. V.A.

4

My first's an irregular state of the mind,
  My second's the head of a science;
My third, as a matter of course, is designed
  With a view to set dark at defiance.
My fourth is a foreign vehicle or trap,
  Used by some in this go-a-head nation;
My whole is an island you'll find on the map,
  Ranking high as a fortified station. G.M.F.G.

5

My first is a letter, you'll find it in all;
  My second's the cause of many a brawl;
My third is the place where the queen gives a ball;
  My whole was a battle, which every one said
Surpassed all the others of which they had read.

Frank Walter.

6

My first is a colour; my second the opposite of water; and my whole the name of a country. **Marcellus.**

7

I am a town in England, and I consist of 3 words and 17 letters. I am noted for my 4, 12, 5, 8, which is found under my 7, 15, 1, 9. My 4, 5, 1, 13, 12, 16, 6, are placed on the walls of 4, 5, 6, 14, 8, 2, to defend myself; my 13, 2, 8, 6, 12, 16, is the name of an unrivalled naval commander; my 3, 5, 14, 7, and my 13, 9, 3, 7, 12, 16, are the names of two philosophers; my 4, 12, 5, 7, is an article of apparel; my 17, 15, 9, and my 13, 12, 6, 2, are parts of the body. **Robert Johnson.**

ENIGMA.

8

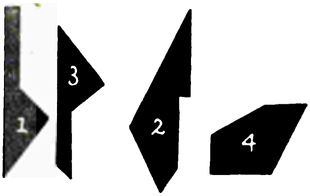
A couple, dear readers, approach you with fear,
In your presence, most humbly, they beg to appear;
Such a pair, I am sure, you seldom have seen,
For since their formation, at strife they have been.
No man ever treated a poor woman so;
No termagant e'er caused her husband more woe,
Sometimes you would think he had slain her outright,
Yet, e'er you're aware, she is first in the fight;
And whene'er he advances to seize on his prey,
As quickly she tears one half of it away;
But all her endeavours are fruitless and vain,
For in spite of her teeth he still gets them again
Tho' many their quarrels, and frequent their strife,
As soon as they're parted they're useless for life.
Enough has been said, now children be wise;
And from such dissensions learn strife to despise.

John Blight.

PRACTICAL PUZZLES.

9

Upon a piece of cardboard, draw
A perfect outline of the four
Designs below, then sketch three more
  Of each, and when you've done,
Procure a penknife, or a pair
Of pointed scissors, and with care
Cut out the lot, then form a square
  With these—one inch by one. G. M. F. G.



10

A gentleman, dying, left a piece of land exactly square, to be divided amongst his five sons: to his eldest he gave a square piece, exactly one-fourth of the entire piece; and to each of the other four, one-fourth of the remaining three-fourths, all to be of exactly the same shape. Required to know how the ground was divided? E.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

11

Suppose a man were to lay a pin on the "Leviathan" on Good Friday, two the next Friday, four the next, and so on; continuing to double the number every week, for a year, and allowing 160 pins to the ounce, and fifty-two weeks to the year: what weight would the "Leviathan" have on board at the end of the year? and would she be able to carry it?

Charles A. Empson.

REBUSES.

12

The initials form the name of a Prime Minister of the present century.

a. A poet of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.
b. A celebrated conqueror of antiquity.
c. A German reformer.
d. An English poet.
e. A Greek tragedian.
f. A king of Rome.
g. A strong man mentioned in Scripture.
h. An emperor of Rome.
i. A celebrated Latin poet.
j. A famous astronomer.

Charles A. Empson.

13

The initials form the name of an heroic young officer who fell at Delhi.

a. A town of Scotland.
b. A town of Derbyshire.
c. A lake of Russia.
d. A town of Ireland.
e. A town of Portugal.
f. A canal of France.
g. A mountain range of Norway.

Pompey.

ENIGMA.

14

I am a word of four letters, although I am small,
I am of the greatest importance to all;
I exist in the earth, and in the sea—
Though I am often complained of, none wish to lose me.
I am sometimes bitter, sometimes sweet,
Sometimes long, sometimes fleet,
Sometimes grave, and sometimes witty,
I am found in every town and city;
In almost every place that's walled,
But if I am once lost I can ne'er be recalled.

Robert Johnson.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

15

"*Truly he'll see war.*"—The letters properly arranged will give the name of a celebrated general. Marcellus.

16

The initials form the name of a celebrated Commissioner under the late Ministry.

a. TTDSSSEEAARDHM.—A Grand Duchy of Germany.
b. LDNAAASIU.—A province of Spain.
c. URNCLEE.—A Canton, town, and lake of Switzerland.
d. AUVLNIO.—A town of Belgium.

Charles A. Empson.

POETICAL RECEIPT.

A SEED CAKE.

Get a tin, and as soon as you've buttered it o'er
To assist it in turning out nicely—procure,
Half a quartern of dough, (which your baker will bring
When he comes round with the bread, if he has such a thing,
And he must be a curious tradesman indeed
If he cannot supply it at once) to proceed;
Set it down to the fire to rise for a time,
Then obtain *half a pound* of fresh butter—mind, prime—
And *three ounces of pounded loaf-sugar*—the best—
With some *carraway seeds, say an ounce;* with the rest
Mix them up in the usual way, and the cake
May be placed in a moderate oven to bake.

G. M. F. G.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. M. Cruiser.—Your contributions are accepted, with thanks. We shall have much pleasure in receiving a continuation of the series of "Our Village Characters," also the "geographical questions" and "mental pictures," as suggested.

Frank Walter.—Your question will be answered by the perusal of our rules to be observed by Contributors, (No. 3) We regret the deception practised by the contributors of Nos. 166, 183, and 187, if you are correct in stating that these appeared previously in a book called "Fireside Amusements;" and trust a recurrence of such frauds will not have to be again exposed.

Robert Johnson.—Thanks for contributions, and also for your suggestions, which, although well known and acted upon, are welcome, from the hearty manner in which they are proffered.

George Brown.—A packet of bills shall be forwarded.

Publicolo—You appear to do yourself an injustice by supposing you are "such a wretched bad speller," judging from your note, every word of which is spelt correctly. Our advice, however, is, purchase a somewhat advanced spelling-book, and set yourself a daily task of twenty words. You are *not* too old to contribute to the "Companion."

J. S. Potter.—We thank you for your good wishes, but cannot compliment you on your "poetical epistle," it being *very* much beneath the standard required. Your Puzzles, &c., have all met with our disfavour, from our having detected the first one being as aged as our memories.

Kezia.—For your zeal in procuring us so many new subscribers, accept our best thanks.

Ida May Foster.—We regret our opinion on your "Lines on the departure of the Princess Royal," should be an adverse one. But while it is in many respects imperfect, there is much in it to commend: our advice, therefore is, try again.

John Blight.—We awarded our Prizes strictly in accordance with the rules set forth in our original announcement. No doubt, had you been an earlier subscriber, you would have obtained a higher reward. "A fair start and no favours" now offers itself to all Competitors for our next distribution of Prizes, which will be awarded on the completion of the present volume, consisting of twelve monthly numbers.

Brutus.—Being the winner of our first prize, as announced in last number, we shall be glad to receive your name and address, with choice of article selected, in order that it may be immediately forwarded to you.

J. Tunnicliff.—We can scarcely believe your intelligence will allow you to labour under such a mistake—pray, read the allusion to yourself in our last number's "second class" again.

◆

OUR PRIZES.

Prizes will be given for best solutions to Enigmas, &c., the names or initials of competitors being printed and placed monthly into the first, second, or third class, according to merit: those appearing oftenest in the first class will be entitled to the first Prize, and those in the second class, to the second Prize, &c. Notice of the value of the Prizes to be distributed will be printed in our next number.

☞ Contributors to the "Happy Hour" are requested to observe the following rules:—

1.—In compiling Enigmas, Charades, &c., *orthography* must not be sacrificed to *sound*.
2.—All contributions to be written on *one* side of the paper only; and at the end of each Charade, Enigma, &c., the answer, and the initials or *assumed name* of the contributor.
3.—None but *original* Pastime matter will be accepted; and any contributor detected in the attempt to pass off *old* for *new* Enigmas, Charades, &c., will be expelled from the classes.
4.—All Solutions to the "Happy Hour" to be forwarded to the Editor by the 20th of every month.

Address to Editor at Printers', 23, Middle Street, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

By Washington Irving.

During my residence in the country, I used frequently to attend at the old village-church, which stood in a country filled with ancient families, and contained within its cold and silent aisles the congregated dust of many noble generations. Its shadowy aisles, its mouldering monuments, the dark oaken panelling—all reverend with the gloom of departed years—seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation. A Sunday too, in the country is so holy in its repose— such a pensive quiet reigns over the face of nature, that every restless passion is charmed down, and we feel all the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us:

> " Sweet days, so calm, so pure, so bright;
> The bridal of the earth and sky;"

I do not pretend to be what is called a devout man; but there are feelings that visit me in a country church, amid the beautiful serenity of nature, which I experience nowhere else: and if not a more religious, I think I am a better man on Sunday than on any other day of the seven.

But in this church I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world, by the frigidity and pomp of the poor worms around me. The only being that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian was a poor, decrepit old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trival respect, too, had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society, and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer—habitually conning her prayer-book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes would not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart—I felt pursuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman arose to Heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

I am fond of loitering about the country churches, and this was so delightfully situated that it frequently attracted me. I stood on a knol, round which a stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew-trees, which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall Gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated there one still, sunny morning, watching two labourers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the church-yard; where, from the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new-made grave was for the only son of a poor widow.

While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank, which extend thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before, with an air of cool indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe; but there was one real mourner who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by a humble friend, who was endeavouring to comfort her. A few of the neighbouring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze, with childish curiosity, on the grief of the mourner.

As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued from the church-porch, arrayed in a surplice, with prayer-book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor was penniless. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form, but coldly and unfeelingly. The minister moved but a very few steps from the church-door, his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime and touching ceremony, turned into such a frigid mummery of words.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased—"George Somers, aged 26 years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer; but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son with the yearning of a mother's heart.

The service being ended, preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection: directions given in the cold tone of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel, which, at the grave of those we love, is, of all sounds, the most withering. The bustle around her seemed to awaken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavouring to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation—"Nay, now—nay, now—don't take it so sorely to heart." She could only shake her head and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body to the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonise her; and when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a justling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth—as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more; my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the church-yard, where I remained till the funeral train had dispersed.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich!—they have friends to soothe, pleasures to beguile, a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young!—their growing minds soon close above the wound; their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure; their green and ductile affections soon twine round new objects. but the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after-growth of joy—the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years—these are, indeed, sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

It was some time before I left the church-yard. On my way homeward, I met with the woman who acted as comforter; she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations and assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age. "Oh, sir!" said the good woman, "he was such a likely lad—so sweetly tempered, so kind to every one round him, so dutiful to his parents! It did one's heart good to see him on a Sunday, dressed out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheery, supporting his old mother to church; for she was always fonder of leaning on George's arm than on her goodman's; and, poor soul! she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round."

Unfortunately the son was tempted, during a season of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into a small craft that plied on a neighbouring river. He had not been long in this employ, when he was entrapped by a pressgang and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and became chargeable to the parish. Still there was a kind feeling towards her throughout the village, and a certain respect as to being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbours would now and then cultivate for her.

It was but a few days before these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage-door, which faced the garden, suddenly opened. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seaman's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye. "Oh, my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son—your poor boy George!" It was indeed the wreck of her once noble lad, who, shattered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment, had at length dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting, where joy and sorrow were so completely blended. Still he was alive!—he was come home!—he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age! Nature, however, was exhausted in him; and if anything had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet on which his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never rose from it again.

The villagers, when they heard that George Somers had returned, crowded to see him, offering every comfort and assistance that their humble means afforded. He was too weak, however, to talk—he could only look his thanks. His mother was his constant attendant; and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood—that softens the heart and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency—who that has pined on a weary bed, in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought on the mother that "looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all the other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience, she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and if adversity overtake him, he will be dearer to her by misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Poor George Somers had known well what it was to be in sickness and have none to soothe, lonely and in prison and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight; if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, and look anxiously up until he saw her venerable form bending over him; when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

My first impulse, on hearing this humble tale of affliction, was to visit the cottage of the mourner, and administer pecuniary assistance, and, if possible, comfort. I found, however, on inquiry, that the good feelings of the villagers had prompted them to do everything that the case admitted; and as the poor know best how to console each other's sorrows, I did not venture to intrude.

The next Sunday I was at the village church; when, to my surprise, I saw the old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar.

She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty; a black ribbon or so—a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes shows. When I looked round upon the storied monuments—the stately hatchments—the cold marble pomp with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow at the altar of God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church; and before I left the neighbourhood, I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and gone to rejoin those whom she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

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A VISIT TO A PAPER-MILL.

A PAPER-MILL in operation is well worthy of inspection by all who can accomplish it. We travelled some miles out of our way, to gratify our curiosity, nor did we deem our trouble unrequited, nor ourselves uninstructed. It is our intention therefore, as briefly and as simply as possible, to describe what we saw, and the result of our observations.

We were first conducted to an outhouse, and shown the rags from which white paper is manufactured. Many, no doubt, imagine, as we did, that to obtain white paper *white* rags must form the material. Such, however, is the perfection to which this astonishing process is brought, by the aid of chemistry and human ingenuity, that rags of the darkest dye, and of the filthiest description, are capable, in a few hours, of being changed into the excellent material on which our most important works are printed.

The rags have first to be ripped, by women or girls, into pieces of not more than about three inches in diameter. This is done by a knife, fixed blade upwards into a bench over wire-work, on which the rags are placed, the object of the wires being to enable the loose dust or dirt to pass beneath. The females, one at each fixed knife, tear up the rags with great rapidity, this being the first operation.

The rags are next passed through a machine, called the "devilling" process, into which they are stuffed by a boy, to incur a course of beating and rubbing, and are seen to come out at another place with considerable force. The object accomplished by this is, as far as possible, to divest them of the dry dirt, and fit them for the third or boiling process. This is accomplished in a large square chest; and when filled with rags, you see the muddy-looking mass heaving up and down, while steam is being admitted; and here they are boiled with lime for a few hours. At the end of this course they are still much discoloured, and the inexperienced observer can hardly believe they will make anything better than coarse "whity brown" paper.

From the washing-shed we were conducted into another part, where a deafening noise met our ears, which we at once perceived to be produced by the movements of a large horizontal wheel, connected with several troughs. These troughs and the machinery within them are called "engines," which are intended to wash, tear, and beat the rags, and admirably do they accomplish their purpose. Into one of these the rags are now placed, in order to be washed. It is a trough of wood lined with lead, which is an iron roller, and with an apparatus for conveying pure water into the trough, and for carrying off the foul water. The roller being set in motion, about a hundred weight of rags is put into the trough, and as much water is let in as will raise the whole to within an inch or two of the brim. The surface of the roller presents a series of knives projecting from its axis, and beneath is a plate on which are fixed a number of knives of a similar description; the roller then makes about 160 revolutions in a minute; the rags are consequently carried with great rapidity through the knives, and are draw out, bruised, and cut. Above the roller is a cover, in which are two frames of wire cloth. When the whole mass is in agitation, the rags, after passing between the knives, as before described, are thrown against these wires, through which the foul water passes, and a clean stream comes in continually. After this has continued sufficient time, the water is let off, and the mass is taken to a press for the purpose of removing, as far as possible, whatever water may remain. In this state, the rags, though not perfectly white, are clean, and have somewhat the colour of "brown holland."

The next process is the *bleaching*. The rags are now placed in a receiver, made of wood, from which external air is excluded. Into this receiver are conveyed pipes communicating with a retort, in which *chlorine* is formed by the application of heat to a due proportion of manganese, common salt, and sulphuric acid. This is continued a few hours. The rags are now white, with an intolerable smell. They are subsequently washed and bruised in two other machines, which entirely purifies them. The rags now assume the appearance of pulp, resembling, in fact, milk and water. The size was now introduced (which had been prepared from sheep-skins, or other animal substances). We understood, however, that in writing paper the size is applied after the sheet is made.

The pulp, now ready to be formed into paper, was conveyed through a valve to a chest, in which state it is technically called *stuff*, and was continually agitated by an instrument within it, to prevent the stuff from sinking.

Formerly all paper was made by hand, and some is now manufactured in that way, but the great quantity of paper now consumed is almost wholly produced by the paper machine. The following is a description of paper making by hand, by one who has seen the operation:—

"The vat is supplied with *stuff* from the chest already described; and that stuff is kept warm by a copper within the vat, to which heat is communicated by a steam pipe. It is also agitated by machinery within. The workman forming the sheet, who is called a vatman, is provided with two moulds. These are slight frames of wood, covered with fine wire. Fitting to each mould is a deckel, or moveable raised edging, which determines the size of the sheet. The vatman putting the deckel on one of the moulds, dips it vertically into the stuff; and bringing it to the surface horizontally, covered with pulp, shakes it gently. It must be evident that this operation requires the greatest nicety, both in determining the general thickness of the sheet, and in producing it of an uniform thickness throughout. The vatman then pushes the mould with the sheet towards his fellow-workman, who is called the the coucher; and, taking off the deckel, applies it to the second mould, and proceeds as before. The coucher, who receives the first mould, having a heap of porous pieces of flannel by his side, called felts, turns the mould over upon a felt, upon which the sheet remains; and placing a felt on the sheet he is ready to turn over another from the second mould. Thus the vatman and the coucher proceed, the one moulding a sheet of paper, and the other placing it upon felt, till they have made six or eight quires. The heap is then subjected to the action of a powerful press. The sheets, after this pressure, have acquired sufficient consistency, to enable them to be pressed again by themselves. The felts are accordingly removed, and one sheet being laid upon another, the heap is subjected to a moderate pressure. The sheets are next parted, then dried, five or six together; next sized, by dipping; again dried and pressed; examined, to throw out any damaged sheets, or to remove knots; and, finally, put into quires and reams."

We have now to describe to the reader the most simple yet apparently complicated part of the process of the manufacture of pulp into paper by machinery. No description, however clear, can compensate for a personal inspection of this operation. At one extremity of a long range of wheels and cylinders we were shown a stream of pulp, not thicker than milk and water, flowing over a moving plane. At the other extremity the same stream not only becomes solid, but is wound upon a reel in the form of hard and smooth paper. The process is so completely brought about in a few seconds, that the first impression on our mind was that of wonder. We then endeavoured to follow the process with our eyes from one end to the other of the machine.

At one extremity of the machine is the chest, full of stuff or pulp. We mount the steps by its side, and see a long beam rolling incessantly round this capacious vessel, and thus keeping the fibres of linen, which look like snow-flakes, perpetually moving, and consequently equally suspended, in the water. At the bottom of the chest, and above the vat, there is a cock, through which we observed a continuous stream of pulp flowing into the vat, which is always, therefore, filled to a certain height. From the upper to the lower part of this vat a portion of the pulp flows upon a narrow wire frame, which constantly jumps up and down with a noise resembling a cherry-clack; this is called a sifter. Having passed through the sifter, the pulp flows still onward to a ledge, over which it falls in a regular stream, like a sheet of water over a smooth dam. Here we see it caught on a plane, which presents an uninterrupted surface of five or six feet, upon which the pulp seems evenly spread, as a napkin upon a table. A more accurate inspection shows us that this plane is constantly moving onwards with a gradual pace; that it has also a shaking motion from side to side; and that it is perforated all over with little holes—in fact, that it is an endless web of the finest wire. If we touch the pulp at the end of the plane, upon which it first descends, we find it fluid; if we draw the finger over its edge at the other end, we perceive that it is still soft—not so hard, perhaps, as wet blotting-paper—but so completely formed, that the touch will leave a hole, which we may trace forward till the paper is perfectly made. The pulp does not flow over the sides of the plane, we observe, because a strap, on each side, constantly moving, and passing upon its edges, regulates the width. After we pass the wheels upon which these straps terminate, we perceive that the paper is sufficiently formed not to require any further boundary to define its size;—the pulp has ceased to be fluid. But it is yet tender and wet; and we see that a wire cylinder, which presses upon its surface, leaves a succession of lines marked upon it in its passage. The paper, we perceive, is not yet completely off the plane of wire: before it quits it, another roller, which is clothed with felt, and upon which a stream of cold water is constantly flowing, subjects it to pressure. The paper has at length left what may be called the region of *wire*, and has entered that of *cloth*. A tight surface of flannel, or felt, is moving onwards with the same regular march as the web of wire. Like the wire, the felt is what is called endless—that is, united at the extremities, as a jack-towel is. We see the sheet travelling up an inclined plane of this stretched flannel, which gradually absorbs its moisture. It is now seized between two rollers, which powerfully squeeze it. It goes travelling up another inclined plane of flannel, and then passes through a second pair of pressing-rollers. It has now left the region of cloth, and has entered that of *heat*. The paper, up to this point, is quite formed; but it is fragile and damp. It is in the state in which, if the machinery were to stop here, it would require (having been wound upon a reel) to be parted and dried as hand-made paper is. But in a few seconds more it is subjected to a process by which all this labour and time is saved. From the last pair of cloth-pressing-rollers, the paper is received upon a small roller. It is guided by this over the polished surface of a large heated cylinder. The soft pulp tissue now begins to smoke; but the heat is proportioned to its increasing power of resistance. From the first cylinder or drum, it is received upon a second, considerably larger, and much hotter. As it rolls over this polished surface, we see all the roughness of its appearance, when in the cloth region, gradually vanishing. At length, having passed over a third cylinder, still hotter than the second, and having been subjected to the pressure of a blanket, which confines it on one side, while the cylinder smooths it on the other, it is caught upon the last roller, which hands over to a reel the perfect substance the reader now holds in his hand.

But there is no division in the paper thus formed; it is an uninterrupted roll of yard upon yard, which has no necessary termination but the power of reeling it. A supplementary machine receives it off the reel; and as it mounts upon the drum, a circular knife cuts it into two breadths; while, having descended to the point, a series of sharp teeth, which strike against it within, divide it, by a stroke of invariable regularity, into the requisite lengths.

We observed that, from the commencement of the process, when the pulp flows out of the vat upon the web of wire, till the paper into which it is formed, is received upon the reel, somewhat less than two minutes is occupied. The web of wire travels at a rate which produces twenty-five superficial feet of paper per minute.

When the sheets of paper, completely formed and cut by the process we have described, are taken from the machine-room, they are subjected to a very careful examination. This work is performed by women, who are as neat in their persons as the upper workwomen in a well-regulated cotton-mill. It is their business to remove every knot or speck in each sheet, and to lay aside those which have any rent or hole. The sheets, thus finished, are next subjected, in their full size, to the action of a powerful press. They are then cut round the edges, by what is called a plough; for it is essential to the beauty and regularity of printing, that the edges of the paper should be perfectly smooth. The open sheets are then counted into quires of 24 sheets; then folded in quires; then put into reams of 20 quires; then pressed in reams; and, lastly, tied up in wrappers. The exciseman now steps in, and charges each ream with a duty of 3d. per lb. before it can be removed for sale.

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A SMART LAD.—A little fellow was taken to a carpenter to be apprenticed to him. The master, one of the stiff kind, said, "Well, boy, I suppose you can eat almost anything, can't you? I always make my boys live on what they don't like. "Then I love everything but mince-pie and apple-pie," was the reply.

DEATH BY THE BITE OF A RATTLE-SNAKE.

At the meeting of the Academy of Sciences of France, on the 9th of April, 1827, some documents were presented by M. Dumerol, connected with the death of Mr. Drake by the bite of a rattle-snake, forming part of a collection of reptiles which that person had exhibited at London, and had taken to France for the same purpose. These documents were transmitted to the Academy by the Minister of the Interior, and seem to have excited fears in some of the members, lest the climate of France being favourable, some of these dangerous reptiles might escape and propagate.

From the documents, it appears, that Mr. Drake, arrived at an inn in Rouen on the 8th of February, with three rattle-snakes and some young crocodiles, and that, notwithstanding his care to preserve them from cold on the road, he saw with grief, on his arrival, that the finest of the three were dead. The dead animal was removed from the cage, and the cage itself, with the other two, were taken into the dining-room, and placed near the stove. Here, Mr. Drake endeavoured to rouse them with a stick, but perceiving that one of the two gave no signs of animation, he opened the cage, took the serpent by the head and tail, and, approaching a window to ascertain by handling, if life was extinct, the animal turned its head half round, and fixed one of its fangs in the posterior external part of the left hand. Mr. Drake shrieked, pronounced some words in English, according to the report, and was replacing the serpent in the cage, when it again bit him on the palm of the same hand. Mr. Drake now ran out into the court, calling eagerly for a surgeon: and not finding water readily, rubbed his hand upon some ice, which he found at the door. Two minutes after, having procured a cord, he, himself, made a ligature on the arm, above the hand. Notwithstanding these precautions, his agitation, from the fear of the consequences, continued to increase till the arrival of Dr. Pihorel. The presence of this gentlemen somewhat composed the feelings of Mr. Drake, and he saw, with eager joy, the chafing-dish and irons arrive, with which the wounds were to be cauterised. This operation was instantly performed, and the patient took internally half a glass of olive-oil. Drake seemed now to have resumed his tranquillity; but, in a few minutes more, symptoms made their appearance which rendered the case hopeless, and he died in eight hours and three quarters after the bites.

The body was afterwards opened. The internal organs appeared healthy; the brain and spinal cord were unaltered. The membrane which covered these parts, however, was observed to have a reddish tinge. The veins presented no trace of inflammation; and the only appearance of derangement in the system, consisted in the veins of the affected side having the blood curdled or clotted.

In a curious memoir on the habits of the rattle-snake, read by M. Audubon, at the Wernerian Society, that gentlemen mentioned a circumstance which tends to show that the poisonous fangs of this reptile, even when withdrawn from the animal, retain their virulence for years. A person had been bitten by a rattle-snake in the wood, through a strong boot. He died without the cause of his death being properly investigated. The boots descended to his son, who, after putting them on, was taken suddenly ill, and also died. The effects of this last were brought to sale; and a younger brother fancying the boots, or willing to preserve some memorial of his father and brother, was the purchaser. He used them only once, when he also fell ill and died. The medical men, whom such an occurrence had led to investigate its cause, at last ripped up the fatal boot, and found firmly fixed in the substance of the leather, the fang of the rattle-snake, which had thus caused the death of three individuals.

Rattle-snakes, M. Audubon further observed, are often found coiled up and torpid, when the temperature is low; and he, himself, once narrowly escaped from, perhaps, a serious accident, in trusting to their continued torpidity. He had found an excellent specimen, coiled up and torpid, which he put in his knapsack along with some wild-ducks which he had shot. The motion and heat of his body, together with additional heat afforded by a sportsman's fire at a repast in the woods, had, however, revived the animal; and the motion of his knapsack, observed from the outside, indicated life within. M. Audubon at first thought that some of his ducks, imperfectly killed, had found their situation irksome, and were testifying their impatience; but the recollection of the rattle-snake flashing at once on his mind, he threw off his bag, ducks, and reptile altogether. The removal of the animal to a colder temperature brought on again its torpidity. He carried the snake home; and the identical specimen is now in the Museum of the Lyceum of Natural History of New York.—*Brewster's Journal.*

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DUTY.

Duty is far more than love. It is the upholding law through which the weakest become strong, without which all strength is as unstable as water. No character, however harmoniously framed and gloriously gifted, can be complete without this abiding principle; it is the cement which binds the whole moral edifice together, without which, all power, goodness, intellect, truth, happiness, love itself, can have no permanence; but all the fabric of existence crumbles away from under us, and leaves us at last sitting in the midst of ruin, astonished at our own desolation.

SCHOOL BUILT BY THE BARONET.

THE RESTORATION,

A SEQUEL TO THE "ADVENTURES OF AN ORPHAN."

BY RICHARD CHANDLER.

CHAPTER II.

ONE of the main links between the rich and poor, and, in fact, between all classes, is mutual kindly feeling. Let a return be made of the districts wherein incendiary fires and acts of outrage are most prevalent, and I doubt not that locality will suffer the heaviest in which no schools exist for the education of the youthful poor, no friendly society is maintained for the profitable investment of the labourer's savings against a rainy day, and no helping hand is stretched forth from the upper ranks of society to succour the son of the soil when evils multiply around him. Sir Francis Evershot was not one of that class, whose words are of the most merciful, and whose actions of the most pitiless description. Under his kindly interest, Ellie's school increased and prospered, and although I am not aware that the fame of her pupils reached Oxford or Cambridge, the little seat of learning found salutary employment for the mind and body of many a child, who, but for it, would have been exposed to the dangers of bad example and idleness. The cut which forms the heading of the present chapter will serve to give the reader an idea of the system of education pursued. Emulation was the great inducement to exertion, and kindness the hinging point of the management. Beneath the spreading elm-tree the pupils, when released from their duties, laughed and sported merrily, and their sounds of merriment were taken up by the rooks on the branches. The playground, as well as the schoolroom, was under the eye of those charged with the conduct of the establishment, and great success attended their labours in either sphere of duty. The staff of instructors, as may be supposed, was not large: a resident governess at no very high salary directed the studies of the pupils, and Ellie, who was of a practical turn of mind, kept the attention up to the proper mark, and in particular applied herself to sempstresship, and other branches of education calculated to yield an immediate return of advantage. Smithers, although looked on rather coldly by the schoolmistress as a dangerous associate for the young people, was most happy to render any assistance in teaching the boys carpentering and tinkering; so that there were abundant means for the young folks of the Evershot estate to possess all needful knowledge for their station in life. In fact, so flourishing did the little school become, that from its very fame arose a cause of Ellie's chief difficulty. On Sundays many strangers from neighbouring parishes attended the village church, attracted by a report of the zeal and energy of the clergyman, the squire, and the good people of the place generally. Need we say that there were some, who, coming out of curiosity, continued their visits from other motives; and as schoolmistresses are in the main very much like other people, Miss Milne, Ellie's friend, fell in love with, or became the victim of such a passion on the part of a farmer who lived at some distance. Poor unconscious Ellie could find no reason, except a wish to effect improvement in the pupils as quickly as possible, for the young schoolmistress's haste on some fine afternoon, when the birds were singing gaily in the hedgerows, to get the lesson over, and dismiss her class to con their tasks for the ensuing day. On one of these days, however, when the little patronness of the institution was examining her pupils at some length in the science of arithmetic, it struck her, as being a little singular, not to say provoking, that Miss Milne should wish to close the days' proceedings earlier than usual.

"But my class have not finished their tables yet, Miss Milne," pleaded Ellie, "and I shall want to question them. I am sure they can wait a quarter of an hour."

"I think the time is up for them to go home, Miss Gillespie. It must be five o'clock at least," said the governess, deliberately turning her back on the little Dutch clock, which served as time-keeper to the establishment.

"Twenty minutes past four," coolly replied Ellie, as she looked up to ascertain the position of the hands,—"twenty minutes and fifteen seconds, nearly. How many seconds in a minute, George Saunders?"

"Fifty, Miss," was the ready answer from a saucy-looking urchin?

"Why, you must know every minute contains sixty seconds!" said the little instructress, vexed at the child's error. "How often have I told you?"

George was too quick-witted to admit that he had given a wrong reply; so he justified himself by saying, "there's only fifty seconds in the minutes of the afternoons when Farmer Giles's cart comes this way?"

"You silly boy," cried Ellie, in a very indignant tone, as she heard a giggle even from the best-conducted girl of the class. "What has Farmer Giles's cart to do with the minutes of an afternoon?"

Saunders looked as if he would have said "a great deal" if he dared; but he judged it most prudent to say he didn't know; and he proceeded to mutter in an under-tone, "perhaps Miss Milne did," and those of his fellow-pupils, who heard this answer, laughed and giggled louder than ever.

"Well, Saunders, how many seconds do you think there are in a minute, now?"

"Sixty, Miss," said the scholar; "sometimes more in yours."

As the tendency to merriment did not seem to diminish as the arithmetical questions went on, Ellie turned to the schoolmistress to ask the reason of the singular remarks about time which her scholar made, and the laughter those remarks produced. Miss Milne, however, did not seem disposed to give an answer so readily as the inquirer expected, but blushed, turned down her eyes, and generally looked very unlike what a schoolmistress should look. Just then a noise of wheels might be heard in the road, and Miss Milne got up from her seat, round which a knot of children were reading aloud, and looked curiously out of the window.

"You need not trouble yourself to look there, Miss Milne," remarked Ellie, shocked at the breach of discipline, and, I am sorry to say, showing her annoyance by her manner of speaking. "I suppose you have seen the mail-cart go by before, have you not?"

Miss Milne quite forgot a secret she was trying to keep, and answered rather hastily: "I am sure, Miss Gillespie, the mailman does not drive so good a horse as Mr. Giles does, and his trap runs a great deal lighter than the mail-cart."

"Perhaps it does; but I don't think Mr. Giles or his trap need take you away from your class," said Ellie, with all simplicity.

Little Saunders was a bit of a wag, and his gravity was fairly upset by this speech, insomuch that he laughed till the tears rolled down his ruddy cheeks; and, I regret to add, he was not the only one of the class who sinned against the rules of the school by making a very uproarious noise.

Ellie, though rather warm in temper, was a strict disciplinarian, and the next minute Saunders' face was turned to the wall, wearing a look of great gravity, and the other culprits did penance for their crime by looking more serious than they had ever before done in their lives. Miss Milne's class, however, either was not so easy of management, or their instructress did not exercise her authority so ably, for the little ones before her made jokes and otherwise misconducted themselves unreproved. Do what Ellie would, it was hard to make the arithmetic lesson go off with all the success which had attended it before Saunders' ill-timed observation, so she was glad of an opportunity to close the book, and inquire of Miss Milne whether she did not think the scholars might be dismissed.

"Yes, Miss Gillespie, if you wish it," replied the schoolmistress in a most doleful tone; "anything you like."

"Why, you asked me a short time ago if it was not time to go. What ails you, are you ill?"

"I am afraid I am subject to the disease of the heart," said Miss Milne. "My mother, I am told, suffered from just the same complaint."

"Then, I suppose she got married to a man who drove a trap," hinted a big girl to a little girl, much to the latter's amusement.

"Oh, perhaps a walk will do you good," said the innocent Ellie. "You may go now, children, and mind you behave yourselves in class better to-morrow."

With a low bow from the boys, and a curtesy from the girls, the scholars, with the exception of Saunders, dispersed, nothing loth; and the noise they made as they chased along the green amply atoned for their silence during school-hours.

"I am afraid you are very poorly to-day, Miss Milne," remarked the sympathising Ellie to the victim of the heart complaint; "let me see you home. Stay—here's my smelling bottle; perhaps you feel faint?"

"Not at all, thank you. I shall be able to walk home alone—indeed I should prefer it; and if I feel worse, I can easily get some medicine at Dr. Green's this evening."

Here Ellie turned to reach her bonnet from the peg, and beheld the incorrigible Saunders apparently listening most attentively to all that was going on.

"George!" said she in a tone of surprise, "Did I not dismiss the school? Why did you not leave with the rest?"

"Oh, Miss, I have been a bad boy," answered the incorrigible Saunders, "and I was afraid you might keep me in to-morrow if I went now."

"No, you are forgiven; but mind, don't let me have to punish you again for the same offence."

"Not till next time," was the inaudible remark of the pardoned offender as he sneaked out of the room as slily as if he wished his imprisonment had been longer.

Ellie was rather surprised that Miss Milne should refuse to avail herself of the offer of her assistance, as she considered that good breeding required a more courteous acceptance of her kindness; but she said in a sprightly tone as she gave her mantle the last twitch to make it sit in its proper place, "I am not going to have my schoolmistress leave here ill. You will either feel faint on the way home, or walk so fast you will make your complaint worse, and bring on what Dr. Green calls palpitation of the heart."

"But mine is not altogether a complaint of the heart. The doctor tells me that exercise does me good; so, if you will allow me, and not think me rude, I'll lock up the school and take the key home. Good night, Miss Gillespie."

So saying, and before Ellie could repeat her offer of assistance, the self-styled invalid went off at a pace almost amounting to a run, in a different direction from that in which her home lay.

"Strange! very strange!" said Ellie; and with that remark she proceeded to call on a poor woman who was slowly recovering from a severe illness, during which, and indeed up to the present time, she had stood on the list of receivers of good things from Evershot House. The convalescent, like most others in her situation, had sufficient leisure to make herself acquainted with everybody's affairs; and after a very short chat on the ordinary subjects of conversation, she inquired how Miss Milne got on at the school.

"Oh, very nicely, thank you, Mrs. Brown," answered Ellie, not knowing the point to which the gossip was driving; "but I am afraid we shall lose her soon, unless her health improves. I don't think this place agrees with her."

"There's another place that does, miss," gravely remarked Mrs. Brown.

"I am sure I am glad to hear it; it's a pity she couldn't live there."

"So she thinks, I dare say; may be she'll be there before long, if the trap and grey pony do well."

"If it did her any good, I would pay the hire of a trap and pony for her," said the kind-hearted Ellie.

"Very kind of you, too, miss—very kind; I could wish you would do the same if our Charlie was to get married."

"Oh, Charlie is too young to marry yet. By the way, Mrs. Brown, when Dr. Green calls, ask him, if you please, to come round to the house."

"Yes, sure, miss. Have you heard if Sir Francis have let the little farm by the mill? That would be a nice place for 'em to live in, wouldn't it? and the trap and pony would do so well there."

Just at this point, Ellie remembered she had one or two other calls to make before dinner; so, forgetting the last question, she bade her patient take care of herself and send for what she required from the house, then bidding her good bye, she set off hastily, to fulfil her other duties.

"Strange! very strange!" she thought, still, "that I should hear so much of the trap and pony. I wonder what it all means!"

"Well, Ellie," exclaimed the Baronet, in his usual cheerful manner, as our heroine returned, her afternoon's round of engagements performed: "how did the little ones get on? Has Saunders squared the circle yet?"

"No, grandpapa," she replied; "he behaved so badly at class to-day that I was obliged to make him stand in the corner."

"A heavy punishment, certainly. What was the offence?"

"He told me that Miss Milne's minutes often contained fifty seconds, and then laughed, and made the rest laugh."

"Saucy young rascal!" observed the Baronet, much amused. "I am afraid my sporting friends have spoiled him, by teaching him to repeat, instead of the right version—

'How doth the little busy bee
Delight to bark and bite;
He gathers honey all the day,
And eats it up at night.'

and such like absurdities—boys will be boys. Well, what did Miss Milne say, by way of keeping these unruly children in order?"

"Well, grandpapa, I could not at all understand Miss Milne's conduct," replied Ellie; "though I do not wish to tell tales out of school, I must say I never saw her appear so inattentive since I have known her. Oh, dear me! I almost wish I had never had anything to do with the school, all the trouble falls on me."

"Don't say so, my child; it is not like my brave Ellie, to be daunted at trifles! A schoolboy laughs; a schoolmistress is not so assiduous as you think she might be; and I hear of wishes that you had never taken any interest in the school—not the way to pass through life, my dear! The world, you know, is a great and very severe school, in which there are numerous rude boys and thoughtless instructors—try again, try again! May I remind you at whose expense the school was built? I am, by no means, tired of it!"

Later in the evening Dr. Green called. He was a pleasant, well-informed man, much respected by his neighbours, from the Baronet to Mrs. Brown—aye, many lower in life than her.

"Nothing amiss, I hope, my dear Miss Gillespie," said he. "Hearing I was wanted, I lost no time in obeying the summons, as every gallant cavalier of sixty-six should."

"Oh, Dr. Green, I am so glad you are come! I have had so much trouble to-day—everything seems to have gone wrong."

"What, nervous and excited!" said Dr. Green, who had some of the bluntness and much of the kindness of Abernethy. "I am afraid you are quite coming the fine-lady among us slow old folks. Hard work and bustle, depend upon it, hurt nobody. Take a hair of the dog that bit you—work a little harder to-morrow."

"Well said, Doctor!" remarked Sir Francis; "nothing like labour, is there? The grand elixir which softens our ills while we live, and keeps us humble and patient, ready for death. I have just been reading her a lecture on patience."

Ellie could scarcely await the close of her grandfather's remark, so anxious was she to explain the reason which had induced her to send for the medical man.

"It was not for myself, Dr. Green, I wanted advice, I assure you; but poor Miss Milne was so ill this afternoon, I thought she would have fainted. I offered to take her home, but she declined, and went away alone in a very excited manner. She says she suffers from disease of the heart."

Notwithstanding that Dr. Green was as gentle a man as ever ministered by a sick-bed, he burst into a hearty fit of laughter, as he heard Ellie describe the malady of the schoolmistress.

"Well, my dear," said he, after he had in some measure recovered his gravity, "did she tell you her symptoms, eh?—want of sleep, restlessness, flushing of the face, and general excitability?"

"She did not tell me all that," was the reply of Ellie, unconscious that she was being made the object of Dr. Green's quiet fun; "but I could see by her manner she was suffering as you described."

"Well, my dear, I saw Miss Milne only this afternoon, probably after she left you, and I think she was much better then; there is nothing like a drive in the country for a heart-complaint. The invalid was sitting in a trap-cart, drawn by a nice pony, driven by a nice young man, and she looked greatly improved in health, quite cheerful in spirits, and likely to do well. The fact is, if you must know the disease she suffers from, I'll tell you,—it is a serious matter, a kind of fever, very infectious; they call it—Love!"

"Oh! Doctor," cried Ellie, convinced by the pleasantry of her grandpapa and her medical friend that she had made a great mistake; "then she's not going to die of disease of the heart just yet?"

"No, my dear; it's not a killing complaint."

"Well, that accounts for so much being said about the trap and the horse, and Miss Milne being in such a hurry to dismiss the school; no doubt that's what little Saunders meant, when he said that minutes sometimes contained fifty seconds."

"Sharp boy, that!" said Sir Francis, much delighted with the shrewdness of his favourite Saunders. "I'll tell Molineux and Dallimore that, and they'll teach the young rascal some more poetry, he takes to it so kindly. Well, Ellie, don't you see the cause of all your troubles of the day?—A schoolmistress in love! What an awful thing!"

"But, Doctor," remarked Ellie, not quite pleased that Dr. Green should indulge in so much merriment at her expense, "it may be great fun for you; but, like the frogs and the boys, it's no laughing matter for me. Suppose I should have to get another schoolmistress?"

"Have you never heard that the sea contains as good fish as ever came out of it? It's not very likely that Miss Milne—I beg her pardon, Mrs. Giles—will continue to teach the unruly little ones. I hope, my dear, you may live among us many years, to see several successive schoolmistresses go off with the heart-complaint, as this one is doing."

"Oh, how naughty it was of her to mislead me so! Who would have thought it?"

"It is a singular symptom of the disease, great tendency to reserve, pulse quick, appetite small. Good-bye, Sir Francis! good-bye my dear! A kiss for my trouble."

Off went the good surgeon in his hasty manner, and the young instructress was left to form plans with her uncle for the future management of the school.

"Would you like to hear my guess as to where that naughty Miss Milne is going to live, Ellie?"

"Oh, yes, very much."

"Then I dare say her home will be the little farm near the mill. Giles asked me to-day if I would grant him a lease of it from Michaelmas. I wondered what should make him wish to leave his present place. There is a nice stable, however, at the mill farm for the pony, and a good coach-house for the trap."

"Oh, the pony and trap again! that's what Mrs. Brown was talking about! But now, uncle, how must I get anyone to manage the school?"

"Wait a-bit my dear; let the present schoolmistress resign, or be dismissed, before we fill the situation."

"Presently a knock was heard at the door, and the footman announced that Miss Milne wished particularly to see Miss Gillespie in private."

"Ellie looked significantly at her grandfather, and left the room; she returned smiling, as if much amused?"

"Forgiven her, Ellie, for deceiving you, eh? when is it all going to come off?"

"I could not help forgiving her," said the simple-hearted child; "she said she hoped it would never happen again, confessed it all, and gave me notice that she would give up the school at Michaelmas."

"Such is the world, Ellie dear; marrying and given in marriage; mill farms are taken, one lot goes and a second comes on. I wonder what the next schoolmistress will be; you should make a point, my child, of insisting that the next one has not got a heart complaint on any account. Just prepare an advertisement for the *Times;* I have derived much benefit from advertising, have I not, my dear?" and he kissed the smiling cheek of the warm-hearted child.

(To be continued.)

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW

IN 1812.

NAPOLEON, then Emperor of France, had already subjected to his arms a large proportion of Europe, when the conquest of Russia was found to be necessary to the completion of his ambitious and vast designs. Having collected together, therefore, the immense forces of France, and her tributary provinces, he advanced towards the frontiers of the great northern empire, and in June, 1812, the French army was on its way to the ancient capital. The Russians made a brave resistance to its progress, but in vain. In the battle of Borodino, they suffered the signal and fatal defeat which left the road to Moscow open to the invaders; and Count Rostopchin, the governor of the city, seeing no hope of a successful defence, determined on resisting the enemy by the only means he had left, that, namely, of burning the city, and thereby exposing them to all the horrors of a Russian winter, without the provision of either food or shelter. The result fully confirmed the expectations on which this desperate policy was founded: the French army was obliged to make a hasty retreat, in which many thousands of the troops perished of cold and famine; and Moscow, as we shall see, rose quickly from its ruins with new affluence.

It was immediately after the battle of the Moskwa that Napoleon advanced on the imperial city; but some leagues before they came within sight of the town, the French soldiers saw reason to doubt the promises which had been made them of plenty and security within its walls. Captain Labaume, an officer on the staff of the French army, has detailed the circumstances attending their march, and the events which followed, with a particularity and force which can only be looked for in the narrative of an eye-witness. "Being anxious to arrive at Moscow," says he, "we commenced our march at an early hour in the morning, and passed through several deserted villages. On the banks of the Moskwa, towards our right, were some magnificent chateaux, which the Tartars had pillaged, to deprive us of every comfort which these places could afford; and the corn, ready for harvest, had either been trodden down, or eaten by the horses. The haystacks, which covered the country, were given to the flames, and spread all around an impenetrable smoke. When we at length reached the village of Tsché-repkova, and our cavalry continued their march, the Viceroy ascended an eminence on our right, and long examined whether Moscow, the object of all our wishes, could be seen; for we regarded it as the end of our fatigues, and the termination of our expedition. Several hills yet concealing it from our view, we perceived nothing but clouds of dust, which, rising parallel with our march, indicated the route that the grand army had pursued. A few cannon-shots, fired at a distance, and with long intervals, disposed us to believe that our troops were approaching Moscow, without experiencing much resistance.

"About two o'clock, we perceived, from the summit of a lofty hill, a thousand elegant and gilded spires, which, glittering in the rays of the sun, seemed, at a distance, like so many globes of fire. Transported with delight at this beautiful spectacle, which was the more gratifying from the remembrance of the melancholy objects we had hitherto seen, we could not suppress our joy, but, with a simultaneous movement, exclaimed: 'Moscow! Moscow!' At the sound of this long-wished-for name, the soldiers rushed up the hill in crowds, discovering new wonders at every step. One admired a noble chateau on our left, the elegant architecture of which displayed more than eastern magnificence; another directed his attention towards a palace or temple; but all were struck with the superb picture which this immense town afforded."

While the soldiers were contemplating, with equal wonder and astonishment, the splendid prospect of Moscow, thus shining with all the brilliancy of the declining sun, an unfortunate and terrified inhabitant of the city approached, and acquainted them with the desertion of the great body of the inhabitants from their dwellings. Continuing the narrative of the advance, Labaume says, "The Viceroy ordered the troops to cross the river. On the 15th of September we approached the city, which had no walls, a simple parapet of earth being the only work which constituted the outer enclosure. Nothing indicated that the town was inhabited, and the road by which we arrived was so deserted, that we saw neither Russian nor even French soldier. No cry, no noise was heard. In the midst of this awful solitude, we pursued our march, a prey to the utmost anxiety, and that anxiety was redoubled, when we perceived a thick smoke, which arose in the form of a column from the centre of the town. Eager to know the cause of this conflagration, we in vain endeavoured to find some one who might satisfy our irrepressible curiosity, and the impossibility of satisfying it increased our impatience, and augmented our alarm.

The troops, on entering the city, were still more deeply impressed with the awful silence which reigned around, and even the most intrepid minds, says the captain, were affected by the loneliness. On approaching the Kremlin, they met a small band of desperate Russians, who vainly attempted to defend the citadel, which they believed to be impregnable. These unfortunate people were speedily put to flight; and, as our author proceeded into the heart of the town, French soldiers were seen hurrying along with bales of merchandise, and he then learnt that Moscow was in flames. Having penetrated to the Exchange, he beheld the conflagration in all its commencing fury. The multitude were wholly occupied in securing their plunder; and in the midst of the terrible spectacle which the flames presented, not a cry, not a voice was to be heard. "Nothing," says he, "was audible but the crackling of the flames, the noise of the doors that were broken open, and occasionally a dreadful crash, caused by the falling in of some vault. Cottons, muslins, and, in short, all the most costly productions of Europe and Asia, were a prey to the flames, The cellars were filled with sugar, oil, and vitriol; these, burning all at once in the subterranean warehouses, sent forth torrents of flames through thick iron grates, and presented a striking image of the mouth of hell. It was a spectacle both terrible and affecting; even the most hardened minds acknowledged the conviction, that so great a calamity must, on some future day, call forth the vengeance of the Almighty upon the authors of such crimes."

Labaume having stated the information he received, respecting the determination which the Russians themselves had taken of consigning their capital to the flames, proceeds to say, that, on the next day, (September 16,) the conflagration was making rapid progress through the finest parts of the city. "Those palaces," says he, "which we had admired for the beauty of their architecture, and the elegance of their furniture, were enveloped in the flames. Their magnificent fronts, ornamented with bas-reliefs and statues, fell with a dreadful crash on the fragments of the pillars which had supported them. The churches, though covered with iron and lead, were likewise destroyed, and with them those beautiful steeples, which we had seen the night before, resplendent with gold and silver. The hospitals, too, which contained more than twelve thousand wounded, soon began to burn. This offered a dreadful and harrowing spectacle; almost all these poor wretches perished; a few who still lingered, were seen crawling, half-burnt, amongst the smoking ruins, and others, groaning under heaps of dead bodies, endeavoured in vain to extricate themselves from the horrible destruction which surrounded them.

"But how shall I describe the confusion and tumult when permission was granted to pillage this immense city? Soldiers, sutlers, galley-slaves, and profligate women, eagerly ran through the streets, penetrated into the deserted palaces, and carried away every thing which could gratify their avarice. Some covered themselves with stuffs, richly worked with gold and silk; some were enveloped in beautiful and costly furs; others dressed themselves in women's and children's pelisses; even the galley-slaves concealed their rags under the most splendid habits of the court; many crowded into the cellars and, forcing open the doors, drank to excess the most luscious wines, and carried off a prodigious booty.

"It was towards the evening of this dreadful day, that Napoleon left the city, and took up his quarters in the castle of Peterskoë, a large building outside the town, and which formed the usual residence of the sovereigns before their coronation. The generals of the army soon followed the emperor, and the soldiers then gave themselves up to a still fiercer licentiousness than they had yet practised. Forcing their way into the church of St. Michael, they descended by torch-light into the vaults beneath the edifice, and with wanton fury destroyed or carried off the most venerable relics of national piety.

"Penetrated," continues Labaume, "by so many calamities, I hoped that the shades of night would cast a veil over the dreadful scene; but they contributed, on the contrary, to render the conflagration more terrible. The violence of the flames, which extended from north to south, and were strangely agitated by the wind, produced the most awful appearance on a sky which was darkened by the thickest smoke. Frequently was seen the glare of the burning torches, which the incendiaries were hurling from the tops of the highest towers on those parts of the city which had yet escaped destruction, and which resembled, at a distance, so many passing meteors." The house in which the captain was quartered took fire soon after he had retired to rest, and when he again comtempleted the burning city, it presented to his eyes but one immense flame. "The different streets," says he, "could no longer be distinguished, and the places on which the houses had stood were marked only by confused piles of stones, calcined and black. The wind, blowing with violence, howled mournfully, and overwhelmed us with ashes, with burning fragments, and even with the iron plates which covered the palace.

"On whatever side we turned, we saw only ruins and flames. The fire raged as if it were fanned by some invisible power. The most extensive ranges of building seemed to kindle, to burn, and to disappear in an instant. A long row of carriages was perceived through the thick smoke, loaded with booty. Being too heavily laden for the exhausted cattle to draw them along, frequent halts were made, when we heard the execrations of the drivers, who, terrified at the surrounding flames, endeavoured to push forward with dreadful outcries. The soldiers were diligently employed in forcing open every door. They seemed to fear lest they should leave one house untouched; and, as if the booty last acquired was preferable to what they had already obtained, they abandoned former prizes to seize on every new object. Some, when their carriages were laden almost to breaking down, bore the rest of their plunder on their backs. The flames, obstructing the passage of the principal streets, often obliged them to retrace their steps. Thus wandering from place to place, through an immense town, the avenues of which they did not know, they sought in vain to extricate themselves from a labyrinth of fire. Many, inſtead of approaching the gates by which they might have escaped, wandered further from them, and thus became the victims of their own rapacity. The love of plunder was yet predominant, and induced our soldiers to brave every danger. They precipitated themselves into the midst of the flames; they waded in blood, treading upon the dead bodies without remorse, whilst the ruins of the houses, buried with burning coals, fell thick upon their murderous hands. They would probably all have perished, if the insupportable heat had not forced them at length to withdraw into the camp."

The following is the sequel to this dreadful recital:—"Having received orders to quit Moscow, we proceeded towards Peterskoë, and about the dawn of day, on the 17th of September, I witnessed a spectacle at once affecting and terrible, namely, a crowd of the miserable inhabitants drawing upon some mean vehicles all that they had been able to save from the conflagration. The soldiers having robbed them of their horses, the men and women were slowly and painfully dragged along their little carts, some of which contained an infirm mother, others a paralytic old man, and others the miserable wrecks of half-consumed furniture. Children, half naked, followed these groups. Affliction, to which their age is commonly a stranger, was impressed on their features; and when the soldiers approached them, they ran crying to the arms of their mothers. Alas! What habitation could be offered to them, which would not constantly recal the object of their terror? Without shelter, and without food, these unfortunate beings wandered into the woods; but wherever they bent their steps, they met the conquerors of Moscow, who frequently ill-treated them, and sold before their eyes the goods which have been stolen from their deserted habitations."

While the mind is appalled at this awful picture of ruin and suffering, and while it learns to regard with greater disgust than ever the ambition and other vices of the human heart which lead to war, it derives a proportionable degree of consolation and encouragement from the spectacle which succeeds, with inconceivable rapidity, to the objects of terror it has thus contemplated. Moscow was the sacrifice offered by a nation to preserve its liberties from the hand of an invader; and the resolution and patriotism which led to the offering of this sacrifice appeared with prompt energy, after the deed had been done, to recover the city from its ashes. Labour and well-directed zeal every where perform wonders. Moscow again lifted up its head. Its inhabitants gained new strength from the exertions they came forward to make; and if this noble city was at all times a subject of admiration, for its extent and magnificence, it now inspires a feeling of veneration, which may in one respect be indulged with more practical good effects than that awakened by the most impressive relics of antiquity.

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SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.

Sir Colin Campbell may well occupy a place in the biographical gallery of the "Boys' and Girls' Companion;" for he is the founder of his own fortunes; he has literally worked his way up through the various grades of promotion during fifty years of active service, and owes nothing to family influence or courtly patronage.

His origin is somewhat obscure. A branch of the great Campbell, so conspicuous in Scottish history, settled at Ardnaher, in the island of Islay, and to this branch Sir Colin belongs. His grandfather died some eighty years ago, leaving two sons, who distinguished themselves in the army, and who both fell in battle. He also left three daughters, between whom was shared the scanty remains of his ancient patrimony. These ladies quitted Ardnaher for Glasgow, and one of them married a citizen of that place, much to the disgust of the sisters, who considered the match unequal, and on a son being born he was named Colin.

The "Paisley Journal" says, that "Colin Campbell spent his early days in Glasgow, and was educated in a seminary there, is not disputed, but the proof is by no means so clear that he was *born* in that city. Indeed, from information we have been at the pains of collecting, we think it extremely probable he was born in Paisley. There is a little one-storey house which stands at the entrance to the 'Highland Lane,' in which, upwards of half a century ago, resided two ladies, Misses Campbell, from Islay. A sister of theirs had married a person

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, K.C.B.

named M'Cleaver, who immigrated from the Highlands to Glasgow, to be nearer whom the sisters, on the death of their father, came to Paisley. This married sister often visited her maiden sisters in the Highland Lane; and it is alleged that in the little house referred to was born the great Sir Colin Campbell, who, as he grew up, dropped his surname in favour of Campbell to please his two aunts. There are persons still alive in Paisley who knew these Misses Campbell intimately, and remember 'Colin Campbell' as he came out to see them, a smart and gallant lad, and who can attest all we have said." We trust that Sir Colin will himself settle this vexed question of birth, and put an end to the squabbles of the rival towns.

When but five years old, Colin Campbell was left an orphan, and his kind though haughty aunts became his guardians. With womanly tenderness they watched the progress of their high-spirited nephew, whom they first sent to a capital school in Glasgow, and afterwards to college. The lad from his earliest youth evinced a decided taste for military life, much to the delight of the spinsters, who were descended from a long line of warriors, and who regarded the profession of arms as the only calling worthy of a Campbell. In his seventeenth year they procured a commission for young Colin, and furnished him with a suitable outfit.

At this period the British nation was engaged in a great war against Napoleon, and the army offered a noble field for distinction to the young and ardent who feared not to risk their lives in the service of their country. Colin Campbell was appointed to an ensigncy in the 9th Regiment of Foot on the 26th of May, 1808, just half a century ago, and immediately proceeded to the Peninsula to join his comrades. We now lose sight of Colin Campbell, and must trace his history in the great deeds performed by his regiment.

Our hero then fought under Sir John Moore, and accompanied him in his gallant and skilful, but ultimately unfortunate journey into Spain. The retreat to Corunna, and the desperate battle fought at that place (January 16th, 1809), in which Sir John received his death wound, inured the young Scot to the dangers and privations of the profession he had chosen. After the disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore, the British government resolved to attack Napoleon's power in another quarter, and prepared to fit out an expedition against the dockyards and fleets in the Netherlands, and towards the end of July an army of 40,000 men was collected, to be assisted by a fleet of thirty-nine sail of the line and thirty-six frigates, besides numerous gun-boats, bomb-vessels, and small craft. Our hero, now Lieutenant Campbell, accompanied this expedition, and was present at the bombardment of Flushing (August 13th, 1809).

The place surrendered with its garrison, consisting of about 5000 men, who were sent to England as prisoners of war. But here terminated the success of the British. The naval and military authorities disagreed, the troops grew sickly, and Lord Chatham, to whom the command of the armament was intrusted, departed for England with a great part of the expedition. The remainder kept possession of Walcheren, where, owing to the pestilential vapours of the marshes and stagnant dykes, the men died by hundreds. On the 23rd of December the fortifications of Flushing were blown up, and Walcheren was abandoned. Lieutenant Campbell happily escaped ague, starvation, and fever in this shamefully-mismanaged expedition, and rejoined the army in Spain, then again commanded by Wellesley, in the latter part of 1809. In the fierce fight of Barossa, which lasted but one hour and a half, and which cost the French more than 2000 killed and wounded, Lieutenant Campbell took an active part, and displayed that cool courage which has since rendered him so remarkable. He was also present at Tarifa when that fortress was invested by the French under Victor, in December, 1811. The French commander summoned the governor to surrender; but Coupon replied that he would be found upon the breach. On the 29th of December the enemy opened fire upon the town, and on the 31st the attack was made by a stream of French grenadiers, who, in the assurance of victory, arrived, without shouting, within a few yards of the walls. Here they were received with a crushing volley from the British infantry regiments. The houses and streets behind the breach had been fortified with palisades, gabions, sand-bags—everything, in short, of which an ingenious garrison could avail itself. Although numbers fell at the first volley of the defenders, the French penetrated the works, and spread themselves along the slopes of ground, under the ramparts, to the right and left, and opened a quick, irregular fire. Additional attacking parties at the same time issued from the trenches; but the English and Spanish infantry kept up a tremendous fire, and committed such terrific havoc among the assailants that not less than 500 bodies were strewed along the slopes and ramparts. The French troops could no longer endure the destruction, and, plunging once more into a hollow near the town, returned to their camp, while a shout of victory, mingled with the sound of musical instruments, passed round the walls of Tarifa. Earlier in the same year Lieutenant Campbell was attached to an English division, commanded by Colonel Skerrett, sent to the relief of Tarragona, and he witnessed the taking by assault of the upper town on a day which Napier describes as "memorable as a day of blood." Seven or eight hundred miserable creatures escaped on board the vessels; nine thousand, including sick and wounded, were made prisoners; more than five thousand persons were slain, and a great part of the city reduced to ashes. In 1812 Campbell was attached to the army of Ballesteros, a Spanish general who played an important part in the Peninsular war, and was present at several brilliant affairs. Some time after this we find him engaged in the fight of Osuna (June 18th, 1813), and almost immediately after in the glorious battle of Vittoria, a victory which consummated Wellington's grand project of expelling the French from the countries they had for five years desolated with their rapine and cruelty. After this defeat the French generals struggled bravely to retain the northern provinces of Spain. Wellington for some time concentrated his energies upon the capture of the celebrated fort of San Sebastian, which is built upon an isthmus on the Spanish coast, and overlooks the Bay of Biscay. To reduce this fortress, which was considered to be the key of the north of Spain, Lord Wellington had deputed Sir Thomas Graham early in July, with a sufficient force, and had given him the assistance of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir W. Fletcher and Sir Charles Smith, two of the ablest engineers in the service.

Fletcher was the officer who had planned and superintended the construction of the celebrated lines of Torres Vedras. Smith had had his talents developed at Tarifa, the defence of which place was arranged by him exclusively. Graham, however, commenced operations by following the erroneous dictates of his own judgment, instead of yielding to the suggestions of the able engineers in respect to the position of the breaching batteries. Time was therefore lost, and nothing was done. Lord Wellington, to remedy the defects of Graham's system of operations, went to San Sebastian on the 11th of July, and, in concert with the commandants of artillery and engineers, decided upon a more effectual plan. By the 24th three breaches were reported practicable, and in the night they were attacked by 2000 men, led by Lieutenant Jones of the Engineers, the advanced storming-party being commanded by Major Frazer of the Royal Scots.

Lieutenant Colin Campbell was at this time one of the volunteers of a "forlorn hope." The assault had been repulsed, and the storming party, thrown into the greatest confusion, remained standing in a ditch under the most terrible fire from the walls. "Frazer was killed in the burning ruins, and the intrepid Jones stood there awhile amidst a few heroic soldiers, hoping for aid, but none came, and he and those with him were struck down. The engineer Machel had been killed early; his ladder-bearers fell or were dispersed before the head of the column was beaten. It was in vain Greville, Cameron (Colonel of the 9th, Campbell's regiment), with Captain Archimbeau, strove to rally their men and refill the breach; in vain Campbell, breaking through the tumultuous crowd with the survivors of his chosen detachment, mounted the ruins; twice he ascended, twice he was wounded, and all around him died. The whole force became confused with another party advancing against the second breach, and was repulsed ultimately with the loss of forty-nine officers and 520 men." This was the first siege of the place, which, after this repulse, was abandoned for a month. By his distinguished valour on this occasion Colin Campbell gained his captaincy (the 9th of November, 1813). The passage of the Bidasoa followed soon after the siege of San Sebastian, and again we find Captain Campbell mentioned with distinction for valour displayed in leading on his company, and again we hear of him being wounded, this time very severely. Colin Campbell had now been five years in the army, and had passed through the most important scenes of the great Peninsular war—Vimiera, Corunna, Barossa, Tarragona, Tarifa, Vittoria, San Sebastian, and Bidasoa; he had made himself conspicuous by his military exactitude, and by his fearless gallantry, and could point to his scars to bear witness to the dangers he had passed. What a contrast do these five years' service present to those earlier years passed in a Glasgow seminary, at college, and in the quiet society of the spinster sisters of Ardnaher!

At the termination of the Peninsular war Captain Campbell was drafted into the 60th Regiment (Rifles), and served in America during the years 1814-15. The long peace which followed the overthrow of Napoleon was unfavourable to rapid promotion, and Campbell saw ten years pass by without a chance of distinguishing himself. In 1823 a revolt took place in the colony of Demerara, and Captain Campbell was appointed brigade-major of the troops employed to subdue the insurgents. Here he acted with such decision and skill, that on the 26th of November, 1825, he was elevated to the rank of major. In 1832 (October 22nd) he attained to a lieutenant-coloncicy, and in 1842 was made full colonel and aide-de-camp to the Queen. In the latter year the war in China was still raging, and Colonel Campbell was appointed to the command of the 98th Regiment, under orders for the Celestial Empire. The Colonel now gathered fresh laurels at the capture of Chinkianfow, and the proceedings which immediately followed in the neighbourhood of Canton. In 1848-9 we find Colonel Campbell engaged in the second Sikh war as commander of the 3rd division of the army of the Punjaub, with Lord Gough as General-in-Chief. He was present at the affair of Ramnuggar and the passage of the Chenap, also at the combat of Sadoolapore. At the battle of Chillianwallah he greatly distinguished himself. On the 12th of January, 1849, this sanguinary conflict took place. On the 10th Lord Gough, who had intrenched himself on the Upper Chenab, was informed that the fortress of Attock, which had been long and gallantly defended by Major Herbert, had fallen. He therefore determined to lose no time in attempting the complete overthrow of the Sikh army, and at daylight on the morning of the 12th he put his columns in motion for Dingee. The ground in his front had not been sufficiently reconnoitred, and apparently no feelers had been put out, for towards evening he found the enemy ready to receive him. As the day was nearly spent, and his troops were wearied with their march, his lordship contemplated deferring the combat until the morrow; but the Sikhs advanced some horse artillery, and opened a fire on his skirmishers in front, and this fire being silenced by a few rounds from his heavy guns, these in turn were answered by nearly the whole of the enemy's artillery, which was close up and in position, although hitherto concealed by thick jungle. A terrible conflict now took place, and though the British troops remained masters of the field, their loss was very heavy; twenty-six officers and 731 men were killed, and sixty-six officers and 1446 men wounded. "Five stands of colours and four of our guns fell into the hands of the enemy; and, aided by the darkness of night, the Sikhs recovered, and were enabled to remove the greater part of the guns which we had taken from them during the sanguinary struggle. Moreover, many of our wounded were abandoned on the field or in the jungle, and were massacred, together with most of the prisoners." The part that Colonel Campbell played in this engagement was a most brilliant one. "After overthrowing all opposition," says one of Sir Colin's biographers, "and spiking many guns which had previously been devastating the English ranks, the gallant corps set left shoulders forward, and re-took the guns, from which an infantry regiment (the 24th) had been summarily expelled." In performing this desperate service our commander was wounded a fourth time while in the act of cutting down a Khalsa gunner, who clung with desperate resolution to his piece.

This vigorous charge was not alone an act of hardihood, but one of those movements which oftentimes saved a battle. The whole English army was suffering frightfully from the cannonade of the Sikhs, and was entangled in a jungle and watercourse, through which one regiment had already taken flight. This charge saved the day, and was pronounced by the Duke of Wellington to be one of the most brilliant exploits of the British army. Lord Gough, in his dispatch to the Governor-General, spoke of the services rendered at Chillianwallah by Sir Colin in the following terms:—"Brigadier-General Campbell, with that steady coolness and military precision for which he is so remarkable, carried all before him."

The battle of Goojerat was fought on the 21st of February, 1849, and here again did Colin Campbell display his great military talents. Lord Gough commenced the action with his artillery, and after a sustained cannonade of three hours, compelled the Sikhs and Afghans to retire from the positions they had maintained with such resolute hardihood. The subsequent advance of the whole British line soon drove them back from every point, and, retreat being converted into rout, they fled in the utmost disorder, their ranks broken, their position carried; their guns, ammunition, camp equipage, and luggage captured; their flying masses driven before the victorious pursuers from mid-day to dusk, receiving most severe punishment in their flight. Colin Campbell with his division conducted the pursuit, and followed the enemy for fifteen miles. The war was now at an end, and Colonel Campbell was rewarded for his services with the honourable distinction of Knight Commander of the Bath.

Sir Colin Campbell's Indian career had been thus far smooth, but now the demon of routine began to dog his steps, and snares of red tape to retard his movements. He became involved in a series of disputes with the civil agents of the Government, and threw up all his valuable appointments rather than submit to dictation from men whose authority he did not acknowledge. India lost the services of Sir Charles Napier through the same cause.

The brilliant exploits of the celebrated Highland Brigade, under Sir Colin Campbell, must be well known to most of our youthful readers. When the British Government had decided upon taking active measures to reduce the power of the Czar, they wisely availed themselves of the services of the veteran soldier, who had remained unattached since his resignation of office in India. Accordingly we find him elevated to the rank of major-general on the 20th of June, 1854, and on the 14th of September following, he landed on the shores of the Crimea as Commander of the Highland Brigade, composed of the 42nd, 79th, and 93rd Regiments.

At the crisis of the battle of the Alma an immense mass of Russian infantry was seen moving down towards the battery. It was the crisis of the day. Sharp, angular, and solid, they looked as if they were cut out of the solid rock. It was beyond all doubt that if our infantry, harassed and thinned as they were, got into the battery, they would have to encounter again a more formidable fire, which they were ill calculated to bear. Lord Raglan saw the difficulty of the situation. He asked if it would be possible to get a couple of guns to bear on these masses. The reply was 'Yes,' and an artillery officer brought up two guns to fire on the Russian square. The first shot missed, but the next cut through the ranks so cleanly that a clear lane could be seen for a moment through the square. After a few rounds the columns of the square became broken, wavered to and fro, and fled over the brow of the hill, leaving behind them six or seven distinct lines of dead, lying as close as possible to each other, marking the passage of the fatal messengers. This act relieved our infantry of a deadly incubus, and they continued their magnificent and fearful progress up the hill. 'Highlanders,' said Sir Colin, ere they came to the charge, 'I'm going to ask a favour of you; it is that you will act so as to justify me in asking permission of the Queen for you to wear a bonnet. Don't pull a trigger till you're within a yard of the Russians!' They charged, and well they obeyed their chieftain's wish. Sir Colin had his horse shot under him; but he was up immediately, and at the head of his men, shouting, 'We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here!' His men took the battery at a bound, and the Russians fled, leaving multitudes of dead behind them. The Guards had stormed the right of the battery ere the Highlanders got into the left, and it is said the Scots Fusiliers were the first to enter. The 2nd and Light Divisions crowned the heights. The French turned the guns on the hill against the flying masses, which the cavalry in vain tried to cover. A few faint struggles from the scattered infantry, a few rounds of cannon and musketry, and the enemy fled to the south-east, leaving three generals, drums, three guns, 700 prisoners, and 4,000 killed and wounded behind them. The battle of the Alma was won. It was won with the loss of nearly 3,000 killed and wounded on our side. Sir Colin's coolness throughout the action was extraordinary, and elicited the warmest thanks from his old Peninsular comrade, Lord Raglan. His promptitude at remedying an error was shown by a little incident which occurred during the advance. The men belonging to the 88th, through some mismanagement, were actually in square under fire, but they were stopped as they were in motion by Sir Colin, who had nothing to do with the division to which they belonged, and were ordered by him to form a line. After gaining this signal victory the allied forces advanced towards Sebastopol, and Sir Colin was placed in command of the town of Balaclava, which, being the base of the strategic operations, could only be intrusted to a general of great experience and known ability.

At the battle of Balaclava, Sir Colin's Highlanders again did good service; and on the 5th of November a false attack was made upon Sir Colin's position as a diversion during the true attack at Inkermann. After the battle of Balaclava he was not again called into close conflict with the enemy: however, on September 8th, 1855, after the unsuccessful assault on the Redan, General Simpson sent word to Sir Colin that he must take it with his division of Highlanders. It was all settled that the assault should be made, and at a late hour in the evening he went round the trenches and saw the commanding officers of regiments. He announced the intended attack in a very characteristic manner:—"General Simpson says we are to take the Redan to-night, so be prepared. Recollect, I shall lead you on myself." The desertion of the Russians spared Sir Colin the trouble of taking that celebrated battery, and the Highlanders lost a chance of further distinction. On the 3rd of November Sir Colin Campbell left Balaclava in the steamer *Calcutta*, and his sudden departure took the whole army by surprise. In the Highland division especially the step the veteran chief unexpectedly adopted called forth the strongest manifestations of sorrow and disappointment. When he arrived in England it was feared that our army in the Crimea had been deprived of his valuable services. Notwithstanding the circumstances that he left the seat of war before General Codrington had been appointed to the chief command, it was perseveringly concluded that he threw up his command, inspired by professional jealousy at that appointment. It was soon, however, announced that at the expiration of his well-earned leave, Sir Colin would return to the Crimea, to resume his command of the Highlanders. While in Glasgow, the citizens of that place presented him with a sword of honour, to which the Highlanders of Glasgow added a drinking cup of gold. Their enthusiasm did not rest here, for soon after Sir Colin was applied to by a number of citizens of Glasgow to allow himself to be nominated for the representation, in the event of a dissolution of Parliament. The soldier's reply to this application was as follows:—"I intend leaving this country for my post in the Crimea in a few days; but I am most deeply sensible of the high honour contemplated by the gentlemen whose sentiments you represent, which I request you will express to them. At the same time I would add, that as from the age of fifteen I have devoted my best energies to the profession of a soldier, I have had no time to give to the consideration of those subjects in which the prosperity of so great a commercial city as Glasgow is concerned. I therefore feel that I could not do justice to the position which I might obtain through the good opinion of its electors, and I therefore purpose, as long as it pleases the Almighty to give me health and strength, to persevere in a profession to which I am ardently attached and devoted." Almost immediately after this answer to the electors of Glasgow, Sir Colin took his departure for the Crimea, where he remained till the conclusion of the war. For his services before Sebastopol he was named Grand Commander of the Bath, and was given a colonelcy in the 67th Regiment of Foot.

On the news of the Indian revolt reaching England the Government at once applied to Sir Colin Campbell, a tried soldier, whose Indian career had given him a profound knowledge of the native character, and whose governing qualities were so remarkable. Sir Colin did not take long to consider whether he should accept the command. He started at twenty-four hour's notice, the mail steamer being stopped at Marseilles (by telegraph) to wait his arrival. Accompanied by his two aides-de-camp, Major Collinson and Sir David Baird, he took his departure.

It is a curious fact that Sir Colin Campbell, like Napier, returned to India in her hour of need, after having left that country some years previous in disgust. Sir Colin arrived at Calcutta on the 14th of August, and on the 17th of that month he issued the following remarkable proclamation to the troops in India:

> Her Majesty having been graciously pleased to appoint me Commander-in-Chief, in the room of the late lamented General the Hon. George Anson, and Her Majesty having also been graciously pleased to confer upon me the rank of general in the East Indies, I now assume the command of the army in India.
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> In doing so it affords me the highest satisfaction to find under my orders troops who have so fully proved themselves to be what I have ever known British soldiers in every quarter of the globe—courageous, faithful, obedient, and enduring.
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> In former years I have commanded native troops of India, and by their side I have been present in many battles and victories in which they have nobly borne their part; and it is to me a subject of deep concern to learn that soldiers of whom I have been accustomed to think so favourably should now be arrayed in open and defiant mutiny against a Government proverbial for the liberality and paternal consideration with which it has ever treated its servants of every denomination.
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> When I join the force now in the field restoring order to the district disturbed by the disaffection of the army at Bengal, I shall, at the head of the British troops, and of those native soldiers who, though few in number, have not feared to separate themselves from their faithless comrades, and to adhere to their duty, feel my old confidence that they will march to certain victory.
>
> I shall not fail to notice, and the powerful Govern-

ment which I have the honour to serve will not fail to reward, every instance of fidelity and valour shown by the troops under my command.

I call upon the officers and men of both European and native troops zealously to assist in the task before us; and, by the blessing of God, we shall soon again see India ranquil and prosperous.

To extricate the brave Sir Henry Havelock and his unfortunate companions from Lucknow was Sir Colin's first task, which was successfully accomplished by him towards the close of last year.

It is impossible here to detail the various movements of Sir Colin Campbell during the last few months, and it would be absurd to attempt to indicate what he has yet to do before he can restore tranquillity to our Indian Empire. The task he has to accomplish is a Herculean one, but we need not despair of his ultimate success. Active, resolute, and prompt, he is just the man to overcome difficulties that would appear insurmountable to others, and if his health continues he may yet live to reorganise that empire which offered him a wide field for distinction in earlier life. Whatever may be the future career of Sir Colin Campbell, he has already done, enough to entitle him to the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen, and to earn for him a place in the records of future historians as one of Britain's true heroes.

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OUR VILLAGE CHARACTERS.

NO. II.—GRANDFATHER GRAY.

Grandfather Gray was the repository of all the legends and tales that had happened, or were said to have happened, for years past in our neighbourhood; and well did he perform the task assigned to him by old Time, for nothing escaped his keen observation. Many a long winter's night have I passed under his roof, listening to the tales of his boyhood, and adventures through life; all we children liked him, he was so cheerful, and seemed to know exactly what suited us, as if he was one of us, and proposed it to suit himself. He had wisdom, too, as well as knowledge, and if one neighbour asked the advice of another as to his crops or anything else, the reply generally was, "Old Grandad knows—he will tell you." Indeed, so general was his knowledge, that we boys once seriously discussed, whether or no we should chalk upon his door the words, "Enquire within upon everything;" and it was only given up on account of one boy saying, "As every one in the village knew, it would be useless to inform them."

He was a fine, hearty old man, with silvery locks, a very keen, dark, bright eye, a lofty forehead, while his whole look betokened great intelligence. With this description, allow me to introduce Grandfather Gray.

In imagination I will take the reader with us to his cottage on a long dark winter's night, and he shall be one of our little company. Fancy a decent whitewashed room, with a large wood-fire blazing on the hearth, Grandfather sitting in a low, comfortable arm-chair, his two hands resting on a stick. We boys are all in divers postures around him: one is sitting on the floor, another on a low stool, and one is kneeling with his hands on Grandfather's knee. Our faces are turned upwards, and every pair of eyes are fixed on the old man.

"So you have come again, have you?" Grandfather begins. "What am I to tell you to-night? Is it to be a true tale, or a make-believe; a laughable or a sorrowful one? Which is it to be, boys?"

"A true one, of course!" said we.

"Very well," said Grandfather. "But there is one tale, I meant to have told before, I will tell now; so listen":—

"Once when I went a journey, I was at a loss about the road, as I had never travelled that way before. I went into a house, and asked two men for directions. One said he had never been, but had been told it was a very pleasant road, and he should advise me to pursue my journey without any further delay. The other remarked that he had been over the road, and pointed out several inconveniences I might miss, and pleasures I might enjoy, if I took his advice. Whose advice do you think I took, boys?"

"Why," said we, all in a breath, "Why, the one that had been, to be sure, Grandfather."

"To be sure I did, boys; and I had reason to be thankful for doing so too, for I found everything he said to be true. But if a person who has been over the road knows the way, so does a person who has journeyed through life know the turnings, and can describe the bad roads. What say you, boys?"

"Why, Grandfather," said one, (a very thoughtful looking boy,) "you had a reason for telling us about your journey, then; but you promised to tell us the other tale—you will now, won't you?"

All of us quickly joined in the chorus of "Do now—do, Grandfather," till he promised to begin.

"Well," said he, "When I used to go to school, being wonderfully fond of mischief-making, I was soon elected leader of all our expeditions. Half a dozen of our eldest boys were my chosen band, who were, of course, to obey me in everything, and stand by me in case of trouble.

"Many orchards were sufferers by our bravery, as we called it, but the right name for it, boys, was wanton mischievousness. Our schoolmaster was never quite sure who it was that committed the mischief, but suspicion pointed strongly to us.

"One night our party tied a donkey's tail to a door in the village, and then one of us knocked at the door. A person tried to open the door, and of course pulled the poor donkey's tail. The donkey kicked the door, 'Wait a moment,' said a voice from the inside, in rather gruff accents, 'it won't come open;' and he pulled again. The donkey kicked again, and knocked the bottom panel of the door out, and the man was made aware of the trick that was played upon him.

"Of course the man came to the school the next morning, in a fine rage. 'I say, measter,' said he, 'some of yer boys have been and gone and broke my door open, the nasty rascals, them! they desarve a good thrashing, they do; and if I was their measter for half-an-hour, I would tan their hide for them. Yes, that I would; they should remember sarving me that trick, I know.'

"'Well,' said our master, 'Which boys were they?' And he gave a significant glance at our half-dozen, who sat all in a row.

"'I doan't know,' said the man, 'But mebbe yer know who was out last night?'

"This was a poser, and all we boys looked wonderfully blank; for it was well known, that we all had gone down the village last night, on an errand for our master.

"'Well,' said our master, after a pause, turning round to us; 'do you know anything about this?"

"What could we do now, the suddenness of the question quite surprised us. One turned red, another white, and all hung their heads down, looking very sheepish.

"'Do you answer my question?' said our master, striking the ruler on the desk, making the school resound again, the sight of which by no means quickened our wits.

"Still no answer.

"'Do you mean to answer me?' said he; but he came to us this time with a cane in his hand.

"'It's them, and no mistake,' put in our visitor, in not a very pleasant tone, 'or they would speak out; an innocent person an't frightened.'

"'My boys will not tell me a lie, I know,' said our master; 'And I will know. Now, boys, once for all, did you do it?'

"I gave the required signal to confess, and the whole seven of us said 'Yes,' at the same moment.

"'What damage have they done?' said my master, addressing the unwelcome visitor.

"'Why, a carpenter said as how he'd mend it for half-a-sovereign, sir; but it isn't the value of the thing, but the trouble, I think about.'

"'Well, here is the money, and as to the trouble, instead of paying you, I will pay them for that. Good morning; I hope it will never occur again.'

"'Good morning, and I hope you're a liberal paymaster,' said our visitor, and departed,

"Our master went to his desk and called 'attention!' with a sorrowful look. 'Boys,' said he, 'I am sorry for this—very; and yet I am glad you never denied your fault,—for a fault confessed is half redressed. But it is my duty to punish you, and I must. I shall be lenient this time, and only give you double lessons for a week, and make you pay the damage with your pocket-money.'

"Master said, 'this time,' did he? Thought I, it shall not be so any more. The loss of sweetmeats kept me in remembrance of my determination, and I am thankful to say it was not so any more."

"And that is all, is it Grandfather?" said one.

"Yes, boys, that's all. I merely told you to warn you of it, as a puddle you should miss. You may tell by a person's shoes if he has been on a bad road; so can God tell by a person's heart if he has led a bad life. I have travelled the road, and I know, boys. But it is getting late, so good-bye, boys."

"Good-bye, Grandfather, and thank you," said we; and went merrily to our homes.

Holbeach, 1858. H. M. Cruiser.

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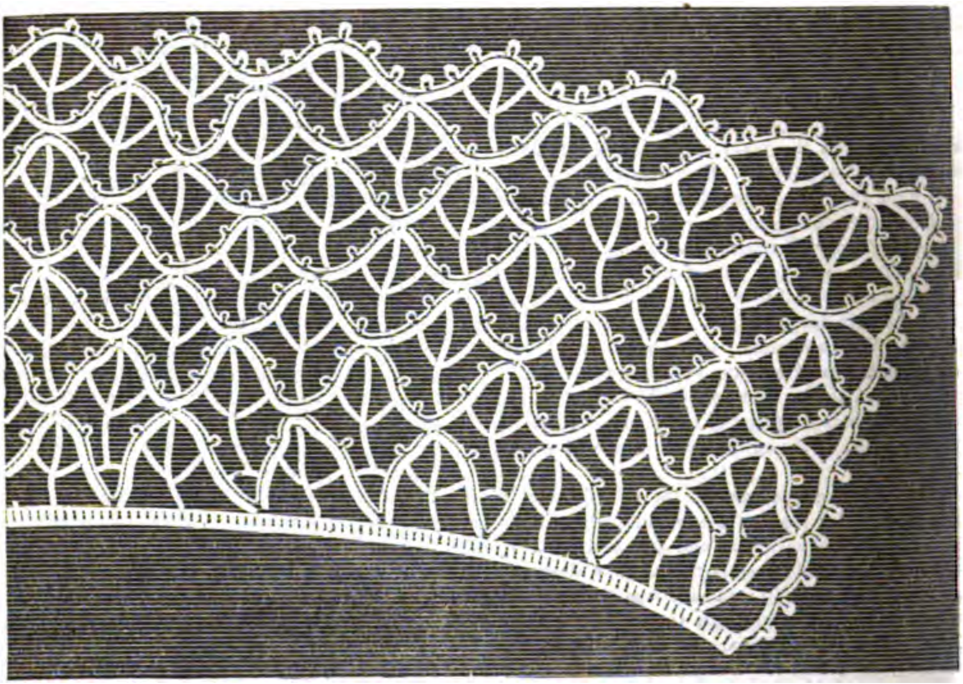
A very little boy one day had done wrong, and was sent, after parental correction, to ask in secret the forgiveness of his heavenly Father. His offence had been passion. Anxious to hear what he would say, his mother followed to the door of his room. In lisping accents she heard him ask to be made better, never to be angry again, and then, with childlike simplicity, he added, "Lord, make ma's temper better, too!



CROCHET COLLAR, MALTESE PATTERN.

THE GIRL'S WORK-TABLE.

By MADAME EUGENIE.

CROCHET COLLAR, MALTESE PATTERN.

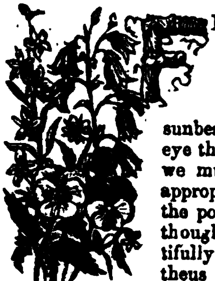
Materials.—Messrs. Walter Evans & Co.'s Boar's Head Cotton, No. 5; Penelope Needle, No. 4.

Make a chain of 209 stitches, turn, and on the chain work 1 row of plain crochet, fasten off; commence again on 1st stitch of plain row; 1st half cross 11 chain, turn, miss 1, 5 single, 4 chain, turn, 8 single, * 9 plain on the plain row, and for 1st cross 9 chain, turn, 3 single, 6 chain, turn, 5 single, 4 chain, turn, 8 single, repeat from * 21 times, then 9 plain, and for half cross 9 chain, turn, 3 single, 5 chain, turn back, 6 more chain, join to 1st of 3 single, 4 chain, join to 5th of 9 plain, *a* 1 single on 4th plain, 4 chain, join to 1st of 8 single of 22nd cross, 6 chain, join to 1st of 5 single, 6 chain, join to 1st of 3 single of same cross, 4 chain, join to 5th of 9 plain, repeat from *a* to the end of the row (*i e.* to the top of the 1st half cross), turn, and on the chain work 3 plain, 3 chain, turn, 1 single on 3rd plain, 7 plain on the remaining 7 chain over 1st half cross; *c* 4 plain on chain of 1st cross, 3 chain, join to 3rd of 7 plain, turn, 2 plain on 3 chain, then work across as the 1st, 1 plain on 1st of 3 chain, 3 plain on 6 chain, 3 chain, turn, 1 single on 3rd plain, 3 plain on 3 chain, and down the other side of the cross, 3 plain, loop of 3 chain, 7 plain, repeat from *c* to the end; turn back, and over this 2nd row of crosses 3 chain, join to 1st of 8 single, 6 chain, join to 1st of 5 single, 6 chain, join to 1st of 3 single, 3 chain, join to top of 22nd cross in 1st row, repeat to the end. Work another half-cross on the top of first half cross, and on the chain over 2nd row of crosses work *d* 3 plain on 3 chain, loop of 3 chain, 3 plain, loop of 3 chain, 3 plain, the same down the other side, 1 single on the top of 1st cross of 1st row, then work a cross, repeat from *d*, finishing the row with a half cross; work a chain as before over 3rd row of crosses, turn, and on the chain 3 plain, loop of 3 chain, and work a cross at the top of each one of second row, turn back with chain row, this completes the 4th row. The 5th must have the half-cross at each end; the 6th the same as the 4th; 7th, the same as 5th. After working the chains over 7th row, fasten off, and commence again on the 1st stitch of plain row, work 3 plain, and loop of 3 chain along the end of the collar, and all the remaining chain stitches, fasten off.

FLORAL ADVICE FOR MAY.

By G. M. F. G.

> "Not a tree,
> A plant, a leaf, but contains
> A folio volume; we may read and read,
> And read again, and still find something new;
> Something to please, and something to instruct,
> Even in the humble weed."



FLOWERS have been called the stars of the earth; and, certainly, when we examine those beautiful creations, and discover them analysing the sunbeam, and sending back to the eye the full luxury of coloured light, we must confess there is more real appropriateness in the term than even the poet who conceived the delicate thought imagined. Lavoisier beautifully said, "The fable of Prometheus is but the out-shadowing of a philosophic truth—where there is light there is organisation and light; where light cannot penetrate. Death for ever holds his silent court." The flowers, and indeed, those far inferior forms of organic vegetable life which never flower, are direct dependencies on the solar rays. Through every stage of existence they are excited by those subtle agencies which are gathered together in the sunbeam; and to these influences we may trace all that beauty of development which prevails throughout the vegetable world. How few there are of even of those refined minds to whom flowers are more than a systematic arrangement of petals harmoniously coloured, who think of the secret agencies for ever exciting the life which is within their cells, to produce the organised structure—who reflect on the deep, yet divine philosophy, which may be read in every leaf:—those tongues in trees, which tell us of Eternal goodness and order! The hurry of the present age is not well suited to the contemplative mind; yet, with all, there must be hours in which to fall back into the repose of quiet thought becomes a luxury. The nervous system is strung to endure only a given amount of excitement; if its vibrations are quickened beyond this measure, the delicate harp-strings are broken, or they may undulate in throbs. To every one the contemplation of natural phenomen will be found to induce that repose which gives vigour to the mind—as sleep restores the energies of a toil-exhausted body. And to show the advantages of such a study, and the interesting lessons which are to be learned in the fields of nature, is a delightful duty to those who would teach what they have experienced themselves.

Choose the middle of the month for planting out dahlias, which should be five feet apart every way; to these place stakes immediately, so that they may be tied up as fast as they advance in growth; search among them daily for the purpose of destroying earwigs, which deface them sadly. Protect tulips in windy weather, likewise prevent the sun from injuring them, which it will do if suffered to reach them while in bloom; at the same time do not exclude the air, which is very necessary they should enjoy just now. All the double biennials and perennials that do not produce seed, such as rockets, sweet-williams and phlox, may be increased by cuttings. These should be taken off at the junction of the new and old wood, and just below a bud, and as soon as you have prepared a sufficient quantity of each sort, take a pot or pots sufficiently large for the purpose, fill it half way up with a light compost, and upon this put about an inch of silver sand; then with a pointed piece of stick make holes to insert the cuttings, pressing the earth firmly round them, and place them in an ordinary hotbed, where you will be able to shade and water them as often as necessary. Protect carnations and picotees from the ravages of vermin, and give them a little water whenever they appear to need it. Panseys will require top-dressing during the present month, as also a good supply of water whenever the weather is very hot. Shade them when necessary, and remove side shoots, which will produce excellent new plants—requiring only to be placed under a hand-glass in a shady situation. As soon as auriculas and polyanthuses have done flowering, they may be removed to some place where they can enjoy the fresh air, and the benefit of an occasional shower. Give pinks a top dressing of cow-dung after having loosened the earth between them; and if you want a few new plants, sow seed. Tender and hardy annuals that have been raised in the house, as well as window plants—such as geraniums, fuschias, hydranges, verbenas, and the like—may be planted out in the open borders to flower, which they will do to much greater advantage than when confined in pots. Shade hyacinth from the sun. All bulbs that have done their work for the season should have been taken up, and put somewhere to dry.

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HINTS ON SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

No. X.—On Study.

4. *Expect to become familiar with hard study.*

Study, which is hard for one man, is easy for another. Not only so, but the study which is easy to you to-day, may be intolerably irksome at another time. This is owing to the difficulty of confining the attention closely. The health being the same, study would at all times be equally agreeable, had we the same command over the attention. But who, that has tried it, does not know how much easier it is to study on a cold, stormy day in winter, when every thing without is repulsive, than on the warm, bright day of spring, when all nature seems to invite you out, and when the soul seems to disdain and rebel against the restraints of study? You must make your calculations to study many hours, and at many seasons when it is disagreeable; when the mind feels feeble, and the body is languid, or is even in pain. "Other things may be seized on by might, or purchased with money; but knowledge is to be gained only by study."

So great is the advantage of being able to confine the attention, that some persons who have by a dispensation of Providence lost their sight, have felt willing to exchange all that is beautiful, lovely, and cheering, which the eye receives, for the increased power over the attention which this loss gave them. The truly great President Dwight used to consider the loss of his eyes a great blessing to him, inasmuch as it strengthened the power of attention, and compelled him to think. So important is the power of attention, that you may point to distinguished men, and say, that "this and that man was not celebrated for scholarship, or any thing else in his younger days. He had no appointment in college; no rank as a scholar." Not unlikely. But be sure of one thing; and that is, he never became distinguished without, at some time or other, passing through a severe course of hard, dry study. He might have omitted this when young; but, if so, the task was harder when he did undertake to perform it. But undertake it he must, and he did.

Under this head, I would add, that he who expects to discipline his mind by hard study, and to build up the mind by the habit of severe thinking, will not be the individual to quarrel with what he studies. How often do we hear students complaining that they are put to studies which can be of no possible use to them in after life! One is to be a merchant: why should he be drilled in Latin and Greek for years? Another is to study medicine; and why should he be poring over conic sections for months? Multitudes complain that their instructors understand their business so poorly, that the very things for which they will never have any use, are forced upon them as studies! Little do such complainers understand the object of education. Keep it in mind, that the great object of study is to fit the mind to be an instrument of usefulness in life. You are now upon a dry, hard, uninteresting study. It contains not a single thing which you can ever use hereafter. Be it so. But if you can compel your mind to take hold of and master that dry, hard, uninteresting study, you are fitting it to obey you through life, and at any time to do what you bid it do. It will be time enough to study such things as you propose to use, when you have your mind fitted to master them, and when they are needed.

You study geometry to-day. Perhaps your life may be so busy, and your time so occupied hereafter, that you may forget every proposition, and nothing but the name of the book may remain to you. But Plato, and every other man who has studied geometry, will tell you that it will strengthen your mind, and enable you to think with precision. Geography and chronology are not now needed, but will soon be, in order to trace philosophy through all her branches, in order to acquire a distinct and accurate idea of history, and to judge of the propriety of the allusions and comparisons every where meeting you in the works of genius. Philosophy seems to open the mind, and to give it eyes, like the wings of the cherubim, in Ezekiel's vision, within and without it. It subjects nature to our command, and carries our conceptions up to the Creator. The mind is liberalised by every such study, and without these it can never become really great or tasteful.

Press onward in a steady course of daily application. A beautiful writer says, "The most usual way, among young men who have no resolution of their own, is, first to ask one friend's advice, and follow it for some time; then to ask advice of another, and turn to that; so of a third, still unsteady, always changing. However, be assured that every change of this nature is for the worse. People may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupations in life; but heed them not. Whatever employment you follow with perseverance and assiduity, will be found fit for you. In learning the useful part of every profession, very moderate abilities will suffice; even if the mind be rather slow of comprehension, it may, in this case, be useful. Great abilities have always been less serviceable to the possessors than moderate ones. Life has been compared to a race; but the allusion still improves, by observing that the most swift are ever the least manageable."

We are in great danger of being willing to excuse ourselves from severe study, under the idea that our circumstances are not favourable. We are apt to fall in with the common notion that men are made by circumstances; that they are called forth, and their characters are thus formed; and that almost every man would be great, and decided, and effective, were he only sufficiently hedged in and pressed by circumstances. There can be no doubt that men are naturally and practically indolent, and that they need powerful stimulants and a heavy pressure to awaken their powers, and call forth exertions. We know that most men accomplish but very little. But would they, under any circumstances? Might not the tables be turned, and might we not with as great propriety say, and perhaps with equal truth, that men make circumstances? Look at John Milton. What was there in his circumstances to press him into greatness? Shut out from the light of heaven by blindness, most, in his situation, would have thought that they did well, could they have sung a few tunes, and earned their bread by making baskets. But Milton has thrown a glory over his age, and nation, and language. But the cry is, "We have no favourable circumstances, no opportunities, no tools; we can do nothing." Can do nothing! Hear what a master-spirit says on this point:

"If a man really loves study, has an eager attachment to the acquisition of knowledge, nothing but peculiar sickness or misfortunes will prevent his being a student, and his possessing, in some good degree, the means of study. The fact is, that when men complain of want of time for study, and want of means, they only show that, after all, they are either attached to some other object of pursuit, or have nothing of the spirit of a student. They will applaud others, it may be, who do study, and look with a kind of wonder upon their acquisitions; but, for themselves, they cannot spare the time nor expense necessary to make such acquisitions; or, they put it to the account of their humility, and congratulate themselves that they are not ambitious. In most of all these cases, however, either the love of the world or genuine laziness lies at the bottom. Had they more energy and decision of character, and did they redeem the precious moments, which they now lose in laboriously doing nothing, or nothing to the purpose of the church, they might open all the treasures of the east and the west, and have them at their disposal. I might safely promise a good knowledge of Hebrew and Greek to most men of this sort, if they would diligently improve the time that they now absolutely throw away in the course of three or four years. While one man is deliberating whether he had better study a language, another has obtained it. Such is the difference between decisive, energetic action, and a timid, hesitating, indolent manner of pursuing literary acquisitions. And what is worst of all, in this temporising class of students is, that if you reason with them, and convince them that they are pursuing a wrong course, that conviction operates no longer than until the next paroxysm of indolence, or of a worldly spirit, comes on. These syren charmers lull every energetic power of the mind to sleep. The mistaken man, who listens to their voice, finds himself, at the age of forty, just where he was at thirty. At fifty, his decline has already begun. At sixty, he is universally regarded with indifference, which he usually repays with misanthropy. And if he has the misfortune to live until he is seventy, there is danger of every body being uneasy because he is not transferred to a better world."

5. *Remember that the great secret of being successful and accurate as a student, next to perseverance, is,* THE CONSTANT HABIT OF REVIEWING; that is, the habit of recalling to mind what you have acquired.

I have already spoken of the memory. I would here say a word as to its use in your definite studies. Have you never tried to banish a thought, or a train of thought, from your memory, and could not? Have you never tried to recal some idea, or some train of thought, and the more you tried, the more you seemed to forget it? The reason is, that the memory loves freedom, and disdains to be forced. The correct path then, in which to tread, is to cultivate the memory as much as possible, without weakening it by restraint. It loves to try its powers spontaneously. Little children will frequently learn a long list of Latin or Greek words, without designing it, merely by hearing others repeat them. And I have known an ignorant Roman Catholic, who could repeat the most of the Lord's prayer, and a good part of the Missal, all in Latin, without knowing what it meant, simply by hearing it frequently repeated. Those who have been most successful in fixing language in the memory, have uniformly done it by repeated readings of the thing to be retained. In committing grammar, for example, to memory, you should not attempt to confine the mind to it too long at a time, but bend the whole attention to it while you do study and repeat the process often: repeat the lesson aloud, that it may come to the mind through the ear, as well as through the eyes, and then use the pen, and laying aside the book, write it all out. In this process, you use the eyes, the ears, and you also give the mind an opportunity to dwell upon every letter, and syllable, and sound. This will be slow at first, but it will do the thing effectually; it will make you thoroughly master of the subject, and thus will soon give you courage. No new encounters will, in the least, appal you.

The great difficulty in committing grammar to memory consists in the similiarity of the words and things brought together. Similarity confuses the mind. If you were to go into a jeweller's shop, and see a case containing twenty watches, though each had a different name, yet, the next day, you could not tell one from another. But, suppose you go for five days in succession, and examine four watches each day. The jeweller carefully points out the difference. This is a common watch; he shows you its mechanism, and all its parts. This is a patent lever; he shows you how it differs from the former. The third is a lepine; its parts are very different still. The next is a chronometer, and differs widely from any you have yet seen. He tells you the properties of each one, and compares them together. The second day, you review and recal all that he told you, and you fix the name, the character, and the properties of each in the memory. You then proceed to the second four. You go through the same process, every day, reviewing what you learned on the preceding day. At the end of five days, you can repeat from memory the names and powers of each watch, though, before the process, all you could remember was, that their number was twenty, and that they stood in five different rows. Now, study the grammar with the same precision, and in the same manner, and the memory will not complain that she is confused, and cannot retain what you ask her to keep.

(To be continued.)

THE WANDERER.

AROUND the fire, my children dear,
  I beg you all will draw,
To list unto a tender tale,
  Attentive and with awe.

Once on a time, a little girl
  Her parents both had lost;
And from the home she loved right well,
  By cruel fate was tost.

From house to house she wandered now,
  And then from town to town,
To find a place to rest her head,
  And lay her calmly down.

Full many weary miles she trod,
  And found not what she sought,
No tender heart did yearn for her,
  With love and pity fraught.

Her troubles had increased so fast,
  That all her strength and care
Could not her mind invigorate,
  Or keep her from despair.

But as in darkest, blackest night,
  The clouds a chink will show,
From which the moon's most beauteous light
  Will shoot forth with a glow;

So in the dark and dolorous state,
  In which her lot was cast,
A ray of hope burst kindly in,
  And told the worst was past.

And as beneath the moon's pale beam,
  Oft to our charmèd view,
Familiar things quite strange do seem,
  And changed by many a hue;

So did the ray of hope transform,
  The path our wanderer trod,
It bid her wait a better fate,
  And faithful trust in God.

Then thought she, though her troubles great
  Were very hard to bear,
Yet many joys she still retained,
  Which others did not share.

With heart refreshed and strengthened step,
  Onward she bent her way,
Determined that, whate'er befel,
  She'd try and trust alway.

A mile or two she travelled thus,
  When by the lone roadside,
She saw a woman weak and wan,
  Whose only child had died.

In cold starvation's cruel grip
  The mother now was held,
A sorrier night, my children dear,
  No mortal e'er beheld.

The sight it moved our wanderer's heart,
  So with a cheerful smile,
She gave the widow all her bread,
  And bade her hope awhile.

Like a fresh term of healthy life,
  To some sick mortal given,
That bread revived the widow lone,
  Revived her trust in heaven.

Not all unmarked was that good deed,
  Nor lost that meagre crust;
It bore a fruit of greatest worth,
  A fruit without mistrust.

As if to try our wanderer's faith,
  A little further on,
She met a poor and lonely child,
  Whose only cloak was gone.

The shivering form her pity moved,
  But making no ado,
Her own warm cloak she strippèd off,
  And o'er his shoulders threw.

The gladdened child his head upraised,
  His benefactor blessed;
While her large and kindly heart
  Leaped lightly in her breast.

Now, lame and limping on his way,
  An aged father moved;
The wounds upon his naked feet,
  His wants most plainly proved.

So sitting down her own good shoes
  Off from her feet she tore;
Her heart by gentle pity stirred,
  As it had been before.

"Poor lonely man!" she kindly said,
  "I pray thee take my shoes;
The weary to relieve I love,
  No better task I choose."

"Oh, maiden, dear," the man replied,
  "Thy worth is great indeed,
You've proved yourself the truest friend—
  The friend who comes in need.

"Like some good seed, on fruitful earth,
  By careful gardener cast,
Thy works have deeply taken root,
  And forth shall spring at last:—

"Spring forth in flowers that ne'er will fade,
  In flowers of brightest hue;
In flowers that only heaven can show
  To the enraptured view."

Then, as if touched by fairy's wand,
  Unto her wondering eyes,
The old man stood at once revealed,
  An angel in disguise!

With this companion, heavenward then,
  Elijah-like she sped,
Her soul it took its place with God,
  Her body with the dead.

Her earthly form had vanished soon,
  In heavenly garb arrayed,
She stood a bright one 'mid the bright,
  A pure and angel maid

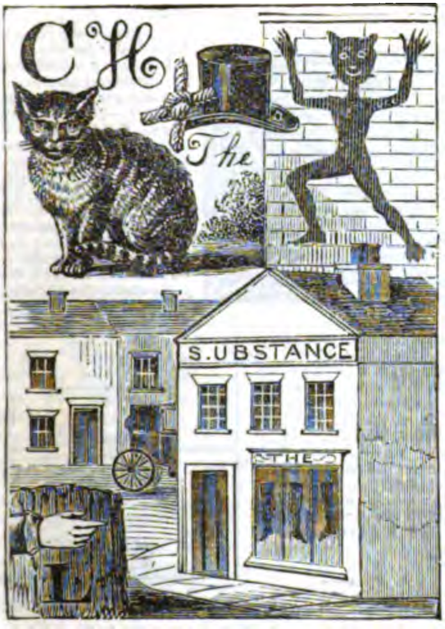
Oxford. H. C.

◆

THE HAPPY HOUR.

HIEROGLYPHIC SENTENCE.

17



G. M. F. G.

ENIGMAS.

18

Read Exodus, you'll plainly see
What wonders have been wrought by me:
When in a holy mortal's hand,
More pow'r I had than sorcerer's wand;
King Solomon well knew my worth,
As in his writings he set forth.
To moderns, too, my use is known—
Much good I've done to them, they'll own—
When promises nor threats prevail,
My arguments scarce ever fail;
And when employed, I clear the skull,
And drain off all that makes it dull;
Thus I, such is my art, in fine,
Make blockheads clever, dunces shine.

John Blight.

19

Three-fourths of a fruit, if you add
To one-half of a race, 'twill unfold,
What renders Britannia glad,
More happy than silver or gold.

Domitian.

CHARADES.

20

My first holds liquids; my second is a female's name; my whole is a country of the New World. Rosetta.

21

I am a word of 8 letters; my 1, 2, 7, is a verb; my 5, 7, 1, a girl's name; my 1, 7, 3, 4, 5, another; my 5, 4, 8, a common liquor; my 1, 6, 4, to be unwell; my 7, 3, 5, 2, what we shall all be; my 2, 8, 3, 7, that which is done; my 7, 3, 5, 4, a kind of wood; my 4, 1, 6, 2, part of a verb; my 4, 8, 5, 2, a metal; my 6, 4, 3, a French noun; my 8, 3, 4, a fish; my 6, 2, 8, a Roman name in reckoning time; my whole is a town of Australia, and a lady's name.

Charles A. Empson.

22

My first is a dwelling; my second is a dwelling; and my whole is a dwelling. John Wesley.

23

My first is a fruit; my second is what flowers do in Spring; my whole is a beautiful flower. Rosa.

24

My first is short for Timothy; my second is three-fourths of a stag; my third is an adverb; my whole is a country in Africa.

Israel.

25

My first is the globe we inhabit; my second is to tremble with fear; and my whole is a dreadful calamity which visited Lisbon in the year 1755. Julia M. K.

DECAPITATIONS.

26

I'm on waggon, carriage, and cart;
Behead me, and of the foot I'm a part;
Behead me again, and then I'm a fish,
Which by many is thought a delicate dish.

Frank Walter.

27

Complete, I am a useful domestic article; behead me, and I am a part of your person; behead again, and by me you live.

Robert Johnson.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

28

a. SAAANNLYTIVR.—A province of Austria.
b. NENVCESE.—A mountain range of France.
c. LEBESILEL.—An island of France.
d. GALAGSRAO.—A group of islands in the Western Hemisphere.
e. STEENESEN.—A river of North America.
f. LEDSELKIFCRARH.—A town of Norway.

Pompey.

29

a. AEELORSTWW.—A lake in England.
b. GGAEUMDBR.—A town in Prussia.
c. DDEEAALI.—A town in Victoria, Australia.
d. SNNEEBVI.—A mountain in Scotland.
c. AAAICPTNRH.—A range of mountains in European Turkey.
f. OOOGRVDUO.—A town in Russia, where the largest fair in Europe is held. Ida May Foster.

REBUS.

30

The initials form the name of a sweet-scented flower.

a. A range of mountains, the highest in the world.
b. A fertile country and city of Africa.
c. A rank in the British navy.
d. An ancient city of Agruere,in India.
e. A province of Russia.
f. One of England's heroes
g. One of the Friendly Islands.
h. An extensive lake in Canada.

Ida May Foster.

QUESTIONS.

31. When was painting in oils first invented, and by whom?
32. When and by whom were spectacles invented?

Charles A. Empson.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Katie Barlow.—Your contributions will appear in due course. We have so many kind friends, that, to publish their contributions so soon as received, would encroach too much on our space.

Miss Tilly.—We cannot judge of the merits of your tale from the small quantity sent; and should require to have it complete, before we could entertain the idea of using it. Your letter being over-weight cost us 2d. for postage.

Dear Boys and Girls,—That the alteration in the publication and form of the "Companion" was a judicious one, there is sufficient proof in the increased demand for our first Number, in the multitude of letters received, and in the general expression of approval therein set forth. One writes:—"I was anxious to see the 'Companion' in its altered mode of publication, and when I obtained it, I was highly pleased—my expectations were more than realised. It is unquestionably the best of all publications for youth, containing a great quantity and a great variety of matter, both useful, entertaining, and instructive. I have recommended it to my young friends, and have obtained *four* new subscribers, who will, no doubt, send solutions to the 'Happy Hour.' How easy would it be for subscribers to extend its influence by endeavouring to do likewise.' Such kindly sentiments as these—and this is a fair sample of the general expression of this month's correspondence—cannot fail to stimulate us to increased activity in procuring for your monthly intellectual repast the choicest fruits, and culling the sweetest flowers from the garden of literature, thereby making the "Companion" worthy of such a goodly and genial company of well-wishers. In making our awards for this month we cannot help offering a hearty welcome to the many new correspondents who have joined us in solving the Pastime matter. We trust they will continue, and persevere in this healthy intellectual recreation; and while all are competing for a Prize, of course, many must be unsuccessful: to those we will say, You have gained knowledge—the greatest and most inexhaustible of all prizes.

First Class.

Romulus (the rules respecting the Prizes are printed in each number).—**Darlington.**—**Georgie** (excellent solutions, and, by one so young, truly wonderful).—**Nella** (a packet of bills shall be forwarded).—**Kezia** (we thank you for introducing the "Companion" to your friends, and endeavouring to obtain new subscribers).—**Clearchus** (you deserve great praise for your excellent solutions; thanks for contributions).—**Rosa.**—**Tib** (very clever; thanks for your good wishes).

Second Class.

Hector.—**C. E. Dalton** (but for your wrong calculation of No. 11 you would have obtained First Class award; excellent solutions).—**George Brown** (your success with the few solved is so great that we wonder you did not guess more).—**Highland Laddie** (for your information respecting No. 15 not being original, accept our thanks; we wish in all cases to expose such frauds).—**J. E. D.**—**Alexander**—**J. J. Wilshaw.**—**Ida May Foster** (we regret your "having had to move into the country" has lost you your position in the First Class).—**Flora Melville** (the same remark, unfortunately, applies to you).—**Mary Katherine** (thanks for your contributions).—**H. M. Cruiser** (for your zeal in procuring us subscribers accept our best thanks).—**Israel.**—**E. H. L.**—**John Wesley** (your conundrums, we know, are not original, and we fear your other contributions are old).—**Bertha Fortescue.**—**E. E. Stevens.**—**J. Tunnicliff** (we have not prepared cases for binding Vols. I. and II. together; cases for binding the Vols. separately may be obtained, by order of any bookseller, price 9d.).—**Spermantia.**

Third Class.

Ann Chovy.—**W. P. T. J.** (we require solutions to the *italic* letters included in the number).—**Susan Harrison.**—**J. T. J. Marks.**—**H. J. H.** (we think you might have made a better attempt)—**Little Wonder.**—**Lizzie.**—**Bessie L.** (why attempt so few?).—**J. B. Clark.**

††† The Prizes would have been awarded some time since, but for the delay in printing the Certificate of Merit. We hope, however, to be enabled to forward them to the respective winners shortly.

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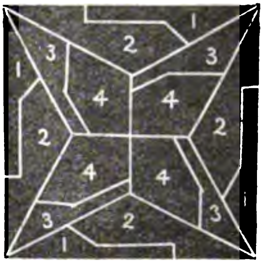
ANSWERS TO PASTIME.

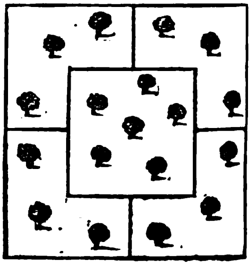
(*On Pages* 27 *and* 28.)

No. 1.



1.—Dishonesty ruins both fame and fortune. 2.—C O L D 3.—Middle-sex. 4.—Mad-a(rt)-gas-car. 5.—A-gin-court. 6.—Greenland. 7.—Newcastle-upon-Tyne. 8.—A pair of scissors. 9.—(See diagram, No. 1.) 10.—(See diagram, No. 2.) 11.—785,365,448 tons, 8 cwt., 0 qrs., 25 lbs., 9 ozs., 9 drms., 5 pins; No. 12.—*a.* Pope; *b.* Alexander; *c.* Luther; *d.* Milton; *e.* Euripides; *f.* Romulus; *g.* Samson; *h.* Titus; *i.* Ovid; *j.* Newton: the initials give the name of the late prime minister, Palmerston. 13.—*a.* Stirling; *b.* Ashborne; *c.* Ladoga; *d.* Kellala; *e.* Elvas; *f.* Languedoc; *g.* Dofrine: the initials give the name of that gallant hero of Delhi, Salkeld. 14.—Life. 15.—Arthur Wellesley. 16—*a.* Hesse Darmstadt; *b.* Andalusia; *c.* Lucerne; *d.* Louvain: the initials give the name of Hall (Sir Benjamin).

No. 2.



◆

OUR PRIZES.

Prizes will be given for best solutions to Enigmas, &c., the names or initials of competitors being printed and placed monthly into the first, second, or third class, according to merit: those appearing oftenest in the first class will be entitled to the first Prize, and those in the second class, to the second Prize, &c.

‡ Our next distribution, which will take place at the completion of the present Volume, consisting of twelve Numbers, will be as follows:—

First Prize.—Any article of the value of FIVE POUNDS.
Second Prize.—Any article of the value of TWO POUNDS.
Third Prize.—Any article of the value of ONE POUND.

Certificates of Merit, beautifully printed, will be presented to all those whose names have appeared *eight* times in either of the classes.

☞ Contributors to the "Happy Hour" are requested to observe the following rules:—

1.—In compiling Enigmas, Charades, &c., *orthography* must not be sacrificed to *sound*.

2.—All contributions to be written on *one* side of the paper only; and at the end of each Charade, Enigma, &c., the answer, and the initials or *assumed name* of the contributor.

3.—None but *original* Pastime matter will be accepted; and any contributor detected in the attempt to pass off *old* for *new* Enigmas, Charades, &c., will be expelled from the classes.

4.—All Solutions to the "Happy Hour" to be forwarded to the Editor by the 20th of every month.

Address to Editor at Printers', 23, *Middle Street, West Smithfield, London, E.C.*

NARRATIVE OF

A SAILOR LEFT ON AN ISLAND

IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

EARLY in the year 1825, the subject of this narrative was, at the age of seventeen, placed on board a ship employed in the South-Sea Fishery. The ship being in the latitude of the Gallapagos, a group of islands situated about two hundred miles west of Peru, she directed her course towards them for the purpose of obtaining wood and water. Here they found an American brig, which had arrived there a day or two previous with the same intention. They came to an anchor fronting a sandy beach of no very great extent, with high hills and lofty woods terminating the prospect; the inland parts, at a little distance, seemed impracticable, from the great thickness of the forests. A number of hands were despatched on shore in the long-boat, but not meeting with so desirable a place for watering as they expected, some of the men entered the woods in search of the "quick freshes," while others proceeded along shore to find one less objectionable. Of the former party was young Lord, who, separating from the rest, entered unconsciously into the thickest part of the country. Having wandered on in this wild labyrinth for nearly two hours without finding water, or being able to knock down any of the large birds which he chased from among the wild furze and thickets, he began to think of returning. Being perfectly satisfied in his own mind that he was proceeding in the direction for the ship, he pursued the path he had chosen; evening, however, began to wrap the forest in a deeper gloom, and only just sufficient light remained to show him that he had arrived at a place clothed with some fine trees, beyond which the woods grew so thick as to render them impassable. The fact now flashed upon him that he had proceeded, in all probability, some miles into the interior, and he cheerfully made up his mind to pass the night in the woods, not doubting that on the morrow he should readily find his way back to the vessel. In this comfortable hope, after having fortified himself with a draught of water from a spring, he ascended one of the trees; and here, notwithstanding the loud screaming of the night-bird, and the continued whoopings of innumerable owls, "making night hideous," worn out with fatigue and watching, he slept till morning.

It may be imagined that, at the first glimpse of daybreak, he was not a little anxious to get out of the wood, for he now began to suffer severely from want of food. For some hours he wandered about in the intricacies of this wild and uninhabited spot, supported in the hope that his toils were near their termination. Often did he listen in breathless attention to catch the sound of any signal-gun to guide his footsteps, and often did he shout, in expectation of being heard by those who might have been despatched in search of him. He ascended the high trees, but his view was constantly intercepted by forests and elevated hills, wooded to their summits. Hunger now forced on him the necessity of seeking some means of subsistence; he accordingly prepared with his knife a formidable bludgeon, and scarcely had an hour passed, when, startled by a rustling among the underwood, he expected some kind of animal to sally forth, but was surprised to see a large black snake glide out from its concealment, and raise its head, "nimble in threats," at his approach. Having got within range of his stick, he immediately "rapped" it "o' the coxcomb;" whereupon it rolled itself up, and after a few twists and twirls, remained stationary, with its forked tongue thrust out of its mouth.

In this desolate situation night again overtook him; and although the climate of the island, notwithstanding its latitude, is generally mild, and the middle of the day pleasantly warm, yet the mornings and the evenings are rather cold; consequently he had to struggle against both cold and hunger, without any apparent remedy. The simple circumstance of having met with a snake in the day did not seem of much consequence, but the idea of meeting one in the night, occasioned by his hearing those peculiar noises usually made by them at this period, kept him in continual anxiety. He ascended a tree, and having eaten some of the leaves, remained, during the obscurity of a night intensely dark, with his spirits terribly depressed,—for he now began to fear that the ship would sail without him; his situation appeared hopeless, and he passed a sleepless and desponding night; the noises kept up in the woods convinced him that many birds of prey existed upon the desolate island.

When day began to appear, he descended from the tree, and had not gone many paces when he perceived a large owl perched, with the most imperturbable gravity, upon a low bough, with his large eyes intently fixed upon him, but as if unconscious of his appearance. He quietly approached near enough to knock it on the head, and thus he had the good fortune to provide himself with a breakfast. Having eaten sufficiently of this carrion, which left his mouth as bitter as wormwood, he set out with a determination of moving in a right line, which could not fail of bringing him to the sea-shore at some part of the island. Towards evening he was seized with a most painful sickness, and felt cold and disheartened; he had not seen during this day any four-footed animal.

The night set in dark and rainy, and he took up his quarters at the base of a mountain, determined to ascend to the summit in the morning, in the hope of gaining a view of the sea; but the first thing he did was to shelter himself in one of the low trees which had the thickest foliage, and which proved, in some measure, a defence against the tempestuous weather which now set in. In this dismal situation he fell asleep, and, on awakening, found himself in a very feeble condition, and completely wet through. Towards morning the weather cleared up, and he proceeded, with no very great expedition, to climb the mountain, for his strength was nearly exhausted. After great exertion, he succeeded in gaining the top, and, with great joy, found that it commanded a view of the anchorage; but he also made another discovery, which, in its event, threatened to prove more fatal to this unfortunate youth than all his former adventures; the ship to which he belonged had put to sea, and the American brig was at that moment loosening her sails. The distance from the place where he stood to the sea-beach was at least three miles; and the well-known signal warned him that not a moment was to be lost. The perfect hopelessness of all succour, should she sail before he could arrive at the beach, rendered him desperate; he rushed down the mountain, sick, dizzy, and faint, his limbs with difficulty performing their office; he succeeded, after nearly two hours of great fatigue and difficulty, in reaching the bay where he first landed; but what was his horror on beholding the white sails of the American brig dwindled to a mere speck upon the horizon.

Though naturally of an almost unconquerable spirit, the hopelessness of his situation overpowered him, and he fell down in agony upon the sand, which he grasped in an agitated spasm. Here he lay until the day was pretty far advanced. On recovering a little, the want of food became insupportable; he hobbled along shore in search of shell-fish, but was obliged to put up with wild shrubs. He sheltered himself this night in the woods which skirted the sea, and in the morning returned to the task of procuring subsistence. With this intent, he walked along the beach, and, at a rocky part of the shore, he perceived several seals; some of them were reposing on the sand, while others lay upon the rocks. Approaching very silently, and selecting one whose head presented a fair mark, he, with a few blows, secured the prize. Being unable to make a fire, he proceeded to cut it up, and selecting a piece of the liver, ate it ravenously. This he had no sooner done, than he was seized with excessive sickness, and was obliged to lie upon the sand for a length of time, completely exhausted. Having refreshed himself with some water, he again pursued his path along shore, when, by great good fortune, he fell in with a tortoise; this he also quickly despatched, and the flesh agreeing with his stomach, renovated his strength; he was soon afterwards enabled to return to the place where he had left the seal, which he forthwith cut up into long strips, and laying them upon the sand, left them to dry, intending to try another piece for breakfast the following morning, the remains of the tortoise sufficing only for that evening.

In this manner he existed for some days, sleeping in the wood at night, and roving abroad in the day; but the supply of seals at last failed him, nor could he find another tortoise, and starvation began once more to stare him in the face. It happened that the weather was particularly pleasant, and he often refreshed himself by sleeping on the warm sand; a gun would have been the means of supplying him with plenty of waterfowl, and he often had the vexation of seeing quantities of such birds fly past him with impunity. One morning, when he had wandered some distance, allaying his appetite with whatever he could find upon the coast, he sank down beside a small bank quite exhausted, and fell asleep. On awaking, he found that he had overlaid a snake; its species was different from the one he had killed in the woods, and it was not quite dead; the unexpected occurrence not a little startled him, and, placing his stick under its speckled belly, he tossed it into the sea. He had not the good fortune, with all his industry, to meet with any provision; he therefore crawled back to the bay. In the morning, which was very serene and pleasant, he sauntered along, but with the same want of success as on the foregoing day; nothing could he find to recruit his strength, which now became seriously impaired, not only from the deprivation, but the quality of the food which he had been obliged to eat. The morning being very far advanced, and the sun pleasantly warm, he threw himself, or rather fell down upon the shore, and obtained in sleep a respite from the pangs of hunger.

On awaking, he beheld the amphibious and black bully-head of a large seal, who, like himself, was basking in the sun, and enjoying a sound sleep; it had taken up its situation, singular as it may appear, almost within the grasp of our famished Crusoe. Astonished at the companionable qualities displayed by his unctuous friend—for "misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows," he raised himself up, and gazed, perfectly panic-struck, on the uncouth monster, who soundly reposed with the utmost tranquillity. From what has been related, it will be concluded that poor Lord was not at this time very strong, and unfortunately he had let fall his club about twenty paces before he sank down upon the shore, and feared that if he got up to get it, he might disturb his reposing companion. He therefore determined on commencing an attack with his knife. He suddenly darted forward, and succeeded in encircling the seal with his arms and legs, and rolling with the creature over and over; but the seal was too strong, despite of all he could effect, and they both rolled into the sea.

Vexed and confounded at the escape of his prey—the more so when he found his hands lacerated in the encounter, he crawled on shore, where he luckily recovered his knife, which he had dropped on the spot where they floundered. As he did not expect another visit from *this* animal, he picked up his club, and began to pursue his road back, benumbed with cold, and much reduced by the heavy fatigue of the day; he had not gone half a mile, when, to his great joy, he beheld a tolerably large tortoise moving up from the sea towards the woods.

He now exerted his utmost strength, and was so successful as to arrive in sufficient time to intercept its retreat, and he proceeded to despatch it without delay. This supply came very opportunely, and after his meal he found himself so much the better, that he reached the tree, where he put up for the night, and slept without disturbance. The next morning he finished the remains of the tortoise, and he then mustered up resolution to enter the forest, in order to keep a look-out from the mountain from whence he had beheld the American ship prepare for sailing. He succeeded in gaining the summit, and remained all this day viewing the distant horizon, but no sail appeared, and the night passed heavily. About the middle of the next day, he was obliged, by hunger, to return to the beach, the island being destitute of berries or fruits.

In this manner he subsisted till the morning of the twenty-first day, which found him on the top of the mountain, reduced to the greatest extremity, and more like an apparition than a human being; "sharp misery had worn him to the bone," and he expected to die very shortly. As his eye wandered round the glittering expanse, he thought he distinguished, in the extreme distance, a dark speck, which he took to be a sail. He gazed at it most intensely, but it did not seem to move, and he concluded it was a rock; in order to be convinced, he lay down, and brought the stem of a small tree to bear upon the distant object, which he now perceived moved along the level of the horizon. It must be a ship, but she was passing the island, and he kept anxiously looking, in the expectation of her fading from his view. In a short time, he could perceive her to be a vessel of some size, but his heart sank within him, when he observed, soon afterwards, that she stood away upon a different tack. In about half an hour she tacked again, and it now became evident that she was making for the island. The joy of the poor sufferer at this welcome sight broke out in sundry raptures and transports. He rushed down the mountain with such little caution, that he stumbled over the broken rocks, and pitched headlong down the broken and rugged descent. After many painful efforts, he staggered from the woods to the sea-shore, and when he beheld the ship come fairly into the bay, and anchor, a boat hoisted out, and pull with long and rapid strokes towards him, he fell overpowered upon the sand.

On the boat reaching the shore, the poor fellow appeared at his last gasp, and all he could articulate was, "Water! water!" One of the sailors brought some in a can, and suffered him to drink his fill; soon afterwards he again swooned away, and in this state they carried him alongside, where he became sensible, but unable to speak or move. His helpless condition rendered it necessary to hoist him on board. Nothing could exceed the kind and humane treatment which he received from Captain Cook and the surgeon of the ship, to whose skill and attention may be attributed his ultimate recovery, as, from the quantity of water the sailor suffered him to drink (which the surgeon succeeded in dislodging from his stomach), in his miserable and emaciated state, the medical gentleman, when he first saw him, had but faint hopes of his surviving; indeed, this gentleman declared that he could not have lived upon the island many hours longer. In a short time he was well enough to leave his cot, when he was informed by Captain Cook, that about a week's sail from the Gallapagos, he had luckily fallen in with the ship by which Lord had been left, when the master told him that a youth had been missed, and was left upon the island; this induced the captain to bear up for the place, otherwise he had no intention of making it.

This individual was afterwards Master's-Assistant on board his Majesty's ship "Druid."—*Abridged from the "United Service Journal."*

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THE RAT:

A MORAL.

In a book of travels, entitled *Four Years in the Pacific*, the author describes a visit to the island of Juan Fernandez, which most readers will remember as connected with the history of Robinson Crusoe, and upon this island, he tells us, he met with a family living on a small farm. The land is very fertile there, and produces crops and fruits with but little trouble to the owner, yet this family did not appear to be prosperous or comfortable, and paid but little attention to the farm. "When I asked them," says the traveller, "why they did not cultivate the ground, they said the rats destroyed all their seed, and after some acquaintance with them, I came to the conclusion that the rat was indeed too strong for them, and that it was of the same breed that desolates many lands, and ruins many families,—Idleness."

Now when I read this passage, I could not help being struck by it; and I said to myself,—"Truly, this breed of rats, which lives and does so much mischief in the little island of Juan Fernandez, hundreds of miles away in the Pacific ocean, is the same as that which so infests other parts of the world." Even in our own country, this highly-favoured land of England, as it is called, it is to be met with; and then I remembered that I had often seen it in my walks and wanderings up and down the land; and this set me thinking whether a few remarks about this rat might not prove of service to somebody.

Rats, as is well known, are very mischievous creatures; they appear to be sworn enemies to domestic economy, for no sooner do they hear of a store of eatables being laid up, against a scarcity, or for the winter, or even for the next two or three days, than they swarm to the place and a general havoc is commenced; they appear to consider it their harvest-time, and eat and waste till all is demolished. At times they will actually devour linen and books, as though they disliked pleasures and comforts; and yet they do not always take up their quarters in the best houses, or where there is most to eat, as might be expected, for they are very often found in poor cottages, places in which they never know where the next meal is to come from; and, strange to say, it is harder work to drive them out of these miserable quarters than from any where else. You may always know the houses where these rats are lodgers; there is a close, unpleasant smell clinging about them; if the window has a blind, it is a dirty one, hanging with a slovenly droop across the window, the floor looks as though it had not been swept or washed for months, and if you peep into a closet or cupboard, you will see such dirt and disorder as will make you glad to shut the door and run away. Three or four grimy children are playing, or fighting, or squalling, at the door like young savages, while their mother stands scratching her head and gossipping with a neighbour a few doors off. You may be sure the rat is in the house; for who but he would have gnawed those big holes in the clothes and shoes of the whole family!

In towns, this rat sneaks into courts and alleys, and other out-of-the-way places, but rather likes being as near a tavern as possible. Yet he shows himself sometimes in houses in the best streets, and as sure as he comes he brings misfortune, and ten to one but that the tenant becomes a bankrupt, and rat has the place all to himself for a time. But although these rats find their way into all sorts of places, I never heard of one being seen in a savings' bank—perhaps they look upon the bank as a trap—as something connected with the workshop.

Cats are well enough in their way, but they are no match for this rat; and as for traps, you need not think to see him taking the trouble to poke his nose into a trap. If the store-rooms happen to be empty, "Well," says he, "I can wait till something turns up, I dare say they will be soon filled again." Meantime he can wait, and if the bread is all gone he can eat potatoes, or even potato-peelings on a pinch, and, if it comes to the worst, he can beg, or go into the union. He is not afraid of the union although he is afraid of the trap; he has a mortal dread of the workshop.

It is not altogether easy to say, why this rat should be so afraid of trap? perhaps he fancies that, if he were taken, some use would be made of him. In China the people eat rats, and although roasted rat would not be much relished in England, still we might make some use of the skins, and the carcasses would serve to fatten the dunghill. However, this keeping out of what he believes to be harm's way, is not prudence, it is laziness or fear; cowards very often pretend to be virtuous.

It does not appear from the book of travels, which I mentioned at starting, that there are any ferrets in the island of Juan Fernandez; it might be well, if some benevolent captain would carry out a few when next he sails into those regions. But, luckily, there are ferrets in this country, and brave little fellows they are—they don't care a pinch of snuff for the biggest rat that ever wore whiskers, and the great lazy rat that I have been writing about, no sooner gets sight or scent of master ferret, than he runs away screeching, if he has time, or he faints, or pretends to be ill, and now and then, not very often, he makes a show of fighting it out, but he soon gives in; and offers, with tears in his eyes, to go to jail, or to work for his living.

There is one ferret better than all the others: he is one of the most enterprising, nimble, sharp-eyed, little creatures you ever saw, and he is game to the back bone—he never gives in, you can always know him by his name, his name is INDUSTRY, and I will back him any day against that big lazy vermin, IDLENESS.

THE WONDERFUL SIXPENCE.

ON a lovely morning in the month of May, as I was travelling in the neighbourhood of a small town in the county of Salop, I was overtaken by a young man of rather grave countenance, and probably about 25 years of age. Happening to be both travelling the same way, we soon fell into conversation about the state of trade, money matters, and other subjects. After we had conversed together a short time on these, he broke out with the following words,—'Well, sir, I will relate to you an anecdote of a boy who was very well known to my father, to show you what can be done with a very small sum of money. The parents of this boy were so poor, that they could not afford to take more than two scanty meals each day. The father, in fact, was not able to earn a livelihood for his family, in consequence of a paralytic stroke, with which he was attacked when the subject of this story was not more than nine years old, so that what little they had to depend upon came wholly from the parish. When this boy was about eleven years of age, a neighbouring farmer one day employed him to assist in driving a few pigs to market, for which he gave him sixpence. The boy on receiving this was so overjoyed that he did not at first know what to do with it; but after considering a short time on the subject, he at last resolved to give it to his parents. When he got home, however, they refused it, saying that, as he had done the work, he had the greatest right to the money. A few days after this, while he was in company with some other boys about his own age, one of them happened to commence talking about rabbits, and told his companions what he had gained by them in the course of last year. This account produced such an effect on the mind of James Hall (for that was the boy's name,) that he resolved to try what he could gain in the same way. So with his sixpence he purchased two young rabbits, a male and female, which, when he had kept them a few months, produced four more. Two of those he sold, when they were one month old, for 3*d*. each, so that by this time he had his sixpence again, and four rabbits besides. Next year the produce of his rabbits brought him 15*s*., with which he purchased a few potatoes, and rented a small piece of land to plant them in. When he had raised his potatoes, he found that he had fifteen bushels, three of which he kept to plant the following year, and the other twelve he sold at the rate of 2*s*. 6*d*. per bushel, which, with 10*s*. saved by his rabbits, came to £2. The following year he went to service, and gave the rabbits to his parents. He, however, rented a larger piece of land for raising potatoes; this piece yielded him sixty bushels, which he sold at 3*s*. per bushel, and having saved 10*s*. out of his wages, he had therefore £9. 10*s*. in his possession. The death of his father, whose funeral expenses cost him £2. 10*s*. reduced his money to £7. In the following year he rented half an acre of land for potatoes, which cost him £3. 4*s*.; this piece yielded him fifty-six bushels, which he disposed of at 3*s*. per bushel. The amount added to £4. 16*s*., which he had in hand, and £1 saved out of his wages, came to £30. 4*s*. The next year he lent £20 out at interest, at the rate of five per cent; with the rest he rented two acres of land, which yielded 312 bushels. The produce he sold at 2*s*. 6*d*. per bushel, which, added to the other £20 and its interest, and £1. 10*s*. laid up out of his wages, came to £61. 10*s*. Next year he lent out £50 at the same interest as before; with the remainder he rented two acres of land, which produced 320 bushels of potatoes. These he sold at 3*s*. per bushel, which, added to the £50 and its interest, and £2 laid up out of his wages, came to £102. 10*s*. But having to pay £1. 10*s*. to a man for raising his potatoes, his money was reduced to £101. About this time he left service, married, and rented a small farm, and by constant perseverance and making a right use of his property, he soon became the most opulent farmer in the neighbourhood, and died worth more than £20,000.—*Manchester Spectator.*

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THE LUXURY OF DOING GOOD.

A young man of eighteen or twenty, a student in a university, went one day to take a walk with a professor, who was commonly called "the student's friend," such was his kindness to the young men whom it was his office to instruct.

While they were now walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in their path, which they supposed must belong to a poor man who was at work in the field close by, and who had nearly finished his day's work.

The young student turned to the professor, saying,—"Let us play the man a trick: we will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind those bushes, and watch to see his perplexity when he cannot find them."

"My dear friend," answered the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of others, especially of the poor. But you are rich, and you may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a dollar into each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves behind the bushes."

The student did so, and then placed himself with the professor behind the bushes close by, through which they could easily watch the labourer and see whatever wonder or joy he might express.

The poor man had soon finished his work, and came across the field to the path, where he had left his coat and shoes. While he put on his coat, he slipped one foot into one of his shoes; but feeling something hard, he stooped down and found the dollar.

Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his countenance; he gazed upon the dollar, turned it round and looked again and again; then he looked about him on all sides, to see who might have put it there, but could see none. Then he put the money in his pocket, and proceeded to put on his other shoe; but how great was his amazement when he found the other dollar! His feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving to God, in which he spoke of his sick and helpless wife, and his children without bread, whom this timely bounty from some unknown hand would save from perishing.

The young man stood deeply affected, and tears filled his eyes. "Now," said the professor, "are you not much better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?"

"O, dearest sir!" answered the youth, "you have taught me a lesson that I hope never to forget. I feel now the truth of the words which I never before understood, '*It is more blessed to give than to receive.*' "—*Old Jonathan.*

◆

Fashion, a Tyrant.—She makes people sit up at night when they ought to be in bed, and keeps them in bed in the morning when they ought to be up and doing. She makes her votaries visit when they would rather stay at home, eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not thirsty. She invades their pleasures and interrupts their business; she compels them to dress gaily, either upon their own property, or that of others; she makes them through life seek rest on a couch of anxiety, and leaves them in the hour of desolation on a bed of thorns.

COLUMNS FOR OUR YOUNGEST READERS.

[We receive from time to time, from valued contributors and others, articles of much merit, yet of a still more juvenile character than are suited to the tone given to the Boys' and Girls' Companion. But, after mature consideration, we have determined to open a portion of our columns to some of these contributions. While this arrangement will not fail to meet the wishes of younger readers and correspondents, we trust our elder subscribers will yet find profitable matter in our Columns for Youngest Readers.]

"I WILL COME IN A MINUTE,"

OR THE EVILS OF DELAY,

"I will come in a minute," said Henry Warldon to his mamma, who had told him to prepare immediately to go to London with her; "but," she added, "I must go without you, if you are not ready, because if I delay I shall lose the train, and shall have to wait an hour for the next, and that I cannot risk, as I have an important engagement to fulfil. Prepare, my dear—come directly, or else you will lose your treat."

"I will come in a minute, mamma," was his reply, as usual.

"Very well, my dear," said Mrs. Warldon, "only remember that I cannot wait for you."

Instead of delaying one minute, he stayed twenty minutes, at the expiration of which time his mother came down, dressed and ready to go. Henry did not see her till she said: "Good bye, Henry," and turning round he beheld her quite dressed.

"Oh! mamma," said he, "do wait just five minutes, and I will be ready."

"No, Henry," said Mrs. Warldon, "you could not dress tidily in five minutes, or even if you could, I could not wait for you so small a space, as it is all the time I have to walk to the station. So, good bye, Henry!" said she, kissing him. "We will talk more of your very bad phrase 'I will come in a minute,' when I return. Good bye!"

So saying, she departed, and Harry was left to his own reflections, which were not of a pleasing nature; he regretted deeply not having gone to dress when his mamma told him. The day passed very heavily, Henry spending the chief part of it in his bedroom, crying with disappointment. At last, when evening came (which seemed to him as if it never would come), a knock was heard at the door; and on Henry going to see who it was, he met his mamma in the passage. "Well, Henry," said she, perceiving he had been crying, "How have you passed the day?"

"Oh, very sadly indeed, mamma," he said; "I was so unhappy at having disobeyed you, and disappointed at not going to London." They were by this time in Mrs. Warldon's room, and while taking off her things, she observed to Henry: "You now see the folly of putting off to another time what ought to be done at once. Your favourite expression, 'I will come in a minute,' is indicative of a bad habit of putting off what you have to do; this is not a small evil, and if you do not try to break yourself of always delaying, you will say and do the same when you are a man, and it may lead to very great misfortunes."

Henry was at this time about seven years old. We will now pass over fourteen years, during all which time he said when wanted, "I will come in in a minute." He had embraced the profession of a doctor, and one evening while sitting in his study, reading, his servant came in and said: "If you please, sir, Mrs. Downton (one of his patients) is much worse, and Mr. Downton has sent for you to come directly."

"Tell the person he has sent, I will come in a minute," said Henry, and continued his reading. Instead of going in a minute, he went in about twenty minutes, and on arriving at his patient's house, he found her just dead. On examination it was found that had he arrived ten minutes earlier, in all probability her life might have been saved. Many of his other patients, hearing this, left him; he thus lost his practice through putting off for a few minutes what should be done at once.

He was at last obliged to move to another place, and the people not knowing him, did not like a strange doctor; he had, therefore, so little practice, that he became very poor. To tell you all his misfortunes would take up the space of a volume, so I will merely add that he died of grief and disappointment, at the early age of thirty-six.

Dear reader, are you free from such a habit of putting off? If not, learn something from this little sketch. Henry Warldon was a good-natured, well-intentioned youth; but how many have been ruined while they have professed to be guided by the best intentions, because they would persist in the habit of putting off that which should be done at once. Let promptitude actuate you in all your actions; and though you may not possess brilliant talents, you will at least go through the round of your daily duties with credit to yourself, and with the praise of all whose good opinion is worth seeking. Rosetta.

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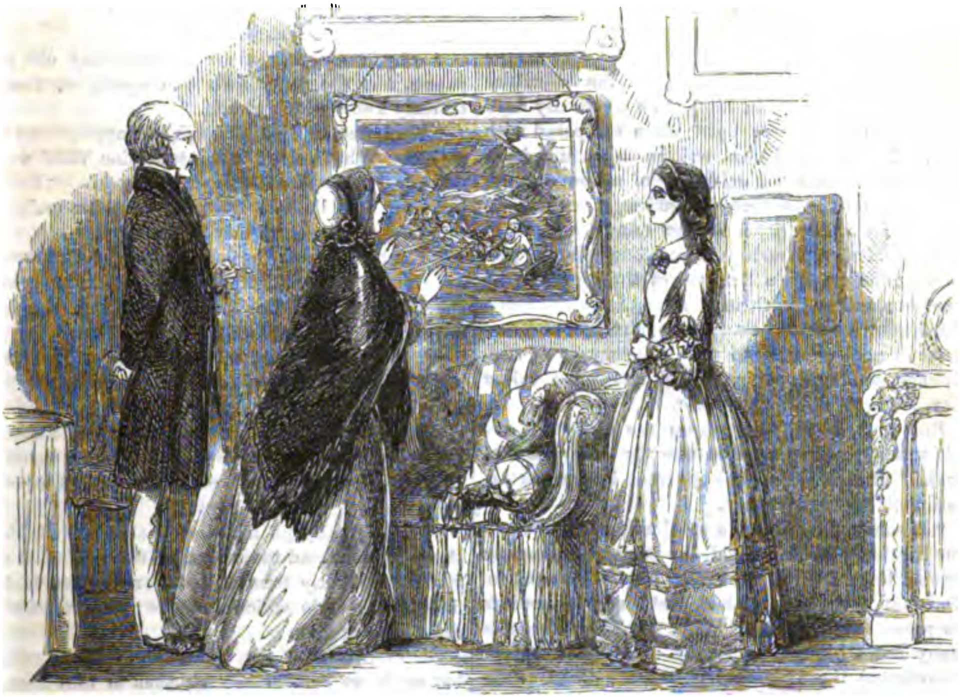
MONARCHS OF ENGLAND SINCE THE CONQUEST.

First, William the Norman, then William his son;
Henry, Stephen, and Henry, then Richard and John;
Next, Henry the Third; Edwards, one, two, and three;
And again, after Richard, three Henrys we see;
Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward, Queens Mary and Bess,
Then Jamie the Scot, then Charles whom they slew,
And then followed Cromwell, another Charles too;
Next James, called the Second, ascended the throne;
Then William and Mary together came on;
Till Anne, Georges four, and fourth William all past,
God sent us Victoria, the loved and the last.



MISS LANCASTER'S SURPRISE.

THE RESTORATION,

A SEQUEL TO THE "ADVENTURES OF AN ORPHAN."

BY RICHARD CHANDLER.

CHAPTER III.

IT is an interesting study to peruse the long list of names of applicants for situations of all classes, which may be found in every impression of the *Times;* and it is a saddening reflection that the applicants far out-number the vacancies. What can be the resource of the rejected? Persevere! persevere! perhaps after a sum, which the advertiser can very ill afford, has been spent in making his wants known, he may get employment at a salary hardly sufficing to keep together body and soul. Complaints are made that the clerk or servant turns out a defaulter, absconds, or is discharged, and another takes his place; and inadequate recompense brings the same result—a faithless servant. So wags the world! Mammon sits enthroned, and adjusts the hire of the workman; sound political economy, the worldling may say, but what is the duty of the Christian employer? The patriarchs' households are spoken of as containing so many "souls;" a modern English establishment—a greater number of "hands."

To put a stop to this somewhat wearisome strain of moralising, I may mention that soon after the conversation chronicled in our last, among the many applications for employment in the advertising columns of the leading journal of Europe, might be seen an unpretending announcement that a village school wanted a mistress. A short statement of the indispensable qualifications followed, and in pursuance of the Baronet's sly suggestion, his simple-minded grandchild included among the necessaries robust, lively health. Oh, the heap of letters which the postman brought to Evershot House, all, or almost all, relating to the vacant situation. Poor Ellie had seldom had so important an office as the choice of the schoolmistress. Even the difficulties which beset the lover in Huffman's mystically droll choice of a bride were light when compared with hers. There were letters written on perfumed papers, the writers being evidently of a class each of which thought herself condescending in making an advance; letters written in the romantic strain of young ladies very fresh from boarding-schools, who thought the teacher's life one of the most intense comfort; and lastly, there were applications from a much more numerous class, timid, anxious, poverty-stricken gentlewomen, to whom the means of subsistence, and any position raised above the vulgar pity, are most desirable objects.

Ellie looked at the heaped-up pile of letters, and felt much perplexed. She scarcely knew how to begin. Her confusion was apparent by the perturbation of her countenance.

"Reminds me quite of a pantlemime, Miss!" said our theatrical friend of old, the jovial Smithers, as he saw budget after budget of letters brought in, (fortunately the postage had just been lowered to its present standard). "Why, there have been as many notes brought in to-day as would keep the Secretiry to the Hadmiralty and the Chief of the Detective Police a month to answer as they should be answered!"

Ellie had usually time and inclination to indulge in a long gossip with her old manager, but now her pressing engagements left her only the opportunity to say, "Rather strange people, Smithers, to amuse themselves by opening these tiresome letters!"

Smithers, who dearly loved a gossip, was evidently hurt at Ellie's laconic remark; but he whistled the air he used formerly to play on the panpipes, and departed.

Sir Francis had a motive in leaving his grandchild to form her own opinions as to the merits of the different candidates for the appointment; he wished to strengthen her judgment, and encourage a habit of reflection, though, of course, in an affair of such importance, he reserved to himself the exercise of his more matured opinion.

"Well, Ellie," he asked when he considered that she had had time enough to do justice to all, "which is the favourite? the young one or the old one, the melancholy lady or the sprightly lass, perfumed paper or coarse envelope, eh?"

"Why, grandpapa, there are so many old and young, and the other sorts you speak of, that I scarcely know which to take."

"Well, let us look through the applications together. What's this? 'Monte Albine Villa' won't do—sentiment, heart-complaint again. 'Bethel buildings'—don't like that, too good for us." So ran on the Baronet, rightly or wrongly.

"I put those away because I thought they would not suit, and those I liked best are here," gently suggested Ellie, calling Sir Francis's attention to a packet of much less size.

"Yes! these seem more like the thing!" exclaimed the Baronet, as he glanced over the applications alluded to; "some sense in these! Ah me! it is a hard thing that some of these people should have to grasp at such a small salary as that we offer. And which is the pearl of pearls, my Ellie,—the chosen among the favourites?"

"Well, grandpapa, if I had a choice, I think I should recommend the writer of this;" and as she spoke she lightly touched a letter directed in the fine Italian style which bespoke a somewhat high order of education.

Sir Francis read the application with attention, but made no further remark than to hint that, as it was then evening, and his grandchild's mind had been much occupied during the day, rest would do her good.

The old gentleman, though outwardly cold and austere, was by no means destitute of real kind-heartedness; and when he was left alone, he proceeded in a most systematic manner to wade through the whole mass of correspondence. Strange to say, for once, youth and age seemed to agree in their views. The writer of the clear Italian hand seemed very eligible, and I think the circumstance which recommended her to both was the fact, that she bargained to be allowed to introduce to the school, and share her apartment with, an orphan-girl of tender age, in whose welfare she was warmly interested. His own career having been so mysteriously interlinked with that of an orphan, the Baronet could not resist this appeal to his sympathy. Besides, the application was couched in such delicate language, as to make a strong impression on any feeling mind.

Resolving to give the preference to one who had attracted the interest of both his grandchild and himself, Sir Francis's last act, before retiring to his bed, was to write to Mary Lancaster, for such was the name of the applicant, making an appointment for her to come down to his residence, and discuss the matter.

It is astonishing how much importance we attach to appearances. Just reason had the sacred writer to warn us not to judge too implicitly by such fallacious guides. Addison, humouring the common wish to be acquainted with the person of the author of the *Spectator*, has given us a faithful likeness of himself and habits, in pen and ink. This general weakness must account for Ellie's curiosity to know what the schoolmistress would be like; her great wish was that the new-comer should not be tall, as, if so, her own somewhat shorter stature would appear to disadvantage. The poor seldom fail in punctuality, when on it depends the means of bettering their position; and by the coach which the Baronet had appointed, came Miss Lancaster and a child, notwithstanding the mildness of the weather, carefully wrapped in tippets and furs. As the stranger advanced to ring the door-bell, Ellie had a good opportunity of forming an opinion as to her appearance. "Just the thing, in point of size!" she muttered to herself, "not too tall or too short; and I wonder who that is with her, a little less than myself! Oh, that must be the poor orphan she spoke of!

Rather to our friend's disappointment, the Baronet preferred to have an interview with Miss Lancaster alone, before introducing her to Ellie, who was left for some time to form guesses as to what was going on in the adjoining room. At last the bell rang, and the servant was bidden to request Miss Gillespie's attendance. She was by no means slow to obey the summons, and the impression she formed of the applicant on a nearer view, was such as to confirm her preference. "What is the name of the little one you have brought with you?" was one of Ellie's first remarks, as she looked towards the child who, with her back towards the strangers, was sucking an orange with great enjoyment.

The little one turned, as she heard herself alluded to and displayed a face edged with the most beautiful natural curls, and lit up by a pair of brilliant blue eyes. Ellie gazed at her with that interest which we cannot but feel when we fancy that we behold a familiar face.

Unconscious of Ellie's bewilderment, the little unknown answered "Agnes," but the reply had to be repeated before the questioner could comprehend it; and, indeed, it is probable the latter might have continued her searching gaze for a much longer period, had not her grandfather recalled her attention, by saying, with a little of his old austerity, "Perhaps, Miss Gillespie, when you have looked quite long enough at the child, you will have time to take some little notice of Miss Lancaster and myself."

"I heartily beg your pardon, dear grandpapa, but I thought I had seen the face before."

"A common mistake with you—is it not, my dear? But, seriously, you will frighten Agnes into fits, if you stare at her so much."

Thus reproved, Ellie paid all possible attention to the subject in hand, and the testy old gentleman soon became sorry that he had spoken so sarcastically to his meek-spirited grandchild. In fact, so business-like were both, that a bargain was soon made, and it was agreed that Miss Lancaster should, early in the ensuing week, release the victim of the heart complaint from her attendance at the school.

Ellie was somewhat sorry that the affair was so soon disposed of, as she felt a great curiosity to hear more of the history of the new schoolmistress, but she considered that an opportunity would present itself for so doing, when she should go to show the new-comer the lodgings which her predecessor had occupied. It seemed, however, that Ellie's curiosity was doomed not to be gratified, for on her proposing a walk for the purpose stated, Sir Francis strongly objected to her going out, lest she should catch cold from dampness produced by recent rain. There was no alternative but submission, so a domestic was summoned to take the place our young friend had hoped would be hers. On the new schoolmistress preparing to depart, Ellie thought she detected in the little one's manner rather more grace than might have been expected, considering the society into which she must have been thrown.

She seemed doomed to be mystified, to use a modern phrase, for, do what she would to gain information from the Baronet about the history of Miss Lancaster and her charge, she was met by very un-satisfactory answers. Just as she was on the point of asking her grandfather bluntly what took place before her introduction, the steward was announced, and the curious little girl was obliged to listen to a long story of the dilapidations and improvements attending Farmer Giles's taking of the vacant farm. All things, however, have an end, and at last the steward left, and gave Ellie an opportunity of saying, "What a nice little child that was that Miss Lancaster brought with her."

"So she seemed," said her grandpapa, coolly, as he proceeded to add up a column of figures which seemed to have some reference to Farmer Giles's tenancy.

When he had finished, Ellie again remarked—"I wonder if they were related to each other."

"Who, my child?"

"Why, Miss Lancaster and the little girl."

"How curious you are become," said the Baronet, almost snappishly. "Do you think a gentleman would wish to pry into the doings of others more than is altogether necessary?"

"But don't you remember having seen that face before?"

"Oh, no, never; all little girls are alike—all teeth and hair," replied Sir Francis, who was a kind of Herod sometimes.

No more questions were at that time asked, and Ellie resolved to wait for an opportunity of asking Miss Lancaster herself about the facts of the case, in preference to incurring any more rebuffs.

What between making preparations for Miss Milne's wedding, and giving a little tea-party to the pupils by way of leave-taking, the time which was to intervene between the engagement of her successor, and the latter's entering on her duties, passed swiftly enough; and almost before Ellie expected them, Miss Lancaster and the orphan arrived at the village.

This time Ellie found means of having a more unrestrained conversation with her new assistant than she had the last time they met, for she insisted on calling at the lodgings of the new-comer, to see if every thing were comfortable.

Miss Lancaster had a warm and sensitive heart, and her timidity soon thawed before Ellie's kindness, so that in a short time the two were sufficiently well acquainted to become confidential.

"I am afraid," said the schoolmistress, "that you will find me rather awkward at the begining, for I am not used to teach such great children as yours seem to be: my experience in my mother's lifetime was almost entirely among infants at the Sunday-school. You will, I trust, find me willing to exert myself; and should I at first not be so successful as I desire, I doubt not that patience will enable me to overcome most difficulties."

"And have *you* lost a mother, then?" asked Ellie, in a tone of deep pity. "I should like to hear a little of your history, if you will not think me rude in asking."

"By no means," replied Miss Lancaster, in a melancholy manner; "but I am afraid I could tell you little that would interest you. My father was a boatswain in the royal navy, and, I believe, my mother held a higher position in society; but they say it was a love-match, and I was the only child of it. I seldom saw my father, as he was for long periods together absent from England with his ship; and during his absence we lived very economically, supported by a portion of his pay, which he remitted to us, and a little money which my mother used to get from a lawyer, in the Temple; she said it was from a distant relation, but it ceased with her death. About three years, ago my father died of yellow-fever, caught at Port Royal, and from that time mother's health failed, and she only survived the news of his death a few months. I was then, my dear Miss Gillespie, left an orphan in the world, with not a friend or adviser."

"And how did you live?" asked Ellie; touched by the recital of events which reminded her so sadly of her own career.

"I rather existed than lived. Oh! I was very wretched; but the poor cannot afford to despond, so I worked early and late with my needle, and eked out the sum I thus earned by teaching the children of the neighbours reading and writing; in fact, keeping them out of mischief. Latterly, a district visitor came, and found me out in the obscure alley where I lived, and by her recommendation, I taught a class in the Sunday-school, for which I got so well paid that I had meat for dinner almost every other day. Truly the help came at the time of my sorest need, for I had but the day before called on the gentleman in the Temple, who used to pay my mother her little money, and asked him to help me; but he said he had no orders to continue the payments, and his clerks stared so rudely that I was glad to get away. He was a kind man, however, for he shook hands with me when I left him, and there was a half-crown passed from his hand into mine. Ah, Miss Gillespie, you little know the troubles of the poor! However, God be thanked for giving me a stout heart, and my dear mother for bringing me up respectably."

"And how did you come to keep little Agnes, then, if you were in such want yourself?" asked our young friend, in a tone in which sympathy prevailed over curiosity.

"Will you excuse my saying more about that now," pleaded the schoolmistress, and the tears stood on her cheeks. "I will tell you all when I am more calm, but now I am agitated."

So gentle a hint that she sought to know more than her companion was then in a position to disclose, had a greater effect in silencing Ellie's inquiries than Sir Francis's less delicate suggestions. Having done all that lay in her power to ensure the comfort of her assistant, the more fortunate orphan took an affectionate leave of her, and it was some time before she again alluded to the topic which so much interested her.

We need not dwell long on the progress of the village school; suffice it to say that Miss Lancaster performed her duties in a very satisfactory manner, and became quite a favourite with the good people, both old and young, as did the little one who shared her room and fare. Miss Milne changed her name to Mrs. Giles a short time after her release from her duties as schoolmistress, and Sir Francis, who was of a liberal disposition, took advantage of the occasion to give a grand treat to his tenantry and their children. Our friend Saunders was immensely delighted at the circumstance, and made his playmates laugh heartily, by saying he hoped all the schoolmistresses would have heart-complaints, and give him an opportunity of eating plum-cake at their wedding-feasts. Little Agnes was the admired of all admirers, as she gracefully joined in the sports of the village children, her fair complexion contrasting strangely with their sunburnt cheeks. It was strange that although particularly attached to Ellie, and by no means reserved on most subjects, she would never give any information as to the manner and time of her introduction to Miss Lancaster.

When the little ones, having brought their amusements to a close, retired to their homes, Ellie derived great satisfaction from discussing the events of the day with her grandfather.

"Would not the tea-party have made a nice picture, grandpapa?" she observed; "little Agnes looked so pretty, did she not?"

"You show great taste, my dear;" said Sir Francis. "By the way, talking of pictures, I wonder what Mr. Bellingham will bring out at the next Exhibition. Do you remember how much you were struck with his shipwreck, when you first saw it. I suppose now you can see it every hour, you do not think so highly of it."

Ellie blushed at the slight reproach which her grandpapa's remark conveyed; but as she could not deny that the possession of the picture had, in some measure, taken from its value in her eyes, she was on the point of begging Sir Francis to forgive her apparent indifference, when a sudden thought burst upon her mind.

"Oh, grandpapa!" she exclaimed, "do you not, then, remember who Agnes Lancaster is like?"

"Likenesses again, my dear! I must beg you to excuse me from guessing."

Gently taking him by the sleeve, Ellie led her grandfather opposite the picture alluded to, and asked, in a tone of triumph—

"Is not that little girl the image of Agnes?"

"Why, there is some faint likeness," said Sir Francis, carelessly, "but it is very, very slight; the hair is lighter in the picture than the reality; and, besides, the painted child looks so much more delicate than Agnes. I am afraid, my Ellie, it is but one of your mournful resemblances."

"Well, grandpapa, let Miss Lancaster be judge. Oh, do send for her! I am sure she would willingly come."

"A strange time for her to leave her home! but, as you seem to have set your heart on seeing her, I dare say she would oblige you."

So Ellie once more had her own way, and the schoolmistress was requested to come to Evershot House.

She was much puzzled to find an excuse for the errand, and Miss Lancaster's astonishment increased when Ellie rather bluntly asked her if she was a good judge of painting.

"I have seen a great many, but I am not a very good judge of their merit."

"But at least you would know a likeness, if you saw it?" and putting her opposite Bellingham's painting, Ellie inquired if she could recognise the child.

"It's my Agnes—my own Agnes!" said the young schoolmistress, as much struck with the likeness as her young friend had been."

"Did I not say so?" cried Ellie, in a tone of triumph. "Now, grandpapa, what do you say?"

"Well, I suppose you are right," said Sir Francis, with the air of a man but partially convinced.

"And Agnes was the name of my poor little sister; and her eyes were bright blue, and her hair golden, like Agnes Lancaster."

"Singular coincidence!" remarked the Baronet; "but, if you please, Ellie dear, we will talk more about the matter to-morrow. I dare say, when you are less excited, Miss Lancaster will give you all the information in her power."

It was trying to the orphan to be checked just at the threshold of a discovery, as she fondly anticipated; but the Baronet forbade all further allusion to the subject, and, after having partaken of refreshment, Miss Lancaster departed, promising to meet Ellie at the school-room a little earlier than usual on the morrow.

The next chapter will give the result of the interview.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE STORY OF
THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

THIS extraordinary person, whose exploits form one of the most brilliant adventures in modern history, was the daughter of Jacques d'Arc, a peasant residing in the village of Domremy, then situated on the western border of the territory of Lorraine, but now comprehended within the department of the Meuse, in the north-eastern corner of France. Here she was born, according to one account in 1402, according to another in 1412, while other authorities give 1410 as the year. She was one of a family of three sons and two daughters, all of whom were bred to the humble or menial occupations suitable to the condition of their parents. Joan, whose education did not enable her even to write her own name, adopted at first the business of a seamstress and spinster; but after a time she left her father's house and hired herself as servant at an inn in the neighbouring town of Neufchateau. Here she remained for five years. From her childhood she had been a girl of a remarkably ardent and imaginative cast of mind. Possessed of great beauty, and formed, both by her personal attractions and by the gentleness of her disposition and manners, to be the delight of all with whom she associated, she yet took but little interest either in the amusements of those of her own age, or in any of the ordinary occurrences of life. Her first, and for many years the all-absorbing passion was religion. Before she left her native village most of her leisure hours were spent in the recesses of a forest in the neighbourhood. Here she conversed not only with her own spirit, but in imagination also with the saints and the angels, till the dreams of her excited fancy assumed the distinctness of reality. She believed that she heard with her ears voices from heaven; the archangel Michael, the angel Gabriel, Saint Catherine, and Saint Margaret—all seemed at different times to address her audibly. In all this there is nothing inexplicable, or even uncommon. The state of mind described has been in every age a frequent result of devotional enthusiasm.

After some time another strong sentiment came to share her affections with religion—that of patriotism. The state of France, with which Lorraine, though not incorporated, was intimately connected, was at this period deplorable in the extreme. A foreign power, England, claiming the sovereignty of the kingdom, was in actual possession of the greater part of it, and had garrisons established in nearly all the considerable towns. The Duke of Bedford, one of the uncles of Henry VI. the King of England, resided in Paris, and there governed the country as regent in the name of his young nephew. The Duke of Burgundy, the most powerful vassal of the crown, had become the ally and supporter of this foreign domination. Charles VII., the legitimate heir of the throne, and decidedly the object of the national attachment, was a fugitive, confined to a narrow corner of the kingdom, and losing every day some portion of his remaining resources. These events made a great impression upon Jeanne. The village of Domremy, it appears, was almost universally attached to the cause of Charles. In her eyes especially it was the cause of Heaven as well as of France. While she lived at Neufchateau she enjoyed better opportunities of learning the progress of public affairs. Martial feelings here began to mix themselves with her religious enthusiasm—a union common and natural in those times, however incongruous it may appear in ours. Her sex, which excluded her from the profession of arms, seemed to her almost a degrading yoke, which it became her to disregard and to throw off. She applied herself accordingly to manly exercises, which at once invigorated her frame, and added a glow of finer animation to her beauty. In particular she acquired the art of managing her horse with the boldness and skill of the most accomplished cavalier.

It was on the 24th of February, 1429, that Jeanne first presented herself before King Charles at Chinon, a town lying a considerable distance below Orleans on the south side of the Loire. She was dressed in male attire, and armed from head to foot; and in this disguise she had travelled in company with a few individuals whom she had persuaded to attend her one hundred and fifty leagues through a country in the possession of the enemy. She told his Majesty that she came, commissioned by Heaven, to restore him to the throne of his ancestors. There can be little doubt that Charles himself, or some of his advisers, in the desperate state to which his affairs were reduced, conceived the plan of turning the pretensions of the enthusiast, wild as they might be deemed, to some account. Such a scheme was not nearly so unlikely to suggest itself, or so unpromising, in that age, as it would be in ours, as the result which followed in the present instance abundantly proves. At this time the town of Orleans, the principal place of strength which still held out for Charles, and which formed the key to the only portion of the kingdom where his sway was acknowledged, was pressed by the besieging forces of the English, and reduced to the most helpless extremity. Some weeks were spent in various proceedings intended to throw around the enterprise of the Maid such show of Divine protection as might give the requisite effect to her appearance. At last, on the 29th of April, mounted on her white steed, and with her standard carried before her, she dashed forward at the head of a convoy with provisions, and in spite of all the opposition of the enemy, forced her way into the beleagured city. This was the beginning of a rapid succession of exploits which assumed the character of miracles. In a few sallies she drove the besiegers from every post. Nothing could stand before her gallantry, and the enthusiasm of those who, in following her standard, believed that the invincible might of Heaven itself was leading them on. On the 8th of May the enemy, who had encompassed the place since the 12th of the preceding October, raised the siege, and retired in terror and disorder. From this date the English dominion in France withered like an uprooted tree. In a few days after followed the battle of Patay, when a great victory was won by the French forces under the command of the Maid over the enemy, conducted by the brave and able Talbot. Two thousand five hundred of the English were left dead on the field; and twelve hundred were taken prisoners, among whom was the General himself. Town after town now opened its gates to the victors, the English garrison retiring in general without a blow. On the 16th of July Rheims surrendered; and the following day Charles was solemnly consecrated and crowned in the cathedral there. Having now, as she said, fulfilled her mission, the Maid of Orleans petitioned her royal master to suffer her to return to the quiet and obscurity of her native village and her former condition. Charles's entreaties and commands unfortunately prevailed upon her to forego this resolution. Honours were now lavishly bestowed upon her. A medal was struck in celebration of her achievements, and letters of nobility were granted to herself and to every member of her family. Many gallant and successful exploits illustrate her subsequent history; but these we cannot stop to enumerate. Her end was lamentable—indelibly disgraceful to England, and hardly less so to France. On the 24th of May, 1430, while heroically fighting against the army of the Duke of Burgundy under the walls of Compeigne, she was shamefully shut out from the city which she was defending, through the contrivance of the governor; and being left almost alone, was, after performing prodigies of valour, compelled to surrender to the enemy. John of Luxembourg, into whose hands she fell, some time after sold her for a sum of ten thousand livres to the Duke of Bedford. She was then brought to Rouen, and tried on an accusation of sorcery. The contrivances which were resorted to in order to procure evidence of her guilt exhibit a course of proceedings as cruel and infamous as any recorded in the annals of judicial iniquity; and on the 30th of May, 1431, she was sentenced to be burned at the stake. During all this time no attempt had been made by the ungrateful and worthless prince, whom she had restored to a throne, to effect her liberation. In the midst of her calamities the feminine softness of her nature resumed its sway, and she pleaded hard that she might be allowed to live. But her protestations and entreaties were alike in vain; on the following day the horrid sentence was carried into execution in the market-place at Rouen. The poor unhappy victim died courageously and nobly as she had lived; and the name of her Redeemer was the last sound her lips were heard to utter from amidst the flames.

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The Clothes of Females and Children, when on Fire, may be most readily extinguished by rolling the sufferer in the carpet, hearth-rug, table-cover, a great-coat, cloak, or any other woollen article at hand. If this be expertly done, the flames may be put out. Should assistance not be at hand, the person whose clothes are on fire should throw herself on the ground, and roll the carpet round her, as before described; or if such a thing is not in the room, she should endeavour to extinguish the flames with her hands, and by rapidly rolling over and over on the floor. In this way the fire will be stifled, or at least, the combustion will proceed so slowly, that less personal injury will be experienced before assistance arrives. The advantage of assuming the horizontal position is manifest, from the fact that, nine times out of ten, it is the lower parts of the dresses of females that first catch fire. The hoop-petticoats and full skirts, now so much worn, should be discarded, on account of their danger, even if there were no other reasons for abolishing contrivances of such questionable taste. The impossibility of extinguishing these puffed-out skirts, when accidentally ignited, is proved by the number of fatal cases from burning clothes which we have lately read of in the public prints.—*Handy Helps to Useful Knowledge*, No. 9.

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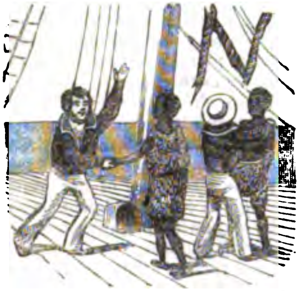
DR. LIVINGSTON.



NO man of late years has better deserved the honours bestowed upon him than the indomitable one whose name appears at the head of this brief narrative. Notwithstanding much has been said, and more has been written, concerning his travels and discoveries in the land of the sable sons of Africa, we can hardly allow the opportunity to pass without giving our young readers some few particulars concerning this persevering man and the extraordinary scenes through which he has passed, some of which are almost as wonderful as those of Gulliver, possessing all the charm of novelty and romantic incident.

DR. LIVINGSTON ATTACKED BY A LION AT NIGHT.

Neil Livingstone the father of our hero, was a native of "the land of brown heath and shaggy wood," and he appears to have resided for upwards of thirty years at Blantyre, in Lanarkshire, where he was employed in the linen factories; there he took for his wife Agnes Hunter, a lass in the like humble circumstances with himself; and there were born unto him three sons, and, as it appears, two daughters. Of these three male descendants, the elder, John, is now in business in Canada; the younger, Charles, is a minister of the Gospel in the United States; while the middle son, David, is he on whom lately the attention of the public of this country, and indeed of the whole civilised world, was turned. We may as well at once state, in order that he may also have our undivided attention, the few particulars which it may be desirous to mention, with regard to the elder Livingston. This father of a veritable hero (for such the subject of our sketch well deserves to be called) removed from Blantyre to the town of Hamilton about sixteen years since, and there his widow and two daughters at present reside, much beloved by all who have the pleasure of their friendship, and respected by those of the neighbourhood.

Let us now go back to the Blantyre works, where as boy, youth, and man, Dr. Livingston wrought, first as a piecer-boy, and afterwards as a spinner, gaining the respect and good-will of his employers by his steadiness and sobriety, and the love of his fellow-workmen and acquaintance by his kindly and affectionate demeanour.

Blantyre, as our readers are no doubt aware, is in the neighbourhood of Glasgow; and to the university, or other scholastic establishments of that city, many young Scotchmen of the humbler classes were, and are, accustomed to resort, to satisfy that thirst for knowledge which appears more especially to distinguish the North Briton. Thither, too, repaired young Livingston; attending classes during the winter months, and working steadily in the factories while the summer lasted. He is said to have exhibited in very early life the marks of a resolute and vigorous character; he studied early and late while it was time for study, and worked as a man should work, when the season for bodily labour came; lived frugally at all times, and indulged in no enervating excesses; in short, did thoroughly whatever he undertook to do, and thus in some degree prepared himself for that great work which he was afterwards to accomplish. Did the young student, when he left his humble lodging in Glasgow at five o'clock in the morning, and climbed with willing steps the academic stair of Anderson's College, ever dream of the trials and labours which awaited him, and of the conquest which he was to achieve over difficulties almost insurmountable—ever dream of a wild, wide region, peopled with barbarious tribes, where the foot of civilised man had never trodden, where the good tidings of salvation had never been proclaimed—that he was to be the first to penetrate that unknown country, and to open the way for Christian truth and civilisation to the hearts and homes of those who sit debased by ignorance and sensuality, and overshadowed by the gloom of fetishism, and other false and monstrous devices of Satan?

What circumstances, or train of thought, it was which first induced David Livingston to determine on devoting himself to a missionary life, we cannot tell; but certain it is that he did so resolve, and having offered his services to the London Missionary Society, he was, September 1838, summoned to London, to undergo the necessary examinations before the directors of that society. He and another candidate for admission into the noble army of soldiers of the Cross were, after they had satisfactorily answered the questions put to them, sent on probation to a training establishment, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Cecil, at Chipping Ongar, in Essex. Mr. Inglis, another probationer, went down to the academy at the same time. Among the students then there were Messrs. Drummond, Hay, and Taylor; the first of these is now a missionary in the Samoan Isles, the second in India, and the third died on his way to the South Seas. Livingston is spoken of by one of his fellow-students here, as "a pale, thin, modest, retiring young man, with a peculiar Scotch accent." If you broke through the crust of his natural reserve, you found him open, frank, and most kind-hearted, ever ready for any good and useful work, not even excepting grinding the corn necessary to make brown bread for the establishment, chopping wood, and such-like laborious though healthful occupations. He was fond of long walks, and for six months he and his friend used to traverse the Essex flats together, sometimes extending their peregrinations into the more romantic neighbouring counties. Twelve or sixteen miles were often thus traversed; and the friends, as they passed along enjoying the beauties of nature, indulged, we may be sure, in profitable conversation, anticipating, no doubt, the glories and triumphs of the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom, and strengthening and encouraging each other to pursue the path of Christian duty, with faith and earnestness of purpose.

TEACHING THE NATIVE CHIEFS TO READ.

Livingston was, and, we believe, still is, a strong advocate for teetotalism: when at Ongar, he and some other of the students drew up a pledge, which they severally signed. He did not in his student days shine as a speaker—his oral delivery was slow and hesitating. "I recollect," says one who knew him at Ongar, "that once he had bestowed great pains on the composition of a sermon, and when he attended to deliver it from memory, the whole had escaped him, and he was left in Egyptian darkness." These reminiscences of the early life of a great man are interesting; we must not, however, dwell upon them longer, but pass on to state that, in 1840, just when he had attained the age of manhood, our hero was appointed to a South African station, to which he shortly after proceeded. Landing at the Cape, he passed into the interior, beyond the Orange River, into the country of the Bechuanas, where, at a station called Kolobeng, he laboured earnestly and unostentatiously for eight or nine years. During this time the celebrated missionary Robert Moffat was also pursuing his labours in the same region, at Kuruman, which was the most distant outpost of Christianity, until Livingston established himself two hundred miles further to the north, impelled by a desire to carry the light of revealed truth as far as possible into the dark realms of heathenism. These two earnest missionaries, of course, became intimately acquainted, and the union of hearts was cemented by the marriage of the younger with Moffat's daughter.

Dr. Livingston took four great journeys through the interior of Africa, setting out from the missionary station of Kolobeng, the furthest inland, that is, 1200 miles from the Cape of Good Hope. He first travelled towards the centre of the vast continent. After an absence of more than four months he returned to his station, having, during this journey discovered the great lake Ngami. On his second journey he took with him his wife and children, as well as some natives. After a time—being opposed by the tsetse, an insect whose bite was poisonous to his cattle, and his children and followers laying prostrate by a malignant fever—he once more returned to Kolobeng.

Early in 1851, then, we behold our devoted missionary set forth on his third journey to the lake region, the very stronghold of the deadly malaria, guarded as it is, too, by the innumerable host of the venomous tsetse. He is accompanied this time by another European and his family. Again he reaches the Zouga, which he crosses near a place called Nahokotsa, and then proceeds through a desert tract of country in which are several salt plains of great extent, one of them being about fifteen miles across, and probably one hundred miles long—it is called by the natives Ntwétive. Beyond these saline tracts, the travellers come upon a hard, flat country, covered with mopane trees, and abounding in springs, gushing out of limestone rocks. But soon they leave this land of shade and water, and, guided by some Bushmen, cross an excessively dry and difficult district, and strike upon a small river, called the Mambali; here they meet with some Bushmen, and some men of the Banjoa tribe. Entertained and assisted by these friendly children of the desert, they push on through swampy grounds, and in a few days reach the river Chobe. Once more he returns to Kolobeng, and from hence passes on with his wife and children to the Cape; sees them safely on their homeward voyage, and again turns his attention towards the north.

It was late in the year 1852 that our enterprising missionary set out on his fourth journey; excepting some native followers, who did not accompany him further than Linyanti, he was quite alone, and after he had crossed beyond the Zouga, and plunged into the vast *terra incognita* of Central Africa, he was lost to the civilised world for upwards of two years. The first intimation of his whereabouts which reaches Europe is dated from Angola, on the west coast of Africa, 14th January, 1855.

On penetrating into the interior, at the commencement of this journey, instead of salt plains and rocky tracts of country, he came into a densely wooded district, where the wild vines stretched their lithe arms from tree to tree, and hung out their purple clusters to refresh the weary traveller; and weary enough he was, for to make his way through the tangled underwood, and grass from eight to ten feet high, he was obliged to perform the double duty of driver and pioneer, having, as he tells us, "either the axe or the whip in hand all day long," until he came to latitude 18 deg. 4 min., when he found himself again approaching the Chobe, and the great mesh of rivers of which it formed one of the threads.

Now, however, he found it far more difficult to travel in this watery region, which the natives call Linotkanoka (meaning rivers upon rivers) than it was during his former journey; for now it was the wet season, and the banks were overflowed, so that the whole country was like a great swampy lake, with islands here and there, showing their green tree-crowned heads above the surface. How then was Linyanti to be reached, situated as it was in the very centre of this network of confluent streams and submerged tracts of country? No waggons could cross the swollen stream of the Chobe, and traverse those subaqueous districts; the traveller, if he went at all, must proceed on foot, and this Livingston determined on doing, although he could reckon upon little or no assistance from his followers, who, at this critical juncture of affairs, all except one, had fallen sick. Leaving them, therefore, with the wagon, he set out, determined, as was his wont, to overcome all obstacles, and make his way to the chief town of Makololo, if there was a possibility of doing so. He had brought a small pontoon with him from the Cape, and this he and the lad managed to carry, with what difficulty we may well imagine, when we are told that they had to go "splashing through twenty miles of inundated plain," sometimes crossing streams half a mile wide, like the Sanshurah, and abounding in hippopotami. Nor was this all; for when, after some days of this amphibious kind of travelling, Mr. Livingston had, by climbing a high tree, been gladdened by the sight of the Chobe, he found that it was rendered almost unapproachable by its broad belt of reeds, water-flags, and other aquatic plants, whose thickly planted stems were interlaced by a creeper like the convolvulus, which bound them together and formed one mass of tangled vegetation; through, or rather upon this our traveller and his attendant struggled on, bending down the reeds and papyri upon the green network below, to form foothold above the water, which was often deep, and still carrying the pontoon between them. We may imagine how toilsome must have been such a mode of progression; and then there was the chance of an ugly crocodile poking up its monstrous jaws, and making a snap at the adventurers' legs, which were intruding on its watery domain; or of a huge hippopotamus showing its ugly head and disputing the way. Down upon their unprotected heads shone the burning sun, and up from beneath rose the seething vapour, laden with the deadly miasma, and stinging insects buzzed and hummed around them; but still they struggled on, and at length got near to the clear mid-current of the Chobe. But what is this? Another obstacle arises, more formidable far than the tangled mass of reeds and flags and intertwining creepers—"a horrid sort of grass, about six feet high, and having serrated edges, which cut the hands most cruelly," and against which even leather and moleskin afford no adequate defence, for the knees of the traveller's trousers and the toes of his boots, although nearly new, are quite cut through. A rough sort of a protest this, on the part of the naked African, against European innovation and refinement, and one moreover, which was scarcely foreseen. No doubt the horrid grass had never before come in contact with boots and moleskin "unmentionables."

In due time, however, our missionary providentially reaches Linyanti in safety, the territory of a friendly chief named Sekeletu.

Once more at Linyanti, with Sekeletu and his people, our missionary is anxious to instruct them, although he has no idea of remaining longer than may be necessary to complete the arrangements for his journey; he therefore endeavours to prevail on them to learn to read; but this appears in their eyes such a mysterious, and indeed supernatural acquirement, that the matter must be well considered before it is entered on. Many were the palavers which were held on the subject; and at length it was resolved that two old and experienced chiefs, near relatives to the king, should be the first pupils, as they might, by their wisdom and experience, ward off any evil effects likely to result from meddling with this great mystery, and warn others of the dangers which might attend the process. Accordingly one morning, these grave and reverend seigneurs set to work in a room of the royal residence,—*the* room we might as well say, for it had but one,—under the direction of the white teacher, to learn the sound and significance of A B C, those mysterious characters which were impressed upon the pages of the holy book, and a knowledge of which enabled its possessor to talk with the great spirits and do other wonderful things.

Here our hero tarried some time; but after awhile, towards the end of June, 1853, he took his departure, down the great river Zambesi, being provided with canoes by the friendly chief.

At the end of the first day, he found himself fifty miles farther up the Zambesi than the point from which he started; and his sable attendants were astonished to see him, on landing, fix his astrolabe, and take an observation to determine his latitude and longitude. "May be he is talking to the stars," said they among themselves; and still greater grew the respect, amounting almost to awe, with which they regarded him. It had been reported among the Makololo, who had witnessed similar consultations of the heavenly bodies, that he had brought the sun and moon in his pocket; and no wonder, for did he not, on his last visit, drop among them from the clouds? We may fancy the superstitious reverence with which these simple-minded people would regard such a man, and wonder not at the readiness with which they volunteered to accompany him whithersoever he would go.

After innumerable dangers our hero and his sable companions reach the coast at St. Paul de Loanda. Mr. Livingston's Barotse friends were stricken with astonishment at what they considered the magnificence of the place. What great houses! big enough for a nation to hold a palaver in. The church—ah! that is a stately building! Look inside at the altar-piece, and the images, and the crucifix! Never had the poor heathen such splendid gods to bow down to as those; this was far beyond their idol-craft. The governor's residence! What would Sekeletu say to such a palace as that, with its projecting roofs and verandahs!—all covered with trellis-work, interlaced with magnificent creepers; its great gates, and high walls, and paved courts, with fountains and lemon and orange-trees. They look at each other in astonishment, and say "Good! good!" nodding their heads, and bursting out into short laughs, as pleased children do. And the grand people that went in and out of those grand houses, with no end of rich clothing, and horses, and mules, and gay carriages, and negroes to wait upon them,—what mighty chiefs they must all be! The beautiful ladies and the fair children! Surely these be not common wives and piccaninnies, but a superior race of beings. And then the priests, with shaven crowns, and long garments of black and white: these are the rain-makers and medicine-men in antic dresses. But the greatest wonder of all was the sea. As they stood upon the shore, and gazed out on the broad expanse, they could scarcely believe their eyes: they looked first down upon the ground, and then at each other in mute astonishment. What said they among themselves? "No more earth?—all gone?—dead and done for? We were told that the earth had no end, and yet here is the end. Wonderful! But the ships! the big canoes! Where could trees be got large enough to cut them out of? Who could manage the paddles of such vast machines? See! see! they move!—they move without paddles; these white men have caught the foam from the falls of the Zambesi, or the clouds that fill the sky in the rainy season, and fastened them to the straight stems of the young palm-tree; and so the ship moves along, guided by an unseen spirit. Wonderful! Can these be the great sea-wagons, of which our fathers have told us, and in which so many of our unhappy countrymen have been taken away to a life of slavery in lands afar off? Into these did they put those poor manacled creatures taken in the wars of our tribes, and sold to the white man, to be fattened and eaten, or to be kept to toil and suffer for the pleasure of their masters?" So would these simple children of the valley beyond the Leeambye talk and reason on all the new and strange objects which they beheld, and although they were treated most kindly by the people of the place, and had almost unbounded confidence in Mr. Livingston, yet, when asked to go on board one of the British cruisers, although they did not refuse to do so, they went with fear and trembling, thinking that, after all, the story of the fattening and killing natives for white man's food might, as they had heard, have some truth in it. The cordiality of their reception on board the strange ship, however, soon set their fears at rest. The officers made them understand by smiles, and more substantial tokens of friendliness, that they were welcome guests; and the jack-tars shook them by the hands, patted them on the backs, tickled them under the ribs to excite merriment, laughed and jabbered with them in such a comical, frank, hearty and jovial manner, that the Barotse were quite delighted, and would have gone anywhere with their new friends without suspecting or fearing harm.

Returning from their visit to this ship, and filled with astonishment at everything they saw, they were ready to fall down and worship Mr. Livingston, whom they now, more than ever, regarded as a superior being. He it was who had safely conducted them through so many dangers, and brought them to this place of wonders;—he it was to whom all these white men, so rich and so powerful as they seemed, paid such attention and respect. He had evidently done some great thing, and he must be a chief mighty above all chiefs. They saw him, after awhile, rise from his bed of sickness, on which he lay down, as it seemed, to die, changed and renovated; and they heard him tell them that he meant to go back to Linyanti, notwithstanding all his former sufferings, and the perils that he knew beset the way, with feelings of admiration, not unmingled with awe. Many were the presents they received from the governor, the merchants, and other inhabitants of the place, for themselves and their chief; but they wanted to take back more curious things, to show and to talk about, to exhibit the astonishing amount of information which they had gained, by explaining the nature and uses of those things. So, having learned that by labouring they could earn money, which would purchase more, they engaged to empty a vessel laden with coals, which had come in to be relieved of her cargo. At it they went, thinking that the job would not be a very long one. "Oh, we shall soon get them all out," they said confidently to each other. And so they worked away, with good spirits for one day;—two, three,—not empty yet? four, not yet? Nay, the ship seems to have as many as ever in it. And so they gave it up as a bad job, and they never could understand how it was that so many "stones that burn" could be got into one ship. They used to think, at one time, that their canoes were about the finest vessels in the world, and that they were the most dexterous and the bravest sailors; but when they had seen the boats and ships of these white men and the bold and fearless way in which they ventured forth upon the rough sea, their estimate of themselves as sailors and marine architects sunk marvellously, and their astonishment was visibly depicted in their countenances.

We must not forget to mention one adventure of our traveller, which had nearly terminated his career, viz., his having been attacked by a lion while resting at night somewhat apart. His attendants, alarmed by the report of his musket, came to the spot, and found him senseless, with his arm most severely lacerated, and the fierce king of the desert lying dead a few yards off.

Our space will not permit us to trace the progress of Dr. Livingston back to Linyanti, and from thence to Quillimane on the opposite coast, at which place the "Frolic" was in waiting for him. We, therefore, conclude with the following affecting incident:

On this occasion when our traveller and one of his African attendants were to embark for the Mauritius, great was the astonishment of the latter when he looked for the first time upon the wide open sea, and saw the great ships at anchor by the wharves of Quillimane, or go to and fro with their white sails spread like the wings of some immense sea-birds. Like the Barotse at Loanda, he was all amazement, not unmingled with terror. The ocean, when he first gazed on it, was agitated by a tempest, which prevented the "Frolic" putting in to take the travellers on board; so they had to go out in a boat, and as it rose and fell, now on the crest, now in the trough of the waves, he kept turning to Dr. Livingston, as though looking for safety, and exclaiming, "Is *this* the way you go? Is *this* the way you go?"—doubtless thinking, all the while, that it was a very strange way indeed! But it was a tragical end which befel the poor Makololo who was fairly, as it seems, scared out of his wits. The many new objects which he saw, and the constant calls upon his faculties of fear and wonder by all these strange sights, caused too great a strain upon his untutored mind. Having received him and his master on board, the "Frolic" bore away for the Mauritius, and there, in the harbour of St. Louis, she was approached by a steamer vomiting black smoke, and churning the water into foam all around her. This was the climax to the awe-stricken native; she appeared like some huge sea-monster, coming to swallow him up. With a wild shriek, and arms tossed aloft, he sprung over the bulwark of the vessel he was in; and although great efforts were made to save him, they proved unavailing, and Dr. Livingston had to lament the loss of a faithful and attached friend and servant.*

After a short sojourn in this country, our bold traveller has returned to Africa, accompanied by such facilities as may be needed to successfully carry out his mission, and with a grant of money placed at his disposal by the government of this country. May God preserve this intrepid man, and prosper the cause of civilisation in Africa!

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OUR VILLAGE CHARACTERS.

NO. III.—AUNTY.

There is a great difference between living in a healthy picturesque village, where you are intimate with every one, and in a crowded unhealthy city, where the person who occupies the next house to yours is quite a stranger to you.

In town, a person's character (unless he be a public man) is known only to a few of his acquaintance, while in a village you know every one, and any good qualities you may possess will be noticed by others, and you will be respected accordingly. There is no doubt the fine lady of the town would look with contempt on our humble dwellings, and perhaps ask our doctor if we died of any other disease but *ennui;* yet there are many of our neighbours who would not change their lowly cottage for the most magnificent castle, and who could tell, from experience, that true happiness is a more frequent inmate of the cot than of the palace.

Such a neighbour is "Aunty."

Yes; poor old Aunty, though not dressed in silks, and bedecked with costly jewels, is as happy as the prince in his ermine, and we doubt not has more true friends.

But who is she?

I asked a merry little youngster that question once, and the reply was, "The keeper of the sugar-plums and picture-books." If that be true, she is a character that will interest all of you. Perhaps you would like to see her, if so, you must manufacture an ideal figure from the few facts I give you, and exhibit it to yourselves.

She is old, and though her hair is grey she is not ashamed of it, well knowing the wise man's estimation of the gray head; her dress is antique, and her cap is one of those high-crowned ones which gives to her a motherly look. Her countenance shews a mixture of kindness and firmness. The well-set firmly closed lips would indicate the presence of the latter quality to perhaps an undue extent, were it not that the benevolent expression of the eyes conveys an idea of a really loveable disposition. According to Phrenology, the organs Veneration, Benevolence, and Firmness are highly developed. And he must have very little of the former who could help respecting her. She sits in one of those old high-backed arm-chairs that are seldom seen now, with a seat large enough for two.

The furniture of her little room is made of that carved oak which must have been made in her great grandfather's time. It is beautifully polished, and the quaint devices of some of the carvings make us think we have been carried back to the middle ages, and are gazing at the dwellings of our ancestors. One table in particular affords us great pleasure. The feet are carved like the paws of a lion, and when the cloth is laid, it would seem as if it partially concealed a brown dog. Hung around the room are several pictures, mostly scriptural, and a piece of needle-work with the date 1780, and the motto "Above all things get wisdom." Upon the chimney piece are several ornaments of very old china, and in the middle is suspended the portrait of her soldier son, long since dead.

This is Aunty, the young girls' friend.

"Aunty! Aunty! we are going to the fair!" exclaim half-a-dozen gaily-dressed girls, with faces like roses,—"what shall we bring you?"

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* We have to express our obligations, in a considerable portion of this article, and for the engravings, to a beautifully illustrated work, called "Dr. Livingston: his Life and Adventures in the Interior of South Africa," &c., published by Houlston and Wright, price 5s.

"Bring me home," said she, "characters as good as you go with, and I shall be satisfied."

"That we will, Aunty, we promise you. But do let us bring *you* something! Do, now!"

"Bring home spirits as light and buoyant as you take with you, and you will oblige me."

"Yes, Aunty; and what for you?"

"Well, bring me yourselves, as healthful as you are now, without any headache or heartache,—I want nothing else. Only promise me to do that,—and keep your promise."

"But do you really want nothing else, Aunty?"

"Why, what else can I need? I ask you to bring a good character, good spirits, and good health; can you name anything of greater value?"

"But for yourself, we mean."

"Nothing else; thank you for your kindness, and remember to have my presents ready, and be at my house at seven o'clock to-morrow morning."

"That we will!—that we will!" said they, and went gaily to the fair.

Seven o'clock came in due course the following morning, but the girls thought it came a long time too soon. They never remembered feeling their eyelids so heavy. Aunty was up a long while before the appointed time, and, healthy and fresh, commenced her accustomed morning task—watering her flowers. Her promised visitors, however, felt sleepy and sickly.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven-n-n!" say all the clocks in the village,—but no girls have come yet, and Aunty is looking for a jar in her cupboard containing senna-leaves.

The old clock in the church-tower waits for no one, but boldly rings out a quarter past seven, when the girls enter the garden-gate. Ah, what a difference between their present appearance and their looks on the previous day!

"Well," said Aunty, "here you come; where are my presents?"

No answer.

"Ah! I see how it is," she continued; "those gifts which you estimated so lightly, and promised so readily, you have failed to bring me. A neighbour, who before spoke well of you, tells me you behaved like giddy girls yesterday, so that your character does not stand so high as it did. As for spirits, you have none, and late hours have not improved your health. But "it is never too late to mend;" and this is the wisdom I would have you learn from your experience: Be slow to promise, and quick to perform. Never call anything pleasure which is purchased by pain."

There are but few people in Our Village, and it follows, as a matter of course, that most of them are of the ordinary cast; so that Aunty will have to close our "Village Characters."

H. M. CRUISER.

Holbeach, 1858

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ALLIGATORS IN INDIA.

THESE creatures are very fearful tenants of the rivers throughout the south-western provinces of Hindostan. The above mailed animals abound in the Ganges, the Irawaddy, the Hoogly, and the Cavery, running to an enormous size. They are as wary in their disposition as they are destructive in their predatory prowess. A monster alligator having been accustomed daily to frequent a particular spot on the banks of the Hoogly river, between Budge Budge and Myapore, was in the habit of concealing himself in a patch of dwarf holly, ever looking out for any animal's approach that might come that way. He was as vigilant as a cat, and would rush from his shrouded seat of ambuscade upon his victim quite unexpectedly, carrying the same into the water without admitting a possible chance of its escaping. Reports had reached me that several Mutahlee wallers (fishermen) had been from time to time found missing at the periods when they were expected to arrive home to their families. This circumstance created considerable alarm and consternation among the inhabitants. One evening, as I was occupied on the grounds of my residency, my ears were assailed by piercing shrieks proceeding from a human being, apparently not thirty yards from the place where I was standing. Almost simultaneously several voices exclaimed, "Burruh muggor Hurrydor puckerou" (a large alligator has just carried off a man of the above name). "Burruh hurrum-zuddah hi" (he is a very dreadful blackguard.) It would appear that the devouring monster had emerged out of the Hoogly tide-way into my garden, and had taken up a concealed position amid a plantation of aloe shrubs; and that the coolie, who was engaged as a labourer upon the farm, on his way to the stream, to perform the customary duty of ablution, had been suddenly seized by the hideous crocodile, and borne away immediately into the flood. This fact at once convinced me that he was an habitual nuisance of a most dangerous character. In the course of the week, on keeping a vigilant look out after him, we observed him stealing along the garden towards a large tank that was situated in the "compound," which he entered. This piece of water was well stocked with soles, beetee, pufthur, ruce, kutler, and other fish, which quarry there can be no doubt he was intent upon. The men watched the opportunity of his receding from the water and taking to the bank. This he did on the following morning, and assuming a basking position, sleeping under a hot and piercing sun, with his wide jaws fully extended. These chekorries took a ready and effectual advantage of the opportunity which presented itself to them, and discharged the contents of their matchlock (balls) into the carnivorous gaping chasm exposed to them. He momentarily plunged into the tank, but very shortly afterwards returned to the land and expired. The abhorrent-looking creature measured 19 feet two inches in length, was of the hog-mouthed class of alligators, and presented a most formidable mouth of tusks. On being opened, there were discovered in his stomach five large brass bangles, a certain proof that he had devoured several women, whilst they, no doubt, were in the act of performing ablutions in the River Hoogly. In the fort ditch of Cuttack was recognised an immense alligator, which had sacrificed human beings, consisting of men, women, and children. This animal would emerge from the moat, and attacking them on the midaun (plain), bear them off to the Mahanuddue river, which was hard by, and demolish them. This unseemly brute was shot, and was, when fairly measured, 21 feet long. In the Soobunreeks river, opposite Jellasore, was killed one of these hideous creatures, measuring 22 feet long. He had destroyed many of the villagers, who were imprudent enough to venture near his haunts. He was on one occasion discovered in a nullah, the waters were shallow, and was attacked by the villagers with poles, spears, and stones, and finally burnt to death, by the introduction of lighted trusses of rice straw. In the River Cavery, which washes the great projecting rock of Trichinopoly, in the Madras Presidency, were numerous prodigiously large and fierce alligators, which were in the constant habit of carrying off the Sepoys stationed in the cantonments near the river. There were also a large colony of red-faced monkeys which occupied the above rock, which were in the practice of playfully gambolling on their freehold precipice. Hardly a day passed by but two or more of these apes fell a ready sacrifice to the artful and watchful enemy, who would crawl from the bed of the estuary upon land, and conceal his person beneath the shelvings of the rock, unperceived by the monkeys above, and bear his nimble victims into the water with incredible celerity. It is fabulously idle for persons to assert that the crocodile and alligator cannot run or turn round with facility. They are both, like all the lizard tribe, remarkably agile, and, by the contortion of their tails, can spin round with ease.—*Auceps, in Westminster Review.*

DIRECTIONS FOR OBTAINING

THE SKELETONS OF LEAVES.

CHOOSE the most perfect leaves, and put them into a large deep jowl or milk-pail of rain-water. Place the vessel in a sunny spot, exposed to the air, and *shake* it now and then, but by no means *stir up* the contents, for that would injure the fibres of the leaves.

When the water dries away, fill up the vessel again without changing the remaining water. The leaves must remain in water until the outer skin is loosened from the fibre, then they may be taken out, and gently rubbed between the fingers and thumb; and in some cases, a piece of soft flannel may be used for the purpose. In some leaves, as the ivy and holly, the outer skin will come off whole, or nearly so; but in others, like the Magnolia, it will require rubbing four or five times, with intervals of several weeks.

When the skeleton is perfect, it may be bleached with a little chloride of lime, well diluted with spring water. Sometimes, a few minutes will suffice; but leaves of strong fibre often require some hours to whiten.

July and August are the best months for making choice of leaves. If, when held up to the light, any small spots of decay or crack be observed, it will not be a good leaf to choose.

The time required for steeping depends on the season. Close, hot, thundery weather, does the work most quickly.

The following list of plants will be found to succeed without much difficulty:—

Leaves.

Pear, Apple, Poplar,	about 3 or 4 weeks.
Kidney bean ..	,, —— ,,
Tulip tree ..	,, 5 or 6 ,,
Ivy and holly ..	,, 3 or 4 months.
Magnolia ..	,, ——
Sycamore ..	doubtful time.

Flowers.

Hydrangea ..	about 6 or 7 weeks.
(These must be fingered under water.)	
Stramonium Seed-vessel	3 to 5 weeks.
Calyx of the Atropa Physaloides	6 to 8 ,,
Winter Cherry.. ..	——

The leaf of any tree that contains caoutchouc is *likely* to succeed. The Indian-rubber leaf may often be found among the refuse of a greenhouse in perfection, only requiring to be bleached.

N.B.—The vessel of water may be pretty well filled with specimens. They will not injure one another if not too rudely shaken and stirred, and the larva of the gnat breeds in great numbers, and assists in the process, while it is quite harmless to us.—*Floral World.*

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THE MICROSCOPE.

It is now many years ago, since Mr. Clarke was sent out, by the "Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, to Bengal, in order to convert as many of the benighted Hindus to Christianity as possible. His talents were of the highest order, his zeal well known; it was, therefore, most sanguinely expected that his mission would be crowned with success. On his arrival, the Governor-general, finding that his means were small, and truly sympathising in the feelings of those who thus endeavoured to awaken the sense of the heathen world to "light and life," gave him the direction of a free-school, and one or two other minor posts, which considerably increased the worthy missionary's income.

After several ineffectual attempts to convert the natives, poor Clarke returned in despair to Calcutta, feeling more than half inclined to sail for Europe, so much did he take his repeated failures to heart. He was, however, dissuaded from this step, and applying himself assiduously to the management of his scholars, he strove to banish from his mind the thorn which rankled there.

One day our missionary learned, to his great joy, that a Brahmin of the very first rank had arrived in the metropolis. Determined to bring matters to an issue, Clarke wrote to him, and begged him to meet him on a certain day, when he undertook to convince him (the Hindu priest) of the errors of his faith. To this the Brahmin consented, and, at the time appointed, the Heathen and the Christian champion met to discuss, in the presence of several witnesses, the merits of their respective creeds.

As is usual in polemical discussions, the controversy was opened by several queries and answers. For half an hour neither party had put forth a startling proposition; the wily Indian taking care to confine himself to the defensive. Tired at length, by this scene, Clarke suddenly and abruptly asked him—

"Are you forbidden to eat anything in which animal life exists?"

"I am."

"Have you ever broken through this law?"

"Never."

"May you not unconsciously have been led into this crime?"

"Impossible.'

"Will you swear to it?"

"Most solemnly I do."

"Do you ever eat pomegranates?"

"Daily."

"Bring me some of that fruit, then," rejoined Clarke, turning to a servant, His order was complied with; the pomegranates were brought. "Choose one." The Brahmin did so. "Cut it in two." With this direction he complied. "Place it here," and Clarke assisted him to put it beneath a microscope—"Now look at it."

The Brahmin did so: but no sooner did he apply his eye, than he started back with affright. The fruit was perfectly alive with animalculæ. The puzzled Hindu drew out the pomegranate (which, perhaps, our readers are not aware, is more closely filled with insects than other fruit), looked at it, examined it, replaced it, and again beheld the myriads of living creatures with which it was rife. He felt it with his hand, to convince himself that there was no trick in the affair. Then, suddenly drawing himself up, he slowly and mournfully uttered, "It is true."

"You acknowledge, then, that you have sinned unconsciously? That everything being filled with animalculæ, invisible to the naked eye, you can neither eat nor drink without committing a crime?"

The abashed Hindu bowed.

"Shall I show you how full of similar insects every drop of water is?"

"No, I have seen enough."

"Do you desire further proof?"

"I have a favour to ask."

"What is it? If I can, I will grant it."

"Give me your microscope. I cannot buy it; give it me."

Clarke paused for a moment, for he had that morning paid ten guineas for it; and, being a poor man, he could ill afford to part with it. But, as the Hindu was exceedingly urgent, he at length consented (especially as he thought the other would afford him in return some curiosity of equal value), and presented it to him.

The Brahmin took it, gave one look of triumph round the hall, and suddenly raising his arm, dashed it into a thousand atoms on the marble floor.

"What do you mean by this?" exclaimed Clarke, in undisguised astonishment.

"It means, Sir Christian," replied the Hindu, in a cold, grave tone,—"it means that I was a happy, a good, a proud man. By means of yonder instrument you have robbed me of all future happiness. You have condemned me to descend to my grave wretched and miserable!"

With these words the unfortunate Brahmin quitted the hall, and soon after retired up the country.

Very much similar to this, have many men treated the Bible. That book has told them that they are sinners, that they are born in sin, and shapened in iniquity. They have then dashed the Bible from them; but that does not prove what it reveals to be erroneous, any more than the destruction of the microscope by the Brahmin proved that living insects were not in the pomegranate.

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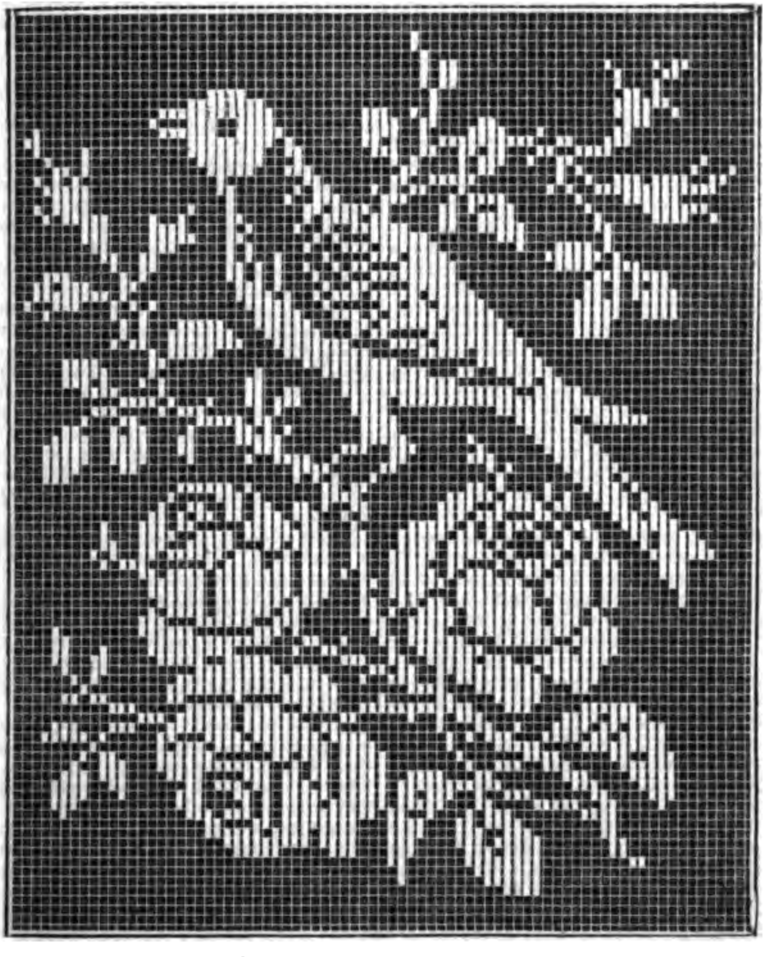


DARNED NETTED WINDOW CURTAIN.

THE GIRL'S WORK-TABLE.

By MADAME EUGENIE.

DARNED NETTED WINDOW CURTAIN.

As Darned Netting is now so much in request for Summer Curtains, we this month give a beautiful pattern from the new part of the "Ladies' Book of Fancy Work." We would recommend that work to such of our subscribers who have not seen it. Darned Netting is one of the most elegant kinds of work for window curtains or anti-macassars of any that is done, and gives greater facility for tasteful designs. For when a pattern is worked, and an extra spray would improve it, it may, in darning, be put in, whilst in crochet it cannot be added; besides which, it is much lighter, and the pattern shows by far more clearly in darning than it does in crochet; but care must be taken in choosing the cottons to match. The cottons we would recommend for a general size window would be Evans' Boar's Head Netting Cotton, No. 4, and Knitting and Darning Cotton, No. 4; the darning cotton should be of such a softness and thickness that it will fill the square or diamond, by being passed across it four or six times. For such of our readers who are not sufficiently acquainted with Netting, we give instructions from the above-named little book.

The implements are simple, and the stitches few and easily understood; and the patterns, formed with or without darning, are extremely durable. One superiority which Netting has over all other work is, that each stitch is so firmly tied, that its breaking does not in the least affect any other. The implements used in Netting are a Netting Needle and a Mesh,—the Needle is made of ivory or steel, long, and split at each end, with a hole through which the cotton is passed and fastened before winding from end to end of the Needle. The sizes of the Needles are numbered from 12 to 24; the higher the number, the finer the Needle; and the fineness or coarseness of the work must be regulated by the Mesh. The Meshes are also made of steel, ivory, or wood. The ivory or steel ones are the finest, and only used for fine light work. Many of the Meshes are flat; and in using them, the width is given; the round ones are measured in the same gauge as the knitting needles.

The first stitch to be learnt in Netting is termed Diamond Netting, the holes being in that form. To do the first row, a stout thread for foundation is tied both ends together, and fastened to the knee with a pin, or passed under the foot to hold it tight; the end of the thread on the needle is tied to this; the mesh being held in the left hand on a line with it, take the needle in the right hand, let the thread come over the mesh and the third finger, bring it back under the mesh, and hold it between the thumb and the first finger, slip the needle through the loop over the third finger, under the mesh and the foundation thread; this will form a loop which must be passed over the fourth finger; withdraw the third finger from the loop, and draw up the loop over the fourth, gradually tightening it on the mesh, keeping the thumb firmly over the mesh, while forming the stitch. When the necessary number of stitches are made on the foundation, the other rows are to be worked in the same way, backwards and forwards.

Square Netting is exactly the same as Diamond Netting, with the exception that it is commenced at a corner with one stitch, and increased by doing two in one at the end of each row, until the required width is attained.

The beauty of Netting consists in its fineness and regularity; loops longer than others should be avoided; all joinings of the thread must be made in a very strong knot, and, if possible, always at the end of a row, in order that the piecing may not be seen.

◆

FLORAL ADVICE FOR JUNE.

By G. M. F. G.

> "Oh, who that has an eye to see,
> A heart to feel, a tongue to bless.
> Can ever undelighted be,
> With Nature's magic loveliness!"

MOST readers who have acted upon the advice of these papers will have the pleasure of witnessing and enjoying the bright colours and sweet fragrances of flowers which have been cultivated by their own hands, during the present month, thereby reaping the reward of their labour. Many too, we hope, now feel that indescribable pleasure of marching to business in the morning with a firm step, and a rose, a geranium, or a bunch of violets of their own growth, blooming in the button hole, and exciting the envy of thousands, whose indolence alone has prevented them from growing their own floral beauties.

Much of the pleasure and nearly all the satisfaction to be obtained from a garden at this season, depends upon a strict attention on the part of the gardener to neatness and cleanliness in every department; and as this, in the majority of cases, requires attention rather than much additional labour, we hope the importance we attach to it may be felt by our readers. The gardener will do well to go round with the determination of finding fault with himself (not with his men); he will often discover that this is productive of good, and much more satisfactory than if it emanated from his employer. The operations recommended must not be considered as peremptory duties, but probable ones, depending on circumstances and the weather. The young gardener has now much leisure time; let us impress upon his mind its importance for improvement and study.

As some few amateurs may not be aware of the fact that plants cannot by any possibility have too much light, I will just say a few words on the subject, namely:—Always place the stand on which you keep them opposite the window, and as near to the glass as possible; bearing in mind, that rapidly growing plants require the most light, and should, therefore, take precedence of the rest; or in other words, occupy the front row.

Examine dahlias for earwigs, which are very troublesome just now, and require all your attention to keep them under. Tie them up to their stakes as they advance in growth, and give them plenty of water after sunset every afternoon. Now is the right time to take cuttings of fuchsias, heliotropes, geraniums, verbenas, or any description of greenhouse plants for striking under a hand-glass in an ordinary hotbed; also for potting off struck cuttings, or for planting them in the flower border. Water pansies freely during the hot weather, make new beds, plant out seedlings, take off side shoots, which will make handsome plants, and strike them under a handglass, and sow seed if you feel so disposed; but above all, shade those in flower from the mid-day sun. Annuals that have gone off may be replaced by new ones, which have been protected through the cold weather in pits and frames. Plant out biennials and perennials that are big enough, although I confess it is, as yet, somewhat early. Auriculas must have protection from heavy rains as well as from the scorching sun; their drainage ought also to be looked to. Shade and water ranunculuses as often as you find it requisite, which can alone be ascertained by a careful examination every now and again. Bud roses as soon as an opportunity presents itself; and put in a few cuttings of the smooth-barked kinds, to strike under a handglass on a warm border. Tie up the stems of carnations as they progress in growth. As soon as the first blooms of pink have perfected themselves, you may commence propagating them by pipings, which will require protecting by a handglass, and shading from the mid-day sun. The directions given for carnations will equally apply to piccotees.

Keep the hoe continually at work, for two reasons—destroying weeds, and loosening the earth between plants. Watering is very requisite just now, and on that account should claim a portion of your attention. Bulbs not intended to stand the winter,—such as anemones, hyacinths, ranunculuses and tulips—may be removed, as soon as the foliage begins to decay, with safety. Seed vessels, if seed is not required, as also dead leaves, decayed flower stalks, and other litter, should be removed.

◆

Various are the faculties which young people possess. One is enabled, at a very early age, to make progress in drawing; another in geography; another in music; a third in languages. Some excel in bodily exercises; in walking, running, cricket-playing, or climbing; while others have a strong bias for mechanics or study; but whatever the bent of the mind, or the faculties of the body may be, the most important thing is to make them useful. I used, when a boy, to be very fond of the globes, and was much pleased in showing different countries to those who knew less of them than I did. On these occasions I made the most of my small stock of knowledge, talked of the latitude and longitude of places on the earth, and of the constellations among the stars. Often since then have I smiled to think how, with so scanty a portion of knowledge, I could venture to instruct others.—*Boy's Week-day Book.*

THE CRICKET MATCH!

The sun shines brightly, bring out the bats;
Quickly and sprightly throw off your hats.
Jackets of wool,—belts of leather,—
Quickly get dressed,—assemble together.
Down with the wickets,—put them all right—
Two feet three, you remember, 's the height.
Now, take your places,—shout, slip, and long;
One "to long" field, lusty and strong—
Listen! 'tis time! The Umpire calls "Play!"
We shall lose the ball! Hasten away!
"Play!" says the bowler,—quickly begin;
Only scout well, we *are* sure to win.
Umpire says "Out!" so give up the bat;
Down go the wickets, on the ground flat.
Nine, ten,—the whole eleven are out—
Hurrah! hip! hurrah! all the boys shout.

The others enter, take their places;
At the swift balls making wry faces.
Well caught! Well thrown! that's very well done!
Quick with the ball, or they'll get a run!
Now the whole are all out—"What's their score?"
For it's too late to play any more.

Oh, dear me, our side have lost by one,—
Hurrah! hurrah! "The Holbeach" have won.

H. M. Cruiser.

◆

ONWARDS, ON!

I marked a maid in robe of white
Lead on a squadron to the fight;
Fluttered no plume, no armour shone,
Her battle cry was "Onwards, on!"

So dread, yet stirring is that cry,
The coward bears him gallantly;
And standers-by their armour don,
And join that war shout, "Onwards, on!"

I marked a ship—the tempest's prey—
Masts, bulwarks, sails, are rent away:
Ye cravens, help, or hope is gone!
Rings that stern summons, "Onwards, on!"

The wide-robed maiden cleaves the wave,
The former dastards now are brave;
The boat is launched, the wreck is won,
Still shouts the maiden, "Onwards, on!"

I marked the sombre scaffold reared,
The victim comes, his path is cleared;
Why speaks he in so proud a tone?
He hears that summons, "Onwards, on!"

I marked a woman's tearful face,
Her son lay cold in death's embrace;
Of peace or comfort had she none:
Still shouts the maiden, "Onwards, on!"

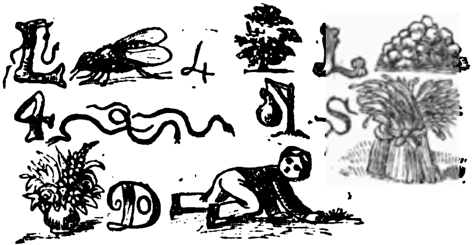
Changed is the voice from that which led
The warriors on, o'er heaps of dead;
Pity reigns in her mien alone,
Yet firm her accents, "Onwards, on!"

R. C.

THE HAPPY HOUR.

HIEROGLYPHIC SENTENCE.

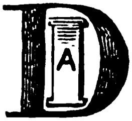
33



KEZIA.

HIEROGLYPHIC COUNTRY.

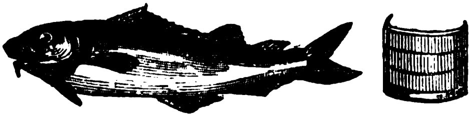
34



H. M. C.

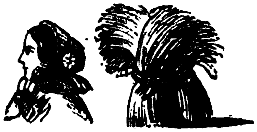
TOWNS HIEROGLYPHICALLY EXPRESSED.

35



GOLDSMITH.

36

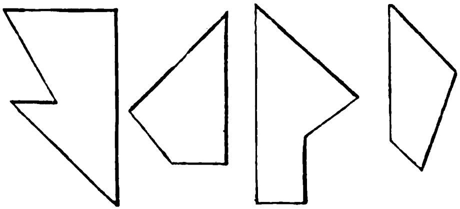


KEZIA.

PRACTICAL PUZZLE.

37

Take a piece of cardboard, and cut out one of each of the figures in the following diagram. The Puzzle is to so place the pieces that they form a perfect square.



E.

ENIGMAS.

38

My whole backwards and forwards, you'll find, is the same;
Behead me, I'm the first man who e'er on earth came.
When my tail is cut off, I become a girl's name,
Which when read backwards and forwards is just the same.
Put my tail on now, of my head make me shorter,
And you will find that I quite keep out the water.
Behead me once more, and you then will agree,
That I am part of auxiliary verb "to be." ISRAEL.

39

My first you often see at dinner table,
I'm sometimes nice, and sometimes disagreeable;
Behead me, and you'll find then
That I'm studied by scientific men.
Transpose me, and then you'll see
A preservation of boats I'll be.
Transpose again, and I a plague to man become,
And sometimes by me your house is overrun.
And now I think you know my name,
As I have nearly told the same. KATIE.

CHARADES.

40

I am a word of 8 letters; my 2, 6, 3, 4, is a common liquor; my 2, 3, 7, 8, is part of an English verb; my 5, 7, 1, 8, an ecclesiastical title; my 4, 7, 5, a colour; my 1, 5, a Latin preposition; my 5, 7, 1, 5, what we shall all be; my 2, 6, 1, 4, a ferocious animal; my 8, 3, 5, a boy's name; my 2, 7, 6, a place of repose; my 4, 3, 6, 5, a wild plant; my 5, 3, 8, a cave; my 2, 7, 1, 5, an ornament; and my whole is a town of Scotland. POMPEY.

41

My first is fighting; my second is a carpenter's tool; my whole is a town of Europe. CHARLES A. EMPSON.

42

My first is a rather nice wine, and to take a place by storm; my second is woven in a line, and is very nice and warm; my whole is a kind of stuff, which is very coarse and rough. ROSA.

REBUSES.

43

The initials form the name of a great naval commander.

a. A famous sea-fight.
b. A large animal.
c. A great city.
d. A county of England.
e. A Christmas fruit.
f. A Roman emperor. V. A.

44

The initials give the name of a country in Europe.

a. A town in Northumberland.
b. A town in Cumberland.
c. A philosopher of Italy.
d. A river of Spain.
e. An isle discovered by the Norwegians.
f. A town in Lancashire.
g. A town in Nottinghamshire. CAIUS.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

45

a. BEHRRSSUWY.—An ancient town on the borders of Wales.
b. AADEEMRRTUS.—A province of Spain.
c. AEEHMRNLCUU.—A city of Italy overwhelmed by Mount Vesuvius.

46

Twice reverse a quadruped, and after each other place,
And you'll bring to light one of a wandering race.

Robert Johnson.

QUESTIONS.

47. What is the lengths of the rivers Sacramento, Murray, Lena, Jordan, and Loire?

48. What is the areas in square miles of the lakes Baikal, Chad, Aral, Erie, Mara Caybo, and Belaton? Antonio.

HISTORICAL MENTAL PICTURES.

49

A number of armed barons and a king are discussing in an open field. Windsor is in the distance. The barons appear to be requesting the king to sign a document one holds in his hand. Their looks and words are threatening; and the king through fear complies with their request, and lays the foundation of English freedom. H. M. C.

50

A man from amid the foliage of an oak is looking down upon a party of horsemen who are in search of him, but who pass by without discovering his retreat. H. M. C.

51

The scene is a battle-field. Two armies are fiercely contending for victory. In the thick of the fight are two combatants on horseback, who by their dress and bearing are apparently of higher rank than the rest. One is an aged man, the other young and active; and they are fighting desperately. Suddenly, and just as it appears that the elder must yield, he raiseth his visor, the young man utters a cry of horror and astonishment; and, springing from his horse, kneels, as if asking forgiveness.

Mary Katharine.

RULES FOR COMPILING AN ENIGMA.

When you sit down to write an Enigma, beware
Of the language you use, for without proper care
It might read inconsistent, so mind that 'tis penn'd
In a straightforward style from beginning to end.
At least, that is to say, let each trait be correct,
And whatever description you give, as select
As plain words will convey it, that every one
Who peruses the same will cry—very well done!
This is not composed so as to wantonly tease,
But compiled with a view to enliven and please;
For although it perplexes, as puzzles should do,
Every thing that is stated is perfectly true.
Not such falsehoods as these—which is known to be wrong—
Namely—pigs play the banjo, a cobweb is strong,
Saucepans dance on a tight-rope, a cricket-ball's flat,
Or that flies are as big as the crown of one's hat.
Now adhere to these rules, and between you and me,
You'll have cause to be thankful to G.M.F.G.

◆

ADDRESS.

Dear Boys and Girls,—In the present number, Mr. Chandler, in his interesting story of the "Restoration," has described his heroine, Ellie, as being quite bewildered at an enormous pile of letters received in answer to an advertisement in the *Times* newspaper, from which she has to select the party best fitted to fill the required office of teacher. It is an old saying, that truth is stranger than fiction, and applies with peculiar significance in the present instance; for your Editor ventures to assert that our talented friend's *imaginative* mountainous correspondence does not nearly approach the magnitude of his *real* one. Indeed, on being shown the drawer which contained the many responses to his last month's invitation, he felt, like Ellie, perfectly amazed; and the first idea which flashed across his mind was, if this correspondence continues to increase, as it is certain to do in still greater proportion, "won't the postman require a respectable Christmas-box from our friends the printers, when that festive season comes round!" He soon, however, grew sentimental over the matter, ordered the printer's boy—sly young rascal!—to remove the drawer to his *sanctum sanctorum*, doffed his hat, and, seating himself, proceeded with his labour of love.

The sentiments expressed in your letters, and the zeal which one and all appear to evince in procuring new subscribers to the "Companion" by recommending it to your friends, is exceedingly encouraging; and the results of your efforts during the past month to extend its influence is already made manifest in the increased demand for the Publication thoughout the country. Our efforts cannot fail to strengthen with your zeal; so that before long we have reason to hope that the *Boys' and Girls' Companion* will be the most popular periodical for youth.

It has occurred to us that we might still further expand your intellects, and promote a taste for literary composition, by establishing a new feature in the "Companion," entitled **THE LETTER WRITER.** It is of great importance that youth of both sexes should be enabled to indite a good letter, as nothing tends so much to elevate the character, and gain esteem: yet, unfortunately, hew few possess the ability to do so—the difficulty being to shape the thoughts into proper form. Nothing but rigid perseverance will overcome this difficulty, and acquire the accomplishment of this desirable art. To encourage and stimulate you to this, we have resolved upon setting apart a portion of our space to the publication of the letter which, in our opinion, possesses the most merit. The opening subject, which will form No. 1 of a series, to bo continued monthly, we propose to be—

From a Son to his Parents, on hearing of the Death of a Brother in the Indian War.

We wish it to be understood that competitors may be of either sex. whose age shall not exceed twenty years; and for the proper carrying out our object, we would desire that the following rules be complied with:—1. That the letter be written in a plain and legible hand, on *one* side of the paper only. 2. That it shall not exceed in length six hundred words. 3. That it shall be strictly original, emanating directly from the writer. 4. That each letter shall bear the name, or assumed name, of the writer, and be at the Editor's office on or before the 20th of every month. Presentations of Certificates of Merit, beautifully printed in gold and colours, and framed, will be made, at the close of the present volume, to each competitor whose letter has been printed in the "Companion."

We now take our leave of you for another month, feeling assured that your zeal will not abate in furthering the extension of the publication, and that the new feature now introduced to your notice will meet with many a hearty response.

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AWARDS.

First Class.

Alexander.—Rosetta (pressure of matter has prevented the earlier insertion of your sketch; we shall at all times be glad to receive contributions from you).—Antonio (your solutions certainly did not reach us last month; they would have entitled you to first-class award).—Philip (do not write on ruled lines).—Norman G. (answer to question in our next).—Georgie (very clever solutions)—Eva M. T. (poetical solutions are not required, as their length would necessarily prevent us publishing them; forobtaining three new subscribers accept our best thanks).—**Henry Rose** (we admit all competitors under the age of twenty; your clever drawing is deserving of great praise).—**Bertha Fortescue** (clever solutions).—P. T. G. (we acknowledge receipt of postage-stamps, and shall have much pleasure in forwarding regularly the "Companion")—**Jury's Gap** (we regret the errors in Nos. 28 and 29; the printer, however, is entitled to excuse, for the copy was very illegible).—**Flora Melville** (we are glad to find you entitled to your wonted position).—**Ida May Foster** (we welcome you also to your well-deserved position; prospectuses shall be forwarded immediately).—**Romulus.**—**Darlington.**—**Tib** (very clever solutions).—**Robert Johnson** (we regret the delay in procuring the "Companion;" but have no doubt, for the future, it will arrive early in the month with the other publications).—G. C. O. W.—**Mary Katharine** (thanks for your sketch; we shall be glad to receive others from you).—**Highland Laidie** (we hope our establishing "The Letter Writer" will suit you as well as your proposition of "Definitions;" at least two-thirds of the Enigmas, &c., must be answered correctly to entitle a competitor to first-class award).—**Kezia.**—**Rosa.**—**Nella** (thanks for the historical questions; your Prize will be delivered in a few days; the Certificates—the cause of the delay—are now printed).—**Clearchus** (accept our best thanks, both for getting us new subscribers, and for your clever contributions; we think well of the articles on Curiosities of Manufactures, and should like to receive the one mentioned).—W. P. T. J. (thanks for good wishes).—**Joseph Tunnicliff** (it gives us pleasure to place you here; we hope you will maintain your position).

Second Class.

Mary Ann.—J. **D'Alembert** (it is not necessary that you should write each question to give the answer—merely state the number).—**Dido.**—**Rose Bud.**—**Israel.**—**Caroline.**—**Tom Thumb** (we will endeavour to answer your question in our next). **Boadicea** (you are certainly not too old to compete, being under twenty).—**Malina Walters.**—**James Havelock.**—**George Brown.**—J. T. **Hadland.**—**John Wesley** (we accept your explanation respecting the supposed non-originality of your contribution, and believe it quite possible that two minds may conceive a like object, although you must admit it to be improbable).—**Spermantia.**—**Jabez Carter** (like J. d'Alembert, you have taken the unnecessary trouble of writing the question).—H. M. **Cruiser** (for your clever sketches, which are now completed, accept our best thanks; we shall be glad of other contributions from you).—A. H. **Lowe** (the poem on the "Leviathan," though possessing merit, is not quite up to our standard—try again: the other contributions will do).—**Hercules.**—**Grenadier.**—**Cyrus** (very clever for your age).—J. T. I. **Marks.**—**Cousin Mary** (we hope you will continue to take the "Companion;" you will find its contents not beneath your capacity, as you seem to have supposed).—**Modesta** (certainly we admit country competitors; the two names you allude to lost their positions last month in consequence of their time being chiefly occupied in moving to the country; you are in good time to compete for a Prize)—L. E. D.—**Hector** (contributors are allowed to compete: it would be unfair and ungrateful to exclude them, especially as it seldom occurs that more than one or two contributions from the same party are inserted in the month's number.—E. I. (it is not necessary, in competing for a Prize, that you should compile Enigmas, &c.; the Prizes are presented for perseverance and aptitude in solving them) **Elizabeth Emily Stevens**—M. A. C. W. (we regret your long illness, and are glad we have been enabled to afford you amusement during your affliction).—**Charlotte E. Dalton** (thanks for the stamps).—J. J. **Wilshaw.**—**Rosie** (prospectuses shall be sent.)

Third Class.

J. B. **Clark.**—**Alice B.** (thanks for your contributions, from the merits of which we think we have reason to hope for better solutions next time).—A. E. D.—**Amelia.**—C. M. **Carr.**—**Worsley.**—**Lætitia Reignecount** (persevere, and you will soon acquire facility in solving).—W. **Trickey** (**John Gash**, whose note came in your envelope, shall receive a packet of bills immediately).—**Albert.**—**Henry Lowe.**

NOTICES.

The **Certificates of Merit** are now printed, and will be forwarded with the Prizes in a few days, on the receipt of which we shall be glad of an acknowledgment.

We shall feel much pleasure in forwarding a packet of Prospectuses to any of our friends who may feel disposed to make good use of them.

Having received many additional subscribers with our new series, some of whom might, perhaps, wish to obtain the "Companion" from the commencement, we beg to state that back numbers and Vols. I. and II. may still be had on order from any bookseller, or may be had direct from the printers on receipt of postage stamps. Vol. I., 3s. 6d.; Vol II., 2s. 6d. Cases also for binding the numbers will be forwarded on receipt of nine postage stamps.

In cases of difficulty in procuring the "Companion" in country places, copies may be had from the printers on receipt of postage-stamps, one stamp only being required for the postage of three numbers.

Tschudi.—We have received your contributions, with thanks, and are of opinion that some of the pieces will suit us for publication.

Scipio Africanus.—We shall have much pleasure in accepting your sketches in Natural History. We could not, however, publish the one sent in the present Number; but will, no doubt, commence the series in our next.

ANSWERS TO PASTIME.

(*On Pages* 27 *and* 28.)

17.—Catch not at the shadow and lose the substance. 18.—The rod. 19.—Pea-ce. 20.—Can-ada. 21.—Adelaide. 22.—Mansion-house. 23.—Orange-blossom. 24.—Tim-buc-toe. 25.—Earth-quake. 26.—Wheel-heel-eel. 27.—Chair-hair-air. 28.—*a.* Transylvania; *b.* Cevenne; *c.* Belleisle; *d.* Galapagos; *e.* Tennesse; *f.* Frederickshall. 29.—*a.* Loweswater; *b.* Madgeburg; *c.* Adelaide; *d.* Ben Nevis; *e.* Carpathian. 30.—*a.* Himalayah; *b.* Youri; *c.* Admiral; *d.* Chittore; *e.* Ingria; *f.* Nelson; *g.* Tongataboo; *h.* Huron. 31.—John Van Eyck, A.D. 1410. 32.—Alexander de Spina, about A.D. 1299.

OUR PRIZES.

Prizes will be given for best solutions to Enigmas, &c., the names or initials of competitors being printed and placed monthly into the first, second, or third class, according to merit: those appearing oftenest in the first class will be entitled to the first Prize, and those in the second class, to the second Prize, &c.

Our next distribution, which will take place at the completion of the present Volume, consisting of twelve Numbers, will be as follows:—

First Prize.—Any article of the value of FIVE POUNDS.
Second Prize.—Any article of the value of TWO POUNDS.
Third Prize.—Any article of the value of ONE POUND.

Certificates of Merit, beautifully printed, will be presented to all those whose names have appeared *eight* times in either of the classes.

☞ Contributors to the "Happy Hour" are requested to observe the following rules:—

1.—In compiling Enigmas, Charades, &c., *orthography* must not be sacrificed to *sound*.

2.—All contributions to be written on *one* side of the paper only; and at the end of each Charade, Enigma, &c., the answer, and the initials or *assumed name* of the contributor.

3.—None but *original* Pastime matter will be accepted; and any contributor detected in the attempt to pass off *old for new* Enigmas, Charades, &c., will be expelled from the classes.

4.—All Solutions to the "Happy Hour" to be forwarded to the Editor by the 20th of every month.

Address to Editor at Printers', 23, *Middle Street, West Smithfield, London, E.C.*

SOMETHING ABOUT STARS.

There are few things so interesting, and at the same time so frequently alluded to by poets and prose writers, as those beautiful creations of Providence, which, in our simple Saxon language, we call *stars*. The original formation of the word in our tongue is, by the way, *steorra*, corresponding with the German *sterne*. How happily doth the psalmist allude to the omnipotence of God when he says—"Thou tellest the number of the stars, and callest them all by their names." The book of Job contains many allusions to the stars, so much so, indeed, that many commentators ground their belief that the hero of that wondrous poem must have been of a different race from the Hebrews, in consequence of his intimate acquaintance with astronomy, in which the Egyptians and other neighbouring people far excelled the Israelites. The Christian also must regard those brilliant orbs with a feeling of awe, when he reflects on the wondrous miracle which led the Magi to the cradle of the infant Redeemer. In heraldry the star is frequently found typifying the splendid fortune which the wearer of the escutcheon either had, or hoped to have. The proud De Veres, Earls of Oxford, had on their coat of arms a silver star, in consequence of a legend that such a luminary fell on the shield of one of their ancestors when fiercely combatting with the pagans in the Holy Land.

Having made these brief introductory remarks, we will endeavour to convey a little information to our readers concerning Astronomy, which we have, in a great measure, obtained from a very interesting work by the late illustrious M. Arago, an English edition of which is published by Messrs. Routledge, of Farringdon-street. From this we learn that Mercury is the nearest planet to the sun. A good idea of the immensity of space, in which the heavenly bodies are placed, may be obtained from the fact that this planet, near though it be, is distant 37,143,000 miles from the chief source of light. Its orbit, or as we may say, year, is accomplished in about 88 days, and its velocity is 111,000 miles an hour. The next transit of Mercury, that is, its passage over the sun's disc, will occur in the year 1861. Were we to be admitted to pay a visit to Mercury, we should behold the sun three times the size which it presents to us, and it is probable that the heat would be considerably greater; though, from the density of the atmosphere surrounding that planet, it is probable a photographer would find the pursuit of his art as much a subject of difficulty as with us.

The beautiful planet known as Venus, is at a mean or average distance from the earth, varying, of course, according to its position, of 70,000 of miles. Her day, or rotation round her axis, is accomplished in a period approaching 24 hours, and her year in about 224. Venus, though rather less than the earth, moves with much greater rapidity, from being closer to the sun. It has not yet been ascertained whether Mercury and Venus have satellites, like Jupiter and Saturn, which we shall presently describe.

Who does not remember Longfellow's beautiful lines on Mars, and his fine idea?—

> "Oh! star of strength, I see thee stand,
> And smile upon my pain;
> Thou beckon'st with thy mailéd hand,
> And I am strong again."

The mean distance of this planet from the earth is 146,000,000 of miles. Mars' day consists of about 24 hours and a half, and his year is a long one, consisting of little less than 687 of our days. The name of the "Red Star," applied to the planet by the poet, is well earned by its dark appearance, occasioned by the density of the atmosphere. One peculiarity about Mars is, that a segment of his globe, that is, part of the rim or circumference, is of a much more luminous nature than the rest of the planet. This singular circumstance is supposed to be occasioned by the action of the sun on a range of icebergs in the planet exposed to its influence. It is said that the inhabitants of Mars derive from the sun little more than one half of the light which we claim from that luminary.

Passing over a number of small planets, only known to us by powerful microscopes, which are situate between Mars and Jupiter, and which have only recently been discovered, we proceed to the consideration of the planet Juno, which is distant from the sun 256,000,000 of miles. Juno was discovered by Harding, on the 1st of September, 1803, and has a year of about four and a half of ours.

Ceres was discovered by Piazzi, on the 1st of January, 1801; its year is of nearly the duration of the planet last alluded to. It is distant from the sun about 264,000 000 of miles.

Pallas is distant from the sun 267,000,000 of miles. It has a year equal to about four and a half of ours. The date of the discovery of the planet by Olbers, is the 28th of March, 1802.

Vesta, discovered about five years later, is exceedingly small, and is very little known.

Jupiter is the largest of the planets, and was seen by the writer in the course of last autumn, to the greatest advantage, as it rose, almost as large as a moon, above the rocks opposite the romantic Stolzenfels, and cast a magnificent shadow on the placid Rhine. How insignificant does this much-cherished earth appear when we consider that Jupiter exceeds its dimensions no less than 1300 times. The rapidity of its movement on its axis is such that its day consists of only ten hours. Jupiter is attended by four satellites, which also move in orbits, and which are subject to eclipses of a very interesting nature.

Saturn is an exceedingly wonderful planet, being encircled by a band of great brilliancy. It is calculated that between the inmost part of the band, or rather inner of two rings, which give the effect to which we allude, there is a distance of no less than 19,170 miles.

Indeed, we may state, that between the two rings which combine to give the appearance of one, there is a distance of 1791 miles. Saturn is attended by eight satellites, and it moves at a distance of 915,000,000 of miles from the sun. Its year consists of nearly twenty-nine and a half of ours. This planet is no less than 900 times larger than our earth, though it receives from the sun only an eightieth part of our quantity of light.

Uranus was, until recently, considered the most remote from the sun, from which it is distant more than 1,840,000,000; its year contains 84 of ours, and its day contains about ten hours. The planet is scarcely visible to the naked eye; but when seen through a telescope, presents a bluish-white aspect. It is attended by six satellites; and it was surmised by Herschel that it possessed two rings, though the belief is not shared by many. This planet is known by a multitude of names, —Herschel (the discoverer) called it Georgium Sidus; foreign astronomers termed it Herschel, in honour of that great man: but it is generally known by the name bestowed on it by the Royal Academy of Prussia, that of Uranus.

Neptune is the last discovered of all the planets: was first observed in the year 1846; and as coming events cast their shadow before them, a disturbed action of the planet Uranus gave the astronomical world some anticipation of its arrival. It is accompanied by one or two satellites, and is supposed to be surrounded by a ring. The one ascertained satellite is distant from the planet about 232,000 miles. The latter completes its circuit round the sun in about 164¼ years.

As I fear my subject is somewhat dry, I cannot forbear relating one strong illustration of mistaken uses of the stars. In a western county, where the numerous Druidical remains remind the tourist strongly of the dim ideas of science entertained by the primitive inhabitants, there existed a respectable yeoman, who rejoiced in a horse and trap. As he was returning from the market, one bright winter's night, he overtook a young man who appeared to be contemplating the stars with great interest. The kindly farmer offered the stranger a ride in his trap, and by way of showing his politeness, remarked that his new friend seemed to derive much pleasure from star-gazing.

"Yes," said the latter, a bit of a wag, "I can learn a great many things by looking at the stars."

The owner of the horse and trap was much too practical in taste to give much credit to this assertion; and to show his low opinion of astronomical pursuits, he said jeeringly:

"Well, young man, if you can get these stars to tell you how many cheeses there are in this sack;" pointing to one which occupied the back of the trap, "you shall have all five of them."

It was a work of no great difficulty for the star-gazer to name the number. Judge the intense suprise of the simple-minded yeoman, who cried out, in bewilderment, "Somebody *must* have told you."

The sequel to my tale is that the forfeited cheeses were redeemed by the payment, by the rightful owner, for some hot-spiced ale, and from that time he failed to put similar questions to star-gazers.

The following lines are extracted from the scrap-book of a young author.

SONG OF THE STAR.

I would not be the raging sea, to me 'twould yield no joy;
To own a power—a fearful power—that I might ill employ.
The sun may boast of splendour; I would its heat were less:
The moon hath power to strike the brain, that I would not possess.
No, mine should be a humbler lot—no pride or glory mine;
Oh, I would be a little star, in heaven above to shine!
I would not rob the royal sun of any of its light;
I'd envy not the lustre of the beauteous queen of night:
But I would send my feeble glow adown the firmament,
With myriads of my brother stars, and shine and be content.
Yes, I would make the sons of men the objects of my care;
I'd joy in every joy they had, and mourn at their despair.
The traveller on the trackless main should see my light afar,
And mutely thank the loving God, who made so fair a star.
Thus the present and the future should yield to me content,
And to the Maker of all good my homage I'd present.
I'd pray that to the noblest I the guiding orb might be,
And that his spirit, after death, might, under God, rule me.
Unlike the fickle summer friend, in woe who taketh flight,
By day I'd watch the sons of men—in darkness give them light.
And he who in affliction's depths chanced glance his eye above,
Though darkened by the sun of day, might see the star of love.
R. C.

* * *

A Candid Maiden.—An old Dutch farmer, just arrived at the dignity of justice of the peace, had his first case of marriage. He did it up in this way. He said first to the man:—

"Vell, you vants to be marrit, do you? Vell, you lovesh dis voman so goot as any voman you have ever seen?"

"Yes," answered the man.

Then to the woman:

"Vell, do you love dis man so better as any man you have ever seen?"

She hesitated a little, and he repeated:

"Vell, vell, do you like him so vell as to be his vife?"

"Yes, yes," she answered.

"Vell, dat ish all any reasonable man could expect. So you are marrit; I pronounce you man and vife."

The man asked the justice what was to pay.

"Noting at all, noting at all; you are velcome to it, if it vill do you any goot!"

SCHOOL GARDENS.

If the following plan, detailed a short time ago in the *Midland Florist*, were adopted in all parts of the country, there is good reason to believe that a love of order and industry would be promoted; we consider it well worthy of imitation. It is stated that "In the immediate neighbourhood of Nottingham, is an extraordinary number of small gardens, occupied and cultivated by all grades of society; and with a most laudable and praiseworthy feeling, the friends connected with the Highpavement Chapel Boy's Sunday School, have purchased two of these enclosures, in each of which is a commodious summer-house. One of these gardens is cultivated by the elder boys, the other by the juniors. Each garden is subdivided into smaller allotments, which are assigned to their respective tenants, boys from ten to fourteen years old, who cultivate and crop them according to their own fancy, a small portion of each being devoted to flowers. The diligence and ability displayed by these youthful gardeners is really astonishing. We have inspected their crops during several past summers, and with truth can say we were highly delighted with them. The onions, lettuce, celery, carrots, potatoes, &c., were excellent, and would vie with the productions of older and more experienced cultivators. Prize gooseberries are also grown, and this year, the crops of London, Companion, Gunner, Eagle, &c., were amongst the best we have ever seen, either at Nottingham or elsewhere; in fact, these boys always endeavour to obtain, either of seeds or plants, the best varieties possible. In connexion with these gardens, and to excite emulation, a vegetable and flower show is instituted. This is held in the school-rooms, at Nottingham, and prizes are given for the best productions in vegetables, as well as for stands of pansies, verbenas, collections of annual and perennial flowers, and nosegays, or *bouquets*, as they are called by some, but we fancy our readers will like the old English name best. These exhibitions of youthful skill and industry are well attended."

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LYING.

Lying is a mean and cowardly quality, and altogether unbecoming a person of honour. Aristotle lays it down for a maxim, that a brave man is clear in his discourse, and keeps close to the truth; and Plutarch calls lying the vice of a slave.

Lying in discourse is a disagreement between the speech and the mind of the speaker, when one thing is declared and another meant, and words are no image of thoughts. Hence it will follow, that he who mistakes a falsity for truth is no liar in repeating his judgment; and, on the other side, he that relates a matter which he believes to be false is guilty of lying, though he speaks the truth. A lie is to be measured by the conscience of him that speaks, and not by the truth of the proposition.

Lying is a breach of the articles of social commerce, and an invasion upon the fundamental rights of society.

Lying has a ruinous tendency; it strikes a damp upon business and pleasure, and dissolves the cement of society. Like gunpowder, it is all noise and smoke; it darkens the air, disturbs the sight, and blows up as far as it reaches. Nobody can close with a liar: there is danger in his correspondence; and more than that, we naturally hate those who make it their business to deceive us. Were lying universal, it would destroy the credit of books and records, make the past ages insignificant, and almost confine our knowledge to our five senses. We must travel by the compass or by the stars; forsaking the way would only misguide us.—*Pearls of Great Price.*

◆

THE TWO BOTTLES.

A FABLE.

There once stood side by side on a certain table two bottles: one of them contained spirits, and the other pure water. As they were one day quite alone, they entered into the following conversation —"What a poor dull creature you are!" said the spirit-bottle. "I never see you engaged in any fun and jollity; and the few who pay you visits, are as dull and cold as yourself: whereas my visitors, as you must have perceived, are not only numerous, but gay; and as soon as they come, the house resounds with shouts and laughter. Even the ladies throw off the cold reserve of their nature, and become at once kind and happy creatures. Let me advise you to take something better than water to warm your inside and raise your spirits, and then you will be like your neighbours." To which the water-bottle thus replied—"It is true, that my visitors do not utter loud shouts, and make the house resound with bursts of laughter, which are signs of thoughtlessness and folly; and neither do my female friends throw off their natural reserve, which would display a want of modesty; they are, however, not deficient in that serenity of mind and inward peace which will always accompany innocence, and which the wise would not exchange for such pleasures as you speak of, were they a thousand times greater than they are. You, indeed, boast of numerous friends, but of whom do they consist? The drunkard, the foolish, and the immodest, while mine are but few: but then they are the sober, the wise, and the virtuous; and, to tell the truth, I would rather have one like those than ten thousand such as yours."

JUDGE NOT ANOTHER.

"WHAT do you think of Emma Clarke," asked Laura Farwell of her friend Anna Morse.

"I think that she is a very singular girl, a perfect enigma. I do not know whether to think she is diffident or proud."

"Who are you speaking of?" asked Bell Parker, who had joined them.

"Of Emma Clarke ; what do you think of her ?"

"I think that she's entirely beneath my notice, and she is rather lacking in that useful quality known as common sense. Her parents had better take her from school and put her out to service," replied the proud beauty, with a toss of her head.

This conversation had taken place in the garden of the B—— Academy, and little did the girls think that the subject of their remarks was listening to them, for no sooner had they left the garden than Emma Clarke stepped from the summer house.

"So they think that I am lacking in common sense; but they shall soon know whether it is the case or not: and that proud beauty, Bell Parker, shall yet crave the friendship of her who she now thinks is so much beneath her notice."

Emma Clarke, as Anna Morse had said, was a strange girl ; her parents were poor, but they had succeeded in sending her to the B——Academy for one year. The only girl in the school with whom she associated was her room-mate, Alice Grey. Emma was of that disposition that led her to think that because she was poor she was unloved, and but few of her school-mates ever found the warm heart that was hid beneath that cold exterior. Bell Parker was a beauty and an heiress; her parents had died when she was quite young and left her sole heiress to vast estates. She was very proud, as her conversation indicated.

A week had passed and nothing had occurred to change the affairs at the Academy, when one morning, Laura Farwell rushed into the room occupied by Bell Parker, holding in her hand a copy of the B—— Magazine, exclaiming :

"Oh ! Bell, have you seen this piece in the Magazine, by a member of the B—— Academy ? It is the most beautiful thing I have ever read ; just hear what the editor says about it :"

'"We call the attention of our readers to the article in this Number, by a member of the B—— Academy ; it is the first effort of the writer, and it shows plainly that future triumph is her sure reward.'

"Now, who do you suppose wrote it ? I am sure I cannot think of anyone," remarked Laura, as she finished reading.

"I am sure I cannot tell : have the other girls seen it ?"

"Yes; but they don't know who wrote it. The Principal says that whoever the authoress is, she has done great credit to herself and an honour to the school, for the article is worthy a maturer mind than any connected here."

"I should like to know who the writer is," remarked Bell.

"Some of the girls think it is you, but I think that it is Alice Gray."

"Alice Gray!" replied Bell, with a sneer, "I should as soon think it was that Emma Clarke; for neither of them know enough to write anything."

"You should not talk so ; I am sure not one of the girls can write such compositions as Alice Gray, not even yourself, though you expect to get the prize at the next examination."

"I am not the least afraid that either of them will get it," replied Bell.

"But we shall neither of us have our lessons ready for this afternoon, if we stand here all the morning."

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"Only three weeks more before examination, Alice ; and I am determined the prize which that proud Bell Parker thinks will surely be hers, shall be mine."

"I wish you could get it ; but I am afraid it is too late, Emma."

"Where there is a will there is a way : if I am now the most inferior scholar in the school, perhaps I shall not always be."

Another week passed, and another article more brilliant than the first appeared in the B——Magazine, by "a member of the B—— Academy." The examination came at last. In the forenoon the scholars were examined in their various studies, in which they did credit both to themselves and their teachers. In the afternoon came music, both vocal and instrumental; and last of all their compositions. The compositions were good, and showed that each scholar had tried to do her best. All the productions had been read but those of Bell Parker and Emma Clarke. The audience were eager with excitement when Bell Parker stepped upon the stage in a manner which seemed to say, "I shall get the prize." Her production was good, and much better than any that had been read. When she had finished, the Principal of the school stepped upon the stage ;

"A friend of the school," said he, "will now address the audience."

They were somewhat surprised to see the editor of the B—— Magazine come forward.

"You are doubtless surprised that an entire stranger like myself should attempt to address you, but I come to speak of another person, who should be honoured and beloved by you all ; and if you will excuse me, I will introduce to you the writer of the articles that have appeared in the Magazine by a member of this school."

Who can the writer possibly be, was thought in every mind, as he again disappeared behind the curtain. Every scholar was present ; there must be some mistake about its being one of the members of that school. But he again came forward; and this time he is not alone, for Emma Clarke stood by his side, and cheer upon cheer greeted her ears. As soon as silence was restored, she commenced a farewell address to her teachers. It was superior to any of her former efforts, and when she had finished, tears filled the eyes of others; then her teachers, and every one present, knew that she had won the prize. She had succeeded in her attempt to prove that she was inferior to none.

"Would you have thought it?" was the first exclamation of Laura Farwell.

"And only think how we have treated her!" added Anna Morse.

"Let us go and find her; I think she is in the garden; it is her favourite retreat," remarked Bell Parker.

As Bell had predicted, they found her with Alice Gray in the summer-house.

"I congratulate you upon your success!" said Bell, as she extended her hand to her.

But Emma stepped back with scorn. "I do not wish for your congratulations or your friendship. Do you remember the morning, about a month ago, when you young ladies were making me the subject of your conversation, and Bell Parker declared that I was wanting in common sense, and in which you all unanimously agreed? I then determined that you should soon think otherwise, and I believe that I have accomplished my object."

"I am very sorry that I made that remark, and I hope that you will forgive me and number me as one of your friends," said Bell.

"I do forgive you, and I hope in future that you will not be so hasty in judging others as you did me. But I shall leave you to-morrow, and shall leave without the least ill-feeling towards any of you."

The next day she left them. She used afterwards to say that Bell Parker was one of the best friends she ever had: for had she not overheard her remarks, she might never have succeeded, as she had, in all her effort.—*Altered from the "Islington Times."*

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MICHAEL ANGELO BUONARETTI.

Michael Angelo Buonaretti, who has been generally considered as the great restorer of the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, was born in the castle of Caprese, in Tuscany, March 6th, 1474; and was descended from the noble but reduced family of the Counts Canossa. At an early age Michael evinced an extraordinary talent and fondness for drawing, to which he devoted so large a portion of his time, that he made but little proficiency in his other studies. This alarmed the family pride, and it was not without sorrow that his father and other relations perceived that it was hopeless to attempt to divert his thoughts into another channel. They, therefore, suffered his natural inclination to take its course, and at the age of fourteen placed him under the tuition of Dominico Ghirlandais, from whose instructions, however, he reaped but little benefit, as the jealous temper of his master prompted him to retard rather than further the progress of his pupil. Michael remained three years in this school, during which time Lorenzo de Medici having established a seminary principally for the advancement of sculpture, the pupils of Ghirlandais and others were permitted to study there. Michael Angelo was not slow to avail himself of the opportunity afforded him for improving his knowledge of drawing, and ere long was tempted to try his skill in sculpturing marble. His first attempt was a mutilated old head, representing a laughing faun. Lorenzo de Medici, chancing to observe Michael at work, was struck by the talent evinced by so young an artist, but remarked: "You have restored to the old man all his teeth, when you ought to know that a person of that age has generally some wanting." As soon as Lorenzo departed, Michael broke off a tooth from the upper jaw, and drilled a hole in the gum, to indicate its having fallen out. The success which attended this, his first attempt, procurred for him the marked notice and patronage of Lorenzo, who invited him to live in his house, and treated him as a son. For the next two years, Michael Angelo was indeed in his element; he enjoyed the conversation of men of rank and genius, and could uninterruptedly follow out those pursuits which now engrossed all his time and thoughts. But in 1492, Lorenzo died, and though Michael continued to reside in the palace, and enjoy the favour of his successor, Pietro, there was little honour in his patronage, for the latter was proud to say: "that there were two eminent men under his roof, Michael Angelo the carver, and a Spaniard who could outrun a horse!" Soon after disturbances broke out in Florence, and Michael retired to Bologna, where he was well received by Aldrovandi, a member of the senate; and executed two statues for the church of St. Domenico. He afterwards distinguished himself by painting, without assistance, the walls and ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. This building was already decorated with historical paintings, which were now obliterated, and replaced by those of Buonaretti. The church of St. Peter's is the splendid monument of Michael Angelo's success and genius as an architect; indeed, it would be no easy task to determine whether he excelled most in painting, sculpture, or architecture. One of his most enthusiastic admirers, M. Fuseli, observes: "Of a genius who succeeded beyond rivalship in whatever he undertook, it is difficult to fix the principal sphere, but it appears to be incontestable, that however great the loss in such a case might have been to either art, painting would have suffered more, if deprived of his powers, than even sculpture. In sculpture we possess the reliques of the antique—works that more than rival his. But what is there in painting that could compensate for the loss of the Sistine Chapel? He continued to study to the end of his long life, but was never satisfied with anything he did, and when he saw any imperfection that might have been avoided, became disgusted, and chose rather to begin anew than attempt an amendment. Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of his most enlightened and devoted admirers, denominates him : "The exalted father and founder of modern art ; of which," he adds, "he was not only the inventor, but which, by the divine energy of his own mind, he carried at once to its highest perfection." Again, in a discourse to the students of the Royal Academy in 1790, Sir Joshua emphatically exclaimed : "To kiss the hem of his garment, to catch the slightest of his perfections, would be glory and distinction enough for an ambitious man !" Michael Angelo died immensely rich, at the advanced age of eighty-nine; Feb. 19th, 1563. MARY KATHARINE.

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FLORAL ADVICE FOR JULY.

BY G. M. F. G.

As there is of necessity many operations recommended for one month that will have to be repeated the next, and in some cases throughout the year—such as destroying vermin, watering, weeding, and so forth—it is of the greatest importance that I should ask one and all a very simple question ; it is this, *Have you paid attention to every thing I recommended to be done last month?* If not—and I fear there are a few who will confess they have not done so—*lose no time in completing all arrears.* However, as I cannot answer for the result of such neglect, I can only say, it will be a penalty for delay if you should be unfortunate enough to lose some of your favourites. I trust you will think this matter over, for, believe me, your success is my ambition.

It may not be generally known that one of the best preventives of the unsightly appearance of worm-casts on lawns is constantly rolling with a heavy iron roller immediately after rain, as it plugs up all their holes in a most effectual manner, and, no doubt, induces a new set of excavating operations before the holes are again open for traffic ; it also consolidates the ground, and renders it much pleasanter to walk on. The same may be observed of gravel walks, on which, as well as the grass, the broom and the roller must be constantly plied in open weather.

In preparing a frame for the reception of plants, the following rules should always be borne in mind. The bottom ought to be firm and impervious to water, so that it may be kept as dry as possible, for which end, it ought to slope, so that if any water be spilled—which is sure to be the case—in watering the plants, it may run into a gutter, to be carried away outside the frame. The pots should be raised—by means of a trellis—a good two inches from the ground. Let the sashes be removed whenever the weather will permit, but keep them on, by all means, if there is any indication of rain or the wind is at all troublesome.

Be careful, for your own credit, not to let so much as a weed be seen—if possible—by keeping the hoe continually at work. Tie up those plants which by nature grow untidy, and remove decayed leaves and seed vessels wherever they appear. Roll gravel-walks and mow lawns once a fortnight at least; and trim box edges, which, when permitted to spread too much, present a very unsightly appearance. This advice may appear simple in itself, but you must remember that this is the season friends expect invitations to look over your garden, and therefore you should do all in your power to create a showy and neat appearance, by doing everything at the right moment ; thereby proving you are not unmindful of the old adage—

"A stitch in time saves nine."

Go over your dahlias for the express purpose of removing such leaves and branches as seem to be in each other's way ; shading any promising blooms, and watering where you find they require it ; and, finally, do not omit to search for earwigs. Protect auriculas from sun and rain, give them all the air you can with safety, and repot where you think it necessary. Turn over the soil in tulip beds, this month, to sweeten by the time they are wanted. You may still continue to propagate half-hardy border plants—such, for instance, as verbenas, petunas, geraniums, heliotropes, and fuschias—by cuttings, which will strike without any further care than a little moisture now and then, a sheltered situation where the sun cannot reach, and a common hand-glass. The roses, which were budded in June, should be examined very carefully, for two reasons ; namely—that any buds which make their appearance on the stock may be rubbed off; and likewise to remove the clay or cement and ties. Commence layering picotees and carnations, if you have not already done so, as early as practicable, and attend to those—if any—that have been layered, by supplying them with water if requisite. Panseys may be increased by cuttings taken from the side shoots ; make new beds, shade those in bloom, if you desire to have perfect flowers, and plant out seedlings. Plant out biennials, that are sufficiently large for the purpose, into the beds and borders where you desire them to bloom, such as wallflowers, polyanthuses, sweetwilliams, pinks, stocks, Canterbury-bells, and numerous others. Those geraniums which have completed their season of flower, should be taken out of their large pots, the roots pruned, headed in, and put into smaller ones. Pinks that have been recently struck may be planted out for removing again, or where you intend them to flower ; if it *is* your intention, however, to have them removed at some future time, they may be planted six inches distant from each other. The compost best suited to them is a mixture of dung and rich loam. Perennials and herbaceous plants may be increased by parting the roots, as soon as they have finished blooming. Anemone and ranunculus seed may be sown at the commencement of the present month in pans, and the hardier kinds in the open border, broadcast.

THE DYING ARTIST'S FINISHING TOUCH TO HIS STATUE.

THE RESTORATION

A SEQUEL TO THE

"ADVENTURES OF AN ORPHAN."

BY RICHARD CHANDLER.

CHAPTER IV.

THE first person to revert to the subject which so much interested Ellie, was no other than Miss Lancaster, who, having one fine afternoon brought her work to a close at an earlier period than usual, introduced the topic thus:

"You expressed surprise, the other day, my dear Miss Gillespie, that I, who appear to be, and indeed am, in such reduced circumstances, should charge myself with the maintenance of little Agnes. I fear I aroused your curiosity in a provoking manner by leaving off my simple narrative so suddenly as I did. It is foolish to give way to feeling, but it is seldom we can altogether subdue our emotions. Little Agnes is bound to me by the most sacred bond of sympathy, the origin of which I will relate to you. We are none of us either designed for, or capable of, absolute loneliness in the world; and although you would have said that my life bore every token of being a perfectly solitary one, it was not so. I have told you that I became known to a district visitor, and was by her introduced to a Sunday-school. It was in the course of the performance of my duties as teacher, that I made the acquaintance of little Agnes, who was then known by no other name. We cannot always account for our likes and dislikes, but I presume it was from Agnes' clear blue eye and golden hair, that I became so interested in the little stranger, who, Sabbath after Sabbath, attended my class, and listened with such wondering interest to the passages of the Bible I was accustomed to read aloud. The story of Joseph and his Brethren particularly struck my little pupil, as did the fate of the Israelitish maiden, mentioned in the book of Kings, as the attendant on Naaman the Syrian captain. I do not know if you have lived much in towns, but my experience would lead me to believe that the squalid child of the crowded city's courts possesses less intelligence and aptitude to learn than the infant brought up under more favourable circumstances. A child of weak constitution, as the city child frequently is, often looks stupid from weakness of body; but in the country, where the little ones are less sickly, they appear more lively."

Ellie, who would have gladly dispensed with Miss Lancaster's digression from the subject, nodded a careless assent to her conclusion.

"You may fancy, then, my pleasure at finding among my heavy pupils one whose desire to acquire information was equal to my own to impart it; and you may readily imagine how my heart warmed to the young student. Moreover, she was always neatly, and I may say nicely, dressed, and looked in all respects well cared for. Her hair was not allowed to gather in tangles, and she possessed the largest stock of books of the class; like many whom you imagine to be better bred than their associates, Agnes was shy and retiring, accepting, rather than courting, overtures of frendship. It happened, however, after I had known her slightly for some time, that she was very desirous of learning a hymn, which she was unable to accomplish in school hours, and her wish to master her task induced her to ask, as a great favour, that I would allow her to come to my house, and con her self-imposed lesson with me. I remember that the hymn was Cowper's beautiful poem on faith:

"'God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.'

"The language you may think was a little above Agnes' comprehension; but I fancy she admired the hymn, from its concealment of its moral in figurative terms, and I believe she wished me to explain its meaning to her. I, of course, consented to her wish, for I was pleased to find that I was beginning to gain her confidence. Accordingly, taking her by the hand, I repaired to my room at the top of the house, forming No. 10 of —— court. When she had looked about her for awhile, Agnes exclaimed, with surprise: 'Why, Miss Lancaster, your room is as high up as Mr. Lesage's!' 'And who is Mr. Lesage?' I asked. 'Oh, the good, kind gengentleman who is like a papa to me.' Before this time, I may mention, I knew nothing of Agnes' protector. 'And where does he live, Agnes, dear?' said I, without any reason that I can name for the question. 'At Bruton's Rents, leading out of this court,' answered the little one. 'Oh, he is so kind to me! but as I lie in my little cot just before his room, I hear him cough so loudly in the night, that I fancy he is very ill; and Mrs. Thrift, who looks after his room, calls him 'poor man,' when he is away and she is speaking of him. His room, however, is not so neat as yours, and he has such a number of images everywhere; I am afraid to look at them, when I say my prayers, for fear I should be bowing down to them, and that is very wrong, is it not, Miss Lancaster? They call him a sculptor.'"

At this point Ellie's attention, which had hitherto flagged considerably, became more marked.

"Go on, go on!" she said, in a tone shewing her interest, rather than her courtesy.

"I could not help smiling at Agnes' simplicity, but I bethought me of the hymn, though I preferred her childish prattle to the poet's studied words. 'Agnes,' said I, 'did you not wish me to explain the hymn to you. If so, I am quite at your service.' 'What is the meaning of 'mysterious,' Miss Lancaster,' she asked; 'it sounds like a dark, gloomy word.' 'Then the word and its meaning are alike, my child,' I answered. 'If I were to tell you that a thing was mysterious, I should mean that it was dark, as you say, and not easily to be understood. The handwriting on the wall, for instance, at Belshazzar's impious feast, was very mysterious.' 'Thank you,' said the attentive child. 'Now I understand,' and she went on repeating the lines

"He plants His footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

'Oh, Miss Lancaster!' she exclaimed, with all the vehemence of one communicating a new idea; 'if you would read me the story of St. Paul's shipwreck, from the Acts of the Apostles, I think I could get a better notion of the meaning of the hymn.' According to her wish, I read her the grand and affecting narrative of the apostle's perils by water, concluding with the happy assurance, 'that they all reached the land in safety.' 'Did you ever see a storm at sea,' inquired Agnes, when I had brought my reading to a close. 'No,' said I, 'but I have often heard my father speak of violent tempests, which his good ship had ridden through.' 'Oh,' remarked the excited little girl, 'one of the first things I can remember, and even that may be a dream, is a fearful storm at sea. It seems to me all the passengers did not reach the land in safety. A lovely lady pressed me to her bosom, and I saw her no more. Oh, it was a fearful thing!'"

Ellie started up before the astonished schoolmistress, as she mentioned this apparently trifling circumstance, and exclaimed wildly, "No doubt the same.—Poor Agnes! indeed, a fearful thing! dear mamma!"

"My dear Miss Gillespie, you seem ill! What is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," responded Ellie, who seldom lost her self-possession. "What did she tell you more about the storm."

"Nothing that I remember then," said the schoolmistress, who, it must be confessed, was a little vexed that her favourite's prattle excited so much more interest than her own adventures.

"Well," she went on, "the first evening Agnes spent at my room was a long one—indeed, so late was it when she rose to leave, that I was obliged to escort her home. It was not far from my lodging to hers, and I soon left her in the arms of a tall, gentlemanly young man, who seemed to be awaiting her coming with impatience. Agnes introduced him to me as Mr. Lesage. He raised his hat courteously to me, and thanked me for my kindness to his child, as he called Agnes; and I noticed, by the light of the lamp, that his face was fine and intellectual, but deadly pale, and tinged, as it were, with sadness. Such was my introduction to Harry Lesage."

Here the schoolmistress pressed her fingers convulsively on a locket which she wore, and heaved a sigh which told a melancholy tale. Had Ellie been a little more attentive to the appearance of her friend, she might have observed that her long, black eyelashes were bedewed with tears.

"I need not tell you very fully what you have probably, by this time, ascertained, that between Harry Lesage and myself there sprang up an intimacy of a tender character. From my acquaintance with Agnes, I had every opportunity of studying him to advantage; and I knew not whether I saw everything with a favourable eye; but, at least, I began by thinking well of him, and ended by loving him. We had much in common—tastes, perhaps above those of the class with which fate had thrown us, and sympathy leads rapidly to a warmer emotion. Poor Harry! when I first knew him he seemed to have but two objects in existence—one was his art, and the other was Agnes. I became a third, and his warm heart was able to do justice to all."

"But you have not told me how Mr. Lesage became acquainted with Agnes," interposed Ellie, who it must be confessed took a much livelier interest in the child than the man.

"I will give you a better opportunity of learning the history of the little one, which I suppose is the point at which you wish to arrive," Miss Lancaster went on: "Mr. Lesage was, as I have said, particularly fond of his art, and some of his productions were indeed lovely. His favourite style, and I believe that in which he most excelled, was of the strictly classic school; and his studio was almost full of Greek flower-girls and Pysches. Nearly every head was formed after that of Agnes, and the sculptured resemblance of her regular features often found its way into the mansions of the wealthy and the refined. You may possibly be aware that all artists select their subjects for modelling from a very extensive class. Thus, the arm of one, the ancle of another, and the hand of a third, serve to make the beautiful whole which we so much admire in contemplating the production of the sculptor's art. Although clever, Harry was anything but rich; and the frank good-nature with which he would assist any companion in difficulty, still further reduced his resources; but whatever he manfully did without, Agnes was always well clad and carefully tended, both by the mistress of the house and himself. Poor fellow! fondly as I gazed upon him, I could not be blind to the fact, that his face was becoming rapidly paler, and his thin figure even slighter. When I told him my fears, sometimes he would laugh, and tell me, either that my love for him induced me to form silly fancies; or when in a more desponding mood, he would observe, that the strength of the artist lay in his productions, and that as long as they lived and won admiration, their author could never sicken or die; and he would tell me, in his eloquent language, an old Greek fable, of Beauty snatched from the earth to adorn the heaven of the imaginative pagan. Yet, though I knew that his delicate constitution could not long resist the attack of disease, I was happy, very happy, in his company, and our intercourse reminded me of a beautiful summer evening, which we knew must end in night, and which yields us more pleasure as darkness approaches. The last work in which he employed himself was a small design of Immortality. The face, still modelled from Agnes', was that of a warrior, and there was a grand air of repose on the features; his right hand held a gaudily plumed helmet, as if it would no more rest on that noble brow; his sword was sheathed, and he stood on a banner tattered in the fray. The zeal with which he laboured at the task gave me a melancholy dread, that he toiled as one who feared the coming of that night in which no man can work. Often, as I sat in his studio, sometimes without his being aware of my presence, I could hear him mutter a certain number of days, which he seemed to think the work would occupy. Alas! it was too true; it seemed a race between Death and Immortality; the cheerfulness with which he bore up against want and illness was wonderful. 'All will soon be over, Mary,' he would say; 'I have not lived long in the world, but I trust that I have not altogether mispent my time. Mine has indeed been a life of lives: to deal entirely with the beautiful, and to exhibit it to others; to look through nature up to nature's God; and see in Him all perfection.' At such a moment love would become selfishness, and I grudged the life of one so dear to me to Him who gave it. Even little Agnes seemed to perceive the change which was coming over her protector, and she mentioned how much he resembled the angels which he sometimes carved. Shortly before the end, I had a long and serious conversation with him, as to the objects of his greatest solicitude, and his wishes with regard to them. 'Mary,' said he, with his usual sprightliness of manner, 'love cannot die, though its subject may be apparently changed. You have loved me devotedly, and I am on the point of disappearing from you, but I leave you what I have fondly loved, and I know that you will cherish her for my sake.' He laid his almost transparent hand on Agnes' head, and I could express my acceptance of his sacred trust only by signs. He pointed to his writing-desk, and continued, 'You will find here a short account of Agnes' history, which might be interesting to you; and there is one thing also which will remind you more exclusively of me. It is a miniature of myself, which Bellingham painted for my poor mother; who, alas! died ere it was finished.'

"The close of the life of Harry Lesage, my dear Miss Gillespie, is to me a most touching subject. He considered he had finished his design of Immortality, and rested it on the table before him. Agnes was standing on one, and I on the other, side of the couch on which he lay. The merry sunlight was streaming through the window on her fair face: a sudden thought struck the dying man—he looked from the child to the effigy, asked me to bring his chisel, and proceeded to make a slight alteration in the upper lip of the sculptured warrior. 'There, Mary,' he exclaimed, 'Immortality cannot have too little of the earthly in it.'

"These were his last words; but it was some time before I was aware of the fact. I looked, indeed, for some further remark indicative of an approval of the alteration, and stooping over him, I noticed a wondrous change in his appearance. There seemed less of his former placid, subdued expression, and rather a glow of triumph on his countenance; it seemed as if he had achieved Immortality; and the battle of life over—he had, through much tribulation, entered the kingdom.

"Agnes, who had remained patiently in the position in which she was when Harry commenced his final addition to his work, at length asked whether she might turn her head. Poor child! it was a sad task to tell her that her protector's kind voice would never more ask her to serve as his model. Doubtless, my dear Miss Gillespie, you know how sad and touching a thing is death."

Ellie thought of the death of Herbert Harcourt, and was silent. When she mustered resolution enough to revert to the subject, she inquired, "What became of the design of Immortality, poor Mr. Lesage's favourite work?"

"Oh! I was sorry to part with it: even after the grass had grown over the grave of my cherished friend, it seemed still to speak to me of him, and the marble lips appeared to repeat his last words. However, money was needed to pay a few debts which he left, economical though he was, and his splendid design was sold, as I was told to great advantage, for five pounds. A nobleman bought it.

From that time Agnes lived with me, and shared the ups and downs of my lot."

"But had Mr. Lesage no relations?" asked Ellie, her curiosity at last roused by Miss Lancaster's sad tale.

"I think not; I have said that his mother was dead, and I heard of no others who claimed kindred with him. A fellow-student erected a simple slab over his grave at Kensal Green. That friend has left England now, and Agnes and dear Harry's locket are all the substantial things that remain to remind me of him. His memory, however, will never die as long as I live, and this is all the realisation of his earthly Immortality."

Again there was a pause, and tears stood in the eyes of both the maidens. Silence was broken by Ellie reminding Miss Lancaster of poor Lesage's allusion to the contents of his writing-desk.

"Some time elapsed before I ventured to open it, and then I found a manuscript in his beautiful handwriting, which, if you please, I will lend you."

"Thanks! a thousand thanks!" said Ellie; but she had the delicacy to forbear alluding to the subject till Miss Lancaster thought fit to put the narrative in her hand.

"I will not bid you take care of it, for I am sure whatever concerns Agnes is sacred with you."

Ellie's feelings only allowed her to acknowledge Miss Lancaster's kindness by a kiss; and with a saddened heart she left the room.

As she descended the stairs, she met Agnes returning from her evening walk, and the little one was singing the identical hymn which had led to her friendship with Miss Lancaster, and to which the latter had set some simple air. The tears streamed in the elder orphan's eyes at the reminiscence, and, impelled by a sudden sympathy, she pressed the astonished child to her bosom.

In our next Number we propose to lay the artist's manuscript before our readers, and to bring our unvarnished tale to a close.

(To be continued.)

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THE "BLANCHE BARKLY" GOLD NUGGET.

This extraordinary mass is the largest and most remarkable piece of the precious metal of the discovery of which there is any record. Gold, unlike most other metals, is nearly always found in a pure state, generally diffused in grains in sand and rocks, though occasionally rounded lumps of considerable size are met with. The occurrence of large pieces of gold was, however, not nearly so frequent in the mines of the old world as in the newly-discovered gold fields of Australia and California, in both of which their occurrence is comparatively common. Some years since considerable interest was excited by the discovery of a slab of pure gold, weighing 37lbs. troy, in Carrabas county, North Carolina. Subsequently a great number of pieces, varying from 1lb. to 50lb. in weight, were taken from a mass of rock which fell from one of the highest mountains in Paraguay. In the Ural mountains masses weighing from 16lb. to 27lb. have often been found; but the largest mass ever met with (with the exception of the Blanche Barkly) was discovered in 1842, in the valley of Taschku-Targanka, in Siberia. It weighs 100lbs., and is deposited in the museum of the Institute of Mining Engineers at St. Petersburgh. The Blanche Barkly nugget, however, exceeds the above in weight by 47lb. Its intrinsic value is estimated at between 7000*l* and 8000*l*., though 10,000*l*. was refused for it in Melbourne. The nugget was discovered about a year ago, at the Kingower Diggings, some 120 miles from Melbourne, by a party of four, who having worked at a hole for four years, with very little success, resolved to change their ground. After sinking their new shaft about 13 feet, one of them came to the top of the mass, which was imbedded in pipe-clay. Having cleaned away about 18 inches of its length, and still finding no end, the fortunate diggers made sure they had struck upon a vein of the metal, but eventually, with the assistance of the remainder of the party, it was detached from its bed, and placed in an old sugar-bag in a corner of the hole. Next came the important consideration, how was it to be removed without attracting the attention of the neighbouring diggers? They eventually got it to the surface during the dinner hour, and placed it in a wheelbarrow, with an old tub over it, in order not to excite suspicion. During the same night a hole was sunk about six feet deep under their dining table, where they buried it until they had worked their claim out, which was about three months, during which time they obtained only a few pounds of gold, the largest piece only weighing 10 ounces. Having sold their effects, the party set out for Melbourne in their own conveyance, with the nugget. They were all well armed, and took it in turns to mount guard over their treasure. The nugget was exhibited in Melbourne, and thousands of adventurers at once set off for Kingower, in the hope of finding some similar natural curiosity. But their expectations were disappointed, as the whole district proved unusually unproductive. The nugget was inspected by the governor of Victoria, after whose daughter it was called the "Blanche Barkly."

Upon its ultimate arrival in England it was inspected by the Queen and the Royal Family. It is 2 feet 4 inches in length, about 10 inches broad, and from 1½ to 2 inches thick. It has a high metallic lustre, and is so free from foreign admixture that it rings like a bell when struck. The discovery of so large a mass of pure gold in a situation so peculiar is likely to give rise to a great deal of speculation and theorising among geologists. Its extraordinary solidity and weight would preclude the possibility of its having been washed to the situation in which it was found, while the geologically recent nature of the sedimentary deposits in which it was imbedded would render it doubtful whether it was formed there. No traces of igneous or volcanic action are observable among the rocks of the Kingower district, though the form of the nugget and the marks on its surface would favour the supposition of its having once been in a state of fusion. The question is a difficult one, and it will require considerable modification of the present prevailing theories of the formation of metallic deposits to account for the appearance of this remarkable mass. It is to be hoped that the government will follow the enlightened example of the Russian government in similar instances, and secure this unique specimen for the British Museum.

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A FACT TOLD AS IT HAPPENED.

Some little time since a small boy, of some ten or eleven years of age, might have been seen, driving a donkey before him, in one of the wild lanes in a Midland county. On the back of the donkey was a sack of coals, on its way to a neighbouring village in which the lad's parents lived. All went on happily and smoothly, until the donkey took fright at something or nothing, and the sack of coals fell to the ground. Here was a dilemma. The donkey was still there, and the boy was there, and the coals were there; but, then, the weight of the latter was beyond the strength of the lad. He could not lift the bag to replace it in its original position. There was, then, no help for it but to wait until some other traveller should arrive and assist him out of his difficulties. At last a horseman loomed in the distance, and approached the spot. It was the Venerable Dr. Bigwigs, Archdeacon of Grandairs, who, mounted on his sleek and well-groomed cob, was taking an appetising ride, to cultivate the gastric juices and prepare himself for doing justice to the capabilities of his cook. The boy did not know the church dignitary. His only feeling, therefore, was one of joy, unmixed with a single particle of awe, at seeing a six foot of a man coming, who, to his unsophisticated eye, looked, from his full measure of brawn and sinew, to have been created on purpose to lift up his bag of coals and replace it on his donkey's back. Neither was our young gentleman remarkable for politeness of manner and courtesy of speech. When, therefore, the Venerable the Archdeacon reached the spot, he was utterly astonished and electrified at being thus hailed by the distressed donkey-boy :—"Hillos, thee big fellow! I wish thee'dst get off thy 'oss, and give us a lift with this here bag of coals." Here was a salutation even from a fellow-creature in distress The Archdeacon had been accustomed for years to give the longest charges to his brother clergy. But he never had so short and abrupt a charge addressed to him before. How would he take it? What would he do? Would he play the priest or the Levite and pass on? No! by the milk of human kindness yet lingering in his breast, the spirit of the good Samaritan rises within him, and he, Dr. Bigwigs, the Venerable the Archdeacon of Grandairs, dismounts from his sleek and well-groomed cob to render the required help and aid. Then to it they went hammer and tongs, the boy and the Archdeacon, and after much tugging and pulling, and tumbling it about, at length, both of them fairly out of breath, they succeeded in replacing the sack and its contents on the donkey's back. If the Archdeacon had been astonished by his juvenile friend's application to him in its original form for help, he was doomed to be much more so by the outpouring of his gratitude when the work was done. "Well," exclaimed the young hopeful, in the warmth of his heart, "for such a big chap as thee art, thee's the awkwardest at a bag of coals I ever seed in all my born days." And so they parted. And so the Archdeacon told the tale himself, adding, with a laugh, "My white tie was soiled and my lavender-coloured kid gloves were dyed black; but, then, I made acquaintance with another feature in human nature, and, what is something, got a good appetite for assaulting a good dinner; and what is most of all, had the shine taken out of my conceit by learning that 'I was the awkwardest chap at a bag of coals that was ever seen.' Well, well, a poet is born, not made, and so of coalheavers. But I did my best as an *amateur* and volunteer, although I am the awkwardest of all awkward chaps at such work. That boy's criticism was as good as a sermon, or as one of my own charges to me." And so ends our story of the awkward Archdeacon, and it is true to the very letter.

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Sindbad the Sailor Corroborated.—We all remember Sindbad's tale of the magnetic mountain which drew the iron out of the ships, and thus caused them to fall to pieces; and it would seem that the story has *some* foundation after all. Several ships have lately run ashore on the coast of the Black Sea, near Sinope; and the captain of one that narrowly escaped wreck suspected that the compass had been deflected by magnetic influence. This suspicion led to an investigation, which has issued in the discovery of a very valuable mine of iron ore on the coast which had been so fatal. The mine is situated about fifteen miles from Sinope.

A TAME FAVOURITE.

The driver of a Bow and Stratford omnibus was moving some trusses of hay in his hay-loft, when, snugly coiled up in a corner, he found a little miserable-looking rat, whose mamma, having carefully tucked him in bed, had gone out on a foraging expedition to find something for her darling's supper. The little fellow being of a remarkably piebald colour, excited the pity of the omnibus man, who took him up, and brought him home to his family. The little children soon took to their new pet, and named him Ikey, after their eldest brother, whose name was Isaac. The little creature soon grew up, and reciprocated the kindness he had received, by excessive tameness towards every member of the family. He was therefore allowed to roam about the house at perfect liberty. His favourite seat was inside the fender, or on the clean white hearth, but, strange to say, he would never get on it unless it was perfectly clean. On one occasion, when the good wife was cleaning the hearth, she gave Master Rat a push; up he jumped on the hob, and finding it an agreeable resting-place, there he stayed. As the fire grew brighter and brighter, so the hob became warmer and warmer, till at last it became unpleasantly hot; but he would not move from his perch till the hair on his legs and body became quite singed with the heat. His master had a perfect control over him, and made, for his special benefit, a little whip, with which he taught him to sit upon his hind legs in a begging posture, jump through a whalebone hoop, drag a small cart to which he was harnessed, carry sticks, money, &c., in his mouth, and perform many other amusing tricks. The rat perfectly understood the meaning of the whip, for, whenever it was produced, and his master's countenance betrayed coming wrath, in fear and trembling he would scamper up the sides of the room or up the curtains, and perch himself on the cornice, waiting there till a kind word from his master brought him down again hopping about, and squeaking with delight. In these gambols of mirth he would run so fast round after his tail that it was almost impossible to distinguish what the whirling object was. At night he would exhibit another cat-like habit, for he would stretch himself out at full length before the fire on the rug, seeming to enjoy this luxurious way of warming himself. This love of warmth made him sometimes a troublesome creature, for when he found the fire going out and the room becoming cold, he would creep up into his master's bed, and try to insert his little body under the clothes. He was never allowed to remain here long, but was made to decamp as soon as his presence was discovered. He then took up his refuge in the folds of his master's clothes, which were placed on a chair, and of these he was allowed to retain quiet possession till the morning. The master became so fond of his rat that he taught him, at the word of command, "Come along, Ikey," to jump into his great-coat pocket in the morning, when he went out to his occupation of driving the 'bus. He did not, however, carry him all day in his pocket, but put him in the boot of his 'bus to act as guard to his dinner. But why did not the rat eat up his master's dinner? because, as said the man, "I always gives him his bellyful when I has my own breakfast before starting." The dinner was never touched, except when it happened to consist of plum-pudding. This Ikey could not resist; his greediness overcame his sense of right, and he invariably devoured the plums, leaving the less dainty parts for his master. The rat acted as a famous guard to the provisions, for whenever any of the idle fellows who are always seen lounging about the public-houses where the omnibuses bait attempted to commit a theft, and run off with the bundle out of the boot, Ikey would fly out at them from under the straw, and effectually put to flight the robbers. At night he was taken home in his master's pocket, and partook of the family supper; but if any strangers happened to be present he was taken with a shy fit, and, in spite of his hunger, secreted himself till they had gone. His teeth, after a time, became bad and worn out, and the children finding this out delighted to give him a sort of hard cake made of treacle, called, in infant parlance, jumbles, or brandy-snacks. Of these Ikey, in his younger days, was very fond: but now, on the contrary, they gave him much trouble to masticate, and his perseverance and rage when attacking the said brandy-snacks caused the young folks many a hearty laugh. This rat is, I believe, still alive, and enjoys good health, though, the weight of age pressing on his hoary head, he requires many little attentions from his kind and tender-hearted protectors.—*Buckland's Curiosities of Natural History.*

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A CHAPTER ON AUTOGRAPHS.

"As like as peas," is a very common expression, not only among the ignorant, but even the better informed. Some of the latter class, however, can tell us that neither two peas, nor the like number of hairs of the head, are positively alike. One star, is said, in Holy Writ, to differ from another in glory; and this difference, or, as it is called, individuality, is one of the most striking circumstances in creation, and one of the greatest proofs of its Divine authorship. What human mind, for instance, could design, or human hand execute, such a countless number of things, all alike to a careless observer, but each capable of being distinguished from others on a more searching investigation? The great German poet and philosopher, Goethe, has written a pointed distich alluding to this singular circumstance, which may be thus rendered:—

> "Neither is like the other, but each resembles the infinite:
> How shall we account for this?—each in itself is perfect."

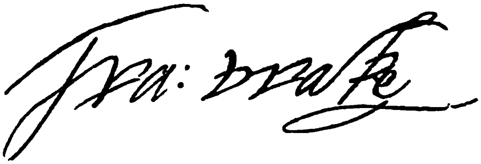
The idea is, perhaps, obscure; but there are many of our readers who may be able to grasp the meaning of the profound thinker. I make this introductory remark for the purpose of directing the reader's attention to the singular diversity or individuality which attaches to each person. Do you know two people who talk, walk, or especially write, exactly alike? We think not. A French philosopher stated that as he held the plate to receive the alms of the contributors on the occasion of a collection of funds for some charitable purpose, he could form an idea of the character of each, simply from the manner in which the hand released its hold of the money. If this opinion be well founded, we need not be surprised that handwritings differ so much. There are many people at the present day who undertake to give any correspondent a correct account of his or her disposition from an inspection of the handwriting. All this may, or may not, be true; but I fear few professors of graphiology, as the art is termed, have studied the subject so attentively as the Frenchman I allude to. At the present day, most people can write; whereas, I fear, the number of the charitable does not increase so rapidly as learning multiplies; hence there is a wider field for the graphiologist than the followers of the learned Frenchman.

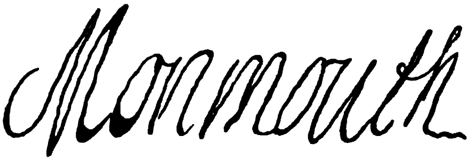
Surely the times are much changed since the revered monarchs of our land were compelled from ignorance to make a mark, usually of the cross, to their charters and grants. One of them, with admirable simplicity, mentions in the document—"To this record I have placed my sign, on account of my ignorance of letters." Even in later times it was thought no disgrace to the gallant cavalier that the clerk or chaplain wrote what we should term his despatches, and chronicled the spoil which fell to the warrior's lot. Bertrand Du Guesclin, the valiant constable of France, though a tried swordsman, knew nothing of the use of the pen. Need we wonder that in those dark days priestcraft prevailed, since the clergyman *(clericus)*, whence the modern word clerk is derived, was the only well-informed man of his time. The inferior class acted as secretaries to small landed proprietors; the mightiest of the order acted as keeper of the king's conscience, so that the monkish cowl covered nearly all the land. It may be interesting to our readers to know that all our long title deeds were prepared by the clerks, who introduced the names of the witnesses in the same clause as the grant, thus:—"Sealed by the above-named John Jones, in the presence of these witnesses, William Smith and James Moore," who, poor stupid boors! looked on, while their lords affixed their seals to the documents which they were unable to read.

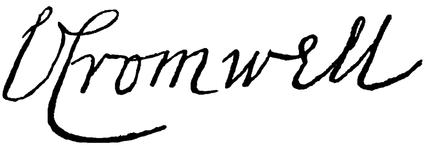
When, however, at the present day we learn from the reports of the Registrar-General what a vast number of marriages are annually celebrated between parties incapable of writing, we cannot fail to observe that we have still somewhat to do ere we may be permitted altogether to sneer at the past.

So much for writing in general, and its peculiarities: we will now devote a little attention to individual, or as it is called, autograph writing. The term *autograph* is derived from two Greek words, signifying "own writing." To give a faint idea of the value of many of these specimens of penmanship of the illustrious or notorious departed, we may mention that the signature of our immortal Shakespere has reached to the value of 315*l.* at public auction; that of Milton may be expected to realise from 50*l.* to 80*l.*; and the signature of the fair Diane de Poitiers lately sold for 10*l.* 10*s.*

For the amusement and instruction of our readers, we select a few out of a numerous collection of *fac-similes.* The first is that of the patriotic and undaunted *Drake*, whose valour and resolution, acting on the minds of his daring followers, saved our much-loved land from Spanish invasion, and perhaps conquest. Does not the penmanship speak of a determined, business-like man, equal to any emergency? The succeeding one is of a totally different stamp. Are we wrong in tracing, in the signature of the ill-fated *Monmouth*, the weakness and love of display inherent to his character? Poor king Monmouth!—peace to his ashes! Many a gallant man and blooming maiden suffered in his cause. The readers of Carlyle's eloquent advocacy of the great Protector of the realm, will regard that simple signature, *O. Cromwell*, with an interest almost allied to awe. Whatever his faults be, let us at least respect the perseverance which marked his career. Next we will take the autograph of the dreaded *Walpole*,—under two kings the able but unprincipled







prime minister of England, perhaps ; like the hero of one of the poems of the next person to whom we shall

Walpole

allude, he was not all evil, though I should expect but little good from the author of so vile a sentiment as "that every man had his price." There is also much interest attaching to aught that recals the memory of our really great modern poet, *Byron*, the bard of

Byron

freedom, and the person, perhaps, to whom, more than all others, aristocracy is indebted. No more shall his lays bring the flush to the cheek, or the tear to the eye! At the early age of thirty-seven he left a world through which few poems were better known, and, perhaps, none more admired. Reader! strive, ere you attain his age, to display his activity of mind, and let your object be in many respects nobler than his. Quaint old *Defoe*, representative of a class gone by, the

Daniel DeFoe

literary factotum of a past age, how does your prim signature recal to our mind dreary politics, and that most delightful of all works of fiction, "Robinson Crusoe!"

To have amused and instructed so many generations of young people, was by no means a bad life's work. Sleep well, dear perverter of the language of the unfortunate Selkirk! Who that is conversant with the rudiments of the English, is unacquainted with honest old *Johnson*, who in the language of one of his admirers,

Sam: Johnson

"had nothing of the bear about him but the skin"—happy during life in the society of so many amiable friends—happy in having so faithful a biographer as James Boswell of Auchinleck,—thine was an enviable career to the lover of fame, opinionated but kind-hearted lexicographer. What person, interested in the broad savannahs and mighty forests of the Far West, has not heard the honoured name of *William Penn?* What student

Wm Penn

of the eventful history of British India is ignorant of the life and trial of *Warren Hastings*, and the eloquence

Warren Hastings

employed, both for the purpose of condemning and defending him? What greater compliment could be paid to the eloquence of a Burke than the assurance, by the object of his withering eloquence, that for a time his wonderful command over language almost overcame an inward feeling of innocence? Need I constitute myself the biographer of the pious and persevering *Philip Schwartzerd*, better known as *Melancthon*. Worthy compeer of the illustrous Luther, the simple-

philippus melanthon

minded peasants of Germany and the better informed theologians of all countries respect thy efforts for the truth! The next two worthies whose autographs I introduce, need but little comment at my hands,—the placid *Joseph Addison* and the reckless *Richard Steele*

J. Addison

seem as intimately connected as spring and blossoms; let the readers of the "Spectator" say how much each has done for English literature.

Richd: Steele

I might occupy I know not how much time and paper by gossiping on the various statesmen, poets, and reformers, whose names are mighty in the land; but I must bring my subject to a close. I think I have said enough at least to justify my own interest in the matter, if not to excite that of my readers. Who knows but that the host of letters written by the young contributors to the *Boys' and Girls' Companion*, from the fame acquired by their authors, ultimately may not furnish autographs of equal value with the magnificent collection of nearly 4,000 which a French gentleman, known to me at least by fame, has, at great expense and with immense research, compiled to match his magnificent library of nearly 20,000 books in all languages!

In conclusion, let me warn my readers against falling into the habit of the Irish lawyer, who wrote one style of penmanship which the public might with difficulty read, one reserved for his clerk and himself, and one which he alone could decipher. Let your autographs be always alike and always legible. R. C.

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THE OLD SOLDIER.

THOUGH our talented contributor has brought his "Village Characters" to a close, there is one in whom we take so warm an interest that we cannot forbear introducing him to our readers. A tall, erect man, or rather wreck of a man, is Francis, or, as he is more commonly called, Frank Firelock, Corporal of the —— Regiment. It is a trite remark that nothing clings so closely to a man as his habits, and we are sure that the gallant Corporal's military precision would be a standing record of its truth. At the village church, where he was regularly to be seen occupying his favourite place at the farthest corner of the last pew in the aisle, or, as he called it, "The Corporal's post at the flanks,"—at the market of the neighbouring town,—at the annual meeting of the parish benefit society,—the old soldier was unmistakeably the retired warrior. His head seemed separated from his body by the pressure of an imaginary tight stock; his whiskers were just of the old regulation length, and his stride neither exceeded nor fell short by a single barleycorn of the extent prescribed by the drill sergeant. But the grandest day, not the "merriest, maddest one," with old Firelock, was the anniversary of some such bloody conflict as Corunna, Vittoria, or Waterloo. On such occasions the tailed-coat, which he always wore, looked more like the military coatee than ever; and the foraging cap, too sacred to be worn every day, seemed to occupy its place on the old warrior's head with a kind of conscious pride. And the medals—oh, those glorious, shining medals!—how the hearts of all the village boys, from the ploughman's child to the squire's heir, leaped at the sight of those witnesses of valour. There was the Peninsular medal, with I know not how many clasps; the Waterloo medal, and, most prized of all, that which spoke of uniform good conduct. His pride was pardonable; for any man might be proud of them. We speak within bounds when we say, that although, to our knowledge, he never urged a single lad to enlist, the sight of honest Francis Firelock did more to fill Her Majesty's army than the arguments of any smooth-tongued recruiting officer. And what had the army and the government done for so faithful a servant? may well be asked. Other men had had orders, honours, and rewards; and what had the Corporal won? five wounds; one seriously interfering with the use of the left arm; three medals, a certificate of good conduct, and a pension of tenpence a-day. It must not, however, be supposed that the stout old soldier either subsisted on, or grumbled at, the allowance. He might have got a breakfast, dinner, or supper, at any house in the place: and, as often as pride permitted him, he would accept the proffered hospitality in the spirit in which it was tendered. He was, indeed, a welcome guest everywhere. Oft would he "shoulder his *stick* and show how fields were won," to the admiring rustics, who gathered round his chair under the spreading trees, or the ingle-nook, according to the season. His house and garden were somewhat of his own nature: there was a certain air of stiffness and respectability about each. The difference was, that the gallant soldier struck an observer as being tall, while everything about his habitation—except the gun, which occupied a large part of his garden—seemed small. However, all was large enough for Corporal Firelock. His bed was sufficient to hold him—in fact, he must, when sleeping, have looked like a chrysalis in a cocoon. In his little sitting-room might be seen, crossed over the ceiling, two long dragoon sabres, which he had captured at Waterloo, in preference to much costlier plunder; he would say "they belonged to brave men, and it was no coward who took them." A bullet or two, fastened together by a small brass chain, formed a kind of ornament from one side of his narrow room to the other; and he could tell you the engagement in which each inflicted a wound. There were two rude paintings in the apartment; one caricaturing the Duke of Wellington, and the other representing the dash of the gallant —— Firelock's regiment into the breach of Ciudad Rodrigo. They were executed by a comrade, one of the few survivors of that fearful day, and were much valued by the owner. A rude statue of Sir John Moore testified the veteran's attachment to his old commander; and Wolfe's fine ode on the burial of that hero formed the subject of a sampler, worked, as he told me, the tears bedewing his eyes, by an only daughter, who, having married a soldier in the artillery, died from sheer anxiety for his safety while he was exposed to fearful danger in the Affghan war. There was another melancholy record of bereavement;—an old, ugly watch, beaten flat by a musket-ball, which struck his last surviving son in the Burmese war. The watch had stopped, and its hands still pointed to the hour of the providential escape of the young soldier, who, poor fellow, died of sun-stroke before Rangoon but a few days after.

"What hour does your watch point to, Uncle Firelock?" sometimes a merry youngster would ask.

"The hour of mercy and the hour of death, my child," was the old man's invariable reply.

He, however, was one of those who could "bear to live, or dare to die;" and on the anniversary of the Queen's birthday, the bereaved old warrior and his long gun were the most notable of the notable things of our village. This was the only day when the gun was allowed to speak, and right proudly did it ring out its congratulation on the event. I used to think, and have scarcely got over the idea yet, that Francis Firelock was the only man who could have loaded or fired that gun.

To give a better insight into the old soldier's character, I will relate a short but memorable conversation I had with him. I was, at the time of which I speak, engaged from morning to night in keeping the accounts of a flourishing shopkeeper in our neighbourhood, and I had few moments of relaxation. The Sunday, however, was of course my own, and as I strolled along the willow-bordered stream behind my mother's house, I often gazed wistfully at the fine fat trout which disported themselves there; and at last, yielding to the temptation, I brought out my new fly-rod, and selecting a very retired place, I began to "throw" for trout. I was an expert fisherman, and as the trout were plentiful, I soon filled my creel, and was returning homewards, possessed with that singular feeling of having committed a wrong which I would have gladly given all my prey to have removed. As I was crossing the little wooden bridge, at some distance behind our house, I started with surprise at seeing the old soldier advancing towards me, tall and methodical as ever.

"Good day, Master Robert," was his greeting. "What have you in your basket?"

"Oh, that is a creel!" said I, looking very foolish.

"And what does your creel contain?"

"Fish," said I, sheepishly.

"And have you been catching fish on the Sabbath?" asked the veteran, reproachfully. "That I call breaking the Lord's truce!"

"And what is the Lord's truce?" I asked, putting on an appearance of indifference.

"A truce, my boy," said the corporal, with the most simple gravity, "is a suspension of hostilities between enemies; and it seems to me, that as our life is too often a kind of battle with each other,—and always with our faults,—our Great Father and General has appointed one day in seven, the brightest and best of all, for the Lord's truce, wherein there shall be rest in the land, and none shall injure or molest the other. Between man and man, and man and beast, there should be peace in the land on the day of the Lord's truce. He who harms a man, he who kills a living thing on that day, commits a grievous wrong. I think the great Napoleon said, 'Confusion to those who do not observe treaties!' Take an old man's advice, and do not break the Lord's truce. The sun shines brighter, the air seems stiller and calmer on that day;—don't make anything die on it!"

"But have you not often killed men on a Sunday?" I asked, trying to excuse myself by a plea of which I was somewhat ashamed.

"Yes, often; and I regret, and regretted it; but our native land and our liberties deserve protection on Sunday as on every other day. Had the godless soldiers whom we resisted conquered our island home, where would the observance of the Lord's truce have been in the land?"

I seized the old soldier's hand, begged him to forgive me, promised amendment, and, emptying my creel in the water, ran away homewards. Poor little fish! how different they looked, floating dead on the water, from their former gay appearance. From that time I kept the Lord's truce, as the veteran called the Sabbath, and he mentioned his reproof to no one.

It was but a few years ago that this fine specimen of a British soldier died. The long gun had been carefully cleaned, so as to fire its accustomed salute on the morrow, the anniversary of the Queen's birthday. I had brought him a quantity of gunpowder from the town, to be used on the occasion, and only left him late at night. Next morning, Francis Firelock did not make his appearance at his accustomed early hour, and as he kept no servant, a neighbour entered his rooms. A smile played on his features; the bedclothes were scarcely disturbed; but the spirit of the Old Soldier had gone to the presence of the God of battles. The gun never spoke again; it was found, that morning, cracked almost to the trunnions, though no one could account for the circumstance. The Corporal left no known relations, and no enemies. His funeral was attended by almost the whole population of our village, and many a tear dropped, as the earth was shovelled into the grave of the Old Soldier. R. C.

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FAT YOUNG LADIES AND VINEGAR.

Taken in moderation, there is no doubt that vinegar is beneficial; but in excess it impairs the digestive organs. Experiments on artificial digestion show that if the quantity of acid be diminished, digestion is retarded; if increased beyond a certain point, digestion is arrested. There is reason, therefore, in the vulgar notion, unhappily too fondly relied on, that vinegar helps to keep down any alarming adiposity, and that ladies who dread the disappearance of their graceful outline in curves of plumpness expanding into "fat," may arrest so dreadful a result by liberal potations of vinegar; but they can only so arrest it at the far more dreadful expense of their health. The amount of acid which will keep them thin will destroy their digestive powers. Portal gives a case which should be a warning. "A few years ago a young lady in easy circumstances enjoyed good health; she was very plump, had a good appetite, and a complexion blooming with roses and lilies. She began to look upon her plumpness with suspicion; for her mother was very fat, and she was afraid of becoming like her. Accordingly, she consulted a woman, who advised her to drink a glass of vinegar daily; the young lady followed the advice, and her plumpness diminished. She was delighted with the success of the experiment, and continued it for more than a month. She began to have a cough; but it was dry at its commencement, and was considered as a slight cold which would go off. Meantime, from dry it became moist, a slow fever came on, and a difficulty of breathing; her body became lean and wasted away; night sweats, swelling of the feet and of the legs succeeded; and diarrhœa terminated her life." Therefore, young ladies, be boldly fat. Never pine for graceful slimness and romantic pallor; but if Nature means to be ruddy and rotund, accept it with a laughing grace, which will captivate more hearts than all the paleness of a circulating library. At any rate, understand this, that if vinegar will diminish the fat, it can only do so by affecting your health.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT.

Two young men were employed in a garden, one of the two had received a liberal education—he understood several languages, wrote a good hand, and studied his profession scientifically; the other was no scholar, he had not had an opportunity of learning much from books, but he possessed much native shrewdness and good sense, and a strong desire to acquire useful knowledge; he had also obtained much practical experience. These young men became mutually helpful to each other. In their leisure time the educated youth taught the other to write. He made him acquainted with the elements of English grammar, and as much of Latin as enabled him to understand, pronounce, and write correctly the scientific names of plants, and their distinction into classes and orders. In return, the young tutor obtained much practical knowledge, for his companion had been at work in the gardens all the years that he had been at school. Thus, at the close of their connexion, each was more advanced in the scientific and practical knowledge of his business than he could have been alone. Several friendly letters afterwards passed, acknowledging their mutual obligations, and informing each other of their progress. When the young man who had been deficient in early advantages became head-gardener to a gentleman of fortune, he sent his friend a present of a melon, and some other specimens of choice things that he had raised, accompanied by a letter informing him particularly about his situation—the trusts reposed in him—the accounts he had to keep, and the correspondence he had to maintain. "And how," he gratefully added, "could I have done all this, if it had not been for a good friend who taught me what I should never have known without him?" His friend felt himself not less indebted for being permitted to share in practical knowledge, which he had not had an opportunity of acquiring by personal experience. So it is that, when persons are well inclined and intent on improvement, "two are better than one," for the knowledge of the two becomes a common stock by which each may enrich the other, without impoverishing himself.

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Death from a Parasol.—Recently a young woman, while hurrying across the road to the London Bridge Station to catch a train, tripped and fell. When raised she stated that her parasol had wounded her in the breast. It was noticed that the parasol handle, which had been broken, was quite sharp at the end. In a minute or two blood flowed from her mouth, and she was taken as quickly as possible to St. Thomas's Hospital, on reaching which she was found to be dead. The surgeon found that the parasol handle had pierced through the right lung.

COLUMNS FOR OUR YOUNGEST READERS.

THE LOST CHILD.

Have you ever been up into the north of Derbyshire? If not, I think that you would like to go some day; and I hope that, if you ever do, you will enjoy it as much as I did on my first visit.

The scenery in many parts is grand. There are beautiful valleys with rugged rocks on each side, that assume all sorts of grotesque shapes at night. There are woods with pretty sparkling rivulets running through them, that seem to rejoice as they dance merrily over the stones that lie in their way, and large ferns and brackens grow luxuriantly in the shade. In the spring there are wild snow-drops and many other beautiful wild-flowers to be found in the woods. Then there are the moors; these are large tracts of uncultivated land, over which you may look for miles without seeing a house or person. The moors are covered with different kinds of heath and mosses, and the clusterberry and bilberry grow there as well. You all know bilberries well, I dare say, and have tasted them in puddings often enough; but the clusterberry is not so common, I have never met with it anywhere but there; it grows on a low bushy plant, with bright green leaves, the blossom is very beautiful, and forms bunches of tiny white flowers in shape something like a lily of the valley, only so much smaller; the berries are a bright scarlet when ripe, and look so pretty among the bright green leaves.

In August, when the clusterberries and bilberries are ripe, numbers of women and children go to gather them for sale. The heath is in flower at the same time, and you cannot imagine anything more lovely than the moors at this time of the year. I was there one beautiful day, and as far as could be seen, there was nothing but the purple heath; in the distance rose hill beyond hill of moorland, till the last was lost against the sky; the white fleecy clouds sailed over head across the clear blue heaven. There was such a delicious freshness in the air, and so much quiet beauty and grandeur in the place, that a feeling of awe came over me, and I longed to be purer and better, and more in harmony with nature, as God intended His children should be. Such scenes make one feel so childlike and happy!

The moors are just the places for children to thoroughly enjoy themselves in; the heath is so tall in some places, it would reach above a man's knees; there many beautiful mosses grow — the stag-horn moss, for one—and many other kinds, and lovely flowers that I do not know the name of, and have only seen there; one little white flower called mountain flax, and quantities of bracken spreading out its large fan-like leaves. Oh! it is a glorious place, and seems so fresh from God's hands. It is so different from our smoky towns, and only they who are obliged to live in such places can thoroughly enjoy the change.

A party of young people set out from a village about a mile from one of these moors, to gather the clusterberries and bilberries. It was an unusually good season for them, and their cans were filled sooner than is customary, for the berries take a long time to gather, even when plentiful,—they are so small. There were two sisters among the party, Eliza and Mary Mawson. Mary was only five years of age, and had gone with her sister, not so much to gather berries as to play among the heather, for the air was so fresh and pure on the moors, the children generally returned with rosy cheeks, and Mary's mother thought it would do her little girl good to accompany her sister. They had all filled their cans, and were ready to start home soon after six o'clock. Mary had been gathering flowers to take back with her, and had strayed away from her sister's party; they had seen her a short time before, but now she was no where to be found. In vain her sister and her companions called her to come and join them,—no one answered; they wandered about till it began to get dark, and then were obliged to return without her. Poor Eliza was in sad trouble: she dreaded going home, for her mother had so particularly charged her to look after and take care of her sister; and what would her father say when he came in from work and found his little darling playfellow was lost?

Mrs. Mawson was standing at the door looking out for her children; it was growing so late, she had been anxious about them for some time. As soon as she saw them coming, she missed Mary, and called out to inquire where she was; Eliza could not, for tears and sobs, answer her, but her companions soon told her mother the sad news. Many of the people in the village offered to go with the frantic parents in search of their lost child; so they took lights with them and started off,—it was now after ten o'clock.

There are many places on the moors from whence stone has been taken, and, if care is not used, any one might step forward and fall a great depth, before having any idea they were so near danger. In the day-time these places add greatly to the beauty of the moors, for in the crevices of the rock are many lovely ferns, &c.; but on a dark night they are very dangerous.

Little Mary's father and mother were afraid of calling their child when they got into the moors, lest she should run to meet them, and fall down one of these stone-pits, when she would be very much hurt, if not killed. The mother trembled with fear when she came near any of these places, and dreaded finding her child dashed to pieces.

They need not have been so alarmed, for God had taken care of the little girl. Little Mary had wandered away from her sister and their companions, in the day-time, to gather flowers and chase butterflies, till she found she had gone much farther than she intended, and turned, as she thought, to join her friends, but she could not at all remember the way—all around seemed the same, and after wandering about till quite wearied, she sat down and cried herself to sleep.

Her father and mother found her lying on her bed of heath, fast asleep: the flowers she had gathered were lying by her side. The parents thanked God, who had protected their dear little girl from the dangers that surrounded her, and restored her to them quite safe and well.

THE FIRE OF LONDON.

The 2nd of September (old style) is the anniversary of the breaking out of the most memorable conflagration on record—the great Fire of London in 1666. Many contemporary narratives of this event have been preserved, the ample details afforded by which might furnish a considerable volume; but we shall endeavour to compress within a moderate space a summary of the most remarkable particulars attending the commencement and progress of the desolating visitation.

In the course of the preceding year, London had been nearly half depopulated by the most destructive plague that had ever been known in England. The disease, which made its appearance about the beginning of May, continued its ravages till the end of September; and during that period above 68,000 individuals were enumerated as having been carried off by it, in the Bills of Mortality. But the real number of victims in that district, it is probable, did not fall much short of 100,000. The spirits of the people were but beginning to recover from this calamity, and the town, in which the grass had been seen growing in the principal streets, had scarcely resumed its wonted appearance, when the scene of universal consternation was suddenly renewed by the terrific event we are now about to notice.

Although the greatest obscurity hangs over the origin of the fire, all the accounts agree in stating that it commenced in a house in Pudding Lane, on the east side of new Fish Street Hill, ten doors from Thames Street, which was occupied by the King's baker, a person of the name of Farryner. It appears to have broken out, not as Evelyn in his "Diary" states, at ten o'clock at night, but rather about one in the morning of Sunday, the 2nd of September, the time mentioned in the account published by authority in the "London Gazette." No more full or graphic description has been given of the first appearance of the conflagration than that which we find in the "Diary" of Pepys, then Clerk of the Acts of the Navy,—a portion of which we shall therefore give.

"Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the city. So I rose and slipped on my night-gown, and went to her window; and thought it to be on the back side of Mark Lane at the farthest; but being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off;[*] and so went to bed again and to sleep. About seven, rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window and saw the fire not so much as it was, and farther off. So to my closet to set things to rights, after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes, and tells me that she hears that above three hundred houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir. J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge . . . . . . So I drove to the water-side and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire . . . . . . Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river, or bringing them into lighters, that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the water-side to another. And among other things the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies, till they burned their wings and fell down."

In the evening, Pepys, accompained with his wife and some friends, took boat near Whitehall, "and thence," he continues, "to the fire up and down, it still increasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames with one's faces in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire drops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire three or four, nay five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little alehouse on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there stayed till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow, and as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire . . . . We staid till it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire, and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruin."

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[*] Pepys' house and office were in Seething Lane, Crutched Friars.

In what was long received as the most correct account of the fire, as well as of the plague which preceded it,—the tract entitled, "God's Terrible Voice in the City," by the Rev. T. Vincent, minister of St. Magdalen, Milk Street,—it is stated that on the Sunday the destructive element had run as far as Garlick Hythe in Thames Street, and had crept up into Cannon Street, and had levelled it with the ground. A violent east-north-east wind had been blowing with scarcely any intermission for above a week before, and was still as high as ever. This drove the flames up the bank of the river and into the heart of the City. The progress which they made towards the east was comparatively slow.

Early on Monday the whole of Gracechurch Street was on fire, as well as Lombard Street, to the west, and part of Fenchurch Street, to the east of it. The flames then seized upon Cornhill, enveloping the Royal Exchange, as well as all the other buildings in the street. Evelyn went on the afternoon of this day to the Bankside in Southwark, to see the conflagration. "It was," he says, "so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentations, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save; as on the other the carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with moveables of all sort, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away . . . . . . All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above ten thousand houses all in one flame! The noise, and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames,—the shrieking of women and children,—the hurry of people,—the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for nearly two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds, also, of smoke were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near fifty miles in length."

This day it appears that some houses were pulled down in Whitefriars, and it was proposed to pull down all those on each side of the river Fleet from the Thames to Holborn Bridge. Vincent mentions, that such was already the difficulty of procuring conveyances for goods, that £5, £10, £20, and even £30, were, in some instances, given for a cart to carry valuable articles, out into the fields. In the course of Monday night, the fire, besides having made some way even in the face of the wind along Thames Street and Fenchurch Street eastward, rushed onwards from Cornhill to Cheapside, the greater part of which, as well as of the streets between it and the river, and many also of those to the north, it had laid in ashes before day-break. A writer, who was in town by seven o'clock on Tuesday morning, and whose account has been published by Mr. Malcolm in his 'Londinium Redivivum,' from the MS. which was in the possession of Mr. Gough, says, "It came to St. Paul's about noon, and thrusting forward with much eagerness towards Ludgate, within two hours more drove those from the work who had been employed all that day in levelling the houses on the river Fleet. It rushed like a torrent down Ludgate Hill, and by five o'clock was advanced as high as Fleet Conduit. Despairing then of ever seeing this place more but in ashes, we went to Hornsey, four miles off, and in our way to Highgate we might discern with what rage and greediness it marched up Fleet Street."

The night of Tuesday is stated to have been even more dreadful than that of Monday; the fire making its way with prodigious and irresistible rapidity to the west, while the immense field of its previous devastations still continued to flame behind.

In the course of this night, however, the wind began to slacken a little; and, according to the account already referred to, published by Malcolm, the fire was stopped at the Temple, Fetter Lane, and Holborn Bridge, between the hours of two and six on Wednesday morning. In Shoe Lane, however, it was not mastered till twelve; and in Cripplegate and the neighbourhood it burned till evening. Its extinction at the different points where it was stopped was effected principally by the expedient of blowing up the houses in its way with gunpowder. A barrel of powder was put under each house, which is stated to have first lifted up the whole a yard or two, after which it fell down on its site in a mass of ruins. There was soon found to be little or no danger to the bystanders in this operation.

But, although in the course of Wednesday the fire was thus got under in all parts, the condition of the inhabitants of the destroyed city was, as may be conceived, dismal in the extreme. It was only now that the full extent of the calamity came to be seen and felt. No more than six or seven individuals had fallen a prey to the flames, although it is probable that the sudden removal from their houses into the open fields must have been fatal to many of the sick and aged. Yet, while life was left to the houseless multitude, they had lost almost everything else. Evelyn draws a melancholy picture of the general desolation. "The poor inhabitants," he says, "were dispersed about St. George's Fields, and Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels; many without a rag, or any necessary utensils, bed, or board, who from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations, in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest misery and poverty . . . . The people who now walked about the ruins appeared like men in some dismal desert, or rather in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, and other combustible goods . . . . . Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrow streets, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoke and fiery vapour, continued so intense that my hair was almost singed, and my feet insufferably surbated. The bye lanes and narrow streets were quite filled up with rubbish, nor could one have possibly known where he was, but by the ruins of some church or hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen two hundred thousand people, of all ranks and degrees, dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss, and though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld." This misery and confusion, it appears, were still further augmented by a rumour which arose, that the French and Dutch had landed, and were about to enter the city. The mingled terror and fury which this news excited were so great that it became necessary to send bodies of military to the fields where the people were, to watch them and keep down the tumult.

A plan has been engraved, which may be found in Maitland's 'History of London,' exhibiting the extent of the gap made in the metropolis by this dreadful conflagration. It may be described, generally, as reaching from the Tower in the east, to the Temple in the west, while its circuit towards the north, might nearly be measured by a semicircle, described from the central point of that portion of the river-side, with a radius of from half a mile to two-thirds of a mile in length. Rather more than three-fourths of the City within the walls were destroyed, together with a space fully equal to the remaining space beyond. The fire, according to Maitland, "laid waste and consumed the buildings on four hundred and thirty-six acres of ground, four hundred streets, lanes, &c., thirteen thousand and two hundred houses, the cathedral church of St. Pauls, eighty-six parish churches, six chapels, the magnificent buildings of Guildhall, the Royal Exchange, Custom House, and Blackwell Hall, divers hospitals and libraries, fifty-two of Companies Halls, and a vast number of other stately edifices, together with three of the City-gates, four stone bridges, and the prisons of Newgate, the Fleet, the Poultry, and Wood Street Compters, the loss of which, together with that of merchandise and household furniture, by the best calculation, amounted to ten millions seven hundred and thirty thousand and five hundred pounds."

This great calamity, however, as it was felt to be at the time, turned out eventually a blessing to London. The city, soon rose again from its ruins, incalculably improved both in convenience and splendour; and the plague, formerly almost its yearly scourge, burned, as it were, out of its ancient places of shelter by the all-cleansing flames, has never since been seen in England.

The fluted Doric column on Fish Street Hill, known by the name of the Monument, which was erected to perpetuate the memory of this great fire, was begun by Sir Christopher Wren in 1671, and finished in 1677. The Monument is two hundred and two feet in height, and the diameter of the shaft is fifteen feet. Till lately, an inscription on the Monument imputed the fire to the Papists, then the objects of persecution and popular dislike. It is in allusion to this that Pope has said that this fine column—

> "Like a tall bully lifts the head and lies."

It is honourable to the improved feelings of our age, that this calumny upon a great body of our fellow-subjects has been rejected by a vote of the Corporation of London; and that the offensive inscription is now obliterated.

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TOUCHING INCIDENT.—Some gentlemen passing through the beautiful village of Renton, in the Vale of Leven, Dumbartonshire, about nine o'clock at night a short time ago, had their attention directed to a dark object in the churchyard. On going in to ascertain what it was, they found a boy of tender years lying flat on his face and apparently sound asleep over a recently-made grave. Thinking this not a very safe bed for him, they shook him up and asked how he came to be there? He said he was afraid to go home, as his sister, with whom he resided, had threatened to beat him. "And where does your sister live?" asked one of the party. "In Dumbarton," was the answer. "In Dumbarton—nearly four miles off! and how came you to wander so far away from home?" "I just cam'" sobbed the poor little fellow, "because my mither's grave was here." His mother had been buried there a short time before, and his seeking a refuge at her grave in his sorrow was a beautiful touch of nature in a child, who could scarcely have learned to realise the true character of that separation which knows of no reunion on earth. Thither had he instinctively wandered to sob out his sorrows, and to moisten with tears the grave of one who had hitherto been his natural protector, for he had evidently cried himself asleep.

THE GIRL'S WORK-TABLE.

BY MADAME EUGENIE.

THE ALHAMBRA FLOWER BASKET.

We have much pleasure in complying with the request of our correspondent, in giving this elegant article, more especially as we have it at this moment in our power to offer one just introduced on the Continent, and considered one of the most tasteful, as well as the newest of its kind.

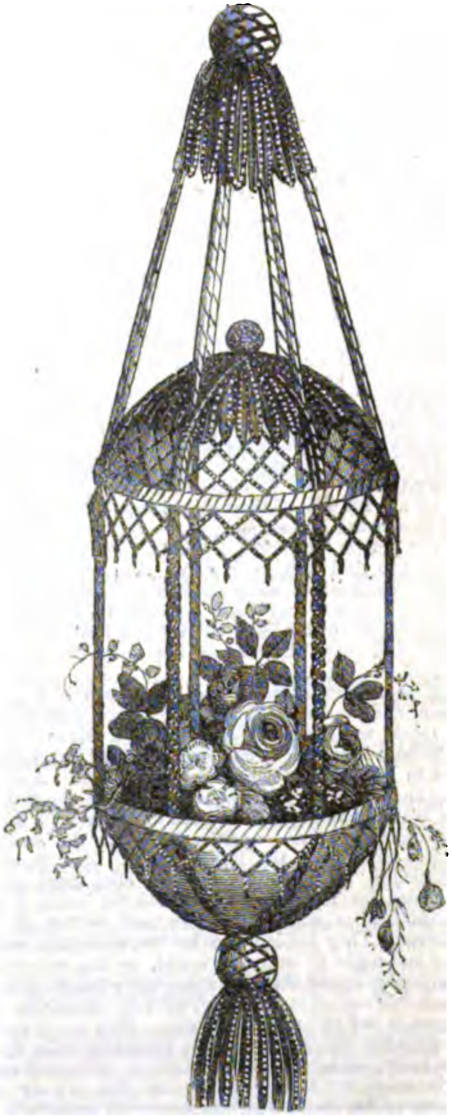
This Alhambra Flower Basket has also the advantage of being very easily made by any lady residing in the country, where frames are not easily procured. It requires only a little of the petticoat-wire, now so much in use, and a little strong common bonnet-wire to make its foundation.

To commence, take a piece of petticoat-wire, twenty inches long, and form it into a circle, taking care to secure the ends; then take three pieces of the common round wire and fasten the six ends at regular distances upon the circle: these crossing at the bottom form the shape of the basket; then take Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s No. 8 Knitting Cotton, and twist these wires round and round until they are about twice their original thickness. Then cover the upper flat rim with narrow white ribbon twisted round and round.

This being done, take a bright pink cotton and thread a quantity of white crystal beads, not the smallest seed-bead, but one of a moderate size; with this wind every portion of the frame round and round, until the whole is covered with the beads. The intervals between the bars may be filled in, either with diamond-work in the beads, or with strings of beads across, in the way of a spider's web. A rich fringe is then to be carried all round, formed of diamonds at the top, having long loops at each point, and a large handsome tassel attached to the bottom.

For the sake of simplicity of description, we have spoken only of one half of this basket, but it is necessary that two should be made exactly in the same manner; these are attached to each other by six chains of beads, leaving space between for a beautiful group of flowers, of which, a few sprays should always be suffered to hang gracefully down. The whole is hung by three chains uniting in a handsome tassel at the top.

This Basket must be seen to be appreciated. Its peculiarity consists in the purity of its tone, and the sort of pink opal appearance imparted to its character by means of the pink cotton shining through the white beads, as well as by the shape, which is quite new.



THE ALHAMBRA FLOWER BASKET.

GEOGRAPHY OF THE HINDOOS.

The Hindoos are a very ancient people. Hundreds of years ago, when our forefathers were savages, clothed in skins and living in forests, the natives of India were comparatively civilised. Thus early, they had their cities, their states, and their kingdoms, and even their schools and colleges. Some of the very old monuments, still preserved, show their knowledge and ingenuity. They were not, however, wise in all things, for they had no knowledge of the true God, but worshipped the sun and moon, fire and water, earth and air, as their children have done to this day. They worshipped men and animals, and even stocks and stones. As you may suppose, this false religion was partly foolish and partly wicked. One of the foolish things in it was, that they must not travel out of their native country, or have anything to do, if they could help it, with foreigners. It could not, therefore, be supposed that they should know much, or indeed anything, of any countries but their own. But, although they knew scarcely anything about geography, they were, and are still, a very proud and conceited people. They fancy that they are very clever and learned, and they boast a great deal of their knowledge. Now, boastful people are almost sure to be ignorant. If you hear a person talk much of what he knows, you may expect to find him very silly. And we shall see this if we consider what notions of geography the Hindoos have, and then I think that even the youngest of our readers will confess that, with all their boasting, their ideas are most foolish and absurd.

Most of them suppose that the Earth is a great plain, and that in the centre of this plain there stands a most wonderful mountain called Meru. This mountain is said to be made up of gold and jewels, and to be the place where the gods dwell. And its size and shape are quite as wonderful as its riches, for it rises straight up, like the chimney for a glass manufactory turned upside down, for the smaller part is below, and the larger above. But there is something about this mountain still more marvellous; for it is said to be 840,000 miles high, 160,000 miles wide at the top, and 80,000 at the bottom. They believe also that this mountain causes day and night all over the world, in this way—the sun moves round the mountain, and when he shines upon one side of it, that side, with the countries between it and the sun, have day. But, on the opposite side, the shadow of the mountain falls upon the countries below, and covers them with darkness.

So much for Mount Meru; but this is only the centre of the earth, which is formed of a number of large rings or belts around it. First, there is a great plain sweeping all round the base of Meru. This is the part of the world where man and animals live, and all around it flows an ocean of salt water. But, then, beyond this there comes a second circular or ring-shaped continent, and then another ocean. But strange to say, this is not salt water, or fresh either, but milk! In like manner there are five more continents and oceans, one after the other, and outside all there is a range of mountains. These mountains form the end of the universe. Two of the oceans, as I have said, are of salt water and milk; but the other five are made of curds, ghi or melted butter, sugar-cane juice, spirits of wine, and fresh water.

This is the common geography of the Hindoos. But, ages back, a few men wiser than others in India had come to the conclusion that the world must be round, and not flat. They could not, however, get rid of their old notions about Meru and the seven oceans and continents, and so they made Meru sink almost as far below the surface of the earth as it rose above it. They supposed that this mountain formed the axle round which the earth turned like a wheel. One hemisphere, or half of the globe, was, they said, the habitable world; and, on the other, the seven continents and oceans of land and water.

There are six long ranges of mountains, and two shorter ones crossing them. Meru is in the centre. At its base are four supporting mountains, and four enormous trees. From these four rivers flow to the circumference at each quarter of the hemisphere.—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

◆

THE PEACOCK AND DOVE.

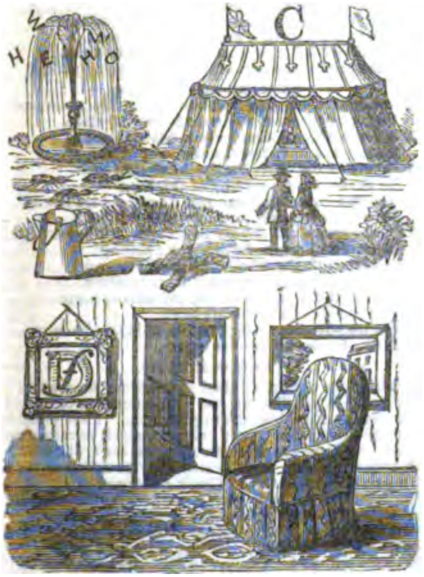
AN ALLEGORY.

I was seated on a moss-grown and decayed block of oak, under the cool and refreshing shade of a large evergreen, which threw its leafy branches in every direction, when suddenly there appeared to me a peacock, spreading out his feathers and stalking majestically in the sun: while I was observing him, a dove from a neighbouring garden perched itself upon a rising hillock near the peacock; the latter then with head erect, and slowly approaching the dove, said—"O dove, thou contemptible bird, fly from hence, and let not Juno's beautiful favourite be contaminated by inhaling the air which has been breathed by thee." "Vain bird," said the dove, while a mixture of humility and conscious purity beamed from her eyes, and caused her spotless white breast to heave with virtuous indignation, at the vile language of the peacock, "let not thy pride instigate thee to despise all other of the feathered race: thinkest thou that the Goddess of Heaven will permit thy arrogance to be unrewarded? no! thy punishment will be speedy." The peacock replied, "Juno will—" but suddenly he stopped, for his voice had changed, and was shrill as the cry of the sea-bird. At that moment a voice came from the sky, saying, "Behold the punishment of thy pride." And since that the peacock has lost his voice, and cannot sing, but struts about showing his beauty, but whenever he attempts to speak, everybody derides him.

THE HAPPY HOUR.

HIEROGLYPHIC SENTENCE.

52



G. M. F. Glenny.

ENIGMAS.

53

I am everywhere—in the deep blue sea,
On the mountain-top, on the lofty tree;
From the hot sandy desert of Afric's shore,
To where white men dig for the golden ore.
Some wish to forsake me, while others in vain
Seek to find me, though across the wide main
Often they wander. I am found 'neath the dome
Of the gorgeous palace, where monarchs roam;
'Neath the humble roof of the cottage low,
Where the flickering fire-beams come and go.
I am lost 'midst the busy world of mirth,
Though found in the utmost bounds of earth—
In forests dark, where wild beasts rove,
In sloping vales and shady grove.
To most I'm the cause of gladness and pleasure;
By all should be loved as a priceless treasure.
With some I am fleeting, with others stay ever,
Thro' life ceaselessly sought, yet by some found never.
Howe'er lov'd I may be, how dear, joyous, and gay,
All who have me must lose me, to gain me for aye.
Thro' life, duty obeying, 'tis promis'd, confess'd,
How lov'd others have been, yet the last is the best.
Darlington.

54

A number, a weight, and a letter combined,
Will show you a valuable thing, you will find.
Hercules.

55

From the womb of the earth I challenge my birth,
From the ladies' fair fingers my frame;
I vary as oft as Luna, aloft,
And yet I continue the same.

In winter I'm hot, in summer I'm not,
Tho' I find no great alteration;
I play'd least in sight, as full well I might,
In the time of the grand usurpation.

I have flesh, I must own, without any bone,
I have tongue that never spoke treason;
I bear excellent fruit, without any root,
And am always best in my season.

When scarce a day old, I'm clammy and cold,
Then into a dungeon I'm turned;
I never get sleep, but all the time weep,
For fear of my sides being burned.

As soon as releas'd, away to a feast,
And drink some old port, ere I die;
Then straight disappear, and come no more there:
What a whimsical creature am I. John Blight.

56

Exhausted with the burning sun, and faint with hunger, too,
At last I spied a tree, whose fruit seemed tempting to the view;
"But perhaps it may be poisonous," I to myself did say,
I'll ask the tree it's name, and said, "Tell me thy name, I pray?"
The gen'rous tree then told its name, 't was all it did reply;
But what it said did also mean, "Nay, prithee, do not die."
Clearchus.

CHARADES.

57

With my first Punch's enemies are put to the rout;
The head of all creatures my next is, no doubt;
My third, on the ocean is oft toss'd about;
My whole, men of business could ne'er do without.
Hercules.

58

My first is what most gossips have a propensity for; my second is a very nice meat; and my whole is a naval port on the Medway. Julia M. K.

59

My first is what you do in mixing; my second is a sea-fish; my whole is a county in Scotland.

60

My first are timid animals; my second, a musical instrument; and my whole is used for healing. Rosa.

61

My first is a part of the body; my second is a human being; my whole is a servant. A. H. Lowe.

62

My first is a shrub; my second, the name of a dog; my whole a useful domestic article. Alice B.

63

My first is an English sport; my second is a spanish title; my whole is a town of England. W. P. T. J.

64

My first is a composer of my whole; my second is two-thirds of a grain; my whole was produced by the pen of Addison and others. Caroline M. Carr.

65

My first is a bird; my second is a fruit; my whole is a fruit.
Henry Rose.

66

My first is the masculine French for "the;" my second, a culinary article; my third, a preposition; my whole a Grecian gulf. Ann Chovy.

PUZZLE.

67

Take 100 from 90, how many remain?

Robert Johnson.

DECAPITATIONS.

68

Whole, I am a biped; decapitate me, I am a bird that does not like the light; transpose my whole, and I am a quadruped.

69

Entire, I am a weapon of war; behead me, I am a fruit; behead me again, and I am a part of your person. **W. P. T. J.**

HISTORICAL MENTAL PICTURE.

70

It is night, in a cathedral of Normandy. Along the aisles, and winding its way amid the magnificent arches and columns, there slowly approaches a funeral procession. The church is brilliantly lighted; priests, ranged on either side, are chanting requiems for the dead; torch-bearers go before, and follow the procession; a princely youth, in a long black velvet mantle of estate, appears to be the chief mourner, his expressive features and magnificent forehead show him to be possessed of intellect in no ordinary degree. And now as they enter the chancel, where an open grave is prepared, a hundred long wax tapers throw their light over the splendid scene. The coffin, adorned with the ducal crown of Normandy and the royal diadem of England, is borne on upon a black velvet bier, whose lofty canopy is surmounted by sable plumes. It is carried by nobles and knights in armour, and surrounded by bishops and white-robed priests singing the Miserere. Now all is still, the echoes of the funeral chant are dying away amidst the vaulted arches of the cathedral, and the coffin is about to be lowered into the grave—when see!—a man, who has been hitherto shrouded behind a pillar, comes forward, and in a commanding voice forbids the funeral ceremonies to proceed!

Mary Katharine.

QUESTIONS.

71. Who was the first king of Portugal, and when did he reign?

72. Who was the fourth king of Poland, and when was he slain?

73. What were Cicero, Tacitus, Lucretius, and when did they die?

74. What are the heights of the mountains Ossa, Wrekin, Pelion, Cotopaxi, Olympus, and Parnassus, in feet? **Caius.**

75. In whose reign, and by whom was the Bible divided into chapters and verses?

76. When and where were cannon first used in England?

77. When and by whom was the order of Jesuits instituted?

Nella.

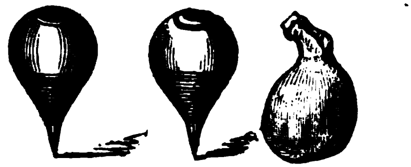
78. When, by whom, and where were guns invented?

79. When and how was iron discovered?

80. What are the heights of the mountains Jungfrau, Snowdon, Geesh, and Erebus? **Antonio.**

TOWN HIEROGLYPHICALLY EXPRESSED.

81



Goldsmith.

POETICAL RECEIPTS.

By G. M. F. G.

TO POLISH PLATE.

For polishing plate, 'tis essential to get
Some whiting, and water to make it quite wet;
Place this on the metal, and when it is dry,
To dislodge the said powder, the hard brush apply;
After this, take a leather (but mind it is clean),
And rub till there is not a spot to be seen.
[Having tried many methods, I firmly maintain,
The above is the best of the whole—being plain.]

TO MAKE GOOD COFFEE.

There is nothing more noxious than coffee when poor,
Nor more pleasant when made to perfection.
The former description I could not endure;
But should have not the slightest objection
To a cup of the latter for breakfast: as such
To those of my own way of thinking—
I describe—in a language you'll not censure much,
How to make a drop really worth drinking.
Take an ounce of the very best coffee, well ground,
Upon which pour of water quite boiling
One pint; stir the whole of it gently round
With a spoon, to prevent it from spoiling.
Then allow it to stand for ten minutes or more
By the side of a moderate fire;
Serve up with hot milk; having tried it, I'm sure,
I may fearlessly say 'tis entire.

SWEET BISCUITS.

"In a multitude of council there is wisdom," we are told;
And as such—if you'll allow me—I'll endeavour to unfold
How to manufacture biscuits to perfection. First procure
One pound of wheaten flour; half its weight, or rather more
Of finely powdered sugar; with eight ounces of the best
Fresh butter; which, when beaten, may be added to the rest
With a pair of eggs divested of their shells and skins, without
Mutilating them as usual—namely, whisking them about;
Then by the aid of water form the condiments into
A good thick paste, and roll it up—this any one may do—
In balls, soon as flattened, may be placed upon a tin,
To bake for half an hour from the time you put them in.

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ADDRESS.

Dear Boys and Girls,—We avail ourselves of the opportunity of congratulating you on the progress you are making in solving the Pastime matter, and have again to thank you for enlisting among your ranks additional competitors, and procuring new subscribers. We are well aware of the value of your recommendations, and know that all our efforts to extend the popularity of the "Companion" fall very short of the power you have in your hands to effect that desirable object. But whilst we leave the extension of its influence to our subscribers, we feel that we have a duty to perform before we can expect to merit your good services, and that is, to make the "Companion" *worthy* of your support and recommendation. That we have not entirely failed in this, we have abundant evidence in the many kindly expressions of approval contained in our month's correspondence; but that there is still scope for considerable improvement, we are free to admit. We therefore, in taking leave of you for another month, court the suggestions of our friends towards the attainment of our aim—namely, to make our little pioneer the best medium of instruction and amusement for the Boys and Girls of England.

We have, also, to thank our friends of the Letter-writing Council, for their hearty response towards the carrying out of the new feature introduced in the present number. Many of the letters possess much merit, and are evidences of the literary powers of their authors to no mean extent. We have given an impartial judgment in our selection, and trust that competitors will be stimulated to increased efforts in our next subject, which will be—

From a Daughter to her Parents on their having betrothed her to one whom she cannot love.

AWARDS.

First Class.

Henry Rose —(your solutions are deserving of great praise; thanks for contributions).—Bertha Fortescue.—W. P. T. J. (your enigmas, &c., are not necessarily declined because they do not immediately appear; we have such an abundance of Pastime matter, that contributions are used in their turn, as near as possible.)—P. T. G. (we court the criticisms and suggestions of subscribers, and shall at all times be happy to receive them, feeling assured that they will be made in a kindly spirit; but we think you should waive your objections as to the hieroglyphics, to form which it would be almost impossible without sacrificing orthography to sound; prospectuses shall be forwarded.)—George Benstead (thanks for contributions.)—Darlington (we cannot agree with you as to limiting the age of competitors to sixteen years; neither do we believe that persons possessing true dignity of character would feel insulted at being called "boys" or "girls" at the age of twenty, especially our correspondents of the latter sex; nor does our experience prove the efficiency of the competitor of maturer age over those of under fourteen or fifteen; calm, intelligent, reflection was brought to bear upon our limit, which is unalterably fixed; excess of Pastime matter precluded our inserting your contribution in last month's number, it will probably appear in this). —Highland Laddie (we shall have much pleasure in your joining our council of letter-writers; and trust you will soon be restored to health; thanks for the poems, judgment upon which shall immediately be passed).—Highland Lassie.—Romulus.—Jury's Gap (thanks for enigmas, puzzles, &c.)—Elizabeth Emily Stevens.—Flora Melville.—Rosa—Antonio (we are glad to hear of your intention to join the letter-writing council; your contribution shall appear in due course.)—Clearchus (the duties you have had to perform are a sufficient excuse for not sending the "curiosities;" we shall be glad to receive them when it suits your convenience).—Kezia (for the interest you have taken in procuring subscribers, accept our sincere thanks; if each had met with your success, the "Companion" would certainly be now the most popular periodical of the kind; we are glad to hear of your intention of joining the council of letter-writers.—A. E. D.—Nella (we are glad to hear your desk and certificate arrived safe, and that you are pleased with your prize.)—Mary Katharine (answer to question of colouring Plaster Casts in our next; solutions to two-thirds of Pastime matter, correctly rendered, will entitle you to first class award—.Henri Quatre (an excellent beginning).—M. A. C. W. (charade accepted).—Mary Ann.—Israel (your contributions will always be acceptable).—Georgie (prospectuses shall be forwarded).—Tib (no question seems to be beyond your powers of solving).—Berengaria (we shall have much pleasure in enrolling you among or goodly company).—Robert Johnson (we hope there will be no more mistakes with publishers; the "Companion" reaches Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, now in good time, and we have no complaints.)—Ida May Foster (the "Companion" is not, at present, registered for transmission abroad).—Thomas C. (we cannot help complimenting you on the tasty manner in which you draw out your solutions).—G. Manchee (excellent solutions.)

Second Class.

Cyrus.—John Thorne (quite right: questions need not be written, numbers only required).—Juvenis Fortis Animi (we have much pleasure in welcoming you amongst our council; thanks for contributions; prospectuses shall be forwarded).—Tschudi (we have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of your valued contributions.)—Alexander (for obtaining new subscribers, accept our best thanks).—Jabez Carter.—Rosetta (your contribution is received with thanks; prospectuses shall be forwarded.)—Eva.—M. T.—E. H. L.—E. A. H.—C. E. D.—Caroline.—A. M. D. (we have great pleasure in welcoming old acquaintances; contributions accepted).—L. E. D.—Tom Thumb (your solutions have wonderfully improved).—E. J.—W. Z.—P. Piper.—Rose Morrisson.—Emma Louise (we are glad to welcome you among us again, and thank you for obtaining so many new subscribers).—Hercules (thanks for contributions).—Jumbo (you are in good time). —Maljna Walters.—Modesta.—Dido.—J. Tunicliffe (your charades will no doubt appear in their turn.—Cousin Mary (thanks for hieroglyphics).—Amelia.—Susan Harrison (we could not have received your solutions last month, or your name would certainly have appeared.—Rose Bud.—Hector.—Boadicea (thanks for contributions).—J. T. I. Marks. —E. Delderfield (excellent solutions for a beginning, and exceedingly clever for your age).—Lucy Thomas.—E. Blatchley (from the aptitude displayed in your first attempt, we think you should have had no timidity in taking your friend Kezia's advice).—George Brown.—Minnie W. (thanks for contributions).—J. T. Headland (prospectuses shall be sent).—Philip. —C. M. Carr (the award was made solely from the merit of your solutions, some of which were not right; your writing is by no means bad; thanks for contributions).—Spermantia (prospectuses shall be sent).—G. C. O. W.—William J.—John Wesley.—A. H. Lowe (thanks for contributions.)

Third Class.

S. G. (your first effort promises well for the future).—E. J. Johnson (you are not too late; send as many solutions as you possibly can; you will soon be enabled to decipher the hieroglyphics by studying those already published and their explanations, which always appear in the following number.)—Goose Quill.—A. M. M. (thanks for contributions; shall be glad to receive solutions from you).—Mary Stuart (we shall be glad at all times to receive contributions the joint efforts of yourself and your friend Tschudi).—Georgina Scott.—Bertha. —Lydia (we hope to receive solutions from you).—Louisa H. (very good for a first attempt.—J. B. Clarke.—Letitia Reignecourt (a decided improvement over your previous efforts; persevere, and success will be certain; prospectuses shall be sent.)—University Boy (eight times in either of the classes will entitle you to a beautifully printed certificate, framed and glazed).—Mars (we have much pleasure in welcoming a new competitor).—J. McR. (we hope to receive solutions from you; charade shall appear).—H. J. H.—W. Trickey (allow us to suggest that you write on paper more appropriate for the purpose, and that you conform to our rule 2 to contributors and correspondents).

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QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Tom Thumb.—The First Newspaper Printed.—It is believed that the first daily paper was the *Public Ledger*, which was published in 1750. The *Times* first appeared in 1788, but bore the number 941, being a continuation of the *Universal Register*, which had been published some time before. The *Morning Chronicle* was first issued in 1769. The *Morning Advertiser* came out in 1795.

Norman G.—To Paint Magic Lantern Slides.—Provide a small muller, and a piece of thick ground glass, five or six inches square, to grind the colours on, and a few small bottles, to put the colours in. For red, get a drop of scarlet lake; blue, take Prussian blue; yellow, take gamboge; green, take a piece of distilled verdigris, and grind it with a quarter of its bulk of gamboge-brown, burnt umber, and burnt sienna; black, take lamp-black Having all your colours, grind them in balsam of Canada, mixed with half its bulk of turpentine, or a little more, if too thick for grinding easily; or use mastic varnish, which will get hard sooner than the other, as it will take six or seven days to harden; but the balsam is more beautiful. To paint the glass black round the painting, dissolve asphaltum in turpentine mixed with lamp-black. Having ground all your colours, put them in separate bottles. When used, take out a little on a piece of stick, and put it on a piece of glass—not more than you want, as it dries very soon. If too thick, dilute it with turpentine. To paint the slides, you must design your subject on paper, place it under the glass, and paint upon the glass according to the subject beneath. The brushes to be used are common hair pencils, which may be cleaned, from time to time, with turpentine.

THE LETTER-WRITER.

From a Son to his Parents, on hearing of the Death of a Brother in the Indian War.

My Dear Father and Mother,

In imagination, my mother, I see thee weeping over the loss of thy son; thy gentle eyes fixed, with an expression of inconsolable sorrow, on the letter which blights thy proud hopes of my noble brother. And I fancy I see thee, my father, pacing the room, with folded arms, endeavouring to control the feelings which almost plunge thee into despair; yet, one who knows thee well could discover beneath the sternness of thy dark eyes an expression of intense anguish. Weep not so bitterly, mother, for Ernest is happy now; be not so desponding, father, for he is nearer to us than he was on earth. Oceans rolled between us and him as a lieutenant; now, space cannot divide us from him as an angel. if we do God's will.

It was the evening of a half-holiday—the summer's breeze cooled our hot faces as we lay on the grass under the chestnut trees, resting ourselves after the exertion of cricket. Suddenly I heard my name called. I ran to the master, who gave me a letter. I knew the handwriting well, but it was sealed with black. With a trembling hand I opened it, and, with a presentiment of evil, read the words which ended my dreams of happiness. It seems but yesterday since he left England. How distinctly I remember his words, full of hopes and expectations of a glorious career! And now to think that I shall never see him again! Oh, my brother! thou who wert all the world to me, how can I endure the miseries of life without thee? I burst into tears as I read the letter. Some of my school-fellows were still playing, and I read in their merry faces that they had never known the want of consolation, nor knew how to impart it. Some tried to console me, saying, "Cheer up, old fellow—never mind, you'll soon forget it;" but their sympathies, though meant kindly, only increased my sorrow, for how could I forget my brother, whom I loved so passionately.

Ah! my parents, riches cannot prevent death from separating loving hearts. O Ernest! thou who wert so good, so generous, thy noble spirit hath found a happy home. Think me not strange, my parents, when I say I envy him; for I have still to toil on in this disappointing world, while his career is ended—he has done for ever with sorrow. We have this consolation—he died a noble death. Fighting for his country, he sacrificed his life to save that of others. If his career was short, it was glorious; and, doubtless, he is rewarded. Let us not look on death as a destroyer, for to the good it is but a change from earth to heaven. Let us not regret his loss, but rather thank God that he is freed from earthly sorrow. There is one less to tread the difficult path of duty, but there is one more in the mansions above.

And now, my dear parents, farewell! I am called to mingle with the busy throng around me, but I cannot enter into their pastimes, nor do I feel my wonted energy in pursuing my studies; yet I will strive not to selfishly give way to sorrow, but to prove myself worthy of the affection you have ever shown me, and hereafter be to you what Ernest once was. Leaving you to the care of Him who has called Ernest home,—I remain, my dear parents, ever your affectionate son,

June 15, 1868. **Darlington.**

Letters received from—John Thorne, Alexander, Darlington, W. P. T J., C. E. Dalton, Georgie, E. J., Bertha, Joseph Tunnicliffe, Ida May Foster, Flora Melville.

⁂ Regulations to be observed by the Council of Letter-writers:—

Competitors may be of either sex, whose age shall not exceed twenty years; and for the proper carrying out our object, we would desire that the following rules be complied with:—1. That the letter be written in a plain and legible hand, on *one* side of the paper only. 2. That it shall not exceed in length six hundred words. 3. That it shall be strictly original, emanating directly from the writer. 4. That each letter shall bear the name or assumed name, of the writer, and be at the Editor's office on or before the 20th of every month. Presentations of Certificates of Merit, beautifully printed in gold and colours, and framed, will be made, at the close of the present volume, to each competitor whose letter has been printed in the "Companion."

NOTICES.

We shall feel much pleasure in forwarding a packet of Prospectuses to any of our friends who may feel disposed to make good use of them. Please forward name and address.

Having received many additional subscribers with our new series, some of whom might, perhaps, wish to obtain the "Companion" from the commencement, we beg to state that back numbers and Vols. I. and II. may still be had on order from any bookseller, or may be had direct from the printers on receipt of postage stamps. Vol. I., 3s. 6d.; Vol. II., 2s. 6d. Cases also for binding the numbers will be forwarded on receipt of nine postage-stamps.

In cases of difficulty in procuring the "Companion" in country places, copies may be had from the printers on receipt of postage-stamps, one stamp only being required for the postage of three numbers.

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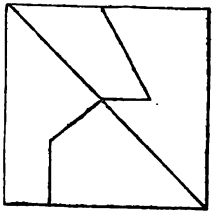
ANSWERS TO PASTIME.

(*On Pages* 82 *and* 83.)

33.—Look before you leap, for snakes among sweet flowers do creep. 34.—India. 35.—Fishguard. 36.—Headcorn. 37.—(see diagram). 38.—Madam, Adam, Ada, dam, am. 39.—Tart, art, tar, rat. 40.—Aberdeen. 41.—Warsaw. 42.—Sack-cloth 43.—*a.* Nile; *b.* elephant; *c.* London; *d.* Sussex; *e.* orange; *f.* Nero: (Nelson). 44.—*a.* Blyth; *b.* Egremont; *c.* Lucretius; *d.* Guadiana; *e.* Iceland; *f.* Ulverston; *g.* Mansfield: (Belgium). 45.—*a.* Shrewsbury; *b.* Estremadura; *c.* Herculaneum. 46.—Tartar. 47.—Sacramento, 420; Murray, 1260; Lena, 2400; Jordan, 106; Loire, 570 miles. 48.—Baikal, 14,800; Chad, 15,000; Aral, 26,000; Erie, 11,000; Mara Caybo, 5000; Belaton, 250 square miles. 49.—King John signing the Magna Charta. 50.—King Charles in the Royal Oak. 51.—William the Conqueror and his son Robert when fighting against each other.



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OUR PRIZES.

Prizes will be given for best solutions to Enigmas, &c., the names or initials of competitors being printed and placed monthly into the first, second, or third class, according to merit: the party whose name appears oftenest in the first class will be entitled to the first Prize, and the next oftenest to the second Prize. &c.

Our next distribution, which will take place at the completion of the present Volume, consisting of twelve Numbers, will be as follows:—

First Prize.—Any article of the value of FIVE POUNDS.
Second Prize.—Any article of the value of TWO POUNDS.
Third Prize.—Any article of the value of ONE POUND.

Certificates of Merit, beautifully printed, will be presented to all those whose names have appeared *eight* times in either of the classes.

☞ Contributors to the "Happy Hour" are requested to observe the following rules:—

1.—In compiling Enigmas, Charades, &c., *orthography* must not be sacrificed to *sound*.

2.—All contributions to be written on *one* side of the paper only; and at the end of each Charade, Enigma, &c., the answer, and the initials or *assumed name* of the contributor.

3.—None but *original* Pastime matter will be accepted; and any contributor detected in the attempt to pass off *old* for *new* Enigmas, Charades, &c., will be expelled from the classes.

4.—All Solutions to the "Happy Hour" to be forwarded to the Editor by the 20th of every month.

Address to Editor at Printers', 93, Middle Street, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

THE RESTORATION:

A SEQUEL TO THE "ADVENTURES OF AN ORPHAN."

BY RICHARD CHANDLER.

CHAPTER V.

THE manuscript which Miss Lancaster lent Ellie, and which our impatient friend took a very early opportunity of reading, was as follows:—

"Judging it necessary, in justice to the interest of the little one whose lot has been so strangely linked to my own, that what little information I have obtained concerning her should be preserved, and bearing in mind the shortness of life, I have drawn up a brief account of the circumstances. It is possible that my labour of love will be of very little avail, but as it is a solemn duty on me neither to conceal nor exaggerate, I can vouch for the truth of the narrative, so far, at least, as the information I have obtained, and my own personal knowledge extend. My occupation is that of a sculptor, and as few will take any interest in my hopes or progress, I will say as little as may be on the subject. My residence is No. —, Bruton's Rents, —— street. My first introduction to Agnes, of whom I am about to write, arose from my love of music, which being unable to gratify at any great expense, I was feeding by listening to a hand-organ of singular power and sweetness which a swarthy Italian was playing. Around the operator was gathered a crowd of idlers, a few, like myself, prompted by a partiality for sweet sounds, many by sheer aversion to employment, and, I am afraid, some by hope of plunder. In fact, such was the number of people assembled, that it was some time before I could fully learn the cause of their interest. At length, using my arms to some purpose, I succeeded in making my way to the foremost circle of gazers, and I beheld a child of prepossessing appearance dancing in the most elegant manner to the music, which the foreigner was extracting from the instrument. She presented a marked contrast to the Italian, being singularly fair, and notwithstanding the tawdry finery in which she was dressed, I thought I marked a slight degree of refinement, which, at least, I could not have expected. It seems quite the law of nature that a single idler should make many, and by repeated reinforcements from the adjoining streets and alleys, the organ-grinder's audience became quite an obstruction to the thoroughfare. A ragged urchin near me spread an alarm among his companions by crying, 'Here is a Charlie coming!' and the confusion this warning created was increased by a well-dressed woman crying out uproariously that she had been robbed. As my pocket was unhappily but very ill-furnished, I entertained no dread of robbery, and I was rather amused than terrified by the efforts each was making to withdraw himself and herself from the crowd. The victim of the robbery made frantic efforts to reach a man whom she suspected of the crime, and as the suspicions of others fell on different persons, the only object the better-conducted part of the crowd seemed to have in common was the increase of confusion. The stronger swore, the weaker screamed, and some mischievous street urchins sought to spread further alarm by a cry that a fire-engine was coming down the street at full gallop. Fortunately the arrival of a few constables restored order, but the dispersion of the crowd was as sudden as the formation, and many who joined it in crowding, left it alone. It happened that the organ-grinder, fearing to be arrested as the cause of the obstruction, was one of the first to sheer off, leaving his little assistant to shift for herself. While I was amusing myself by watching the over-zealous exertions of the preservers of the peace to impress some harmless old women with a sense of their dignity, and to frighten two or three very little boys who were quite innocent of wrong, I felt myself pulled gently by the sleeve. I was much surprised to find that the little dancer was beside me. 'Oh sir,' she exclaimed, timidly, 'what am I to do? Julio is gone, and I am left alone. Do help me!'

"'What can I do, my child?' I asked, struck with a sense of my inability to assist her. 'Shall I try to find Julio for you; perhaps the constable can tell us how we may trace him.'

"'Oh don't ask the constable,' she exclaimed, crying as she spoke; 'he would take me to prison, or give me up to these foreign people.'

"Without more ado, we walked leisurely in the direction of Bruton's Rents. Probably, had I been at all concerned about appearances, I should have been ashamed to be seen in the company of the dancing girl, but her manners spoke of purity and goodness, and I felt no sense of condescension. I was at the point of turning from the thoroughfare in the direction of my lodgings, when I almost ran against the organ-grinder. The latter raised a scream of delight, and called in broken English to the child to come to him; she clung to me to protect her, and though I never had much of the hero about me, I determined, if it were only to gratify my feeling of obstinacy, that I would not give up the little one, of whom it seemed Providence had constituted me the guardian.

"'Why do you want the child?' I asked, in a loud bullying tone, for though I have learnt but little of the ways of the world, I often observed that with the bad a presuming manner does much more than a bland one.

"'Ella è la mia figlia,' growled the Italian, with a strong Neapolitan accent.

"I knew too little of Italian to hold parley with him in that tongue, and I therefore replied in English, using no very courteous tone:

"'I will send for the constable, and you shall be punished for kidnapping.'

"This threat seemed at first to stagger the Italian, but availing himself of the best means of accomplishing his object, he fixed his black, serpent-like eye on the terrified child, and said, slowly and deliberately, 'she must come.'

"So timid became the little one under the gaze of the ruffian, that she seemed on the point of withdrawing her hand from mine and resigning herself to him, when the approach of the constable, who had probably succeeded in frightening the old women, and reducing to order the little boys, caused the organ-grinder to abandon his project, and he retired hurriedly, leaving myself and prize masters of the field.

"I do not know the exact motive which induced me, but it seemed that I could not be doing wrong in taking the little one, in the first place, to my rooms, and asking Mrs. Thrift, who was a good, matronly woman, for advice; accordingly, I accepted the child's hand.

"The surprise of Mrs. Thrift, on seeing me return thus accompanied, was excessive. 'My good sir,' she exclaimed, after devoting a little time to a very critical survey of the child, 'what have you got here! Oh, I beg your pardon! I suppose it's only another figure, though it's the least of the sort I have ever seen you with; and how strangely dressed, too!'

"I must confess I was somewhat discomposed at the good woman's wonder; and I replied, 'I have brought a friend of mine for your advice, Mrs. Thrift.'

"'A friend of yours?' she asked. 'What is her name, then?'

"'I really forgot to inquire,' I answered, struck by a sense of the low estimation she must have of my common sense. However, I was spared the trouble of applying for information by my companion stating in the most artless manner that her name was Agnes.

"Mrs. Thrift had, as she told me, lost a daughter of that name; and on my stating the circumstances under which I became Agnes' protector, she devoted herself zealously to the task of serving the little one.

"'I don't think it's safe,' she said, 'to give her up to the organ-grinder; they are a bad lot—all the foreigners are. My husband served in Spain, under General Evans, and he said so; and one don't like to ask the magistrates about the child, it is so public.'

"She thought a minute or two, and then suggested, 'Suppose I were to fit up a little room for her next yours; it won't cost much, and I fancy there is good luck with lost children. They're like swallows under houses' eaves, bringing a blessing with them.'

"Mrs. Thrift was considered a worldly-minded woman, but I thought the idea was a kind and Christianly one. I was, however, unwilling that she should be at the expense of maintaining the little one, and I trusted that, as my prospects were improving, owing to my obtaining the occasional patronage of some statuaries in a large way of business, I could better bear the additional outlay.

"'Well,' said Mrs. Thrift, 'be it so, if you will; I will make it as light for you as I can.'

"Thus was this important matter disposed of, and I, who had up to the present time kept neither dog nor cat as a companion or pet, now found myself charged with the responsibilities attaching to that highly sensitive and somewhat delicate child, brought under my notice by chance. Second thoughts may be sometimes best, but it has often struck me that many of the best and noblest acts of which humanity is capable are suggested by the much-despised first impulses. The spur of the moment prompts us to something, if not romantic, at least self-denying; prudence hints to us caution, and our duty to ourselves; and prudence is an honourable thing. Perhaps human nature is not quite so bad, after all, as it is represented. However this may be, I can take no credit to myself for my conduct in the matter. I fear I did not think at all; if indeed I had a motive, I must describe it as a kind of yearning after something to care for me. I had seen my friends in tears because an ugly cur had followed a stranger, instead of the kind and attentive owner; and what comparison could there be between a dog and Agnes? Providence had thrown her under my protection. Mine she should be, and after the grave shall have opened to receive the unknown sculptor, perhaps, she may live adored by the good and virtuous, and my name may be sometimes on her lips and in her thoughts. I know much of this is selfish, but I am dealing with facts.

"Difficulties having been cleared away, it is astonishing how easy things became. A short time after my resolution to adopt Agnes had been formed, she seemed to become quite an old member of our household. There is something pardonable in the weakness of being open to regard, and as my philosophy had never been of a cynical character, I listened to Agnes' frank, open-hearted prattle with a feeling of great self-satisfaction. Little by little I drew from her a narrative of her past adventures, which I have endeavoured to express as concisely as possible.

"Her first recollections, in fact, the kind of neutral ground between remembrance and surmise, touched on a life in an Eastern clime, and a voyage to England, in the company of a good mother and two sisters; of her father she knew nothing, but the mamma, or kind lady, as she sometimes called her, seemed to be almost the all-in-all of the orphan. A shipwreck is the first incident of importance of which Agnes had any distinct impression, and from the date of this event begins her individual life with its troubles and trials. It would seem that in the confusion of the wreck Agnes had clung to a spar, and was probably the only survivor of the crew or passengers. Her escape was most miraculous. Several times she described herself as having been almost swallowed up in the foaming sea, then came a sense as of having reached a place of quiet, and then forgetfulness. On restoration to her faculties, she found herself on board a vessel, which appeared to be making a very rapid voyage. From her description, and from facts since ascertained, there appeared little doubt that the ship which bore her was a smuggler's craft, and that she owed her safety to the fact, that having drifted into a retired part of the rocky coast, she had attracted the attention of a boat's crew of the Rover, which had been detained by the tempest from joining their ship, until fear of detection induced them at all hazards to leave a shore which was no place of security for them. From this time her ideas became more coherent, and she alluded in the most feeling terms to the kindness which the rude smugglers shewed her. The captain, a man of more than ordinary coarseness, who seemed by her statement to have been engaged in some piratical excursion in the Mediterranean, became decidedly attached to her, and though he himself could neither read nor write, directed a sinister-looking fellow, supposed to have been a renegade monk, to teach her as much of the elements of knowledge as the means at his command justified. I will not load my statement by details of every adventure which befel the Rover and her lawless crew during the time that Agnes was with the latter; one instance will give an idea of the dangers to which she was sometimes exposed. The Rover was a fast sailer, but she was not the only vessel on the wide ocean distinguished for speed. The captain cared but little for the revenue cruisers, except one, the Spy, from which he had had many narrow escapes from detection and capture. Once, when his boats were in better trim and his decks clearer, he was compelled, from the superior speed of the Spy, to pull to, and trust to the few regular consignments and the absence of any very striking circumstances of fraud for safety. On that occasion the officer's vigilance was inferior to the craft of the captain of the Rover, and the latter escaped, but there was now no doubt as to her character, and to be boarded would be to be seized.

"One evening, the Rover was scudding merrily over the German Ocean before a light breeze, when the alarm was given that a rakish-looking cutter was visible on the larboard bow. The captain looked anxiously through his telecope for some minutes, and then remarked, calmly, 'The Spy! Keep her head to the wind—reef the main-top sail! Now for a chase?' It was some time before Agnes could comprehend the necessity for the speed with which the Rover dashed over the waves. At last an English sailor vouchsafed her a little information, and she soon saw that the pursuing vessel was slowly gaining. It was evident that the Rover captain relied for safety on the power of his vessel to avoid capture until night should put an end to the chase; and it became a fine question which should gain, the hostile cruiser or the friendly darkness. Fortunately for the smugglers, the clouds gathered round the setting sun loweringly, and this circumstance had a great effect on the spirits of the captain. 'Hurrah, my boys! all in our favour!' he cried; 'one more tale by the fireside, hereafter.' Hardly had he spoken, when a sharp sound, as of a blow by a heavy substance, followed by a cracking and crushing, struck the ear of the wondering Agnes. The revenue cruiser was about to abandon the chase; and as a last attempt at injury to the smuggler, the long 34-pounder she carried at her bow was fired, with such accuracy that the shot passed through the bulwark of the Rover, and the captain, struck by a splinter, lay nearly at the feet of the child. The wounded man was soon picked up by some of his crew, and it was ascertained that, although he was not dangerously hurt, the loss of blood was likely to lead to serious consequences. With a presence of mind not to be expected from one so young, the little one tore her plain cotton dress to rags almost as soon as the sailors could reduce their shirts to lint, and it was in some measure owing to her that the bleeding was stayed. The captain was a man of considerable determination of character, and not until he had ascertained that his vessel was out of danger of capture did he pay much attention to his own requirements. His iron constitution soon enabled him to get the better of his wound; but his recovery, which he persisted in attributing to Agnes' care of him—for he would let no one else be his nurse—bound him by the close tie of gratitude to the little one.

"I do not think I am called upon to narrate every adventure which befel my adopted child during her stay among the Rovers—she will at any time supply my deficiencies. The next circumstance, which led to my introduction to her, arose from a jealousy between the captain and one of his crew, an Italian, whose ferocious disposition made him an object of great aversion to all, even of the lawless gang with which Agnes was obliged to associate. The discipline which prevails in a well-conducted vessel of war could scarcely compare with that which the captain was obliged, for the safety as well of himself as of all under him, to maintain on board the Rover. The Italian sailor, having disregarded orders to an unpardonable extent, received a severe lashing with the ropes' end, and he determined on desertion at the least, with such other means of vengeance as might suggest themselves to his vindictive mind. When the vessel put in on the English coast, in the neighbourhood of Gravesend, he saw a good opportunity of carrying out some part of his scheme; and he resolved on escaping from his shipmates, and putting the customs' officers on their track, careless of the fate of his fellows, so that the captain were apprehended. In the confusion of landing the cargo, the sailor left the ship unnoticed; and under the belief that the loss of his favourite Agnes would cause some annoyance to the captain, the deserter persuaded her, by some plausible excuse, to put off in a boat with him. Bent on this scheme of causing mortification to his enemy, Giacomo, as the Italian was called, actually postponed the execution of his most treacherous scheme until he should have placed the child beyond the chance of re-capture. Accordingly he undertook a journey to London, especially to confide her to the care of a compatriot who kept a low lodging-house for foreigners and seamen at Wapping. Promising to return shortly, and bring the captain with him, Giacomo returned to Gravesend to communicate with the revenue officers, and effect the capture of the Rover, which he contemplated would remain off the coast for a day or two at the least. Notwithstanding all the pains he was at to accomplish his object, he failed to carry it into effect. The suspicions of the captain having been excited by his absence, the more particularly in the company, as was ascertained, of Agnes, he hurriedly put off to sea, and the custom-house officers had no opportunity of making a lawful seizure of the Rover. It is probable that some threats which the disappointed officer made against the bewildered Giacomo inspired him with such fear of an arrest, and some very summary punishment, that he dared not go to his old lodging-house to provide for the child. At any rate he failed to do so, and Agnes was now exposed to perils by land instead of perils by water, her present associates being, if possible, more depraved than those she had left. I need not describe the vice of a low foreign lodging-house; let the reader's imagination have its utmost stretch, and truth might still add something to the description. The proprietor of this den, struck by the beauty of the fair-haired English girl, contrived for some time to make a considerable addition to his income by sending her, accompanied by his wife, to any artist to whom he could obtain an introduction, and I am informed she once served for one of Bellingham's most admired pieces. When this system became too troublesome to be pursued any longer, the lodging-house keeper let the poor child out for daily hire to an organ-grinder, who lived with him, and who imployed her in the manner I have described.

"Such is briefly the history, as far as I can ascertain, of my little Agnes. God bless and preserve her when I am gone!"

The reader may judge of the effect the perusal of this simple narrative had on Ellie. Her grandfather was, of course, soon informed of the facts, though her haste to make him understand all led the worthy Baronet into many misapprehensions. We might dwell at great length on the nature of his feelings at having a second grandchild restored to him; for he was pursuaded, with all the readiness attending warm affection, of the identity of the so-called Agnes Lancaster with the lost child. Our own inclination would prompt us, like the emigrant about to take a last long look at an old familiar spot before leaving it for ever, to describe minutely the closing incidents of our tale; but it is time we said, with the old writers, "here shall be an end." The blessing of Providence followed those who had befriended the orphans, from the clergyman's daughter, resident in the distant colony, to the kind English friends at whose homes they alternately dwelt. Affliction had been a harsh but salutary discipline to Ellie and Agnes, and as they grew into womanhood, they displayed more and more those virtues which acquire the esteem of neighbours, and bring peace at the last. The adventures of the orphan sisters might well close here; but I cannot forbear informing the reader—in confidence, of course—of a pet scheme of the worthy old Baronet. It was, by uniting his elder grandchild to the next heir who would take his estate under the entail, to keep the property, as it were, still in his own branch of the family. Alas, for the vanity of human wishes! Sir Francis' project failed in the one part of his project, but succeeded in another. Agnes became the wife of the heir apparent, and, although the present tenant thought that Ellie would make the better Lady of the Manor, he bore his disappointment with great resignation. It would seem that Ellie was doomed to be an old maid, but it is said that marriages are made in heaven, and our kind-hearted friend was destined to become a wife, aye, and a happy one, too. The circumstances which led to this consummation were as follows:—The Crimean War, that source of so much misery, was past, and the gallant —th, a regiment which had its share of glory, and more than its share of peril and loss in that arduous campaign, were to return to their native shores, to enjoy the repose their valiant deeds had earned. Ellie was then staying with the Harcourts, who took her with them to see the interesting spectacle of the return of the triumphant warriors. She observed one officer, scarcely a young one, at least judging from his furrowed brow and thick beard, which a Crimean winter had already tinged with a little of its own grey, whose features seemed somewhat familiar; when he walked somewhat painfully, as if from a wound in the leg, the hand, which proudly held a sword not altogether free from indentations, had lost a finger or two; and, perhaps, of all the rapturously greeted soldiers, none excited more attention than the object of Ellie's interest. He came closer, his eyes were attracted to the balcony at which she was standing, and Ellie recognised her old friend and schoolfellow, Andrew Jackson. The recognition was mutual, and, perhaps, guessing the interest felt for him by his former playfellow, Lieutenant Jackson found means of calling on Ellie and her friends. I do not shine in love stories, and I will therefore save myself from an end to my tale as long as that of a comet by stating that Ellie Gillespie, ultimately, with the full consent of her grandfather, became the betrothed, and, afterwards, the bride of the persevering soldier. He told her, with manly straightforwardness, that it was the thought of her that prompted him to bear against privations, to devote his best energies to the study of his profession, and to perform those feats of dashing courage which led to his attainment of his present rank.

> "Such power abides in constancy,
> In faith, and hope, and steadfast will."

Such are the adventures of our orphans, such their happy restoration. Our readers may not be subjected to their trials, may not attain their ultimate good fortune; but they will find that patience, perseverance, and the active performance of duty, never fail to procure a reward of happiness of the highest kind.

(Conclusion.)

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FLORAL ADVICE FOR AUGUST,

By G. M. F. G.

> " Now jocund summer, with her honeyed breath,
> Sweetening the golden grain and blithesome gale,
> Displays her sunburnt face beneath her hat of straw."

FOREMOST among delightful recreations, in my opinion, is gardening; and yet it is surprising with what indifference it is regarded by some. However, feeling sure there are many to whom a few words on the subject will prove acceptable, I will endeavour to remove every obstacle from that path which not a few have hitherto been afraid to tread.

Give daily attention to your garden, if possible; even if you have ever so short a time allotted for recreation, do a something. I am aware, if you have your studies to attend to, which most young persons have, that you cannot devote much of your time to gardening, but even ten minutes every morning, regularly, will keep your small plot in a high state of cultivation.

It will be very gratifying to you, to hear everyone that pays a visit to your garden say, *what a beautiful little garden so-and-so's is—what nice order it is in, &c.;* besides which, you will be able to perform your daily duties better after that amusement, for an amusement it must be to all who love and appreciate the beauties of nature, and wonders of our Creator.

I have two requests to make; the first is, that you will bear in mind (when undertaking anything, whether it be for yourself or another) the old proverb, "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," and therefore, if you intend to have a garden, set about it in earnest, and success must be your reward. The second is, that you will study well my future guides, which I shall feel the greatest pleasure in sending once a month, and punctually, too, as long as you will read them, and endeavour to profit by the instruction they will afford you.

Those roses which were budded in June and July should be very carefully examined, and have their ties and clay or cement taken off; rub off any shoots from the stock, that the entire strength may be thrown into the bud. Biennials that are large enough should be planted out in the beds and borders where you wish them to bloom, if not already done; as, for instance, piccotees, pinks, wallflowers, two years' stocks, Canterbury bells, carnations, sweet-williams, polyanthuses, and numerous others. Layer carnations and piccotees as early as possible, and any that are layered should be carefully attended to and watered, until they are firmly rooted. Increase pansies, by cutting; make new beds; shade those in flower, if you desire to have good blooms; plant out seedlings, &c. Pinks which have been recently struck may be planted out for removing, or where you intend them to bloom; if you intend them to be ultimately removed, let them be planted six inches asunder every way. The compost best suited to them is a rich loam and dung. You may still continue to propogate all kinds of half-hardy border plants, such as verbenas, fuchsias, geraniums, petunias, &c., by cutting. Perennials and herbaceous plants may be increased by parting the roots; that is to say, as soon as they have done blooming. Geraniums that have completed their season of flower should be taken out of their large pots, the roots pruned, headed in, and put into smaller. Seed may be sown of ranunculus and anemone in the early part of this month in pans, and the hardier kinds in the open border, broad cast. Protect auriculas from wet and sun, but give them all the air you can; reset in pots a size larger, if you think any require it. Go over your dahlias for the express purpose of removing such leaves or branches as are in each other's way, shading any promising blooms, and watering where you find they require it. Remove the soil from the tulip beds to sweeten, turning it over once or twice during the present month.

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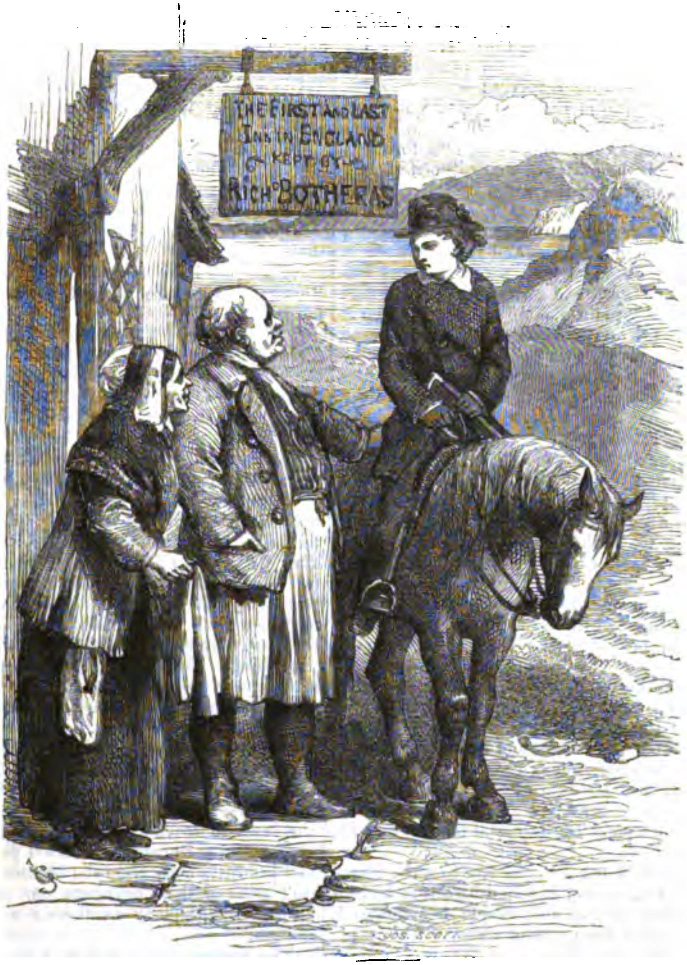
Two gardeners, who were neighbours, had their crops of early peas killed by the frost. One of them came to condole the other. "Ah!" cried he, "how unfortunate! Do you know, neighbour, that I have done nothing but fret ever since. But bless me, you seem to have a fine healthy crop coming up. What are these?" "Why, these are what I sowed immediately after my loss." "What! coming up already?" said the fretter. "Yes," replied the other, "while you were fretting, I was working."



HUMPHRY AT THE LAND'S END.

A WONDERFUL BOY;

OR, YOUNG HUMPHRY DAVY, THE CORNISH APOTHECARY'S BOY, WHO TAUGHT HIMSELF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, AND EVENTUALLY BECAME PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

We have chanced to come across an admirable work, from which we have, through the kindness of the publishers, obtained permission to extract and condense a few interesting facts and incidents; though we cannot, in our limited space, hope to give anything like a comprehensive idea of the volume, and would therefore advise those of our readers whose interest may be excited by this brief notice, to obtain the work for themselves.*

The first chapter, called "The Widowed and the

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* "The Wonders of Science; or, Young Humphry Davy, the Cornish Apothecary's Boy, who taught himself Natural Philosophy, and eventually became President of the Royal Society." London: Kent and Co.

Fatherless," apprises us of the death of young Humphry's father, leaving his widow in difficulties with five children, of whom Humphry, aged 16, was the eldest. The second chapter introduces us to young Humphry and his resolves :—

"The first and last inn in England, kept by Richard Botheras," was the inscription recorded on both sides of a sign-board that swung backwards and forwards outside a little lonely homestead—more like a cottage than a tavern—standing at the extreme western point of Cornwall.

The open door revealed a room without a visitor; the floor was white with sea-sand, and you could tell at a glance, from the evenness with which the sand was strewn, how scanty were the customers in that part of the world, for it was plain that no foot had trodden it that day. Above the ample chimney-board was ranged a row of bright tin mugs, that had been worn more by polishing than use. The top of the little round deal table that stood in the centre of the room was as clean as if it had been newly planed; and over the painted chest of drawers, in one corner, stood what appeared like a *quire* of tea-boards, which, together with the written paper pasted against the wall, and informing the stranger that "parties were supplied with hot water," gave one a notion of the many visitors who came in summer to take tea at the Land's End.

The host, from lack of custom, was busy in the garden at the back, digging in refuse fish as manure for his next year's crop ; and the hostess might be seen in the adjoining out-house, with her arms half buried in a cushion of dough, preparing the week's bread for the humble family.

Suddenly the innkeeper paused, with his foot resting on his spade. His quick ear had caught the clink of a horse's hoofs on the neighbouring granite. The man put his hand across his brows, and looked under it in every direction to see who was coming.

In a minute or two afterwards he ran to his wife, crying, "Come, tidy thaself a bit, dame !—Here's Master Davy on his pony Derby jist at hand : he's ale in deep black, too."

The good wife was not long in scraping the dough from her hands, and, having invested herself in a clean apron, was quickly at the door beside her husband, awaiting the arrival of the youthful visitor.

As the innkeeper had stated, the lad was dressed in deep mourning, and the beaver of his hat was completely hidden by the broad crape band that encircled it, while the gloss upon his clothes indicated the recent loss he had met with. To a casual observer there was but little in the youth's appearance to mark the budding genius which inspired him, excepting the ample forehead and the full black eyes beneath it. He was, however, generally considered an "extraordinary-looking boy." He was of diminutive stature, while the roundness of his shoulders gave him somewhat—as it has been termed—of a "bucolic aspect." His hair was chestnut brown, and hung in neglected curls about his brow ; his eyes were dark and piercing, but the rest of his features were anything but finely chiselled. His complexion appeared paler than ordinary, from the contrast of the suit of black in which he was habited, and the dejected air and wet-looking eye gave a melancholy tone to his appearance that immediately enlisted the heart towards the boy.

The lad said but a word or two in answer to the greeting of the couple, and jumping from the saddle, gave the reins to the innkeeper, who forthwith led the plump little animal round to the stable.

The instant after, the youth had disappeared among the rocks.

"Poor lad ! he seems deeply cut up ; doan't he, Richard ?" said the wife, following her husband to the shed.

"Ah, that he doa," returned Richard, as he stooped down under the pony to loosen its girths. "He's not tha maze-gerry boy he was a little while agone, when he used to come over here, Greace, with a hammer a cracking all the stones that lay in his way into 'midjons and jouds,' and scrambling, like a young goat, over the rocks after some trumpery bit of stone as took his fancy—just as our Jan do after daws' eggs."

"Yes, that he used to," returned the wife, taking off her clean apron, and carefully folding it up as she talked ; "and I've seed Master Humphry come back, after being out all day among the rocks, with his cap full of old stones, as he seemed to prize like as if they was lumps of goold, but such as I wodn't a picked out of 'a stomps'—not I. Ah ! there's sad trouble at Varfell now, take my word for it, Richard. Mistress Davy, poor thing ! has seen enough sorrow in her time to ha' broke many a stout heart ; and here she's left with five young ones, and not a 'cheeld-vean' among 'em as can get a penny to help her. Master Humphry's a good scholard, they say ; but larning won't fill the cupboard, Dick ; and they tells me, down at Penzance, that Mr. Davy (rest his soul !) was too fond of wasting his money in mines—as we've seen many a family ruined with in our day—to leave his wife anything to fall back upon at this time ; though I'm sure I pity the poor widow and her little ones from the bottom of my heart, for it isn't none of their bringings on. Sometimes, do you know, Dick, I fancy as there's a spell on that poor woman."

The restless, pensive boy, had wandered to the extreme point of the land, and here, resting upon a shelf of crag far above the sea, that roared and dashed against the base, he sat for a while, with his tearful eye peering across the Atlantic, vacantly gazing at the huge watery disc that heaved like a giant breast before him. Behind the lad towered tremendous pinnacles of granite, some with their monster blocks, ranged in cubes one above the other, like Nature's solid masonry ; others with massive stones standing right on end ; while some seemed tossed about in such confusion as if the "sixth seal" itself had opened, and the heavens had rained rocks upon the land. Here a large square lump protruded like a bond-stone from the straight sides of some tall pile; there a huge mass was scored through at the top, leaving the blocks standing up on either side of it, as if castellated; and there again was seen a ponderous lump, so delicately balanced on some high peak, that it seemed as if the least gust would topple it over into the sea beneath; while the outline of the whole was as jagged as if it had been gnawed, or as if the entire granite pile were some immense crystal that the sea was gradually dissolving away. Below the heights the crags stretched far out into the sea, their black and bluff heads peeping up at different distances through the waves which compassed them with a ring of the whitest foam; while at the end of the winding, broken line, there rose one rock higher than the rest, and on the top of this glistened the silver tower of the light-house, that, like a star-tipped wand, pointed the way, as it gave the first glimpse of home to the returning mariner. Far beyond this, again, the eye could just trace, in the mist of the distance, the cloud-like islands studding the crystal ring of the horizon, while all the rest was one wide desert of water stretching away to the Western World, that even the fancy was weary-winged in its struggle to reach.

The boy sat, as we said, for a while staring vacantly at the waves that pranced, like curvetting steeds, before him, and as he did so a heavy teardrop fell now and then on the moss that spotted the rock at his feet. Sometimes his lips would move, though not a word escaped them, and he would strike the air with his clenched fist as though a sudden resolution had crossed his mind; then a shudder would pass over his frame, and he would clasp his forehead with both his hands, and sway his body to and fro, as he bent his head almost to his knees. Presently, after a slight pause, he would raise his head, and with his neck stretched back, look steadfastly at the heavens, as if gazing at some spirit there. And when this fit was passed, he would resume his seat, and clasp his hands as in prayer.

Suddenly the boy started to his feet, crying, "Yes, I'll do it—that I will. I will rescue them all—every one—from the poverty that threatens them. I have promised my dead father to do so. I have prayed God to give me the strength and firmness to carry out my purpose, and in a few years our home shall be as happy as it's wretched now. I feel as if I had just woke from a long dream. What a thoughtless, idle fool I've been! but it's past—never to return. Poor mother! I've cost her many a tear, I know, of late. How have I wasted this last year, when I should have been at some business seeking the means of adding to my mother's comforts, instead of lessening the little that is left her at such a time as this! If I had only worked instead of squandering my time in silly pleasures, I might now have been a help to her rather than the wretched burden I am—without the power to earn a crust for myself. What do I know that is of use to any one? Who would give me a penny for anything that I can do? and yet I'm old and strong enough to get my own living. Oh, shame! shame! that I, at my time of life, should have to take from poor mother's little store. If I'd had a proper spirit, I should have felt this long ago: but no matter, it's ended now; and I'll go to work and so fill my mind with knowledge that mother shall soon be as pleased about me, as I know, poor thing! she has been pained of late. Yes, and father will watch over me; I know he will. Oh! if I could only have changed before he died, what a comfort it would have been to him in his last moments: but as it was, I, like a wretch, let him leave me in doubt as to what was to become of me. Why didn't I wake up before? If it had only been a month ago, he might have felt no pain on my account. Oh, shame! shame! but, thank God, I'm different now, and I'll go back home and tell mother all I mean to do. I've the power in me—I know I have. I'll go back and tell her not to grieve, and that I'll do all I can to help her and my brother and sisters for the future."

The next chapter brings us to an interview between "Humphry and his mother:"

The resolution once formed, young Humphry hastened to convey the glad tidings to his mother, and as he rode along he kept talking to himself all the way, running over the many "fine things" he meant to do for the future, and dreaming that some day he might perhaps become distinguished for his learning and wisdom. He amused himself, too, by speculating as to what he would do with his money if he ever got to be rich. He would have his little brother John well educated then, and comfortably started in life. Yes! and he would give up his share in the property of Varfell to his mother and sisters—*that* he would do first of all; and if he grew to be a very wealthy man, he would give a certain sum of money to the Grammar-school, so that the boys might have a holiday every year on his birthday—he would like to be able to do *that*, for then he would be remembered by them as long as the school lasted. Further, he would give something a year to his aunt Sampson's Phillis, and his aunt Millett's maid as well. Poor Mary Launder and Betty White should get something, too; and he would have a number of old pensioners besides, that had known him when he was young. He would take care, moreover, that his pony Derby and his dog Chloe wanted for nothing in their old age, and wherever he might be, he would have a box of apples sent him at Christmas from the tree he had planted in the garden when he was a little fellow.

"What! in tears again, mother?" said Humphry, in a tone of kindly remonstrance. "Nay, do not grieve," he added, as the widow rested her head on his bosom, "I have come to promise you that I will do all in my power for my brother and sisters."

"But what can *you* do, Humphry, my good lad?" asked the mother, as she looked up through her tears and smiled at the youth. "It will take you some years before you can earn a livelihood, and even then perhaps you will gain only sufficient for your own wants. What is to become of my little ones is more than I can bear to think of. How you, too, Humphry, are to be put out into the world, I'm sure I cannot say. My means, when all the debts are paid, will be only a 100*l.* a-year, if that."

"There, there; have no trouble on my account, mother," returned the lad. "I've made up my mind to lay aside all my idle habits, and to set hard to work at something directly—though I cannot tell what, just now; and you shall see I won't be long before I make you all happy here."

The mother half laughed at the sanguineness of her son, and said, when she had kissed him for his kindness, "But you talk like a boy, Humphry. You don't know how hard it is to earn money yet."

"Yes I *do*, mother," replied the determined youth, as he pressed her hand. "But I feel I have the power in me, and I'll do it, you shall see—all by myself too—aye, *that* I will, if I have to study night and day. You don't know what a lesson poor father's death has been to me. I never saw you in grief before, and all this last week my mind has been at work, for your tears were more than I could bear. Not a night of late has past but I have reproached myself over and over again that I had wasted the last year of my life, instead of doing something that would have given me the power to help you at such a time as this. When I heard Mr. Tonkin, too, talking with you the other day about the money you would have to live upon, and heard him say that it was high time I should cease being a burden to you,—yes, those were his words, mother—a *burden*" (and the boy would have turned away from the window, but she held his hand). "I felt the blood rush into my face with shame, and a new spirit came over me. I didn't say anything to you, mother, at the time, because I thought I could hardly trust myself; but I went on thinking I *was* a burden to you, and the heaviest burden of all, too. So I kept brooding and brooding it over, until at last I made a solemn determination that, instead of a burden, I would be a *help* to you and my brother and sisters for the future. I have sworn it, mother! I have promised my poor father to do so this very day—alone among the rocks I made the vow, and I'm sure he heard me, for I feel as I never felt before, and I *know* I've the power to do as I have said."

The mother in her delight hugged the boy passionately to her bosom, as her tears fell thick and hot upon him:

"You were a very forward child—from a baby I may say, Humphry," continued the proud mother, as she passed her fingers through the lad's hair, and brushed it from his forehead,—for she half forgot her sorrow as the recollection of her pet boy's feats stole, one after another, across her mind. "Why, you were only nine months old when you walked off, all by yourself; and you could speak as well, and fluently, as a little man, before you were two years of age. Shall I tell you, too, what you said when your sister Kitty was born?—little sharp thing, as you were! The servant had been assuring you day after day, that when the baby came you'd be no longer petted in the way you had been,—for then, as the maid said, 'your nose will be put out of joint.' This seemed to make a great of impression upon you, for directly you saw little Kitty you put your chubby fat hand up to your face, and cried, 'Mamma! my nose not out of joint at all.'"

"Did I?" laughed Humphry.

"Yes, that you did," said the mother. "Ay, and before you had learnt to write you used to copy the figures in 'Æsop's Fables,' and print the names of them in big letters underneath. I really think, too, you couldn't have been more than four years old when you could recite a good part of 'Pilgrim's Progress.' All I know is, you did so before you could well read the book; for your memory was so great, that anything you had heard once or twice you could repeat, almost without a mistake, afterwards; and when you were sent to Mr. Bushell's school—you remembered old Mr. Bushell, Humphry—you made such rapid progress there in your reading and writing, that though you were only six years of age, the old gentleman, against his own interest, recommended your poor father to remove you to the Grammar-school."

"Go on, mother," he said, as he seated himself on the stool at the widow's feet, "tell me some more things I used to do when I was a little fellow—tell me some more, they fill me with the same hope as you say they did you, and I want to have all the trust I can in myself; for I've made up my mind to be a great man, and if I doubt my power to accomplish the task I have set myself, I shall, perhaps, give it up almost at the first difficulty. Tell me something more, mother; I want all the faith in myself you can give me."

"I wish I could give you as much confidence in your own powers, Humphry, as I have in them," returned the widow, "though now you begin to speak with all the aspirations I have longed to see coming upon you; and for the last year I cannot tell you how grieved I have been to behold one, of whom I have formed such high hopes, giving himself up to pleasures that serve to breed only habits of thoughtless amusement, rather than wise reflection."

"I know I have pained you, mother," added Humphry, "but its all at an end now. You remember when I was at the Grammar-school, how Mr. Coryton used to pull my ears for not minding the lessons he set me. But do you know, mother, I have often thought, that though I learnt little at Mr. Coryton's school, it was, perhaps, better after all that I should have been left to teach myself; for what we learn from our own liking, we seldom forget; and I am sure I remember more about the books I have had from Mr. Tonkin, and that I used to read through one after the other as fast as I could get them, than all the Latin and Greek I was forced to get by heart at school."

"Ah, but Mr. Coryton," interrupted the mother, "was a man little fitted for teaching youth, Humphry. He was careless about the boys' studies, and often very severe for the slightest faults. I remember once you went to school, unknown to me, with a large plaster on each ear, and when Mr. Coryton asked you 'what was the matter with your ears,' you told him 'that you had put the plasters on to prevent a mortification.' But if you didn't stand very well with the master, you were at least in high favour with the boys, Humphry, for you used to do the Latin and English verses for half the school; and as for writing valentines and love-verses, why I am sure your play-time was mostly taken up with scribbling rhymes to first Miss This and then Miss That for some little urchin in a jacket, who fancied himself to be smitten with the young lady. Then of an evening you were always to be found under the balcony of the Star Inn—for you were sheltered there—with a group of boys round about you; and, if there happened to be a cart on the spot, you would be sure to mount it, and there you'd remain, narrating all kinds of romantic stories to the little mob of school-fellows who came regularly to listen to you. I never knew such a boy for story-telling as you were, Humphry! I have many a time heard you make up the strangest kind of tales out of your own head; and while I was in the parlour at work, I used to listen to you, as you and young Batten sat out in the porch, with your arms curled round each other's necks, and you would be there hour after hour; for you were never tired of inventing, nor he tired of listening to the stories of wonder and terror you both delighted in."

"I can remember it all well, mother," added Humphry. "And do you recollect how fond I was of making fireworks, and how Kitty used to help me till her fingers were as black as sticks of liquorice with the gunpowder; and how we used to mix up the composition for our squibs and crackers on the spring-boards of old Dr. Tonkin's chamber-horse that stood in the empty room, when we lived at Penzance, and that the poor old gentleman used to take his exercise upon in wet weather?"

"It seems to me," murmured the widow, "that there can be no greater pleasure to a mother's heart than to witness the genius which she has watched bud and expand from year to year ripen into excellent wisdom, and come to be acknowledged and reverenced by the world at large—no joy more exquisite to a woman's nature than that which she must surely experience on finding that the mind which she had tended from its very dawn—catching up the first glimpses of intellect, and garnering them in her bosom as household wonders and bright things of promise—has fulfilled all her best hopes, and that the visions she had formed of the fame and honour that were to attend her boy in after-life have not been mere dreams of her admiration or her pride; but rather, that the being whom she has loved, and wished to have loved by others, lives to be at length praised and esteemed by all, for the talents and virtues that she was the first to notice and to foster. This, Humphry, is the brightest and sweetest reward a woman can meet with in her old age; and, having reaped it, she parts from life with a sense of duty fulfilled, and a feeling that the affection with which she welcomed her child into existence, and the care with which she tended him in his youth, have not been unprofitably bestowed, but repaid her in the richest coin the world can offer to a parent."

Humphry for a while remained in silence, while his mother's words sank deep into his soul; then he said, softly, "May it be my proud lot, mother, to render you such a reward! I am thankful to the Creator that I have passed through the most dangerous portion of my life with few errors, and I hope to devote myself for the future to pursuits useful to mankind, and which in after years may perhaps obtain for me the applause of enlightened men."

The widow laid her hand on the boy's head as he sat at her feet, and she said, solemnly, "My blessing be on you, my son. May God give you strength to maintain your noble purpose!"

In our next Number we hope to treat our readers to some further extracts from the history of this eminent man, shewing the development of those scientific discoveries which have made his name famous, and entitled him to be reckoned amongst the benefactors of his race.

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THE FIRE-SIDE CIRCLE OF NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

Last New Year's Eve, I made one of a merry party, gathered, like many other merry parties on that night, round a blazing fire.

After blind-man's buff and snap-dragon (got up ostensibly for the children, but in which the elders joined with right good-will), of course, as the most orthodox amusement at such a time, we fell to telling stories. The first was related by "Uncle Bruno," as the young ones called him,—he wore a moustache, was a great authority with regard to theatres and actors, and was very fond of quoting Shakspeare. Uncle Bruno cleared his throat, bent his brow, and thus began:

UNCLE BRUNO'S STORY.

Some years ago, I went down to ——shire, to look at a house that was to let for a few months, and which, from its description in the advertisement, promised to be the *very* thing I had been looking out for, viz.:—A commodious family mansion (here followed a list of apartments tedious to enumerate), a good garden, &c. &c. On inspection, I found it exactly suited to me, and I agreed with the agent to take it. The only human creature about the place was a sulky old woman. She would on no account entrust me with the keys of the house, empty as it was; but insisted upon herself conducting me through every one of the dismantled rooms.

As she was very stout, and moved with difficulty, this was a work of time and patience; indeed, when I had at last finished my survey, I found it much too late to catch the train to London that day. I inquired of the old housekeeper as to whether she could accommodate me with a bed for the night. She answered surlily—"she did'nt know as she could; it would be wery unconvenient—it was impossible." I produced half-a-crown,—her visage perceptibly brightened. She said, "There's master's room, to be sure; only I'm afeard, sir, you won't find it wery comfortable." So saying, she ushered me into a dingy little room, with a very large cupboard in a dark corner. I tried to open it—it was locked. "Master won't like you going to that cupboard," said the old woman; "he won't let nobody go there, only himself."

"Why?" said I.

"How should I know?" was the growling reply—"master dont tell me. Master's an odd man." Then lowering her voice to an awful whisper: "Folk do say there've been such things as spirits seen in master's room." I assured her I was not in the least afraid of spirits; she shook her head and grunted. I asked her "What had become of her master? where was he gone?" "How should she know? Master never said where he was going to—master was an odd man." Finding I could elicit nothing further from her, I left her to make the bed, while I took a stroll in the meadow, meditating on the extraordinary conduct of Mr. Z——, the owner of the house. Those few mysterious sentences had raised my curiosity to the highest pitch. Who was this Mr. Z——? Why did he keep a secret closet, like Bluebeard? Why was he so "odd?" and, above all, what were those few hints about spirits? I retired early to rest, and Mr. Z—— and his crochets haunted my dreams. About midnight I was awoke by a strange noise, apparently a pistol-shot, and proceeding from the cupboard; I started up, and by the pale moonlight I saw a red stream issuing from under the cupboard-door. I was transfixed—I knew not what to think it was—was it possible that the unhappy master, impelled by some goading reminiscences, had secretly, silently, concealed himself within this closet—it might be, hidden chamber—there to rid himself of a miserable existence?—I fell back on my pillow—

> "Why do I yield to that suggestion,
> Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
> And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
> Against the use of nature—present fears
> Are less than horrible imaginings."

My first impulse was to force open the door, and see the worst. "Then," thought I, "suppose they think I murdered him!" My resolution was taken: I slipped on my clothes—got out of window (I wouldn't disturb the old woman—she would only prove a hindrance); I ran to the village, knocked up the constable, and returned with him and two or three other men for witnesses for the awful disclosure,—I felt a grim satisfaction in doing the thing correctly. We then waked the housekeeper; in spite of her torrents of abuse, the constable possessed himself of the keys. I led the way, and with candles and lanterns we wended our way along the gloomy passages to the master's room. There was the horrible red stream looking more ghastly than ever; it had now made a large puddle on the floor. The door was opened—we crowded in; and never shall I forget the state of my feelings at the sight of those sad remains—but enough—enough! I will not further harass you.

"Oh, how dreadful!" "How shocking!" broke from the lips of the pale circle assembled around Uncle Bruno.

"I remember," said a thin, fidgetty man, who, I could see, had been impatiently watching for the last words, that he might begin his recital. "I remember a story something of that nature, but by no means so horrible—in fact, it is not at all alarming when you come to the end. There was a man on my farm who was walking one night by a ruined church, said to be haunted by a white lady, and he saw a white figure advancing towards him; he stood still, frightened enough, no doubt."

"Didn't he, in Shakspeare's words," said Uncle Bruno,—"didn't he ask it—

> "Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
> To feeling as to sight?—or art thou
> But a false creation
> Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?"

"I can't say, indeed," answered the thin man, dryly; "but it came nearer—he struck a tremendous blow—received a shocking wound—the white figure retired—the man went home—hand torn open—carry scar to his grave! Next day—white cow, with a bad headache, no wonder—horn knocked off."*

This anecdote was received with considerable laughter; but several, by their grave faces, showed evidently that they were still running on the first story. One very little girl crept close to the side of Uncle Bruno, and in a low, frightened voice: "But, uncle, what did you do with—with—with—what you saw in the cupboard, you know?"

"Threw it over the garden-wall," said Bruno.

"What! over the garden-wall?" we all ejaculated.

"Thrown over the garden-wall?"

"Why," said he, "what else would you have done with a broken bottle—a cherry-wine bottle—burst in the night?"

"A cherry-wine bottle! Ha! ha! ha!"

The room rang with an outburst of merriment, and plenty of ridicule got Uncle Bruno, which he bore most amiably, joining in the laughter as loudly as any one. At last a little lady, Miss Minus, with the tone of one who has detected a flaw in an argument, remarked:

"But, sir, Mr. Bruno, you said the old woman told you there had been *spirits* seen in the house."

"Well, miss, and so I did—and more, we invoked the aid of those self-same spirits; the cupboard was quite full of 'em; for they were spirits of another sort."

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* A fact.

"Yes, yes!" observed the thin man; "I've no doubt you were thirsty enough after that piece of work. And now, Miss Minus, will you favour us? But Miss Minus declared she could not possibly, after Mr. Bruno's charming tale; she *had* thought of relating a little adventure of her own, but not now."

"No, indeed; not *now*—I should think not!" exclaimed my hostess: "why it's bed time?"

So we separated, after making Miss Minus promise that she would certainly tell us *her* small story tomorrow evening. TSCHUDI.

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SWIMMING.

"This is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer heats."
THOMSON.

THE acquirement of the manly art of swimming can scarcely be treated as a mere exercise, or accomplishment; for the desire of being able to save your own life, or the life of another, on occasions of frequent occurrence, ought to be a sufficient motive to overcome the childish fear of immersion in water: no one, indeed, has a right, by his own cowardice, sloth, or want of energy, to become a burden on such occasions to another, and too often be the means of drowning both. The poet Shelley, when overtaken by a storm, on a sailing excursion with Lord Byron, expecting that every succeeding wave would swamp their boat, felt all the bitterness of self-reproach for having neglected the attainment of this necessary art. He could not swim, and Byron insisted on undertaking to support him to the shore—a feat which, under the circumstances, we and every other swimmer know to have been impossible. Fear of death was nothing to Shelley, in comparison with his sense of degradation, that he, a man with "thews and sinews" like other men, should have become a mere clog and a fatal incumbrance to his friend. Happily the boat lived through the storm, and he escaped that peril; but a very short period elapsed before he was capsized in his own vessel and drowned.

Boys should look to this. It is on their exertions while boys that their rank as men depends; and when the art of swimming commends itself to their attention as a duty owing to themselves and others, accompanied by the recommendation of being a most delightful and healthful exercise, expanding the lungs, and invigorating the muscles of the back, breast, and limbs, more than any other, no excuse can be made for want of skill in its performance.

When it is considered that ours is the country having the ocean for its frontier, and that the interior abounds in rivers, brooks, lakes, and artificial canals, it may seem surprising that such a proportionately small number of its inhabitants can swim. It might have been much more naturally inferred, that every inhabitant of our island felt as much at ease in the water as on dry ground. The upsetting of the slender boats of the natives of the South Seas is to them a subject of merriment; they swim about, take hold of the light vessel, they right her again, and paddle away, never considering they have been in any danger.

Every other animal uses the same motion in walking or running as that necessary for its progress in swimming; but man has, in the water, to make use of action which on land he is unable even to practise as an exercise. This difficulty, combined with the universal effect of an immersion on the breathing of those unused to it (allowing amply for all variety of endowment in what is called presence of mind), renders some previous familiarity with the water indispensable before any efforts of the learner can be effectually directed to his own support. Instances adduced of individuals swimming at their first attempt require much stronger testimony than we ever found to accompany the assertion. There is, we are aware, a very considerable difference in the time required by learners to obtain confidence in the water, arising more from mental than from physical variety in their organisation; for we have known fine, aye, strong and daring swimmers, who used crutches when they walked; their lameness but adding zest to their enjoyment, while, curved to the bending of the wave, they found repose and ease where thousands of strong fellows would have found nothing but death.

Before we point out the means for facilitating the acquirement of this delightful art, it may be thought necessary to say something as to its effects on the constitution. This from a non-professional man seems, perhaps, to savour of self-esteem; but as we have to choose between physicians who *know* nothing about swimming, and swimmers who *care* nothing about physic, we may have some claim to a hearing even upon this topic. We will *not* give opinions, but confine ourselves to facts.

There is, or was very lately, an old gentleman who bathed in the Serpentine, in Hyde Park, without intermission for thirty-six years, summer and winter. There are now several who break the ice in the long frosts, rather than forego their daily dip. We have, ourselves, got rid of a slight catarrh by a plunge in the month of December; and have known many instances of hoarseness before entering the water, but of which there remained no symptoms when the parties came out. A boy, previously so subject to catarrh, or inflammation of the lungs, as to render a plaster on the chest constantly indispensable, bathed every morning through summer and winter at the age of nine years, and was ever after so independent of atmospheric variation that he never wore a waistcoat or other covering for his bosom but his shirt until his seventeenth year, and is now a strong young man. These facts do not impugn the supposition that there are cases of disease in which bathing may be improper; but we never knew a healthy person injured by moderate daily indulgence in this exercise. Bathing, as well as eating and drinking, may doubtless be used to an excess; and the directions we are now about to give will be found useful to young bathers.

Never bathe on a full stomach. Always wet the

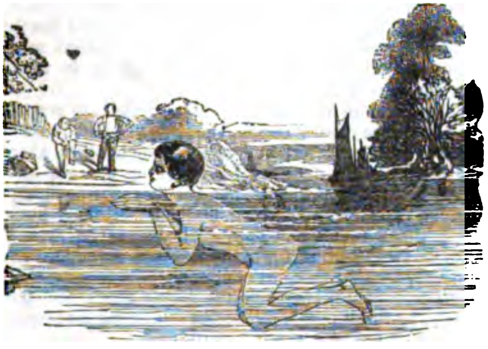
head before or immediately after entering the water, immersing it from time to time while you remain in; walk briskly to the place of bathing, undress, and plunge in immediately, particularly during the colder months. Do not remain in till chilled, the time allowable varies very much with different constitutions—half-an-hour in the water may be considered an average in mild weather, when you bathe frequently; we have observed dark complexions to be the most susceptible of inconvenience from cold. Never attempt a long swim, or, indeed, swim at all in deep water, till you are master of various modes; depth to the shoulder is sufficient for the enjoyment of every manner of swimming but treading water; accustom yourself not to touch the bottom till you are coming out. All the modes on the back may be accomplished in from thirty-six to twelve inches of water. Nearly every case of drowning while bathing arises from the yet feeble swimmer tasking his powers to the utmost stretch, while he is unable to obtain relief from a change of position. It is then that a strain of the muscles produces cramp, and he who was fatigued before becomes at once the powerless victim of a foolish boast. To persons not already accustomed to the water, we advise beginning in the months of May, June, July, and August, when they may continue till very late in the season, diminishing the duration of their bath with the increasing coldness, until it becomes a plunge only.

We will now suppose one of our young friends by the side of a stream, and anxious to take his first lesson in the art of swimming. If he have any friend or companion with him, who is at once competent and willing to give him the necessary directions, he will do well to follow them; as example in this and similar cases is much better than precept.

ENTERING THE WATER.—Our young pupil, if alone, should not at first venture into the water, in the bold and dashing manner of experienced swimmers. He must wait patiently until he can do so without danger. Let him remember that there has been a time when the best swimmer alive tottered, step by step, into the water, and sounded the depth with one foot before he lifted the other from the bottom of the stream. Leander himself, with whose history and fate our juvenile readers who are tolerably advanced in the classics are, doubtless acquainted,—Leander himself, we repeat, who so often swam across the Hellespont, once paddled in a pond; and those who, under our directions, make their first attempt to buoy themselves up by their own natural powers, in a shallow brook, may, hereafter, become lusty swimmers enough to perform the same feat of which Lord Byron was so proud, namely, crossing the Hellespont, as Leander did in the days of "hoar antiquity." We recommend our young friend to be patient, as well as persevering, during his probation in the art of swimming. He must not feel disgusted and disheartened, because he seems to make comparatively but little progress: let him remember that he is gradually acquiring a new and most important power; he is, by degrees, obtaining a mastery over the waters.

Previously to entering the water, the head and neck should be well wetted; the pupil should then advance, by a clear shelving bank, in some stream the depth of which he has ascertained, until he is breast high; then let him face about toward the bank, and prepare to make his first essay in this art, as directed in the next paragraph.

PLAIN SWIMMING.—With the face turned towards the bank, as above directed, let the pupil press his breast gently on the water, with his head thrown back,

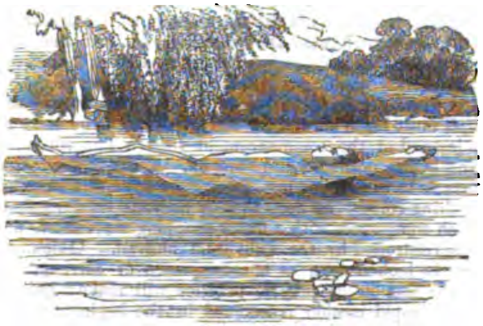


resting, as it were, his chin on the surface; his two hands joined, either palm to palm, or with the backs upwards, thumb to thumb; the fingers and thumbs of each hand closed tight together. Let him then spring forward from the ground, at the same time thrusting his arms before him to their greatest reach. This motion completed, he must turn his palms outwards, with the thumbs below, and the hand a little hollowed (Fig 1), pressing the water in an oblique direction, backwards and downwards, the arms still extended, till they have described an arc of ninety degrees, having the shoulder for a centre. The spring obtained from this motion enables the pupil to bring his legs under him for a fresh start, when the hands are drawn to the body, and placed in the first position, Fig 2. The pupil must notice that, to perform this well, the body must approach nearly to a horizontal position, when it is more buoyant; and the kicking motion, or striking out of the legs, is in a direction not so much to push him out of the water as forwards in it; the fingers must be tight together, so that the water will not pass through; the arms must be brought well back, giving their greatest effort at the end of the stroke, taking care to preserve the balance by equalising its force on both sides; the time for drawing up the legs is when the hands are pushing back the water, and the hands should be thrust forward at the moment when the legs are struck out behind.

Many suppose the motion of the arms is necessary for supporting the head out of water, and, consequently, that there should be, at each stroke, a pressure downwards for that purpose. This is a mistake; the impetus arising from the forward motion is enough, all force obtained in a horizontal direction subtracting from gravity; any pressure downwards is, therefore, a loss of power, only tending to produce the jumping motion so disagreeable in some swimmers. Let the palms face backward, like the flat of an oar, not too near the surface, but at a depth that the swimmer shall have such a grasp of the water as not to pull his hands back but his body forward. The perfection of plain swimming is steady, rapid progress, with little disturbance of the water; these qualities are to be obtained by keeping the backward stroke pretty deep beneath the surface.

It is another error that slow motion in the water produces fast swimming. The reverse is the case, unless the quick motion is not the correct one, as, for instance, if the hands performed the whole stroke near the surface; when the resistance is felt to be slight, then a very quick motion, making much noise and splutter, might be used without moving the body at all. However, the pupil must begin slowly, for fast swimming is no more to be learned at the commencement than a fine running-hand before pothooks and hangers. There is no greater obstacle to fine swimming, fencing, or any other exercise requiring correct motion, than a nervous temperament, which commences with a quick snapping movement, not to be controlled by the individual himself. Quickness must be looked upon as a consequence of correctness: let the motion be proper, practice will make it quick; but if a rapid motion is adopted in the beginning, correctness is scarcely ever the result.

BALANCING.—Previously to pointing out the very many ways of swimming on the back, we will say something of the principle on which all those methods depend—that is, the balance. Let any swimmer when out of his depth allow his head to fall gently back, till his face looks upward, and all the back part of his head is under water, when he may suspend himself perpendicularly for any length of time, with his arms folded, or in any other attitude he likes best. Of this Dr. Franklin seems to have been aware, and he rightly assumes that the lungs support the weight of the limbs; but he did not know that on the swimmer spreading his arms gradually in the water, extending them right and left, he would assume a slanting position, and that when, with his arms at their full stretch, his hands were brought behind his head, his toes will appear, and he will lay at his ease on the surface for any time without the slightest motion either of hands or feet, not only in salt water but in any water in which a man may swim. This manœuvre is performed by so equalising the weight as to place the lungs nearly central; the head and arms at one end balancing the legs and feet at the other. Thus a swimmer may be considered as a plank or board, perfectly buoyant, and capable of being propelled head first or feet first, at his own wayward fancy. There is nothing more luxurious than to lay thus on the swell of the sea, the pliant body rising and falling with the wave beneath, or going with the tide upon some river; at times aiding your progress, feet first, by a sort of paddling with the backs of the hands behind the head. To practice balancing, or even suspension by the face, choose calm weather, and a place where the surface is unruffled by other swimmers, as a trifling wave passing over the mouth and nose, before you have the confidence resulting from your own experience, gives you the sensation of going under water; this disturbs your equanimity and steadiness, you lift up your head or hands, and down you go, when every preparation must recommence before you try again. Allow the head to go back till the eyes are just under water; spread the arms at first, all horizontal extension adding to your buoyancy; for when extended on the surface in a perfect balance more of the face is above water than when suspended by the chin, besides the hands, and parts of the chest, feet, and knees. This position affords as much repose as if laying on a couch, and is identical with Dr. Arnott's water-bed.



Having thus shown man's specific gravity to be less than water (and here we wish to be understood, except when otherwise expressing ourselves, to mean both fresh and salt water, because whatever the swimmer can do in fresh, he can do with still greater facility in salt water, from its greater buoyancy)—having shown that a man may lay on the water as a plank, his means of progression become very much simplified, requiring little exertion, and but that he cannot so conveniently look about him, differing very little in advantage from the first-described methods. But when we take into consideration the repose afforded to the muscles when they have been fatigued by any other method, the utility of swimming on the back cannot be too highly estimated.

SWIMMING OR FLOATING ON THE BACK, FEET FIRST.—Allow the head to fall back as before directed, pressing the hands downwards and backwards, with the palms a little hollowed, and the feet will immediately float on the surface, when the hands may be used to press the water exactly as oars, propelling the body forward on the surface by continued strokes, the hands being raised edgeways, and passed gently along the sides, till they descend for another stroke. This mode of swimming on the back requires the least exertion, may be continued for a great length of time, and has the additional advantage that the head may be raised so as to see what is before you, and the direction in which you are proceeding.

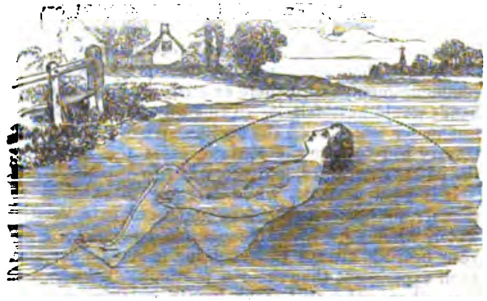
There is also a variation of this method, to practise which, at every other stroke, the hands should be withdrawn from the water, and meeting each other above the breast, should describe an arc in the air, until they enter the water below the hips, when after making two strokes following under water, they should be again withdrawn. This method gives an appearance of great ease and gracefulness to a spectator, who will suppose that there was but one stroke in the water between each appearance of the hands above the surface. The finish to this method of swimming is the quiet gentle manner in which it is performed.

SWIMMING OR FLOATING ON THE BACK, HEAD FIRST.—There are many modes of swimming on the back, head first; some in which the hands are the moving power, others in which the force is derived from the legs, and some in which the legs and arms are both exerted.

To practise one of these methods, viz.—that commonly called floating, you should throw your head gently back, as before, bringing your feet to the surface; let your arms lay in the water close to your sides, using the hands in the same manner as when sculling, with a swift pushing motion of the palms towards the feet, returning edgeways, thumbs first, by bending the arms; and pushing again towards the feet by straightening the arms close to the sides. This produces a very rapid progress through the water, and may be continued for some time.

Another method is as follows:—Throw yourself round on your back without stopping (which may be done with a swing of the body, while swimming in the first-described method), and you will retain part of the impetus already acquired. Then throw both hands out of the water, as far as you can reach, in the direction you wish to proceed, entering again edgeways beyond your head, and describe a segment of a circle in the water, having the shoulders for a centre. The hands on appearing again on the surface below the hips, should pass immediately through the air for another stroke. This mode is very serviceable when taken with cramp, or symptoms of cramp, as it removes the stress entirely off the muscles of the legs. It may be gracefully varied by using the right and left hands alternately.

For the practice of a third method the hands and arms are to be used as in the last, but the progress should be aided by the lower limbs striking out with vigour, after having been drawn up to the body by the stroke made with the arms. The kick should be made as the hands pass through the air. This is a very quick manner of swimming, and is most commonly resorted to for relief when swimming in a match.



For another method, lay on your back with your arms folded, or with your hands passed over the shoulders beneath your neck, or floating quietly by your side, drawing up your legs towards the chest, as high as possible, and then striking them backwards with vigour, which will cause you to make considerable progress through the water without using the arms at all. When you draw up your feet the movement is against the surface, where there is little resistance, but, when you strike them out, the force is applied in a downwards direction, where the resistance is greatest. The foregoing method is useful when your arms are tired or you have something to carry, or tow after you, the hands being perfectly free.

Diving.—This may either be done from a bank or boat, entering the water with the hands before the head, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, or by taking a spring in the water, and throwing up the heels, to get an impetus downwards. There is no difficulty in returning to the surface; you spring from the bottom, bringing you much more rapidly than you had descended.

For a long dive, or swim under water. there is no difference in your action from that described under the head Plain Swimming, except that the palms of the hands, in the stroke, are inclined upwards, as also the heels in the kick, or rather both hands and feet are pushed in exactly the opposite direction to that in which you wish to go. Some advise that the hands should always be before the head, when under water, as a protection. This is not necessary, as the head after each stroke goes no farther than the hands had been preparatory to its commencement, and if there existed any obstruction the hands would have felt it. In this way you may swim as fast under water as on the surface. When you find it necessary to return to the surface, press the water with the palms downward, and you will rise directly.

It is good practice, while learning to swim in this manner, to immerse the face and head in a vessel of water, while some friend counts one, two, three, &c., in your hearing, always endeavouring to remain longer at each experiment than the one previous. Withdraw the face when exhausted, take breath quickly, and dive under again, always entering the water with the lungs and even mouth inflated, as you may at any time get rid of air though you cannot replace it.

The Cramp.—Our practical directions in the art of swimming would be incomplete were we to omit saying a few words as to the cramp. Those who are liable to it, ought, perhaps, to abandon all idea of swimming; men of the greatest skill as swimmers, and of presence of mind in danger, having fallen victims to it. The cramp may seize a person for the first time, when at a distance from land; we have frequently known this to occur; and in every case that has come within our personal knowledge, with one exception, the sufferer has saved himfelf by acting as we are about to advise our young reader, if ever he should be seized with this terrible contraction. Be assured that there is no danger, if you are only a tolerable swimmer, and do not flurry yourself. The moment you feel the cramp in your leg or foot, strike out the limb with all your strength, thrusting the heel out, and drawing the toes upward as forcibly as possible, totally regardless of the momentary pain it may occasion. If this does not succeed, throw yourself on your back, and endeavour to keep yourself afloat with your hands until assistance reaches you; or, try to paddle ashore with your palms. Should you be unable to float on your back, you must allow your feet to drop perpendicularly on the water, and by nearly a similar action to that of stepping up a ladder, your entire head and neck may be supported upright above the surface, and you may also keep your head above the surface by merely striking the water downward with you hand at your hips, without any assistance from your legs. In order to endow you with confidence in a moment of danger from an attack of the cramp, practice swimming with one leg, a leg and a hand, or the two hands only, and you will find that it is by no means difficult.

[We have taken the foregoing from a most complete and specially valuable work for boys, called, "The Boy's Own Book, a complete Encyclopædia of all the Diversions, Athletic, Scientific, and Recreative of Boyhood and Youth," published by Messrs. Kent & Co., and from which we hope to be enabled to take a few further extracts.]

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TOM'S TRAVELS WITH AN EMPEROR.

AN ALLEGORY.

The story I am about to relate will not go back into the "dark ages;" nor will it abound with Knights, Gnomes, fiery and flying Dragons, Enchanted Castles, nor even terrible Giants of the "old school;" but will be a tale of our own day, when all is comparatively common-place, and romance has fled; having been furiously whipped to her chamber in the Past, by that ever-advancing and powerful spirit—Common sense.

It was a holiday, at the Grammar School of ——, and the boys were abroad in the green fields and lanes; some engaged in cricket, others with leaping poles;—here there was a race, and there, alas! a fight; here marbles—there, foot-ball and fives; some had gone to fish, and some to fly kites;—the scholars were all alive and active, with the exception of—one.

And who was he?

The boy who was caned that day, and the day before that, besides once a week during the foregoing three years, taking a low average; who never knew a lesson, never heeded a reproof; and whose eyes were always heavy and dull, like those of a "flabby" fish.

But you cry, "what was this boy about? let us hear more!"

Well! then—when first I saw him, he was rubbing his back, which smarted very much, I believe; and he was wondering how many thrashings went to make one clever man, and also, how many he must suffer before he could be enrolled among that honourable fraternity. He teased himself some time with a vague kind of speculation on the point; but not having been in the habit of troubling his head on other occasions, he found it averse from further study on this also; and it was not long before it desired to be permitted to rest. So, as its owner made no violent objection, the head laid itself down on a hillock, and the boy fell asleep.

Long he had not lain, however, before he was surprised by a strange figure, gliding noiselessly forward to the place where lay his heavy head; yet seeming doubtful whether it would be worth its while to seek the boy's intimacy.

Such a being as this, our hero (whom I shall call Tom) had never seen; it was light as a fairy, quick as lightning in its movements; and had a pair of wings, of immense size and strength, attached to its shoulders.

Very affable too, it seemed; for although it had, perhaps, scarcely ever seen Tom before, yet it now at once invited him to pay a visit to its Palace.

Tom stared when he heard of a Palace; but then he didn't know, at that time, that he was in the presence of an Emperor.

"But how shall I go to your Palace?" asked Tom. "I have never even heard of it," said he. "Tell me who, and what you are, if you please, and where you live."

"As to that," replied this curious being, "I am an Emperor, and our family name is 'Thought;' just as that of your English Queen is 'Guelph;' and I have a twin brother, whose name is 'Reflection,' that is, he is so called to distinguish him from me as much as possible; for being twins, as I said before, we are very much alike. I sometimes leave my Empire in his hands for a short time, and he seldom fails to use his power beneficially; nay, he even penetrates more deeply into intricate affairs than I could do."

"My government extends over almost all the Globe, and I may be said, in a certain limited sense, to have some dominion even in the sun, moon, and stars, since, strange as it may seem to you, and unjustifiable as it may and does appear to many of your race, I have ventured at times to people them, first with children of my own, and afterwards, more daringly, with human beings."

"But now," he continued, "with regard to my Palace"—

"I *should* like to see your Palace," said Tom.

"And so you shall," answered the Emperor; "but why were you rubbing your back just now?"

Tom blushed, and said he had been whipped.

"Ah!" said the Emperor, "you ought hardly to be found in my Palace with the tokens of disgrace on your back; but as in former days almost all my numerous visitors were so marked before they came to see me, I suppose I must not be too nice;—so you shall go."

Saying this, he bent himself downward in a peculiar manner, and immediately they seemed to sink into the earth to a great depth.

Down they went by such a road as Tom had never dreamed of, even after eating a pork supper; and at last they came to a huge apartment, which was nearly spherical, but very gloomy, and close, so that Tom could scarcely see, or even breathe.

Here the Emperor folded his wings, and Tom slid down to the firm ground;—for I must tell you, that, without knowing it, he had been borne on the Emperor's wings all the way, lest he should hurt himself by stumbling in a path which was so new to him, and which was so very dark.

And now the Emperor drew out his sceptre; and moving it rapidly to and fro for a few seconds—behold! all at once, windows seemed to open on every side; nay, the whole Palace, (for Palace it was), glowed on the sudden with a perfect sea of light, so that Tom's eyes were dazzled, and he was obliged to close them.

When at last he did venture to re-open them, he espied a beautiful lady, standing at the Emperor's side, and leaning tenderly on his arm.

The latter speedily introduced her to him as his dear sister, Fancy, to whom, he said, he was indebted for many of his brightest triumphs, and also for the enlargement of his pleasures.

Tom wondered the Emperor had not mentioned his sister when talking of his family connexions, but concluded he had wished to give him a surprise.

And a surprise, indeed, it was. He seemed as if he could never sufficiently admire the beauty before him; nor could he guess what delicious clime, or what favoured country could have given birth to such unparalleled loveliness—thus sharing, without being aware if it, the feeling of Shakspeare, when he wrote,

"Tell me where is Fancy bred."

However, he had no time at present for further observation, for now the Emperor called his attention to another object.

This was an enormous Giant, who stood in the very midst of the Palace—if he might be said to stand—for his feet, which numbered I don't know how many thousands, were constantly moving, though he never stirred from his position by a single step. In addition to his other members, this Giant exhibited a countless number of hands, whose motions were incessant, and to all appearance untiring.

Tom looked upwards in search of his head, but though the Giant had broad shoulders, no head was to be seen.

Then he was terribly afraid; and seizing one of the Emperor's wings, he begged of him not to suffer him to be devoured.

[Poor fellow: he had read "Jack the Giant-killer," and hence his fear was so unbounded, that he forgot it was impossible for him to be devoured by a being who wanted a head.]

But the Emperor assured him he was perfectly safe; and then Tom mustered up courage to observe the Giant's movements.

After having gazed with bewildered eyes at these for some time, he felt tired; and his head beginning to ache also, he desired the Emperor to show him some place where he might rest.

This request was at once complied with; and having pointed out to him a hard bed, which lay near, the Emperor said he would leave him to his repose.

And strange to say, the moment he retired from his vicinity, Tom began to sleep soundly.

But my readers will say, "Why! he had been asleep all the time, hadn't he?"

Oh! but don't you think the Emperor waked him before bringing him to the Palace? He did—and I forgot to tell you so.

"Come, Tom!" cried that puissant individual, when he returned; "people don't sleep long while they stay with me; so follow once more to the Giant, and I'll tell you a few circumstances respecting him.

Up jumped Tom, quite refreshed; and now he could see more clearly, and his head felt stronger.

So they came before the Giant. But now that he was fully awake, he could not help looking about him, and wondering where he was. He found himself in a large, and nearly spherical apartment, somewhat like Mr. Wyld's Globe, which he had seen in London, but many thousand times larger; and in one respect, particularly, it differed very much from that; for here he could see quite distinctly through the walls in all directions, upward, downward, and on every side; and wherever he looked, he saw seas, lakes, rivers, and mountains.

"Where can I be?" cried he, all in a flutter.

"At the centre of the earth," answered the Emperor, coolly.

"Then you want to kill me," said Tom. "I won't stay here any longer: the sea will get in and drown me, or else I shall be crushed to atoms."

"No you will not," said the Emperor; "for I can go almost anywhere without danger, and you are safe in my company."

So he felt more assured, and began once again to inspect the Giant's movements. As I told my readers before, this mighty creature had thousands of hands and feet. By means of the latter, Tom now perceived that he moved a monster tread-mill, which was formed in the walls of the Palace, and was, indeed, carried entirely round it. Not the slightest noise, however, was produced, though the feet moved one after the other in regular succession; but all the time the most perfect silence prevailed; so that the sensation produced in Tom's mind was that of the profoundest awe; and he could not have felt more impressed with this feeling, had he been wandering alone among the tombs and monuments of some ancient cathedral, while the pale moonlight chequered its walls and pavement with fantastic or frightful shapes.

Feeling his curiosity aroused by the strange and spectral character of the Giant's movements, Tom drew closer to the Emperor's side, while, at the same time, he inquired in a faint whisper, who or what he really was, and what was the use of the great tread-mill.

The Emperor replied, that so soon as the Giant should have travelled over every step of the tread-mill, the earth would have made one revolution round its axis; a thing which it always accomplished in twenty-four hours; and that it was necessary for the moving force to be at all times equally sustained, lest the days and nights which this rotation produced, should be longer or shorter than they ought to be.

Here the Emperor's beautiful sister stepped forward, and offered to Tom a magnificent telescope; at the same time receiving back from him an eye-glass, which she had before lent him, that he might see more clearly the motions of the Giant's feet. Through this telescope he could discern the ships moving on the sea; and the railways, and coaches on land; and the manufactories: but they all appeared very small and insignificant.

One thing struck Tom as peculiar in the Giant's proceedings, and that was, that in some way or another he seemed to interfere, or rather make himself useful, in every department where motion of any kind was required.

Now he would draw his hands through a particular part of the ocean, and a current ensued, which carried the ships along at a great rate. Then he would do the same through the air; and all the wind-mills began to work; and the sails of the ships filled, and the trees waved to and fro, while the birds flew gaily, and all was life.

He continually, passed his hands through the different oceans, so that it was impossible for them to stagnate; and by this means he stirred up the salt in them, which further tended to prevent putrefaction, while at the same time it caused the vessels to float more lightly.

Having used his telescope diligently, and for a long time, Tom now reminded the Emperor that he had not told him the name of the Giant, nor yet what he was by profession.

To this the Emperor replied, that his name was "Action;" and that no better nor more efficient servant could be found. "But," said he, "far be it from me to arrogate to myself even the smallest portion of authority over him, while performing his various operations in the sea and air. The motion of the earth, too, I can neither accelerate nor retard; it is only when he interferes in such things as I assist men to invent or manage, that I claim a portion of his services."

"I should hardly have believed you could make such a great Giant do anything at all, when you are so little yourself," said Tom.

This was rather too personal; so the Emperor changed the subject, and asked how he liked the world generally, now he had seen all over it. "Is it as beautiful as you imagined?" said he.

"Why—to tell the truth, I never thought about it at all till I saw you," answered Tom; "but when I return home, I will read all concerning it piecemeal; and then you must fetch me, and show me all this again."

"So I will," said the Emperor, "and besides, some other time, I'll let you see more of my wonderful Palaces, for this is only one of them. I made the walls transparent to-day, in order that you might see through them; but really they are not so. Rocks of adamant, petrifactions, flint, coal, iron, tin, gold, silver, copper, gravel, sand, clay, besides a vast number of precious stones, and other things I have not time to mention, go to form the walls; so that it is quite a different place to what I made it appear to you."

"I often shew people a number of these things," continued the Emperor, "and then they write books about them; but they frequently scribble without seeking my aid, and then they tell falsehoods—and men believe them."

"And now, Tom," he further added, "before I dismiss you to school again, I'll tell you a little of the history of my life, and then take you a trip—but first for my history."

"I shall be glad to hear it," answered Tom.

"Well, then, I'll begin at the beginning of the world, and sketch my life and actions, roughly, to the present time"

"When Adam first beheld his beautiful Eve, and, dumb with amazement, knew not how to address her, and make known his affection, I suggested the means, and floating at his desire on gossamer wings—"

"Gossamer wings!" said Tom, "pray what may they be?"

"Why, I mean *words*—it was a sort of poetical way of speaking of them—I thought you'd like it better than plain prose," replied the Emperor.

Tom stammered a little, as he said he hoped he hadn't offended, since so far from disliking poetry or poets, he always admired, when he could understand them.

"Very well, then," continued the Emperor, "I floated on wordy wings—if you like it better—to the ear of man's first mother, and had the pleasure to find that the more my pinions fluttered around her, the greater was her artless delight; and as I at last directed her dove-like eyes to her consort Adam, I had the inexpressible happiness to witness the result of my anxious labours, in the dawn of Love."

"Thenceforth, never were my pinions suffered to rest, but I lightly passed from one to the other: by my playfulness, irradiating their faces with constant smiles."

"Those were my happiest days; but, after a while when the earth became more fully peopled, I was compelled to travel far and wide. Then my former wings were found to be insufficient: yet so necessary was I, in all momentous affairs, that men invented a method of attaching me, (being a very light person, as you see, and capable of assuming many different shapes), to a strip of bark, the leaf of a tree, or a roll of parchment; and then they carefully carried me withersover it was desirable I should be sent.

"But now, I regret to say, I became a sad tell-tale, and would relate to anybody, who could get possession of the parchments, &c., all I knew, which you may believe was far from pleasant.

"Some few had a method of hiding me under what they were pleased to call a cypher, but I contrived to creep out even then; so they endeavoured to stop my too ready communicativeness by placing me in a small packet, and firmly fastening me down by means of a silken band or seal.

"Now you will think I was certainly 'bound over to keep the peace,' but no! for packets may be opened and letters unsealed—yet under these partial securities alone, I have until lately roamed the world."

"Thus enclosed, I have travelled on horseback, and in carriages, and lately on railways; which last, I myself invented, as much for my own as other people's accommodation.

"Still I would often complain, because even they did not come up to my idea of speed; for I always want to go at a great pace: and so very frequently did I do this, that, at last, tired by my importunity, men formed me most delicate roads, consisting of almost interminable wires, stretched on poles; and these roads they made for me through the length and breadth of England, and in other countries also.

"A carriage had been formed, suited to travel on these roads,—but that, I must tell you, I designed also myself; for before the wires were put up, I declared that nothing solid would answer my purpose. No! I was tired of such stupid conveyances, and must have a vehicle, differing from that of any one else, formed out of a delicate fluid, which should run along without noise or friction; and, also, I declared I must have an invisible coat, lest I should be stopped by inquisitive persons, who were not my immediate friends.

"People now thought me unreasonable, and I was myself desired, with a sneer, to build my own carriage and make my invisible coat.

"So to work I went; and taking some clever men into my service, we retired to our laboratory, and worked, and worked, and worked.

"Those who were at last permitted to look in upon our labours, saw before them a long box filled with two different kinds of metal plates, immersed in a certain fluid. This, if I except some wires which connected it with the highways I have mentioned, was all they saw.

"After a while, however, our work was finished, and I announced to the world that I was now possessed of a carriage I could travel in with pleasure; also, that my coat was complete, and fitted well.

"Having related the story of my life and adventures thus far, in a rough way—now," said the Emperor, "let us go to London, and then we will take a trip to Calais together, in this new carriage of mine, which I think will please you, and then I will let you go back to school. I hope, too, you will be the better for your airing, and the things I have shown you."

So Tom mounted upon the Emperor's wings again, and up they went, through a road which opened as they advanced, and showed a wall on each side of them, composed of such strange materials, that they reminded Tom of the appearance of a large pork pie, cut in halves, just as we see them in shop windows.

Bye and bye, they became aware of the sound of voices, and when the Emperor alighted, it was in the London Electric Telegraph Office.

Immediately he ordered out his carriage, and laid aside his wings for the present; at the same time making Tom as small as himself, for they were to be fellow-travellers.

He is at once obeyed. Hark! a bell rings, to announce that he is about to drive out, and a person bustles about, moving a handle rapidly to and fro. Is he harnessing the steeds? Never mind! Away! away! Fields, lanes, roads, lakes, rivers, earth, air, sea, sky, clouds, sounds, sense, feeling, where are ye? Where indeed! And, ah! a pause!—only for an instant—don't get out! Tinkle, tinkle, tin—off once more, like light, far, far away! Another pause—and listen!—kle, tinkle, tin—k—l—e, says the bell, which began to sound when we were miles distant from it. Another drive, and—Dover! Now for the last stage!

"Why, we're going through a tunnel next, arn't we?" asked Tom.

"Yes; a Gutta-Percha tunnel," said the Emperor.

"How dark and close the road will be!" said Tom; "and what a murmuring the waves are making above us! Is it because they can't get in to pry into our carriage windows?"

"I can't tell you just now, for we are about to start," replied his companion; "so take a long breath —we are gone!"

Through horrible darkness, and between cold and clammy walls, our travellers sped; but ere they could think about such things, they were in Calais.

Anxious servants helped them from the carriage, and offered to take them to any place they might choose to visit; but Tom wished to return at once, and as the Emperor had much to do that day in England, he was glad to comply with his desire.

So they set off, and were soon once more in London. Thence the Emperor carried Tom (now his natural size), behind his wings, and set him down on the very hillock where he first discovered him; then, bidding him adieu, he promised to come to see him in future, and show him more of the wonders of his Empire.

From that time Tom became quite a changed lad: hitherto, as I told you, he had been sleepy and heavy-eyed, and always marked for punishment; but now, who could learn a lesson with Tom! The masters were delighted, and inquired the cause of such a sudden change; when it appeared, that while the other boys were at play, Tom contrived to make trips with the Emperor, and when in his company he could always learn his lessons quickly, no matter how hard they were.

I have just a word or two to say about this Emperor and his twin brother, before I conclude.

The former, although a very good creature on the whole, is considered by many as far too grasping and avaricious; and it is even said, that, in his desire after progress, he sometimes neglects to take his proper nourishment. This may account for a number of fits and convulsions to which he is subject, and which threaten, at times, almost his very existence. His kind brother, "Reflection," would often like to warn him, as he sees these attacks coming on, but this the Emperor considers by far too officious on his part; so poor Reflection has to wait till the fits are over, and then he begs the Emperor to be more careful in future, and also to be content with his own proper dominions.

Then the Emperor weeps and promises, and Reflection is satisfied; but from time to time he falls into similar errors, and suffers accordingly. Nevertheless, on the whole, he is loved and revered by his subjects; and Tom, at least, had no reason to dislike him.*

◆

A FISH WITH LEGS.—One of these animals, when taking a walk, alarmed an acquaintance of mine sadly. He was rather a tall man than otherwise, and did not appear particularly timid; but one day he came to me looking rather pale, and announced that he had just been terribly frightened. "A fish with legs!" said he; "four legs! got out of the water and ran right across the path in front of me! I saw it run!" "A fish with legs!" I replied, "there are no such creatures." Indeed there are, though, for I saw them; it had four legs, and it waggled its tale. It was horrible—horrible! "It was only a newt," I replied, "an eft. There is nothing to be afraid of." "It was the legs," said he, shuddering, "those dreadful legs. I don't mind getting bitten, or stung, but I can't stand legs." Newts are very interesting animals, though they have legs, and can easily be kept in a tank if fed properly. Little red worms seem to be their favourite food, and the newt eats them in a rather peculiar style. I have had numbers of newts of all sizes and in all stages of their growth, and always found them eat the worm in the same way. As the worm sank through the water, the newt would swim to it, and by a sudden snap seize it in the middle. For nearly a minute it would remain with the worm in its mouth, one end protruding from each side of its jaws. Another snap would then be given, and after an interval a third, which generally disposed of the worm.—"*Common Objects of the Country*," *by the Rev. J. G. Wood.*

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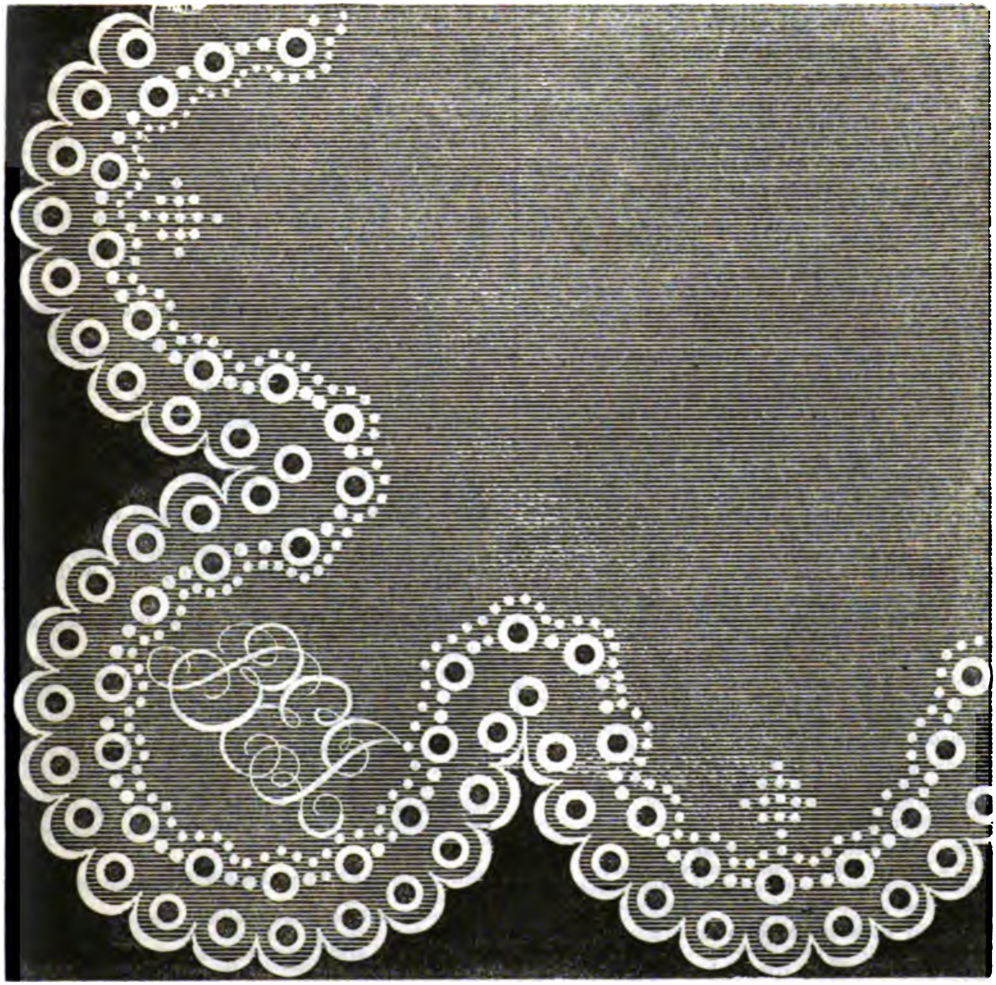
* From "Tales and Allegories," by W. T. Hawkins. Grant and Griffith, St. Paul's, London.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.

THE GIRL'S WORK-TABLE.

BY MADAME EUGENIE.

HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.

The handkerchief corner and border we give this month is one which is both simple and easy for working. The holes are merely sewed round in the usual way, with Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s embroidery cotton. The edging is done in embroidery-stitch, and should be in their Red ingrain cotton. The small dots, *à la minute*, are done in the white, the same as the other part, and raised rather high. Any initials can be put in the corner. This way of embroidering handkerchiefs is getting quite fashionable, and the introduction of the red ingrain cotton always gives a nice finish to the work. The initials may also be worked in colours.

THE ARTIST'S LAST DREAM OF GLORY.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

Written for the "Companion."

A RICH warm glow in the studio shone,
Where the dying artist sat alone;
And the full clear light on the paintings play'd,
Till scarcely a touch was left in shade.

There were dreams of fancy in every form,
Some with their colours bright and warm:
And the face of beauty, in youth's soft flush,
With cheeks that were tinged by a sunset blush.

There was the captive, in lonely cell,
Where the struggling light of the sunbeams fell;
There were fair-haired cherubs with loving eyes,
And smiles that were full of melodies!

There were dark-browed warriors stern and grim,
There were angel faces mild and dim,
There were visions of battle and bloody fray,
There were scenes of still woodlands far away.

There were sculptured figures so cold and white
That they seemed to mock the glow of light;
There the chiselled face of the Venus smiled
On the marble form of a sleeping child.
The artist's breathing was faint and low,
And a cold dew stood on his careworn brow;
His cheek was hot with a feverish glow,
And his full dark eyes had a world of woe.

His heart beat quick, 'neath his loosened vest,
As a sudden pain his lips comprest;
There was waning life in each feature's play,
And signs that betokened swift decay.

The pencil fell from his nerveless hold,
And his look was fixed with a grief untold
On the picture, at which, with untiring zest,
He had worked with a toil that knew no rest.

His dream of glory; his last—his last;
The day of his life was closing fast;
And the busy mind and the toiling hand
Would soon find rest in a better land.

'Twas a lovely scene on the canvas spread,
And a heavenly light on the whole was shed;
And the artist gazed—still grief's full tide broke
Away from its barrier, and thus he spoke:—

"Oh, for an hour of life, to nerve this hand and make it strong!
The dying swan may live till he hath breathed his last sweet song;
The fading flower exists to pour its perfume in one sigh;
The lute may give a parting note before its music die!
But I must leave this world without some mighty work to claim
The prize I spent a life to win—that worshipped goddess, Fame.
And I must die as others die—unnoticed I may go
Down to the grave—that resting place from suffering and woe.
But oh! it is not death I fear—nor immortality;
Let me but live to crown this hope, and I should joy to die!
God of my life! grant me but this!—I scarce have strength to pray,
Each burning thought exhausts me now—how swift I pass away!

How full of toil my course has been—how restless, and how brief—
A scene of disappointed hope, that ends in one great grief!
Oh, could life's flickering torch be kept alight by power of will,
How fiercely should it burn!—But hush, my wild heart, and be still!

But let me turn to gentler thoughts—oh, beaming angel face!
No marvel that my hand so well thy lineaments could trace;
For I have shrined them in my soul—thy beauty, soft and bright,
Hath often filled my darkened breast with mem'ries of its light.

Clear hazel eyes—a fair pure brow, with light locks floating free;
But—*I was wedded to my art*—thy love was not for me!
And yet I feel a joy to think those calm and holy eyes,
So mildly sweet, look down upon thy lover while he dies!

My happy home! my mother's voice is sounding in my ear;
I hear the rustle of the leaves—the fall of waters near;
I would give much to stray once more where those pure streamlets flow,
And, oh! to see my mother smile upon me ere I go.

I will not think upon the past—my time is almost o'er,
My spirit soon will take its flight to yonder unknown shore;
Will it rejoice in freedom then?—and will it wander far,
On through vast wastes of loneliness, from shining star to star?

Will it go shudd'ring through the gloom of skiey deserts wide,
A weary, sad, bewildered wraith? *No—it will find a guide!*
It is upon His arm I lean—He takes my life to give
A holier and a better life. I die—I DIE TO LIVE."

H. S. D.

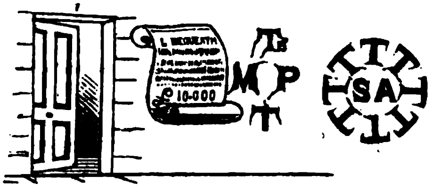
◆

COMPLETION OF ST. ISAAC'S CHURCH AT ST. PETERSBURG.—The Church of St. Isaac, at St. Petersburg, the building of which has lasted thirty-two years, during which time it has swallowed immense sums, is now completely finished. The edifice will contain six thousand people, and has been lavishly adorned with gold, marble, malachite, and jasper.

THE HAPPY HOUR.

81

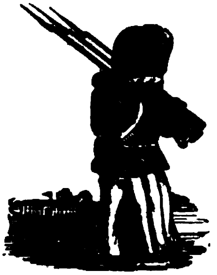
HIEROGLYPHIC PROVERB.



CLEARCHUS.

82

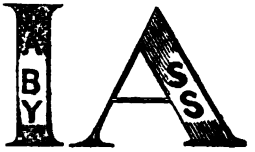
TOWN HIEROGLYPHICALLY EXPRESSED.



A. H. LOWE.

COUNTRIES HIEROGLYPHICALLY EXPRESSED.

83



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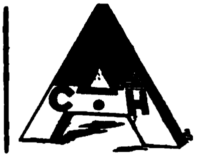


A.H. ROSE.

ENIGMAS.

85

I am a great traveller; my chief resting-place is in the thunder; I delight to ride on the wind, especially in a gale; when travelling, I often accompany carriages, and rest at times in bells; my greatest favourite is the tongue; in the battle-field I love to roam; and now, to finish my description, I am an inseparable companion to music. HERCULES.

86

Permit a useful member of society to enter into your company for a few moments. I am seen in the palace of the emperor, and in the cottage of the humblest labourer. I am employed in most intricate mysteries and in recording all sorts of secrets; but in order to do this, I must have a certain friend of mine to help me, and cannot do anything without the help of him. If it were not for me, the world and all in it would be quite ignorant. All learned men have me, and would not lose me for all their store; for 'tis through me they remember their inventions, discoveries, &c. JURY'S GAP.

87

Sometimes round, sometimes a semi-circle;
Sometimes large, sometimes small;
Sometimes not to be seen at all;
And I have been Lord Mayor of London.

JOHN WESLEY.

88

When Nature rouses from her wintry sleep,
And Spring on her her general influence throws;
When Sol awakening through the clouds doth peep,
And with his beams doth melt the dazzling snows—
Then I begin to put on gay attire,
And, joyful now, so richly dressed appear,
And very soon, in spite of summer's fire,
I still much warmer clothes begin to wear;
But when cold Winter comes with frosts and snows,
And rivers e'en are cloth'd with glassy ice,
Then, strange to say, I always lose my clothes:
But what I've said must surely now suffice:
And so, kind reader, can you tell me, pray:
What curious thing I am? if so, pray say.

CLEARCHUS.

CHARADES.

89

My first is a part of your person; my second is that which joins two persons together, but only touches one; and my whole is an ornament for that part of your person.

W. TRICKEY.

90

My first is known to the troops at Aldershot; my second is known to Crimean officers; my third is a preposition; and my whole is a town in Scotland. JUVENIS FORTIS ANIMI.

91

My first is a wild animal; my second is a useful article of dress; and my whole is a flower. A. H. LOWE.

92

My first is company; my second shuns company; my third collects company; and my whole amuses company.

JUVENIS FORTIS ANIMI.

93

I am what all people do when they set out to travel; behead me and I am nice pastry; behead me again and I am science.?

GEORGE BENSTED.

94

My first it does one good to hear;
My second in the articles doth appear;
My third in steeples you will see;
My whole expresses gaiety. FRANK WALTER.

95

My first is a preposition; my second is an animal; my whole is a general. HIGHLAND LADDIE.

96

My first to paths of wickedness and vice
Th' unwary, starving poor doth oft entice;
My next a name, a very common name,
By men both high and low is used the same;
My whole's a man who ornaments doth sell,
To deck the houses of the rich and "swell."

CLEARCHUS.

97

Revengeful anger is my first;
Terra-firma is my second;
My whole by Britain was never seen,
Yet she is her sister reckoned.

ROBERT JOHNSON.

98

My first is a river in Italy; my second is the reverse to water; my whole was lately a country in Europe, but is now divided between its conquerors. H. M. C.

99

My whole is composed of my first, and made of my second.

HERCULES.

100

My first is an animal, not only sly,
But unequalled for swiftness of pace;
My next is an article most people buy,
Made of worsted, cloth, leather, or lace;
My whole is a beautiful flower, that grows
In the meadow, the valley, and dell,
And considered by many to equal the rose,
If it had but that fragrant smell. G. M. F. G.

101

My first is a weight; my second is a fine piece of architecture; my whole is a town in Kent. Julia M. K.

102

My first is part of a candle; my second is the reverse of high; and my whole an Irish county. Robert Johnson.

103

My first is a part of the body; my second is an article of domestic use; and my whole is a piece of armour.

Henry Rose.

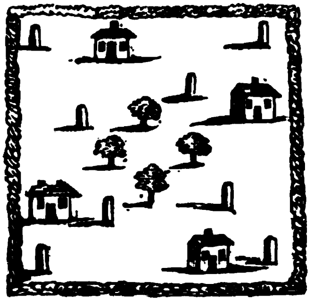
104

My first is one of the four elements; my second is used to conduct my first; my whole is a natural phenomenon.

W. P. T. J.

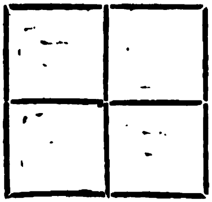
PRACTICAL PUZZLES.

105



Divide this square in such a way
That all who witness it will say
At quartering you are *au fait*,
If not expert at killing.
In each compartment there should be
Two posts, a cottage, and a tree;
Now answer this, and prove to me
That to oblige you're willing. G. M. F. G.

106



A piece of cardboard please to take,
A pair of scissors, too;
Then cut a dozen narrow slips,
In length an inch or two.
Now place them in the form attach'd,
Four squares you then will find;
Now of the slips take four, but leave
Two perfect squares behind.

Clearchus.

107

TREES ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

a. Three-fourths of a fence, and a species of fruit.
b. That which many have good cause to fear.
c. To set down, and one-half of an esculent root.
d. A soft stone, not by any means clear.
e. To command, and a riot bereft of its head.
f. One who practises fighting, cut short.
g. That, curtailed, which some few have had reason to dread.
h. A small insect, and half a support.
i. Two-fourths of a plant, and a colour transposed.
j. A measure curtailed and reversed.
k. To fix, and one-third of a child that is nursed.
l. Three-fifths of to hide till exposed. G. M. F. G.

108

VEGETABLES ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

a. Dexterity, a vowel, and to die from suffocation.
b. Equivalence, and that which makes a single cut or gash.
c. To generate, made shorter by an act of mutilation.
d. To terminate, and half of what those do who value cash.
e. To alter, and a kind of bolt, curtailed and then inverted.
f. A fish divested of a fourth, as well as a disease.
g. Six-eighths of that which ought to be despised, if not deserted.
h. Existence, and an article that does not always please.
i. Obscure, abridged, and then reversed, and that which claims attention.
j. Three-sevenths of a man who lives by working hard all day.
k. To close, curtailed, a letter, and the cause of much contention.
l. To hire out, and that, cut short, which signifies delay.

G. M. F. G.

ANAGRAM.

109

If you dissect "a rose in bud,"
And shift the particles about,
You'll see what neighbours oft dispute,
And even go to law about. Tschudi.

DECAPITATIONS.

110

On a wicked man's brow my whole is oft seen,
But when it's curtailed, on a monk's head has been;
Behead again, and there will be
A bird which many dread to see.

Hercules.

111

Complete I am a useful implement of war; behead me and I'm a fruit; behead me again and I'm part of your person.

A. H. Lowe.

POETICAL RECEIPT.

TO STEW A RUMP-STEAK.

Out of all who profess to be able to dress
Joints well (and a great many do),
Or to make a fruit-pie to perfection, or fry
Very nicely indeed—there are few
Seem to know over much of the art, and as such
I'll explain, in the best way I can,
How to stew a rump-steak to suit most persons:—Make
Your selection, then get a large pan
That will hold it secure, and then cover it o'er
With thin slices of bacon—all fat.
Two large onions cut fine, half a pint of old wine
(I mean sherry; but, after all, that
Is a matter of taste, and, to my thinking, waste),
Cayenne pepper, three cloves, and some salt.
Stew till tender, then skim off the fat that may swim
On the top, with which many find fault;
And when finished, remove all the meat, to improve
The said liquor, and thicken the whole
In the usual way (you know how, I dare say),
And then send it up hot in a bowl.

G. M. F. Glenny.

ADDRESS.

Dear Boys and Girls,—The Editor, in making his *august* bow to the friendly council of the "Happy Hour," begs to congratulate them for their untiring zeal during the past month, and is happy to find that neither the heat nor the fineness of the weather has effected any decrease in the correspondence; but that, on the contrary, there is still a steady increase in the number of competitors, and the solutions have been rendered with such clearness and perspicuity, that it is perfectly astounding what can be done, if one only perseveres. He has again to thank you for the many kindly sentiments of approval, and for the interest one and all appear to take in procuring additional subscribers to the "Companion;" and while endeavouring, to the utmost of his ability, to make this little periodical suitable to your requirements, he ventures to hope in the perpetuity of your approval, and that, wherever you can, you will introduce to your friends a "Companion" agreeable, amusing, and instructive. To his friends,

THE COUNCIL OF LETTER WRITERS,

he would add, he is equally indebted to them for their kindly reception of this new feature, and trusts that, before long, their ranks will be increased by a goodly company, who, in acquiring this valuable art, cannot fail to develop their imaginative genius, and sharpen their intellects. Before concluding, he cannot help congratulating "Darlington" on his second success; but in doing so, he trusts that the other members of the Council will not consider that favouritism has been shown to this distinguished competitor, as such is not the fact. He trusts that, on our next subject, which will be—

From a Son to his Mother, on his Father having, through intemperate habits, lost a good business, and rendered miserable a once happy home,—

there will be a great increase to the Council from which to make our selection.

◆

AWARDS.

First Class.

Clearchus (the "Companion" was published on the 1st July, but ought to have been out three days earlier. "Curiosities" are at hand, decision upon the merits of which shall soon be given).—**J. B. M'D.**—**Jury's Gap** (we will endeavour to give you the origin in our next.)—**Triton.**—**George Bensted.**—**Flora Melville.**—**Spermantia.**—**Jabez Carter.**—**Romulus.**—**Hercules** (yes; thanks for contributions).—**A. E. D.**—**M. A. C. W.**—**Ida May Foster.**—**Elizabeth Emily Stevens**—**Mary Ann.**—**Kezia.**—**Robert Johnson.**—**G. T. M.**—**Georgie** (we will thank you to enclose three postage stamps with your next communication for the "Companion," forwarded, as directed, by post).—**Mary Katharine** (your question is an important one, and is now under consideration.)—**Bertha Fortescue.**—**Rosetta** (we regret, as much as you do, that we could not award you a position in first class last month, many of your solutions not being correctly given).—**Darlington.**—**Scipio Africanus** (thanks for contributions).—**Henry Rose** (contributions are accepted with thanks; your drawing is excellent).—**Dido.**—**Highland Laddie** and **Highland Lassie.**—**Tib** (as before, A 1, Class 1).—**Henri Quatre** (thanks to **Rosetta** for having obtained such a talented competitor).—**Nella** (excellent solutions).—**Berengaria.**

Second Class.

C. E. Dalton (receipt in our next number).—**A. J. Sherren.**—**Henriette Clara.**—**C. M. Carr.**—**Alexander** (country subscribers cannot get the "Companion" on the first of the month, as the publishers' parcels are not forwarded, in many cases, till the last day of the month).—**Caroline** (charades accepted).—**Agnes Syer.**—**Israel.**—**Tschudi** (thanks for your suggestions, which shall have mature consideration by next number).—**W. Crouch.**—**Modesta** (the Prospectuses are for distribution among your friends, to get additional subscribers to the "Companion," a packet of which shall be forwarded on receipt of your name and address).—**Juvenis Fortis Animi.**—**Hope** (decidedly not too late, especially as, judging from your first efforts, you are likely to maintain a good position).—**Boadicea** (you write very nicely now, but with practice and care your handwriting will, no doubt, be much improved). **Minnie W.**—**Rose Morrison.**—**A. M. D.**—**W. P. T. J.**—**J. J. Morrell** (your letter, being overweight, cost twopence postage: please enclose two stamps with your next communication).—**E. J.** (your solutions are very promising; be not discouraged, but persevere).—**Antonio.**—**Cousin Mary** (thanks for contributions) —**J. T. Hadland** (Prospectuses would have been sent before, but you omitted your address in your last).—**Mars** (solutions only to charades, &c., entitle you to a position in the classes).—**Lucy Thomas.**—**A. H. Lowe.**—**Lillie Lee** (your name appearing *eight* times in either of the classes entitles you to a certificate of merit—see statement under heading "Our Prizes").—**L. E. D.**—**Emma Louise** (see answer to **Lillie Lee.**—**E. H. L.**—**A. H. Watson** (we fear your last month's communication never reached us, or it would certainly have been noticed).—**Amelia** (we hope you will endeavour to improve your spelling).—**Mem.**—**Elizabeth Blatchley.**—**Hector** (there should be no difficulty in obtaining the "Companion" at Camden Town).—**P. T. G**—**Louisa H**—**P. Piper.**—**Augusta.**—**Georgina Scott.**—**E. Delderfield.**—**Rosa.**—**Worsley.**—**John Thorne.**—**W. Trickey.**

Third Class.

Susan Harrison.—**J. B. Clark.**—**Malina Walters.**—**Alfred** (excellent for your age; persevere).—**Goose-Quill** (your contributions are more clever than your solutions).—**J. B. Wild.**—**J. Boobbyer** (very clever for your age; we shall have much pleasure in inserting your aunt's charade).—**Cyrus.**—**H. J. H.**—**Letitia Reignecourt** (persevere, and you will soon get a better position).

◆

ANSWERS TO PASTIME.

(*On Pages* 109 *and* 110.)

52.—He who wants content cannot find an open door to an easy chair. 53.—Home. 54.—Five-pound-note. 55.—Mincepie. 56.—"O-live." 57.—Pen-man-ship. 58.—Chat-ham. 59.—Stirling. 60.—Harts-horn. 61.—Foot-man. 62.—Tea-tray. 63.—Hunting-don. 64.—Poet-ry. 65.—Goose-berry. 66.—Le-pan-to. 67.—Take C from XC, and X remain. 68.—Fowl-owl-wolf. 69.—Spear-pear-ear. 70.—Anselm Fitzarthur forbids the body of William the Conqueror to be laid in the Church of St. Stephen. 71.—Alphonso, 1139. 72.—Boleslaus, 1164. 73.—Orator, 43, B.C.; Historian, A.D. 276; Poet, 54 B.C. 74.—6407; 1450; 5310; 18900; 9750; 3950, respectively. 75.—In the reign of John, by Archbishop Langton. 76.—In 1405, at the siege of Berwick. 77.—In 1535, by Ignatius Loyola. 78.—By Swartz, in Germany. 79.—B.C. 1432, by the burning of Mount Ida. 80.—Jungfrau, 13,716; Snowdon, 3,500; Geesh, 15,000; Erebus, 10,000. 81.—Topsham.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

James Phillips.—We think your suggestion a good one. Well-written Essays on suitable subjects, Recitations, and Pathetic Pieces, would be very appropriate for the "Companion." We shall have much pleasure in receiving them from our friends.

Declined with thanks:—The verses by **Cyrus.**—"The Lost One Regained," by **Rosetta.**—"Merrie England," (no name.)—And, compulsorily, an excellent Rebus, by **Clearchus**, on Napoleon at Waterloo, in consequence of answer not given *in extenso*.—"Autobiography of a Retriever:" well written, but not of sufficient interest for publication.

THE LETTER-WRITER.

From a Daughter to her Parents on their having betrothed her to one whom she cannot love.

My dear Father and Mother,

With an aching heart I listen to the calls of duty, yet I cannot stifle the fainter, yet stern voice of conscience. I have ever been taught that it is my duty to obey my parents; still, I cannot but feel that it would be a violation of my duty towards God, were I willingly to consent to marry one who is a stranger to my heart. How can I say with truth that I will "love, honour, and cherish him," if I feel no love towards him, and know that he cares little for me? Were I to be married to one who had no sympathy with me, and who had no share in my affections, should I not be leading a life of hypocrisy?—should I not be acting and living contrary to the ways of uprightness? My religion teaches me to look on marriage as a sacred and holy tie, which binds two hearts together and makes them one, and which unites their destiny in time and eternity. Earthly marriage is but a type of the marriage or union of divine truth and goodness in heaven; therefore, to try to unite two hearts that have no love for each other would be like endeavouring to unite truth and falsehood. Such a union is impossible; and I implore you, my parents, not to ask me to marry Maurice Cameron, a man for whom I have neither love nor sympathy. There is an inexpressible delight in true love which nothing can extinguish,—which care and sorrow cannot lessen, and which death cannot destroy! Where there is no true love, there can be no true happiness. Forgive me, my parents, for not consenting to your wishes, and know that it has cost me many a bitter tear and many a heart-ache, to write this letter, so contrary to your wishes. I have tried to love him, but when my love is centred on another, this is impossible. I have given up all hopes of ever being united to the one whom my heart has chosen. I have learnt not to expect happiness in this world; but I know, also, that I must do my duty here to obtain happiness in the world to come. I feel that the importance of this subject prompts me to obey the dictates of my conscience, even before your wishes. But, oh! my dear parents, let not this alienate our hearts, or cool the affections which have ever existed between us. Let me still be your consoler in sorrow, and your companion in joy. May God look down with pity on His humble suppliant, and direct my steps in the right way! May He protect you, my dear father and mother, and may you still look on me as

Your affectionate Daughter,

July 19th, 1858. Darlington.

Letters Received from—C. E. Dalton, Darlington, Minnie W., Evangeline, E. J., Antonio, Malina Walters (the letter must be on the subject given), W. Trickey, Maria L., Kitty F., Jessamine, Blanche H., Pride, Ellen F., Miss J. Fleming.

***** Regulations to be observed by the Council of Letter-writers:—**

Competitors may be of either sex, whose age shall not exceed twenty years; and for the proper carrying out our object, we would desire that the following rules be complied with:—1. That the letter be written in a plain and legible hand, on *one* side of the paper only. 2. That it shall not exceed in length six hundred words. 3. That it shall be strictly original, emanating directly from the writer. 4. That each letter shall bear the name, or assumed name, of the writer, and be at the Editor's office on or before the 20th of every month. Presentations of Certificates of Merit, beautifully printed in gold and colours, and framed, will be made, at the close of the present volume, to each competitor whose letter has been printed in the "Companion."

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QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

A Young Modeller.—Moulds for Plaster Casts.—The following is the best and most simple mode we know of:—The object, of which the moulding is required, should be immersed in common glue, dissolved in brewers' sweetwort of about the consistency of cream, and allowed to remain until the mass becomes stiff. It should then be released by cutting the mould open, when it will be found to resume its original form, like india-rubber. Holes must then be made in it for pouring in the plaster of Paris, and carrying off the air; and from such moulds casts of the most delicate objects can be taken.

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NOTICES.

Having received many additional subscribers with our new series, some of whom might, perhaps, wish to obtain the "Companion" from the commencement, we beg to state that back numbers and Vols. I. and II. may still be had on order from any bookseller, or may be had direct from the printers on receipt of postage stamps. Vol. I., 3s. 6d.; Vol. II., 2s. 6d. Cases also for binding the numbers will be forwarded on receipt of nine postage-stamps.

We shall feel much pleasure in forwarding a packet of Prospectuses to any of our friends who may feel disposed to make good use of them. Please forward name and address.

In cases of difficulty in procuring the "Companion" in country places, copies may be had from the printers on receipt of postage-stamps, one stamp only being required for the postage of three numbers.

*** We receive every month, with the solutions to the pastime matter contained in the "Happy Hour," a great amount of contributions to this department, some of which possess much merit, but the greater portion is quite unfit for publication. We beg to state that it is impossible we can comply with the wishes of many of our subscribers to pass our immediate judgment upon their compositions, or to make any special acknowledgment of its receipt, as considerable time is required to select the good from the bad; and that, after the selection is made, the charades, &c., considered worthy of publishing are given to the printer for that purpose, while the refuse is destroyed.

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OUR PRIZES.

Prizes will be given for best solutions to Enigmas, &c., the names or initials of competitors being printed and placed monthly into the first, second, or third class, according to merit: the party whose name appears oftenest in the first class will be entitled to the first Prize, and the next oftenest to the second Prize, &c.

Our next distribution, which will take place at the completion of the present Volume, consisting of twelve Numbers, will be as follows:—

First Prize.—Any article of the value of FIVE POUNDS.

Second Prize.—Any article of the value of TWO POUNDS.

Third Prize.—Any article of the value of ONE POUND.

Certificates of Merit, beautifully printed, will be presented to all those whose names have appeared *eight* times in either of the classes.

☞ Contributors to the "Happy Hour" are requested to observe the following rules:—

1.—In compiling Enigmas, Charades, &c., *orthography* must not be sacrificed to *sound*.

2.—All contributions to be written on *one* side of the paper only; an at the end of each Charade, Enigma, &c., the answer, and the initials or *assumed name* of the contributor.

3.—None but *original* Pastime matter will be accepted; and any contributor detected in the attempt to pass off *old* for *new* Enigmas, Charades, &c., will be expelled from the classes.

4.—All Solutions to the "Happy Hour" to be forwarded to the Editor by the 20th of every month.

Address to Editor at Printers', 23, Middle Street, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

WALKS ABOUT CANTON.

SOME of our earliest attempts to stroll about by ourselves in Canton were made in a broad alley, called Old China Street, or another that runs in a direction parallel to it, and is styled New China Street. On each side of both these streets we have a range of shops stored with a neat and various assortment of goods for European purchasers. Most of the shopmen speak a little of the Canton English, and so contrive to understand and to make themselves understood by their customers. Many of them are fair and honest in their dealings, and place the most implicit confidence in the integrity of their foreign patronisers. Some exhibit a sort of generosity that is highly creditable: when, perhaps, I have inquired the price of some of the cheaper articles, the answer was "There is no occasion:" by which was meant, that I should consider the article mine without payment. At other times, they would make me a little present with a very graceful simplicity. This could never be rightly construed as a bait or a lure, for it generally took place at the close of a running account, and never till our acquaintance had ripened into a sort of friendship.

I should remark that all the shops are not devoted to the sale of goods: some belong to painters, who exercise their art for the pleasure of Europeans; others are occupied by tailors, and the manufacturers of caps; and a few belong to those who prepare memorandum and account-books for buyers from abroad. One of the last-mentioned class manifested great friendship towards the writer of these observations.

In the wide space between the shops, the fortune-tellers, and the dealers in books, with the venders of all kinds of herbs for medicine, display their wares. The wise man, in calculating the chances of futurity, is seen perhaps turning over a book filled with pictorial representations, reading and expounding the several mottoes and inscriptions under them. This is done to entice the listeners to try their luck; for it would be hard if among such a list of stories so graphically delineated, the hearer did not feel that there was one at least in which he himself should not like to have had some share. These are, it would seem, an assortment of fortunes, which the candidate is invited to contend for by a trial of his "luck." He then draws a bit of bamboo out of a vase, or takes up a roll of paper, which has certain cabalistic marks that must be explained by a reference to the rules of art, and illustrated, of course, by the engaging volume which we saw at first in the hands of the *learned* man. No diabolical agency, no imps or familiars are called up to act their part in this business, but fate is assumed to guide the man in the choice of his lot, which is vouched and applied by the scholar according to rules pre-established by sages of old,—just as an astrologer among the Chaldeans cast the nativity of a man, or drew his horoscope by reference to maxims derived from astronomical science. The bookseller spreads the cloth, and exposes his books upon it, just as some of our London acquaintances do their cheapest bargains, upon a table or a bench. The Chinaman affixes no price, as it is a rule with him to get all that he can; and he is aware that his native customers will not give a *cash* (a leaden coin) more than he thinks the volume is worth. Buyers and sellers are exceedingly well matched; and over-reaching on one side, and gullibility on the other, are on this account of unfrequent occurrence. The books when spread forth make a very pleasing appearance, and are intended, be it known, for the poorest people, who crowd around to gaze, to listen, and to purchase. I should be glad to plant a scene of this sort, if it were possible, in some part of London, that our countrymen might see how the love of reading pervades the meaner part of the population in China. There is something instructive in the sight of half-a-score of noisy louts, in the shapes of porters, stopping to pore over a parcel of books in silent attention. "The harp of Orpheus was scarce more charming," than the sight of books in China among all ranks and degrees of men,—a circumstance that must never be forgotten in any philosophical estimate of the Chinese character. In China the priest and the fortune-teller exert no influence upon the general opinion of the age, but are paid for their work by custom or stipulation, like the tradesman or the mechanic. Every man knows that distinction can only be obtained by literary merit, and wealth by industry and economy. I have seen women among the purchasers, carefully turning over and inspecting the literary stores that were spread before them, and have said to my friends, "What think ye of the ignorance of uneducated Chinese women, when the lowest among them are found to be lovers of reading?" We have yet many interesting things to learn about this division of the fair sex.

The dealers in simples are a quiet race of men; but they should not be passed over in silence on that account. They cover a table with a variety of herbs for the accommodation of all who wish to be their own physicians, sell them at a very low price, and throw in a little advice to the bargain. They are generally provided with a stone mortar, in which a mixture of herbs is put and pounded into a pulpy mass for cataplasms. The Chinese are subject to very ugly boils and abscesses, which are eradicated by applications prepared in this way, and no doubt receive great advantage from the treatment. I have often seen the doctor employed in pounding the mass, and sometimes in the act of putting upon the sore, but never was fortunate enough to arrive at the moment when the herbs were put into the mortar, that I might learn what were used for the purpose. One of them was enrolled among my friends, but he was not systematic enough to afford me information by word of mouth. Besides, I find the *eye* is the only verifier on such occasions, and I seldom trust to the *ear* without some collateral evidence obtained by vision. As I used to pass my friend, he was wont to salute me with the only English word he was master of, "can,"—which was done either to call my attention to something new upon his table, or to let the bystanders know that he had a place in my favour. The information I obtained from him was chiefly botanical, as he gave so general and vague an account of medicinal properties that I could make nothing of it.

After passing through the gate at the top of Old China Street, we enter a little space which is occupied by fishmongers, who sell eels, carp, catfish, &c. These are kept in tubs of clean water, to attract the eye of the buyer. To aerate the water, the Chinese set a cask of water furnished with a tap above the tub which contains the fish, and allow a small stream of water to describe its parabolic curve, and fall upon the surface of the water in which the finny creatures are swimming. By the fall of this jet, bubbles of air are constantly driven into the fluid, and the fish enjoy their confinement without the least symptom of uneasiness. This jet of water has the same effect upon the water in a keeler, that a breeze of wind has upon the sea or a lake of water. As I once hung over a ship's side in a gale of wind, and marked the millions of air-bubbles that were diffused through the ocean that was heaving under me, I said, " This must be a fine time for the fish, for their gills must be well bathed with air on such occasions as this." It was this reflection that helped me to understand the principle of the Chinaman's jet of water.

Some of the streets a little further onwards are narrow, but the shops are very elegant. They are lighted from the roof, which is three or four stories high. These stories are marked by galleries, like the Museum of the College of Surgeons, which afford places for the bestowment of goods. The shop is generally divided into an anterior and posterior apartment, by a partition that is often very beautifully ornamented by gilding, open-work, and so on. In one word, the taste of a Chinaman's shop is complete, the stranger being judge. Many of the best shops in the suburbs of Canton are furnished entirely with European goods for sale among the genteeler part of the native community. This affords a proof, which no one can question, that the Chinese cannot be such bigoted creatures as it has been the fashion to represent them, otherwise such shops would never find customers. The owners are in manners and attire gentlemen, and speak only the Chinese language, and are very distinct from the race of men who inhabit Old and New China Street.

A great many of the largest shops in a broad street, that runs at right angles to one that is occupied by the sellers of European goods, are destined for the sale and preparation of the edible nests. The dressing of these precious items for the table, or the removal of feathers and other extraneous substances from the hardened jelly which constitutes their principal substance, yields employment for many hands, who carry on their operations in the full view of the public, as there are no glass windows or blinds to screen them. The front of the shop is open, to be closed by shutters and moveable pillars only at night. These nests are not gathered from the sea by the bird, as has been commonly supposed, but are secreted by a band of glandular sacs near the entrance of its stomach. I conjectured that this was the fact, before I had heard that Sir Everard Home had demonstrated it by dissection more than twenty years ago. With this thought, the stomach of a foreigner might revolt at such a viand, however delicious it might be to the palate when prepared by the ingenuity of a Chinese cook; but such a spontaneous fit of disgust is smartly reproved by the fact, that we all eat honey, which has its origin indeed in the nectar of flowers, but is elaborated in the stomach of a bee. There is no shop more likely to attract our notice than that of the apothecary, both for its neatness and its well-supplied stores of various medicaments. It is in many respects a counterpart of one among ourselves. Drawers labelled, jars set in order, mortars, and a counter strewed with drugs and prescriptions, are no inadequate representatives of what goes forward in the "chemist's" room in this country. Everything assures us that all is managed by rule, and a minute reference to what is considered a medical propriety. I have seen a customer bring a prescription, which the apothecary has taken into his hand, and then proceeded to dispense with all the care and attention requisite in a matter of so much importance. If there be a great deal to remind us of home at these shops, there are a few things strike us as peculiar. Among these is an iron trough, bent into the segment of a circle, with a bottom that is deepened into an angle. One might compare it to a boat intended for speed before the flooring is laid down. In this trough a wheel of the same metal is made to traverse, which is furnished with an axletree of stout material. The workman places his feet upon each end of the axle, lays hold of some immoveable object, and by a nimble motion of his legs imparts an alternating effect to the iron wheel, which thus reduces to powder whatever is put under its action. Another method for reducing substances to a state fit for decoction or infusion, is performed by the help of a large plane. This is made to rest upon some immoveable object, with its face turned up. The workman takes his seat before it, and then passes the root to be divided adroitly from end to end, and in this way obtains slices of the most delicate thinness. A medicine cut into such thin slices might be regarded as characteristic of China, and certainly shows how ingenious the people are in lesser matters.

Whole streets are occupied by merchants and the officers of the government, whose houses present an unimposing appearance. The interior, which is a collection of edifices within an area, presents a pretty aspect, especially when a garden, rock-work, and a moat are added to the scene. The stranger, however, who is parted from all this by a thick wall, finds little to remind him that so much grandeur is at hand. In the streets thus occupied by the residences of the gentlefolks there is quiet, compared with the bustle along the narrow streets, where business is carried on in all its vigour. Here and there we see a corner occupied by a stall garnished with all sorts of antiques, images, vases, pots for incense, boxes, stands, &c. These are pretty sights, and such as the foreigner cannot fail to look at with pleasure, but if he has as much knowledge of the language as to inquire the price, he will generally find it to exceed his highest expectations. If, however, he has paid some attention to the subject, and learned the value of such things, he may make a fair bargain, but will not often have much reason to felicitate himself upon it. A virtuoso must be cheated several times before he can succeed, and he must also be an old acquaintance with the seller,—for Chinamen would do much in the way of abatement for friendship's sake. A merchant who deals with the natives should always bear this in mind, —"He is my friend," reasons the Chinaman, "and therefore I will let him have the bargain." I remember I bought a little stand for a quarter of a dollar, which some Chinese thought too much for such a sorry trifle, though I do not repent my purchase. "Oh," said they in banter, "the seller and the buyer were friends, and therefore the latter obtained this valuable article at so small a price!" In another corner of the street to which my eye is now directed in fancy, I met a crowd of men, playing at a game of chance for slices of pork, supplied by the man who kept the stall, or rather the bank. They were so busily engaged that no one saw me, though pressing into the midst of them, till, in an affected tone of mimicry, "Here is a foreign devil looking at this game." This unexpected introduction of myself awakened a loud laugh, and one demanded in a boisterous tone why I did not play for a slice of such excellent meat; I replied with great vehemence, "Because I am not hungry; can there be a better reason?" A Chinaman loves a little merriment; he takes it as a pledge that you owe him no ill feeling, and remembers it as often as he sees you. A little good humour and forbearance will always subdue the most turbulent, and make the man who uttered an impudent thing laugh at his own confusion. In one of my wanderings through the less-frequented lanes alone, I came gradually in sight of a company of rough fellows, who had just sat down to eat a meal. At the sight of me they all rose up, as if determined to pour a volley of abuse into the ear of the "*fank-wei*," by way of relish to their dinner. "Eat your bellies full," (which is the usual salutation for visitors on occasions,) said I, before they commenced the threatened attack. This was enough; every one forthwith held out his basin of rice, begging that I would share it with him. A single expression of civility has a magnetic effect in China, as well as in other parts of the world, wherever the sons and daughters of one common parent are to be met with. Few are proof against this, though prejudice has made us unwilling to expect examples of it among a people so renowned for their exclusive habits. The policy of the government is exclusive, but the feelings of the people are ready to flow in favour of the first stranger who shall stimulate them to action by the merest expression of kindness.

The inner part of Canton, or the inside of the city, is separated from the rest by a wall, the difference, however, is so small that I had once entered without perceiving it, and should have proceeded unconsciously along, had not a number of loud calls summoned me to my recollection: for guards are stationed to keep foreigners out, but being engaged in conversation, they did not detect the naughty "*fank-wei*" in time to stop his entrance. When I saw my mistake, I turned round with a smile, and retraced my steps as if nothing had happened. In company with a friend, I once attempted to enter another, but was suddenly stopped by a crowd of officers. We were determined not to lose a grain of our dignity, and so pushed off any that offered to touch us, and told them that we should return presently. This firmness secured us from insult, though it could not obtain admission, as these men had no power to grant it, and would have been punished had we been strong enough to overpower them. We met with a very fierce reception, and seemed to be in danger of being eaten up by a body of soldiers at another; but we sat down and told them to be quiet, as we should go back in a few minutes. The common people are often very noisy as they pass along the streets, especially if they are laden. They seem to think that the thoroughfares belong to them alone, and therefore call upon everybody they meet to make room for them. I met a troop of such obstreperous fellows one night, who challenged all persons to give way to their excellencies. As I passed the most emphatic among them, I returned the challenge in close affinity to his own, which, in sooth, were more like those of a brute than a human being. "Ah," said he, with great satisfaction, "he speaks Chinese;" for he thought nobody could make a noise like a native unless he could speak his language at the same time.

In one of our wanderings among the genteel parts of the suburbs, we came to a house where a wedding was in course of celebration. A fellow who knew enough of English to be saucy ordered us off,—a mandate which we did not choose to obey, as we saw by the countenances of many gay folks around us that the owners were greatly prejudiced in our favour. Just at this time the two brothers of the bridegroom went and placed themselves in a sedan chair, which stood a short distance from the door. In this way they represented themselves at home, and there received a formal visit from their newly-married brother, who presented them with a piece of areca nut and betel leaf, accompanied by a very low bow. These they received with similar acts of respect, and delighted me with the graceful manner in which they inclined their heads to their happy and honoured friend. The salver on which these luxuries lay was carried by an old lady who seemed to be mistress of the ceremonies, as they went towards the sedan chair; but the bridegroom carried it back himself. His step was hurried, which is a necessary item in politeness, so that the old gentlewoman had to ply her small feet very briskly to overtake him, in which she succeeded, while I stood wondering at the drift of all this haste on her part. My wonder was soon at an end

—for snatching the salver from him, she presented it to each of us, and thus did us an honour which appertained to near relatives alone. I took a lesson from the little boys, and made her the very best bow in my power; which so pleased the gazing crowd, that they gave a shout of applause. They think us without manners; and therefore are astonished when they see a graceful act of courtesy at our hands, however necessary or appropriate any particular occasion might render it.

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BLIND ALICK OF STIRLING.

There was lately living at Stirling a blind old beggar, known to all the country round by the name of Blind Alick,* who possesses a memory of almost incredible strength.

Alick was blind from his childhood. He was the son of poor parents, who could do little for him; though, indeed, at that time, wealth could not have done much for the education of one labouring under his privations. The admirable system of instructing the blind, and those ingenious contrivances of our days which may almost be said to supply the deficiency of sight, were not yet known. The poor people of Scotland, however, much to their honour, have generally shown an anxiety that their children should receive the first rudiments of education, and have long been accustomed to send them regularly to some humble day-school. To a school of this sort Alick was sent by his parents to keep him out of mischief, and in order that he might learn something by hearing the lessons of the other children. The only volume then used in such establishments as a class or reading-book was the Bible; and it was customary for the scholars, as they read in rotation, to repeat not only the number of each chapter, but the number of each verse as it was read. By constantly hearing these readings young Alick soon began to retain many of the passages of scripture, and with them the number of the chapter and verse where they occurred. It is probable, that being incapacitated by his sad privation from any useful employment, he may have remained an unusual length of time at this school; and that his father, as was generally the case with the Scottish peasantry, was a great reader of the Bible at home. A constant attendance at church would also contribute to the result.

However all this may have been, it was observed with astonishment that when Blind Alick was a man, and obliged, by the death of his parents, to gain a livelihood by begging through the streets of his native town of Stirling, he knew the whole of the Bible, both Old and New Testament, by heart!

This prodigious extent of memory naturally attracted the attention of many persons in good circumstances, and recommended him to the poor Presbyterian townfolk; so that Alick not only had his limited wants very readily supplied, and lived an easy mendicant sort of life, but was looked upon by all as one of the wonders of the place, and was noticed by men of science and learning.

The late Professor Dugald Stewart once expressed an intention of questioning Blind Alick, and examining this phenomenon of the human mind. That acute metaphysician might have elicited some curious facts, but we believe the interview never took place. Many persons of education have, however, examined Alick, and have invariably been astonished at the extent of his memory. You may repeat any passage of scripture, and he will tell you the chapter and verse; or you may tell him the chapter and verse of any part of scripture, and he will repeat to you the passage, word for word. Not long since a gentleman, to puzzle him, read, with a slight verbal alteration, a verse of the Bible. Alick hesitated a moment, and then told where it was to be found, but said it had not been correctly delivered; he then gave it as it stood in the book, correcting the slight error that had been purposely introduced. The gentleman then asked him for the ninetieth verse of the seventh chapter of Numbers. Alick was again puzzled for a moment, but then said hastily, "You are fooling me, sir! there is no such verse—that chapter has only eighty-nine verses." Several other experiments of the sort were tried upon him with the same success. He has often been questioned the day after any particular sermon or speech; and his examiners have invariably found, that had their patience allowed, Blind Alick would have given them the sermon or the speech over again.

Another extraordinary part of this mendicant's memory is shown in the manner in which he recollects the sounds of voices. A Scotch gentleman, who had formerly frequently amused himself with the old man (Alick has much dry, shrewd humour), but who had not been at Stirling for many years, happened lately to visit that town. He met Alick taking his daily walk, and accosted him. "I should know that voice," said the blind man, "but it is not so Scottish as it was—you will have been living among the Englishers." Alick was quite correct: the gentleman had been living for a long time out of Scotland, and had partly lost his vernacular accent.

Blind Alick lives alone, and whenever he quits his humble apartment he locks the door and carries the key with him in his hands. This key, which is old-fashioned, and of rather an extraordinary size, is always in his hands while he is abroad. He is indeed never seen without it, and while talking or answering the questions which are so frequently put to him, he rubs the key backward and forward in his hands, or shifts it from one hand to the other. A curious discovery was accidentally made, that by taking this key from him, his memory became confused, and his wonderful current soon stopped.

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* A Scotch diminutive for Alexander.

Several experiments have been made to ascertain this fact, and one recently by the gentleman whose change of accent Alick had detected. He took the key as if to examine it, and continued to interrogate the beggar as to different passages of scripture, &c. Alick's responses came more and more slowly, and then incorrectly, until he entreated the gentleman would return him his key, for he could not command his memory without having it in his hands. From this, ignorant persons have almost been inclined to look upon Blind Alick's key as a talisman, or something magical; though the fact will only suggest to the philosophic mind the force of habit, and the mysterious though natural association existing between our mental faculties and material things and circumstances. In much the same manner an old Italian gentleman (known to the writer of this article), who was remarkable for his conversational powers, was invariably reduced to silence and absence of mind if any person took possession of a particular chair in a particular part of the room which he had been accustomed to occupy for a long series of years. It was in vain to press him with the subjects of conversation in which his heart most delighted, and on which he was habitually most eloquent—there was scarcely a word to be obtained from Don Felix until he was restored to his wonted seat.

Blind Alick's memory has not only resisted the encroachment of old age, but, what is generally still more destructive to that faculty of the mind, the impairing effect of strong drinks.

Blind as he is, Alick is so well acquainted with every turn and corner, with every ascent and descent in Stirling, that he requires no one to guide him: he dispenses even with the services of a dog, that useful, sagacious, and faithful attendant on the poor blind. His favourite walk is round the precipitous rock on which Stirling Castle is built, where in many places a slight deviation from the path would cause a broken neck or broken limbs. There, however, he goes, day after day, and on the sunny side of that height the curious traveller is pretty sure to find Blind Alick, with his key in his hand.

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THE OVER-EDUCATION OF YOUNG FEMALES.

It appears to be the leading aim of parents under the present system to spend the greatest possible amount of money, and to neglect every other faculty in order to cultivate the memory. What an amazing sight is the spectacle of a stupidish girl of twelve or fourteen going through her course! She does her practising, she draws from nature, she talks French to one maid and German to another; she learns her history of all countries, modern and ancient; she has her back-board, her dumb-bells, her dancing lesson; she has a quarter of an hour's algebra, ten minutes' Latin, five minutes of the precession of the equinoxes, every day; she repeats the dates of the early Egyptian kings, she is taken to lectures of the newest Italian exile, and of the last-caught German chemist. It is a comfort to mark the satire of nature upon all this, and to see how deadly stupid and insipid she is at eighteen. The only result that has been attained is that her mother can say that "Mary has had every advantage, and no expense has been spared on her education." And if the process is fatal to the victim of education, it is no less so to those who have to conduct the machinery. The wretched governess is obliged to offer a list of acquirements and accomplishments which would instantly convict her of charlatanism, were it not that there is a tacit understanding that the degree of knowledge in each branch is only to be sufficient to enable her pupils to say they have learned it. And the lower we go the worse is the evil. For though rich people tempt eminent teachers to waste their time, and the sad sight is daily exhibited of first-rate masters being hired to teach water-colours to girls who could not draw a cottage in perspective, yet the teacher's knowledge is real, however his lesson is entirely thrown away. But when the expense of competent masters is too heavy, a governess must be found, who can teach everything. And as governesses are poor, of course they do what they are required, and would offer to teach Japanese if that language unhappily became fashionable. The crowning absurdity of the system is, however, seen in ladies' schools. For a mother, if she is clever, or if she has been brought up under a better system, can do much to counteract the evils that are visible in the education of daughters brought up at home. But when a number of young ladies are put into the same forcing-house, they easily manage to do absolutely nothing. It is true that parents often show a dim consciousness of this, and judge of a school principally by its situation. They satisfy their consciences by insisting resolutely on Brighton or Malvern, and are pleased to think that at any rate their daughters are got out of the way into good air.

The first maxim in intellectual training is, that clever children are sure to be clever, and stupid children to be stupid; and the second is, that the only cleverness of any use in a child is that which can be continued into maturer life. It follows that the great thing is to ascertain what all children clever or stupid, can and ought to learn, and then to allow the clever only to go beyond; while care is taken that their cleverness shall be both judged and directed by the probability of its ultimate result. Now, what ought all young ladies to learn? First, to write and speak English correctly, and to read it aloud clearly and fluently. Next, to do plain needlework. It is a great mistake to think that wealth can supersede the necessity for this. In the first place, this is the most feminine of occupations; next, it affords even the stupidest person an opportunity of doing one thing well without being attracted by the display that usually attends excellence; and, lastly, it is a most valuable preparation for a useful intercourse with the poor. Then must come the rudiments of history, geography, and ciphering, and as much French as the natural ability of the student renders possible. Nothing more is necessary except dancing—all else should depend upon natural gifts and personal tastes. There is nothing a clever girl may not learn with advantage if she has a real turn for it; and although scarcely any woman can ever be so learned or clever that it becomes a matter of indifference whether she is also good-looking, yet she may easily acquire a proficiency which will be a source of genuine satisfaction to herself and her friends. It must, however, be conceded that it is not possible to range all girls under the head of stupid or clever, and that some common ground of general education is wanted which shall test, awaken, and develop their powers as they grow into young women. Incomparably the best instrument for meeting this want is to be found in the study of standard English literature. This will elevate, excite, and steady them, and make them rationally proud to think that they are called on to "suckle fools and chronicle small beer" in a great and free country. Accomplishments are quite a secondary matter. If men do not get tired of the songs, they soon get tired of the singer if she can do nothing but sing. What is really wanted in a woman is that she should be a permanently pleasant companion. So far as education can give or enhance pleasantness, it does so by making the view of life wide, the wit ready, the faculty of comprehension vivid; and the only trustworthy engine of education directed to this end is an honest and intimate familiarity with great authors.—*Saturday Review.*

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FLORAL ADVICE FOR SEPTEMBER.

By G. M. F. G.

THAT gardening is gardening, be it ever so humble, no one will deny; and whether you have an acre of ground to cultivate or a few plants in pots to attend to, it matters not. Almost the same treatment is necessary; the same care is required for the one as the other—that is to say, as far as the flowers themselves are concerned; though I do not mean to infer for one moment that a garden may be quite as easily managed, for this reason—that weeding, digging, raking, &c., are operations which do not come under the head of window gardening; but, in the main, the directions for the one will apply to the other. During the present month, watering on no account must be neglected, unless indeed you wish to lose your plants. The poet says,

> "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

so is a little water; better not attempt the operation at all than to do it by halves; or, in other words, thoroughly drench the ground, or leave it alone altogether. Weeding is second to watering, and, as such, should be carefully attended to; this should be done while the sun is most powerful, which will very quickly kill them; but they should be raked off soon afterwards, or should a shower follow they will take root freely, and become as bad as ever in a very short space of time. The destruction of vermin is likewise equally important, consequently it never should be lost sight of

> "A stitch in time saves nine;"

therefore, act accordingly.

Sow hardy annuals of every description, which, if established before the winter sets in, will unquestionably do well; at all events, the risk being so trifling makes it worth a trial, and especially when you think of the old proverb, "nothing venture nothing have."

Early bulbs, such as daffodils, snowdrops, crocuses, &c., may now be planted in borders, and, if necessary, patches of the same may be removed from one part of the garden to another. Part, for increase, perennials of every description. Border-plants, intended to be saved in pots, should be removed immediately to the house, pit, or frame. Bulbs of the soft kind, such as crown imperials, lilies, &c., should be planted for early bloom. Roses of the China and tea-scented kind may now be pruned, the cuttings of which can be very successfully struck under a hand-glass. Tie up dahlias as they advance, to keep their stems or branches out of each other's way; earth them well up at the roots, to protect them from frost, and gather the seed of any promising variety. Greenhouse plants should be housed in the early part of the present month. Calceolarias may be propagated by offsets or cuttings, and any already struck may be potted into single pots. Take off layers of carnations that are well rooted, and pot them off, one pair in each pot. The same directions will apply to piccotees. Hook over auriculas in pots, for the purpose of removing decayed leaves, stalks, &c., and at the end of the month, remove them to their winter quarters. Heartsease may be struck during the present month, in time to get well-established ere the winter sets in. All kinds of biennials and perennials, such as columbines, sweet-williams, polyanthuses, Canterbury-bells, &c., may be potted if tender, or planted in the border, if hardy, provided it has not already been done. In fact, anything of importance that has been neglected should be completed without further delay.

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The population of "all the world" is estimated at eight hundred and seventy-eight millions.

HUMPHRY AND HIS "WONDERFUL LAMP."

A WONDERFUL BOY;

OR, YOUNG HUMPHRY DAVY, THE CORNISH APOTHECARY'S BOY, WHO TAUGHT HIMSELF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, AND EVENTUALLY BECAME PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

[Second Notice.]

In continuation of the article in our last number, from the "Wonders of Science," passing over a chapter called "The First Drink at the Well," we give the following from "The First Glimmer of the Safety Lamp," a discovery which has enrolled Sir Humphry Davy's name as one of the benefactors of mankind.

Humphry was hardly at home in his new quarters, when an incident occurred that directed his mind towards the investigation of one of the most subtle and mysterious principles of nature.

Mr. Bingham Borlase (a surgeon and apothecary of Penzance, to whom young Humphry was articled,) had returned from his day's rounds, and as he was busy unfastening the long leggings that covered his black silk stockings, he informed the family, who, with the boy, were gathered round the tea-table in the little parlour adjoining the shop, that he had heard that day of a fearful explosion which had occurred, during the last month, in one of the Welsh coal-mines.

"It seems," said the doctor, as he took his place at the table, "that there were two 'shifts,' or sets, of men employed at the pit. The first went to work at four in the morning, and were relieved by the next set at eleven: and so secure was the mine considered—so little thought of danger, indeed, entered the minds of the pitmen—that the second shift of men often entered the mine before the first had left it. This happened to be the case, they tell me, at the time of the accident; for shortly after the second set of hands had descended the shaft, the people above-ground were alarmed by a terrible report, followed by others so quickly, that it sounded like the firing of infantry, and a sheet of flame was seen to flash from the mouth of one of the shafts. The ground shook as if with an earthquake, the tremor being felt for half-a-mile round the workings; while the dull, subterranean boom of the explosion was heard, they say, nearly four miles off. Vasts clouds of dust rose high in the air, in the form of an inverted cone, and large masses of timber and fragments of coal were shot straight up from the pit-mouth, as from a hugh piece of artillery, and fell with a heavy crash near it; while the dust, borne by the wind, descended in a shower upwards of a mile from the spot, and as it did so, it caused a gloom, I am assured, like early twilight, in the neighbouring villages, inhabited chiefly by the families of the miners.

"The boom was no sooner heard," continued Mr. Borlase, "the tremor of the earth felt, and the darkness from the shower of ashes perceived, than the wives and children of the miners rushed frantically towards the pit. Horror and dismay were painted on every face. The crowd thickened from all sides, so that in a short time several hundreds of women and children were gathered round the shaft. The air, the people say, resounded with shrieks and cries of despair for the fate of husbands, fathers, and sons, from many a bursting heart.

"The machinery, it was then found, had been rendered useless by the explosion, so that it was near upon an hour before thirty-two persons—all that survived the dreadful catastrophe—had been brought to daylight, and of these twenty-nine only lived to relate what had occurred in the mine below.

"It was now discovered that one hundred and twenty-one, men and boys, had been in the pit when the accident happened, so that eighty-nine poor souls still remained entombed in the workings. Those who had their friends restored to them appeared, it is said, to suffer for a while as much from an excess of joy as they had, a short time before, from the depth of despair; while those who were yet in the agony of suspense filled the air with shrieks and howlings, and ran about wringing their hands and throwing their bodies into the most frantic and extravagant gestures.

"After some little time it appears that nine persons volunteered to descend into the pit, with the faint hope that some engulfed below might still survive. As the fire-damp, however, would have been instantly ignited by candles, those who went to search the mine lighted their way by 'steel-mills,' as they are called, which," added Mr. Borlase, turning round to Humphry, "are small machines for giving light, by turning a cylinder of steel against a piece of flint; for it has been found, I should tell you, that though the fire-damp is immediately ignited by flame, it is not explosible by sparks."

The remark evidently sank deep into the boy's mind, for he knit his brows and bit his lips as if a sudden thought had flashed across his brain. But Humphry was too much interested in the narrative to interrupt the doctor, so he said not a word, and waited anxiously for Mr. Borlase to proceed.

"The men who had descended the pit," continued that gentleman, "attempted to make their way towards the spot where they knew the miners must have been at the time when the explosion happened. Their progress, however, was soon intercepted by the prevalence of what is called the 'choke-damp,'—an atmosphere which it is suffocating to inhale,—and the sparks from the steel-mill, they say, fell into this like dark drops of blood.

"Deprived of light, therefore, and nearly stifled, they were forced to grope their way back to the shaft.

"As each came up he was surrounded by a group of anxious inquirers, but not a ray of hope could be elicited. It was impossible, they told the people, for any breathing thing to live in the mine. At first, the assertion seemed to obtain some credit, but hope still lingered. All there recollected how persons had survived similar accidents, and stories were told how, upon opening a mine forty days after an explosion, men had been found still alive, having subsisted during the time on horse-beans and candle-ends. Then distrust began to enter the minds of the crowd, and some suggested that want of courage or bribery had induced the men who had descended to magnify the danger; so that when it was proposed by the owners to close the mouth of the pit, and so shut out the air from it—for the most experienced 'viewers' had pronounced the mine to be on fire—the proposition was received with cries of 'Murder!' and with expressions of determination to oppose such a proceeding with violence!

"All that night, they tell me," the doctor proceeded, "many of the widows lingered about the mouth of the pit, with the hope of hearing the cries of a husband or a son.

"The next morning it was again proposed to exclude the air; still the populace, made furious by their misery, would not allow the project to be carried out until some others had again descended the shaft. But none could be found hardy enough to enter the jaws of the burning cavern. At length, however, two brave fellows were induced to make the perilous attempt, and they nearly lost their lives in so doing.

"The account given by these adventurers (for they confirmed the opinion as to the pit being on fire) ultimately convinced the people of the impossibility of their friends surviving in so deadly an atmosphere, and reconciled them to the plan of excluding the air. Accordingly the shaft was closed, with the eighty-nine poor souls entombed in it, and more than a month elapsed before the mine was opened again and in a state to admit of an examination.

"During the interval, I leave you to imagine," went on the apothecary, "what must have been the terrible suspense of those whose love made it impossible to eradicate all hope from their bosoms. The widows, anxious to believe that their husbands still lived in the closed mine, gave a ready credence to the idle tales of escape that were continually being circulated through the country. These inventions, however, had the effect of daily harrowing up afresh the sorrows of the people; so that, when the morning came that had been appointed for the re-opening of the pit, the distress of the neighbourhood burst forth once more with almost redoubled fury.

"A great concourse of people assembled round the mine on that sad day: some came out of curiosity, others out of public sympathy, but the greater part came there with broken hearts and streaming eyes, intent on once more beholding the loved form of a father brother, husband, or son.

"Soon a messenger was despatched for a number of coffins to be in readiness at the pit-mouth. Upwards of eighty of these had been ready prepared, and they had to pass by the miners' villages on their way to the shaft. As soon as a cart-load of them was seen, the howling of the women, who had not yet found their way to the melancholy spot, floated on the breeze in low, fitful gusts, presaging a scene of the greatest distraction and confusion; and as each load of coffins came to the pit, it brought a long train of wretched mourners in its wake.

"The bodies of the ill-fated men were found under various circumstances. One, from his position, must have been asleep when the explosion happened; others were huddled together in ghastly confusion—twenty-one were found in a heap in one spot. The power of fire was visible upon all; some were scorched; others almost torn to pieces; while others, again, appeared as if they had been stifled at their work.

"Then came the heart-rending scene," added Mr. Borlase, "of mothers and widows examining the mangled remains for marks by which to identify the bodies of their lost sons and husbands. Few, however, were able to recognise their relatives by their features; their clothes, their shoes, and—when these were too much burnt to be known again—their tobacco-boxes, or some token of affection, were often the only indications by which the lost friend could be singled out from the rest.

"Every family had made some arrangement for receiving the dead bodies of their kindred, but the doctor had very properly stated that, in his opinion, such a proceeding might spread a putrid fever through the neighbourhood, and the first body, when exposed to observation, presented so horrible and corrupt an appearance, that the people were induced to consent that each corpse should be interred as soon as it was discovered—on condition that the hearse, in its way to the chapel-yard, should pass by the door of the deceased.

"And the condition was duly complied with," concluded the doctor, solemnly. "Hour after hour, and day after day—for the finding and removal of the bodies continued for upwards of a week—the funeral carriage might be seen slowly wending its way through the half-desolate miners' villages, passing first by the door of one closed cottage, and then by another, while at the hatches of the others stood groups of women, the greater part of whom were habited in black, with little things by their side, and some with infants in their arms, mostly wearing some humble mark of mourning. As the hearse moved on, the women, with tears in their eyes, would tell one another whose body was then on its way to its last home, and each would have some little story to recite of good done and charity bestowed by the ill-fated man, while all would sigh to think what would become of the wretched widows and little orphans who, as the bier stopped at the cottage, might be seen, with streaming eyes and dejected heads, to issue forth and follow the funeral carriage slowly and sadly to the grave.

"For ten long, melancholy days," said Mr. Borlase, mournfully, "were the shutters of the houses closed in the miners' villages, and for ten days did the bell of the neighbouring chapel continually toll—for the finding of the bodies lasted all that time: and by this one terrible accident there were no less than ninty-two pitmen hurled into eternity, while as many as forty widows and one hundred and six orphan children were deprived of their protectors and ordinary means of subsistence."

Mr. Borlase, on finishing his melancholy story, turned to Humphry, and saw the tears trickling from his cheeks.

There was a silence among all present, as if the awe of the calamity was still pressing on their hearts.

Presently the impulsive boy started to his feet and cried, "I'll put an end to this shocking misery, please God, I will—some day."

The quick eye of young Humphry saw a smile play faintly on the doctor's lip, and he added, "I know, sir you have reason to doubt my power to do as I say, and, perhaps, it may take me years of hard study to gain the knowledge to enable me to compass my end; but though it cost me a lifetime I will master it at last. I have sufficient faith in the goodness of the Creator, to believe that these terrible afflictions come upon us only through our ignorance, and that if we but study His will, as expressed in the laws of the universe in which He has placed us, He has given us the faculty to avert misery, and to turn the current of nature to our own welfare rather than injury."

Mrs. Foxell (Mr. Borlase's sister), who was presiding at the tea-table, and who had already learnt to esteem Humphry highly for the generous qualities of his nature, was moved almost to tears with the benevolent impulses of the boy; for she was naturally of a kind disposition, and the melancholy details of the accident had so affected her, that when she heard the youth vow he would one day put an end to such calamities, the transport of joy she felt was too much for her woman's heart, and though she would have cheered him on, there was an hysteric spasm in her throat that prevented her utterance for a time.

Presently the lady said, "Do not be discouraged by what my brother may say to you, Humphry. He has lived too long in the world to be as hopeful as you are, and he is so accustomed to scenes of anguish, that suffering is, with him, almost an everyday occurrence. But you and I, boy, are, thank Heaven, unused to such sights, so that the mere recital of them stirs us to the depths of our natures. Besides, it is only a woman who can fully comprehend the distress wrought by such a catastrophe as my brother has recounted to us; for the real suffering in all such cases falls lighter on those who are even destroyed by it than it does upon those who are left behind. It is not so much the dead husbands I grieve for, as the living widows; the lost fathers felt but a momentary pang, but the fatherless children have years of misery to pass through: and it is because my sex teaches me to understand these things deeper than yours, that I, for the sake of the poor living victims—the wives and babes, beggared in heart as well as in means—would not have a word said that would take away one spark of hope from your noble purpose. Though the prospect of success may appear barren to some minds, nevertheless if you, Humphry, can, in the ardour of your sympathy, imagine such an object to be barely possible of attainment, I say to you, Go on; and God speed you in your good work. You wish such a result to be possible, and therefore believe it to be so, and believing it, perhaps you may find it to be as you fancy; whereas if you had no faith in it you would never work at it, and consequently could never accomplish it. Think, too, if you should one day gain your end, what honour would await you—how many thousand poor creatures would hail you as their preserver—what evils you would be the means of preventing—ay, and even what wealth you might reap from such a discovery, for you could secure it to yourself, and so derive a large income from the profits of it."

"No, my good madam," replied Humphry, half indignant at the idea of enriching himself by such means, "I would never think of such a thing. My sole object would be to serve the cause of humanity, and, if I succeeded, I should be amply rewarded in the gratifying reflection of having done so. All I desire is a competence, and this, I hope, my profession will yield me; more wealth might be troublesome, and distract my attention from pursuits in which, even now, I delight. Riches," he added, "could not give me either fame or happiness; they might, undoubtedly, enable me to put four horses to my carriage, but what would it avail me to have it said that Humphry Davy drives his carriage and four?"

The noble disinterestedness of these sentiments produced a deep impression upon all present, for they were uttered, not in the same passionate tone as that in which the boy had previously spoken, but calmly and almost gravely, as if they were the result of long reflection, and showed that the youth had already learnt to prize fame more than wealth, —that his mind was bent on winning an honourable reputation, rather than amassing a worldly fortune.

Old Mr. Borlase, the venerable father of Humphry's master, looked with wonder and admiration at the youth, and drawing him closely to him, exclaimed, "There's a brave lad! You remind me, Humphry, of my poor brother the clergyman, who is dead and gone now, rest his soul!—I mean him, you know, that wrote the 'History of Cornwall;' a wonderful book it is, too!—he'd just the same notions when he was a youngster, and used to say, that money was only of value for the happiness it could bring, and that there was more real pleasure to be found in seeking and discovering the truth than the richest fortune could purchase. I am sure, for my part, lad, I hope you may succeed in your noble object; and I have seen quite enough changes in my time to think nothing impossible now. Why, I have heard my grandfather say that, when he was a boy, coal itself was seldom used as fuel, and now see what wonders are being worked by it. Haven't we just had one of those wonderful steam-engines, which have been of late years invented by Mr. Watt, put up at the Wherry Mine, close by?"

The boy nodded quickly, as if he was well acquainted with the locality.

"And there," continued the old gentleman, "that great monster of brass and iron goes on, day after day and night after night (though the shaft of the mine, you know, is in the sea, and the workings entirely underneath the sands), acting at a distance over the surface of the ocean, and drawing up the water from beneath its bed; and all, too, by means of a few bushels of coals. I am sure when I first saw the engine lifting up its arms, and snorting away as if with the heavy labour it was doing, it put me in mind of the old fable, I learnt at school, of Prometheus, who stole fire from the sun, you know, boy, and made men with it out of the materials of the earth. For it struck me as being a huge steam man—a kind of monster labourer, as it were, that would work on for ever, without needing any sleep, and without knowing any fatigue; and that wanted only coals, instead of bread and meat, to keep it going. Ah! we live in wonderful times, my lad, that we do; and whatever the world will come to in a few years, when I am dead and gone, is more than I can say. Why, Mrs. Foxell, here, was reading to me the other day, out of the 'Sherbourne Mercury,' a paragraph, saying, that a Mr.—Mr.—What was the name, my dear?"

"Symington," answered the lady appealed to

"Yes; that's it!—Mr. Symington," proceeded the old gentleman, "had been making some experiments on the Clyde to propel a vessel, without sails or oars, over the water—what do you think of that?—and that he had actually got a large boat to move some three or four miles an hour by means of paddles worked by a steam-engine on board the vessel. Dear, dear! What shall we come to next, I wonder! They say in the paper, too, that the experiment was perfectly successful; so that, I dare say, in a few years our sailors will be no longer at the mercy of the winds, and if they have only a stock of coals aboard, they'll be able to traverse the seas which way they like. Ah! coal is a wonderful thing, that it is, Humphry. But I'm afraid that when we sit and warm ourselves by the fires, we seldom give heed to the dangers and hardships suffered by the poor creatures who are far away under-ground, digging it out of the bowels of the earth for us."

"That's true enough," interposed the doctor, "and it's long been an opinion of mine that the greatness of England will soon depend, not so much on the energy of its people as the extent of its coal-fields. You have heard, doubtlessly, that Mr. Murdoch, in our own county here, has, within the last year or two, made a successful application of the gas from coal to the purpose of illumination: he has produced by it a light much more brilliant than that of any lamp, and which requires no feeding nor trimming, nor has it any wick; and I am told that he speaks confidently of its being possible to light our streets and houses by such means. But I must confess, that I myself can hardly go with the gentleman so far as that."

"Well, for my part, Bingham," interrupted the father, "I am ready to believe anything. I have lived to see mail-coaches introduced throughout the country for expediting the post, and letters that used to take near upon a fortnight to go from here to London, now carry the same distance in little more than two days. So nothing they could do would astonish me after that! No, not even if I was to hear that the mail-coaches themselves were driven by coals, and at twice the rate they go at now."

This was considered so wonderful a stretch of imagination on the part of the old gentleman, that the whole company laughed heartily at the apparent impossibility of such an achievement.

"You may smile," went on the old man, "but steam is only in its infancy yet, depend upon it; and the engineer at the Wherry Mine, when I was talking to him about the machine there, told me that there was force enough in a bushel, or eighty-four pounds of coals, when properly consumed, to raise 70,000,000 pounds weight one foot high. Now, the ascent of Mont Blanc, from the valley of Chamouni, is said by travellers to be the most toilsome feat that a strong man can execute in two days; nevertheless, I find by calculation" (and the old gentleman drew a bit of paper from his waistcoat pocket), that the combustion of only two pounds of coal would be sufficient, by means of a steam-engine, to lift a man to the summit. Again the great Pyramid of Egypt is composed entirely of granite; it stands on eleven acres of ground, and is 500 feet high, so that its entire weight has been calculated to be about 13,000 million pounds; consequently about 180 bushels of coal would be sufficient to raise the entire mass twelve inches from its base. So that you see, Humphry, what a wonderful thing coal is, and the large amount of force that lies locked up in every pound of it!"

"I do, sir," said the boy, "and it is this which makes me wish to decrease the suffering attendant upon the working of so valuable a mineral. The account of the accident, which Dr. Borlase has just told us, has so harrowed my feelings, that I shall spare neither time nor labour in seeking to discover the causes upon which such calamities depend, so as to find out the means by which to prevent them for the future. It may be some years before I shall be able to perfect my plans, but perfected they *shall* be one day if my life be spared; and then I have no fear that a discovery, having for its object the preservation of human life and the diminution of human misery, will be either neglected or forgotten. However high the gratification of possessing the good opinion of society, there is a still more exalting pleasure in the consciousness of having laboured to be useful."

Humphry was so full of his project, that all the day long he could think of little else, and at night he lay awake in his bed for many hours, planning an infinity of rude schemes for accomplishing the object he had in view. He devised and fashioned a number of odd contrivances, too, for the purpose, but each in its turn was found to be of little or no avail.

Nevertheless, the idea was too great to be hastily abandoned, and the sense of the fame that success in such an undertaking would assuredly give to his name had entered so deep into the boy's mind, that he got to crave more and more for worldly honours; and he would sit of an evening, alone among the rocks, dreaming of the time when he, a poor Cornish boy, was to be ranked among the intellectually noble, and reverenced throughout Europe for his genius and his benevolence.

Nor did the lad fail, when he visited his mother, to confide to her all his hopes of success and renown; and when the widow heard that he was bent on discovering the means of saving the lives of the poor miners—a class whom she had long learnt to pity, for she had been brought up in the midst of them, as it were—she felt prouder than ever of her darling boy, and shed many a tear of joy over him.

Mrs. Foxell, too, when she beheld Humphry's vexation at the repeated failures of the models he constructed, encouraged the lad in every way, reminding him that *he* himself had said the project would cost him years of hard study to accomplish.

Accordingly, after many disappointments, Humphry himself began to see that he could only hope to attain the result he desired by making himself acquainted with all that was already known upon the matter. He was ignorant even of the laws of combustion in general, and the rude experiments he had made had set his mind craving for knowledge on the subject. "Why did this thing burn, and that not?" he would inwardly inquire. "How came it that one body, as gunpowder for example, went alight all of an instant, and another, like tinder, took a long time to smoulder away? And why was phosphorous, so easy to kindle, and wood, comparatively, so difficult, that the slighest friction would inflame the one, whereas it required a long time to light the other by such means? What mysterious process," he would ask himself, "went on when any substance burst into flame, and whence came the light and heat that were then given out from materials that, a few moments before, had been dark and cold? Could the light and heat have been imprisoned in the substance, and were they set free during the combustion? or were these powers generated merely by the burning of the bodies?"

Then Humphry's mind darted off to the deeper question, "What were the principles of light and heat themselves? Were they one and the same, or two distinct powers in nature? In a winter's day," he mused, "we have the same light from the sun, and but little heat; whilst in all cases of artificial illumination there is great heat and but little light, compared with that of the solar rays."

These and many other such puzzling inquiries passed through Humphry's brain, and left his mind in such a state of perplexity that he could not rest without a clearer insight into the subject. He soon saw, too, how silly he had been in setting to work before he had availed himself of the discoveries of those who had gone before him; for, he would say, how could he think of finding out, by himself, all that was known of the science of heat and light, when each of those sciences, as Mr. Tomkin had told him, had taken thousands of the wisest minds —ay, and thousands of years of intense study—to build up; for in them was contained the accumulated experience of all mankind from all time. Yet, because the truths were free to the world, he had refused to avail himself of them, and, like a proud fool, had thought he could compass his end without any such knowledge at all.

[We have only been able in these extracts to give our young readers a specimen of this admirable book for boys. We must leave the remaining thirteen chapters to be perused from the work itself, possibly returning at a future opportunity to it, for a few extracts. It is universally known how well Humphry Davy succeeded; and the progress of his efforts is pleasingly described in the chapter on "Humphry and his wonderful lamp." We only regret that our space will not at present allow of further extract.]

◆

WHITTINGTON.

A GREAT deal of light has been thrown on the history of this remarkable personage. It is now surmised that the fond story of our childhood concerning the Wonderful Cat, is all a fable. We quote the following from the "City Press," an able local newspaper for the City of London:—

Burn, in his "Descriptive Catalogue of London Traders', Tavern, and Coffee-house Tokens," demolishes poor puss with a vengeance. He states:—"The tradition of Whittington's cat has served to amuse and delight the childhood of many thousands, nor is it possible in more adult years to shake off the delusion cherished and imbibed in our youthful dreams; still it has no reality. It is a pleasing fiction, so agreeable to our better feelings—so happy in its outward results—that regret is excited when it happens not to be true. Whittington was not a poor boy, and the story of his halting, a tired justifiable runaway, and resting on a stone at Holloway, while Bow bells merrily sounded in his hearing, 'Turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London,' has no other origin than a flourish of fancy created by some poetical brain, for the historians of the 15th century are altogether silent as to the superlative value of puss.

"The Whittington's Head, as a sign, has not occurred to the writer, probably on account of his having, while Mayor in 1419-20, entered on a sort of crusade against the ale-sellers, and fined them so heavily, that, in the Brewers' Records of the following year, they minute that—'In consequence of the grievances and great charges imposed on the brewers by Richard Whytingdon all the year of his mayoralty, they declined making feasts or breakfasts, to provide for their yearly Livery.'

"Early in the reign of King James the First, Reginald Etstrade engraved a portrait of Sir Richard Whittington, his right hand resting on a skull, according to the religious notions of the age. In this state it is of great rarety and price. At the sale of the Delabere collection of portraits, March 29, 1811, an impression sold for ten guineas. Peter Stent, a printseller in Pye Corner, who died of the plague on Michaelmas-day, 1665, on obtaining the plate, altered it according to the received tradition, and transformed the skull into a cat.

"The impression here is from the original copperplate, and is proffered as some atonement, on the part of the writer, for his graceless attempt to dispel the baseless fabric of a vision—the legend of Whittington and his cat.

"'Sir Richard Whittington's Advancement: being an Historical Account of his Education, Unexpected Fortune, and Charity,' is parcel of the ballad lore of a bygone age, in Evans' 'Ballads,' 1777.

"The earliest notice of Whittington occurs in the first scene of the fourth act of 'Eastward Hoe,' printed in 1605, when Trustytow assures Golding, he hopes to see him reckoned one of the worthies of the City of London, when the famous fable of Whittington and his puss shall be forgotten.

"That further notices were current among contemporary writers, in accordance with the tradition, cannot be doubted, as is evidenced by that of Henry Parrott, in his 'Spring for Woodcocks,' 1813:—

> "'Tis said that Whittington was raised of nought,
> And by a cat hath divers wonders wrought."

"The following is taken from the third edition of a 'Collection of Old Ballads, corrected from the best and most ancient copies; with Introductions, Historical, Critical, and Humorous. London, printed for J. Roberts, in Warwick-lane; D. Leach, in Black-and-white Court, in the Old Bailey; and J. Batteley, at the Dove in Paternoster-row, 1727.' It has also been collated with another copy of the same ballad, entitled, 'A Song of Richard Whittington, who by strange fortunes came to be thrice Lord Mayor of London, with his bountiful gifts and liberality given to this honourable City,' which is to be found in the 'Crown Garland of Golden Roses, gathered out of England's Royal Garden, set forth in many pleasant new Songs and Sonnets, &c., by R. Johnson. London, printed by J. M., for W. F. Thackeray, at the sign of the 'Angel,' in Duck-lane, near West Smithfield, 1692." The two concluding stanzas do not appear in the collection of 1727. The story of Sir Richard Whittington, and the marvellous advancement of his fortune by means of his cat, has long been popular in England, but there appears to be no other authority for it than tradition:—

Here must I tell the praise
Of Worthy Whittington,
Known to be in his day,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London.

But of poor parentage
Born was he, as we hear,
And in his tender age
Bred up in Lancashire.

Poorly to London then
Came up this simple lad,
Where, with a merchant man,
Soon he a dwelling had.

And in a kitchen plac'd,
A scullion for to be,
Where a long time he passed
In labour drudgingly.

His daily service was
Turning at the fire,
And to scour pots of brass,
For a poor scullion's hire.

Meat and drink all his pay,
Of coin he had no store;
Therefore to run away
In secret thought he bore.

So from the merchant-man,
Whittington secretly
Towards his country ran,
To purchase liberty.

But as he went along,
In a fair summer's morn,
London's bells sweetly rang
Whittington's back return;

Evermore sounding so,—
"Turn again, Whittington,
For thou in time shall grow,
Lord Mayor of London."

Whereupon back again
Whittington came with speed,
A prentice to remain,
As the Lord had decreed.

Still blessed be the bells,—
This was his daily song;
This my good fortune tells,
Most sweetly have they rang.

If God so favour me,
I will not prove unkind,
London my love shall see,
And my large bounties find.

But see this happy chance,
This scullion had a cat,
Which did his state advance,
And by it wealth he gat.

His master ventured forth,
To a land far unknown,
With merchandise of worth,
As is in stories shown.

Whittington had no more
But this poor Cat, as then,
Which to the ship he bore
Like a brave valiant man.

Venturing the same, quoth he,
"I may get store of gold,
And Mayor of London be,
As the Bells have me told."

Whittington's merchandise,
Carried to a land
Troubled with rats and mice,
As they did understand.

The King of the country there,
As he at dinner sat,
Daily remained in fear
Of many a mouse or rat.

Meat that on trenchers lay,
No way they could keep safe:
But by rats bore away,
Fearing no wand or staff.

Whereupon soon they brought
Whittington's nimble cat,
Which by the king was bought
Heaps of gold given for that.

Home again came these men,
With their ship laden so;
Whittington's wealth began
By this cat thus to grow.

Scullion's life he forsook
To be a merchant good,
And soon began to look
How well his credit stood.

After that he was chose
Sheriff of the City here,
And then full quickly rose
Higher, as did appear.

For to this City's praise,
Sir Richard Whittington
Came to be in his days
Thrice Mayor of London.

More his fame to advance,
Thousands he lent the King,
To maintain a war in France,
Glory from thence to bring.

And after at a feast,
Which he the King did make,
He burnt the bonds all in jest,
And would no money take.

Ten thousand pounds he gave
To his prince willingly,
And would no penny have
For this kind courtesy.

As God thus made him great,
So he would daily see
Poor people fed with meat,
To show his charity.

Prisoners poor cherished were—
Widows sweet comfort found,
Good deeds both far and near
Of him do still resound

Whittington's college is
One of his charities—
Record reporteth this
To lasting memories.

Newgate he builded fair,
For prisoners to lye in;
Christ church he did repair,
Christian love for to win.

Many more such-like deeds
Were done by Whittington,
Which joy and comfort breeds
To such as look thereon.

Lancashire, thou hast bred
This flower of charity,
Though he be dead and gone,
Yet lives he lastingly.

Those bells that called him so,
"Turn again, Whittington,"
Call you him back no more,
To live so in London.

SAILING.

"Merrily, merrily goes the bark
On a breeze from the northward free,
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea."

We have no authentic account of the origin of the art of sailing, nor have we any record of the existence of boats until the time when Noah built the ark. The invention of the sail is ascribed to Dædalus, who had incurred the displeasure of Minos, king of Crete, by whom he was kept in confinement, but at last escaped, according to the poets, by means of wings which he had made for himself. Commentators, however, universally agree, that the wings were simply the application of sails to a boat, and the tradition is, that he derived the idea from observing the motions of the *Nautilus Argonaut*, or Sailor Fish, which is even now sometimes found in the Mediterranean. Dædalus was the inventor of several mechanical instruments, amongst others the wedge, the axe, and the lever, which adds to the probability of his being the inventor of the sail. That ships were of very ancient date is proved by Homer's having mentioned a long list of vessels which transported the belligerents to the rescue, or rather the recovery, of Helen. We have also authentic drawings of the ships of the ancients; and it appears that it was their practice to name the vessels after some fish or animal, and dedicate each to some one of their gods. This custom throws much light upon some of the classic fables, and the story of Arion becomes probable enough, when considered in reference to this custom. Arion, it will be recollected, was a musician and a native of Lesbos, and had sojourned for some time at Corinth, where by his talent he had amassed much wealth, which he placed on board a vessel, and proceeded on his voyage homeward; the sailors, however, discovering his treasure, were about to throw him into the sea, when he requested permission to play some melody. This soon attracted a number of dolphins, upon seeing which he threw himself overboard, and was carried by one of them to the island Tænarus. Now, when we are aware that a small vessel was called by the ancients a Dolphin, we are at no loss to ascribe the fabulous part of the history to the imagination of the poet, and readily perceive the fact divested of its fiction.

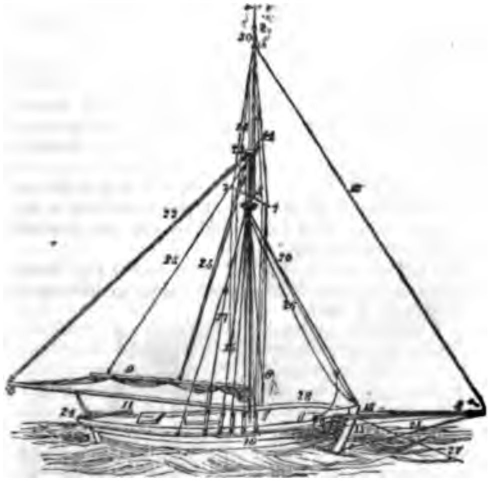
Before commencing our course of instruction in the art of sailing, we may mention that the natives of the Laduni Islands, who have used sails as long as we have known of their existence, navigate proas, which will sail faster, and get better to windward, than the vessels constructed by civilised nations according to the most approved rules of modern science. The flying proa has the lee side (the side away from the wind) quite straight; the other, or weather side, is formed with the usual sheer of a boat; the ends consequently are very sharp, and both ends equally so, so that there is never any necessity to turn, as it can sail backward or forward. In addition to this, it has an outrigger, which prevents the possibility of its being upset. This is formed of two poles, extending from twelve to fifteen feet from the side of the boat, and a canoe of solid wood attached firmly to the extreme outward ends of them; the flat side of the proa being to leeward, prevents her having any leeway, and thus enables her to stand closer to the wind than any other vessel. Her sharpness, and power of carrying sail, give her the extraordinary capability of sailing twenty miles per hour, which has never been performed by any boat built upon the principles of modern ship-building.

We shall commence our remarks by endeavouring to impart to the young aspirant for sailing honours a knowledge of nautical terms, and of the formation and rigging of yachts and sea-going vessels, which will prevent him from appearing a novice, should he ever have to exhibit his dexterity upon the blue water, or be thrown into the company of blue jackets. This, together with the instructions we shall afterwards communicate to him, will enable him to amuse himself upon the water with comfort and safety, premising, however, that he is on no account to attempt it without having an experienced person with him.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CUTTER.

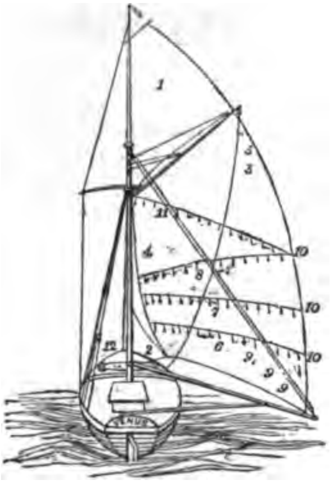
As the cutter is the most fashionable, and indeed the handiest rig for yachts, as standing closer to the wind than any other, it is almost necessary to know something of it. We shall therefore describe one from stem to stern, from the truck to the deck.

First we shall give those parts which are best seen at anchor. In the following engraving the vessel is supposed to have two anchors; one is down, the other is shown as it hangs at her bow: in heavy weather this is shipped.



1. Vane and spindle.
2. Truck.
3. Topmast.
4. Cat.
5. Trussel trees.
6. Lower mast.
7. 7. Cross trees.
8. Bowsprit.
9. Gaff with mainsail furled.
10. Main boom.
11. Tiller.
12. Rudder.
13. Stem.
14. 14. Topmast shrouds.
15. Topmast backstay.
16. Topmast stay.
17. Runner and tackle.
18. Traveller for jib.
19. Channel.
20. Forestay with foresail furled.
21. Bobstay.
22. Topping lifts to mainsail.
23. Topping-lift blocks.
24. Main sheet.
25. 25. Peak halyards.
26. Jib halyards.
27. Cable.
28. Foresheet.
29. Anchor.
30. Signal halyards.

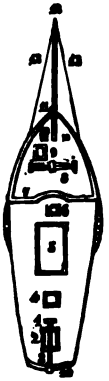
That our readers may see the sails and their gear, we shall next place the vessel before the wind, which makes her course sixteen points from, or directly opposite to, the wind.



1. Gaff topsail.
2. Foresail.
3. Mainsail.
4. Tack tricing line.
5. Peakline, or sgnl. halyards
6. 7. 8. 1st, 2nd, & 3rd reefs.
9. 9. 9. Reef-earings
10. 10. 10. Cringles.
11. Balance reef.
12. Anchor stock.

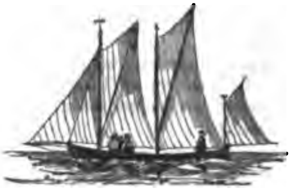
We shall now give a plan of the deck of a cutter or sloop.

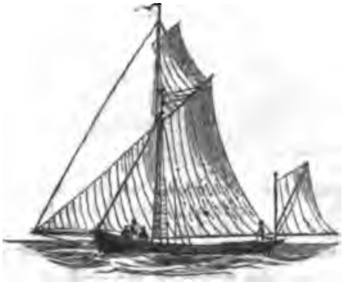
1. Tiller head.
2. Cabin skylight.
3. Rudder-head and case.
4. Companion and binnacle.
5. Main hatchway.
6. Place of the mast.
7. Foresheet horse, for the tacker of the foresheets to traverse as the boat tacks.
8. Windlass and bitts.
9. Fore hatchway.
10. Bowsprit bitts.
11. Stem head.
12. Bowsprit.
13. 13. Bowsprit shrouds, to prevent the stick bending, or rather to strengthen the bowsprit.
14. Taffrail.



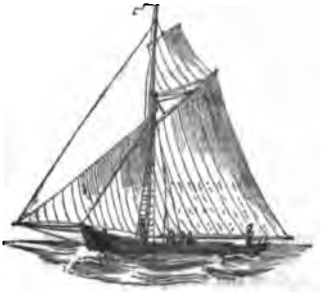
THE VARIOUS STYLES OF RIG FOR SAILING VESSELS.

We shall now proceed to notice the various styles of rig adapted for sailing vessels; and, in the course of our remarks, shall offer a few suggestions as to which we think most preferable. It is universally allowed that the cutter with a boom mainsail will stand a little closer to the wind than the schooner; but in open boats we should advise the juvenile sailor to have a sort of trysail instead—which is a mainsail with a peak, but without the boom—as, in case of jibbing, the weight of the boom adds much to the probability of a capsize. If the boom be, however, preferred, the ketch, or dandy rig (as it is commonly called), will give all, or nearly all, the advantage of the heavier boom.

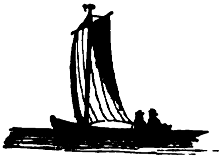

SCHOONER-RIGGED BOAT, WITH SPRITSAILS.

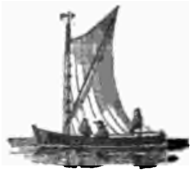

CUTTER-RIGGED, WITH JIGGER.

The mainsail is smaller, the boom consequently shorter and more manageable, and it is generally allowed that the jigger makes a boat work very lively.


CUTTER-RIGGED, WITH BOOM MAINSAIL.

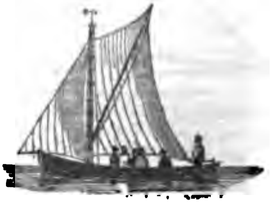
Luggers are by no means favourites of ours; they require an extra number of hands to work them, and are more difficult to manœuvre than cutters. They are principally used by smugglers and by the coast-guard, as they are good sea boats: in both cases there are plenty of hands, and under such circumstances they are excellent for rough weather. But they have rather a lubberly look, the canvas is continually wet, and when the sails are down they are always in the way; they never have a tight, clean, seaman-like appearance; besides, unless properly handled, they are decidedly dangerous boats. A single lugsail in a small boat is handy enough; we, however, should even then prefer a spritsail, with a small foresail, although it must be allowed that the lugsail will bring the boat round better in tacking than the spritsail can do without the assistance of a foresail.


LUGSAIL.


SPRITSAIL.

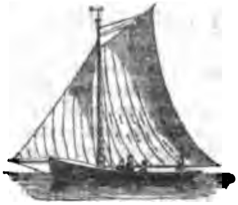
It may here be observed, that the reason the lugsail brings the boat round in tacking is, that a portion of the sail is before the mast in sailing close hauled, whereas the boat rigged with a spritsail only has all its canvas abaft, and therefore generally requires to be helped in tacking by putting out an oar to leeward to pull her round. If, therefore, we were confined to a single sail, we should incline to the lugsail, particularly as in sailing close-hauled you have more power over the boat, and she works handier.

The following is a safe and most handy rig; indeed, it is the one we should advise our reader to adopt in his first essays of seamanship. We will suppose the boat to be a skiff, about eighteen feet long and four feet six *beam*, which will be better understood by the word breadth, although it does not exactly express its meaning, and rigged as represented in the engraving. With this rig the boat can stand well to windward; if she has been kept away too much she springs her luff quickly, she tacks well, and, indeed, is fit for any emergency. In river sailing, when near hills or houses, this rig is most excellent, for, if it be blowing fresh, you are continually exposed to sudden and strong puffs of wind, coming between the houses and the hills, in addition to ordinary

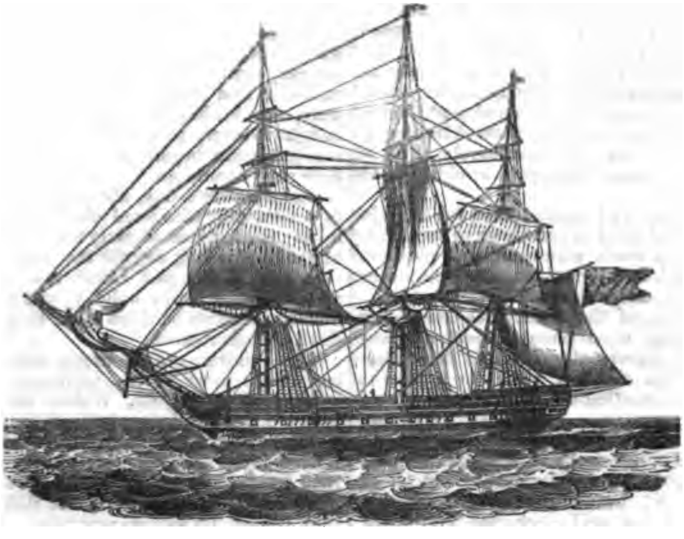

SPRITSAIL AND FORESAIL.

squalls. Under such circumstances, the novice has only to let fly his gib sheet, and put his helm a-lee, and, generally, his boat will right immediately. If the squall continues, and is too strong for his boat, let him throw up into the wind, snatch out the spritsail, and having got way upon her, keep her close; or, if he has sufficient confidence in his boat and his powers, wear her, and he will be snug and comfortable in a minute: the latter manœuvre may, however, be considered too delicate for a novice to attempt. Rather than this he had better pull the boat's head round with an oar, after jibbing her for tacking in the usual way, if he wishes to run before the wind. This rig can be easily worked by one hand, if the sheets are brought aft.

One other rig we shall notice, if it be only to advise our young friends not to adopt it, viz.—the mainsail, with what is termed a balloon jib. The jib is no doubt the most drawing sail in the boat; it, however, is equally certain that it presses her down in the water more than any sail. The latter quality has, it would appear, been wholly lost sight of, and the driving power of the sail only been kept in view. The subjoined engraving will exhibit the sail to the inexperienced better than any verbal explanation.


BALLOON FORESAIL.

In addition to the disadvantage and danger to which this absurd sail subjects the boat, we maintain that in working to windward it will never lie flat enough to compete with the usual cutter rig, viz.—a forestaysail, foresail, and jib, or even with a foresail and jib, although there is no doubt that in weather in which it can be carried, and running a little free, it would draw a boat most rapidly through the water.



The engraving of a barque must not be unnoticed: an inexperienced eye would at once call it a ship, as it has three masts; but if you should address yourself to a blue-jacket, and thus name it, the hitch up of his breeches, and turn of his quid, would as plainly call you a lubber as if he had pronounced the words. Not many years since this rig was rarely seen; it is now very common, and possessing all, or nearly all, the advantages of a ship, and requiring fewer men to handle it. Experience has approved its adoption. In very large vessels, such as Indiamen and ships of war, ranging from five hundred tons upwards, where plenty of men can be always obtained, the ship-rig, being more powerful, is more advantageous and generally adopted. The main difference between a barque and a ship, which at once strikes the eye when it is pointed out, is in the rig of the mizenmast—that is, the mast nearest the stern, which has only a mainsail and gaff-topsail, similar to a cutter's mast; while in the ship, all the upper are squaresails, where its high mizen gives an opportunity of spreading a large quantity of canvas.

We must not forget to inform the young reader, that it is very necessary he should acquaint himself with the divisions of the mariner's compass, as this will be necessary to enable him to join in conversations relating to nautical affairs.—*Abridged from "Boys' Own Book."*

COLUMNS FOR OUR YOUNGEST READERS.

THE DISOBEDIENT CHILDREN.

WALTER and Lilian Mayfield lived with their papa and mamma in a pretty house at Leaford; their home was pleasantly situated some distance from the road that ran in front, and was encircled by a large garden; at the back of the house, and beyond the garden, were several fields that sloped down to the river side.

I should like you to have seen how beautiful it was there in summer, when the roses, verbenas, geraniums, and a great many other flowers were in bloom, shedding their delicious perfume around. But summer was not the only time that you would have admired it in, for when all the fruit-trees were in blossom, and the violets scented the air, and the grass and trees were dressed in their fresh green suits, you would have thought that no time could be as delightful as spring. Indeed, it was always beautiful to a lover of nature. In the autumn, the woods around were gorgeous with the variety of colours in the changing leaves; and in winter, when the ground and hill-tops were covered with snow, and every spray glittered in the sunshine like crystals, all around was so pure and lovely, that it would be difficult to say when you would like to have seen it most.

Walter and Lilian liked summer best, for often in the evening they had used to run down to the river-side, and watch the boats with parties of pleasure in them glide past, and sometimes there would be music on the water, and it sounded so sweet.

The opposite side of the water was steep and wooded; but there were pleasant paths among these woods, and, occasionally, Mr. and Mrs. Mayfield would take the children across in a boat to gather the wild flowers that abounded there.

In the spring there were snowdrops, and later, primroses and violets, and farther up the wood, lilies of the valley; when the wild hyacinths were in blossom, the ground was quite purple with them, there were so many; beautiful delicate wood anemones grew there too, and such fine fox-gloves. Of course, all these flowers were not in blossom together, some came in the spring and others in the summer. It was a lovely place in those old woods, and a great treat to the children to go across into them. After they had wandered about till they were tired, and had gathered their baskets full of flowers, Mrs. Mayfield would find a nice place where they could all sit down to rest; sometimes their papa and mamma would sit on the low bough of a tree, and the children on the grass at their feet; then, while their papa read them something interesting from a book he had brought in his pocket, or tell them a story, the children would arrange the flowers they had gathered into pretty bouquets, or try to weave them into wreaths, and generally, quite unexpectedly, their mamma would bring out a cake she had brought in her basket, or something very nice for them to eat.

Mr. Mayfield had used to enjoy rowing, and would take Walter and Lilian with their mamma a long way up the river several times during the summer. There were beautiful water-lilies some distance off, and it was the only place in the neighbourhood where they grew; their papa had used to take a long stick with a hook at the end, and draw the flowers by it to the side of the boat, so that they could reach to gather them; some of the stalks were so long, much taller than the children's papa; both white and yellow lilies grew there, and though they gathered some of each, all of them admired the white ones most,—they looked so pure and lovely amongst their broad green leaves. Mr. Mayfield would take the boat as near the side as he could, and get out to gather a bunch of the beautiful blue forget-me-nots that flourished at the edge of the water; the children and their mamma could not get out very well, so they waited in the boat till he returned. You cannot think what happy days those were, the children had used to sing and show their delight in every possible way, and from when they reached home, began to talk and think of the next time they should go.

One summer's day, Mr. and Mrs. Mayfield went to see an aunt who lived about six miles from their home; so they started early in the morning, that they might have a long day for the visit. Before leaving, they told Walter and Lilian that they hoped they would have a happy holiday, and enjoy themselves, but that neither of them were to go near the river during their absence.

The children played nicely together in the summer-house most of the morning, and when they were tired of playing, Walter fetched out of the house a beautiful new book, full of fairy tales and pictures, that his uncle Arthur had given him, and they enjoyed looking over it very much. Walter read Lilian a wonderful tale about a tiny little fairy, while she mended one of her dolls' frocks; thus they passed the morning very happily.

In the afternoon they reached out their puzzles to amuse themselves; Walter had a dissected map of England and Wales, that he could very easily join himself; his sister took different counties away after he had pieced it, and he had to guess what the missing pieces were.

After tea, Walter and Lilian went into the garden again, with the intention of tidying the summer-house before their mamma's return, but they had scarcely begun, before they heard some music; they both knew it was from the river, and, forgetting their parents' command, ran as fast as they could to see the boat in which the musicians were to go past. The children waited to hear the music, and watch the boat as far as they could see; then Walter must stay to try if he could not throw a stone right across the river—it was not very wide in that part, but much farther than he could reach. After that, the children amused themselves with gathering leaves from a tree close by, and throwing them, and bits of stick, into the water, and watching them sail away. When they had played in this way for some time, Lilian saw a very fine fox-glove on the other side of the river, which she very much desired to possess, and directed her brother's attention to it. There was a boat fastened to a stake in the ground a little farther down the same side as the children were, and Walter told Lilian that he was quite certain, if she would go with him, he could take her safely across to gather the fox-glove. Lilian said "No," at first, but at last consented; so they untied the boat, but first looked to see if they were watched from the house before getting in, for they knew they were doing wrong; not seeing any one about, they jumped in, and after trying for some time, managed to get it out into the river, but when there, Walter lost all control, for his arms were too weak to guide the boat, so they could do nothing but let it go with the stream. They tried to get back to the side they started from, but could not. On the boat went, they passed first one well-known field, then another, but the children could neither stop, nor turn it back. They remembered what their parents had said to them, and bitterly regretted not having done as they had promised; they knew that unless some help came, they would, most probably, be upset and drowned, then they would never see their dear papa and mamma again.

Walter and Lilian knew that there was a weir a short distance lower down the river, and they had often been told, that no boat ever went near it, for fear of accident. They had seen it from the fields many times, and admired the beautiful white foam the water made, as it went rushing over, particularly after a flood. But now in a boat, with no one to help them, their situation was very terrible. Poor Lilian could do nothing but cry, Walter called out as loudly as he could for help, but no assistance came,—nearer and nearer they approached the weir,—faster, and faster the boat glided along as it approached the danger. Lilian clung to Walter, and both screamed with all their might, for they heard the water roaring below them; no one came to their assistance, so down went the boat over the foaming water, both of the children were thrown out, and the boat, after turning over and over, glided on as before; but where were the children?

A gentleman who was taking an evening stroll in the fields a short distance below, heard the screams and saw the boat come over the weir, and the children thrown out. He was a good swimmer, so he threw off his coat, and jumped into the water. He caught Lilian by her frock first and drew her to the side, then left her while he went again in search of her brother. It was with more difficulty he saved Walter, for the boy clung so fast to him with one arm, that he could scarcely swim. The gentleman was very thankful he had been able to get them both out of the water; he was much surprised when he recognised who they were, for he was an old friend of their papa's. Lilian was quite insensible, at first Mr. Fielding (the gentleman who had saved them) thought she was dead. Walter had fainted, but it was not only from being in the water, but from the pain in his arm—it was broken, and hung helpless by his side. Mr. Fielding called to some labourers who were passing by to carry the children home.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayfield had but just returned from their visit, when their children were brought home, and very much shocked they were to see both Walter and Lilian lying as they first feared dead, with their hair and clothes hanging wet and disorderly about them, so different from the neat happy-looking children they had left in the morning. Walter and Lilian were undressed as quickly as possible, and all was done that could be thought of to restore them, while one of the men ran to fetch the doctor. At last, Lilian began to recover; when she opened her eyes, she could not at first remember where she was, and what had occurred; she wondered to see so many anxious faces about her, but when she remembered all, she covered her face with shame to think how disobedient she had been to her kind and loving parents. It was sometime before Lilian quite recovered, but Walter was much longer in getting well, for when he was thrown out of the boat, one of his arms was broken on a large stone that formed part of the weir, and he suffered a great deal of pain from it, and was afraid that it never would be well again—indeed it never was as strong as the other arm afterwards.

Both Walter and Lilian bitterly repented of their disobedience, and they promised their papa and mamma, that they would never again disobey them as long as they lived.

◆

MAD COLLINS.

A man to-day, the glory of his kind,
In reason clear, in understanding large,
In judgment sound, in fancy quick, in hope
Abundant, and in promise like a field
Well cultured, and refresh'd with dews from God;
To-morrow, chain'd, and raving mad, and whipp'd
By servile hands; sitting on dismal straw,
And gnashing with his teeth against the chain,
The iron chain that bound him hand and foot.—POLLOK.

GREAT was the consternation in Deptford workhouse, when Mad Collins, as he was called, wrenching aside the strong bars of the window, broke from his prison, and, scattering the crowd which endeavoured to stay his course, made his way into the great yard of the house. I was then a child, and can recollect but few things that happened so long ago, but I can recall to mind, as vividly as if even now they arose before me, his strong athletic form, as he burst from his pursuers; his marked features, regular almost to perfection, but wanting, alas! expression—the soul of beauty; the idiotic laugh, that rang without a sound of mirth; and, worst of all, the maniac stare, as he glared upon his keepers with all the malignant fury of a demon.

Poor Collins! who, to see him then, would have believed that, but for a few short months before, he had been the only solace of a widowed mother; in his own rank, the cherished, the sought after, the admired; respected by his superiors, and beloved by his poor neighbours?—but so it was.

Apprenticed by his father to a lucrative trade, George Collins was, while very young, employed in the dock-yard, at Deptford, where his active industry and good-humoured cheerfulness soon gained him the regard both of his employers and fellow-workmen. At home, and among his neighbours, he was no less a favourite, for see him when you would, he was sure to be either assisting his parents, or engaged in little offices of kindness for a friend.

When he was twenty-two his father died, and from that time, patiently and incessantly, George laboured for the support of his widowed mother. How proud and happy he was, when, after some years, having been raised to the place of foreman, he was able to remove that mother from her one room to a neat little cottage. It was pleasant, walking past in the summer evenings, to hear the merry song and light laugh of the son, as he worked in the little garden; to see the proud smile and happy face of the mother, as she sat with her knitting at the door, watching his every movement, or stood by his side to help him with his work. And then the cottage itself, so white and clean, with its bright green shutters and trellis-work porch, overgrown with hop and clematis, not to mention the profusion of flowers that scented the air around, and the pretty little dovecot, which George had made from a design of his own.

I mentioned before, that young Collins was much esteemed by his neighbours—by the children he was especially so, particularly by the little rosy-cheeked cherub next door, who had always a favour to ask, or a new toy to show, on his return from work of an evening; and little Henry, on his part, was no less a favourite with George. It happened one day that the child had been busily engaged in the construction of a boat. The shaping was done, but, alas! it was not reckoned seaworthy until it had been tarred, and this Henry had no means of accomplishing. In this emergency he applied to his old friend, and begged of him to bring a pipkin of tar from the dock-yard. George, unluckily thoughtless of consequences, complied, and,—but I must not anticipate.

Mrs. Collins, with her whole heart and soul, doted on her son; his comfort was her only care, his love her only ambition. The dinner had been ready some minutes, and she stood watching for him at the cottage window; but with the fidgitiness of a good cook when her viands cannot be devoured as soon as prepared, she had turned to see that all was going on right before the fire, when George entered. In a moment, even from his step, she knew that all was not right. She went to meet him, but he turned away. His looks were pale and haggard; a few hours had done the work of years upon his altered face, and he trembled with excessive agitation as he seized the boat, on which, but the night before he had bestowed so much pains, trod it to atoms, and thrust the fragments into the fire.

"George! my dear George! what is the matter?—what has happened?" were the hasty questions of the frightened mother. For some minutes he only buried his face in his hands and wept.

"Mother, do not ask what has happened," he said at length; "and yet why should I not tell what all will tell you soon. Mother, I am discharged, disgraced, turned out of work, disgraced! Oh, mother! can even you love your son, branded with the the name of thief?"

It is one of the regulations of the dock-yard that if a workman be found removing any of the materials or other property, he shall be instantly dismissed; this George had forgotten or overlooked, and he was seen openly carrying away the unlucky pot of tar. He was discharged with harshness and reproach. Poor George! he had never known adversity before—had never accustomed to think that it might come, so when it came, and that, too, accompanied by disgrace, his mind sunk under the unexpected blow. Day after day he sat brooding over his grief. Sometimes he paced their little home with impatient steps, or leaned his hand against the mantel-shelf, lost in melancholy thought; at others, he would sit all day long, hanging over the fire in moody silence, unconscious of all that passed around him. He neither ate nor slept. In vain his wretched mother urged him to seek employment, with all the entreaty that her love and fears dictated. He would only mutter the name of thief, or appear too stupified to comprehend her meaning at all.

At length she, one day, so far prevailed, after using every argument she could think of, as to induce him to apply to a gentleman, who employed a great number of men of his trade. The gentleman, from his appearance, was prepossessed in his favour; he might, probably, have engaged him, but he unluckily asked his reason for leaving the dock-yard. To George's over-excited imagination, there was suspicion in the very name; he rushed from the room, and hurried home.

His anxious mother met him at the garden-gate, and earnestly, passionately, he begged of her that she would never again ask him to apply for work. "Let me hide in a corner and die," he said, "rather than go out again to be looked upon as a thief."

Week succeeded week, and months dragged on their weary course, still George was the same. Day and night he was watched by Mrs. Collins, as mothers only can watch. Their scanty stock daily decreased, and then she sought employment, even of the meanest kind, to earn a frugal meal. After her work was finished, with what joy she returned to her son, although he began to show fits of frenzy which even threatened her life!

It was one evening, when George had long been even unusually silent, that when she spoke to him suddenly, he met her look of love with such a wild gaze that it froze the blood within her, and the dreadful truth broke at once upon her doubly widowed heart—her son was a maniac.

For a long time, she refused even to listen to the persuasions of the neighbours to allow him to be removed. Many times he raised his hand against her, and once her life was saved only by an accident—if accident such an intervention could be called. A mother's love is a stranger to fear. But when he became so violent that nothing could restrain him, when every time she was obliged to leave him, she feared he might do himself an injury before her return, she submitted to necessity with an aching heart, and George was removed to the workhouse. It was shortly after this that one of his frequent escapes from the oakum room, (the strongest place of confinement the house afforded,) made such a lasting impression on my childish imagination.

The poor old men who attempted to secure him were capsized on every side, like the playing-card soldiers that delight our infancy; and the gate-keeper, a mighty man of valour, who advanced with a box as a shield and a crutch for a weapon, shared the same fate. The scene would have appeared ludicrous, had not his mother stood at a little distance wringing her hands in speechless agony. At length, deaf Jerry, an old soldier, who had lost his hearing in battle, and the master, with the assistance of several others, succeeded in forcing the madman back to his prison-house. But these scenes occurred so frequently that it was deemed advisable to send him to Bedlam.

In the meantime matters grew worse and worse with the poor widow. She was obliged to leave the cottage that had seen her happiest days, and a small garret received herself and the remnant of furniture which had once been her pride. She visited her son every day, but he had long ceased to recognise her; she spent all she could get to add to his comfort. The deep melancholy expression of her thin and care-worn face showed the wretchedness that preyed upon her heart, but there was a light in her gentle eyes, speaking of comfort with which no earthly sorrow could interfere. Her dress, although old and patched, was always neat, and her rough-dried apron as snowy white as it had been in better days. It was a severe trial when George was sent to London; but still she went to see him as often as she could, walking all the way, for money was now far too valuable for her to spend upon her own comfort. At length, worn out by sorrow and privation, she was no longer able to work. And how did she live then?—on the bounty of her poor neighbours. Oh! if there is a gift that has value in Heaven, it surely is the morsel saved by the poor from their already scanty meal, for one still poorer than themselves. The widow never wanted.

After many, many months, there came a rumour that Mad Collins, partially recovered, was about to return to Deptford; but the ear to which that rumour would have been music, and the heart to which it would have brought hope, and health, and joy, had long been cold. The last time Mrs. Collins left her forlorn home, it was with the intention of visiting her son; a last visit she felt it must be, for her fast failing strength had long whispered that her trials and sorrows were soon to end. And she was right, for before she had left Deptford, one mile behind her, she sank exhausted by the roadside. Some one who knew her, passing at the time, assisted her home. She never spoke again, except to breathe in fervid and almost inarticulate words, one last, heartfelt, ardent prayer for her poor George.

And Collins returned to the workhouse. At first he appeared bewildered, and then looked around almost wildly, as if in search of some familiar face; his eye lighted on that of Jerry the soldier. "My mother!" was all he could say.

"Haven't you seen her?" said Jerry, who, accustomed from his infirmity to judge from the expression of the face, guessed at the question he could not hear: "Didn't she visit you away there, where you have been stopping?"

"No!" replied Collins, dejectedly, "I never saw—I do not think I ever saw—my mother the whole time. Sometimes, indeed, I dreamed I heard her voice, but it must have been only a dream. If she were well, she would be here now. I fear she is ill, or," he added with difficulty, "perhaps dead! Oh! if she is dead!" he continued, catching fright at the tearful eyes of the honest soldier,—"if she is dead, in mercy tell me so at once; let me know all my misery."

And he was told, with all the kindness and caution that the simple narrator could use to break the shock; but it was one notwithstanding from which, in the still weakened state of his intellect, he never could recover. He did not become violent again, but settled down into confirmed melancholy madness.

From this moment he never spoke again without being absolutely obliged. All day long, and day after day, he used to pace the yard with measured steps, his eyes fixed on the ground, or on the sky; and when night came, if he had been allowed, he would still have continued his monotonous walk. Before he went to bed he would kneel by his bedside and murmur over a fervent but childish prayer, just as he had done, when in infancy he kneeled at his mother's knee, and repeated the words after her loving voice. It was a mournful sight to see the strong man praying like a helpless child; but who can say that even then, with the lamp of mind extinguished, his prayers were not as acceptable at the throne of grace, as the petitions of the learned philosopher?

This life could not last long; for he became daily weaker and weaker, and was at last confined to his bed, when it was known to the whole house that George Collins could not live many days. As is frequently the case, his reason returned to him before he died. He asked to see old Jerry, and requested from him an account of all that happened. When he heard of his mother's death, he wept; but his tears flowed without bitterness.

"Soon, very soon," he said, "we shall meet again; but, oh! now I feel as only the dying can feel,—how wrong I was to think so much of the opinion of the world. It was pride,—the pride of a too-confident security was in my heart. I never thought of adversity, and I feared man more than God."

He was grateful to Providence for the restoration of his senses, but he had not a wish to live.

His death was as peaceful as, latterly, had been his life.*

THE THREE HOMES.

"WHERE is thy home?" I asked a child,
Who in the morning air,
Was twining flowers most sweet and wild,
In garlands for her hair;
"My home," the happy heart replied,
And smiled in childish glee,
"Is on the sunny mountain side,
Where soft winds wander free."
O! blessings fall on artless youth,
And all its rosy hours,
When every word is joy and truth,
And treasures live in flowers!

"Where is thy home?" I asked of one,
Who bent with flushing face,
To hear a warrior's tender tone
In the wild wood's secret place—
She spoke not, but her varying cheek
The tale might well impart;
The home of her young spirit meek
Was in a kindred heart.
Ah! souls that well might soar above,
To earth will fondly cling,
And build their hopes on human love,
That light and fragile thing!

"Where is thy home, thou lonely man?"
I asked a pilgrim grey,
Who came with furrowed brow, and wan,
Slow musing on his way;
He paused, and, with a solemn mien,
Upturned his holy eyes,
"The land I seek thou ne'er hast seen,
My home is in the SKIES!"
O! blest, thrice blest! the heart must be,
To whom such thoughts are given,
That walks from worldly fetters free—
Its only home in HEAVEN!

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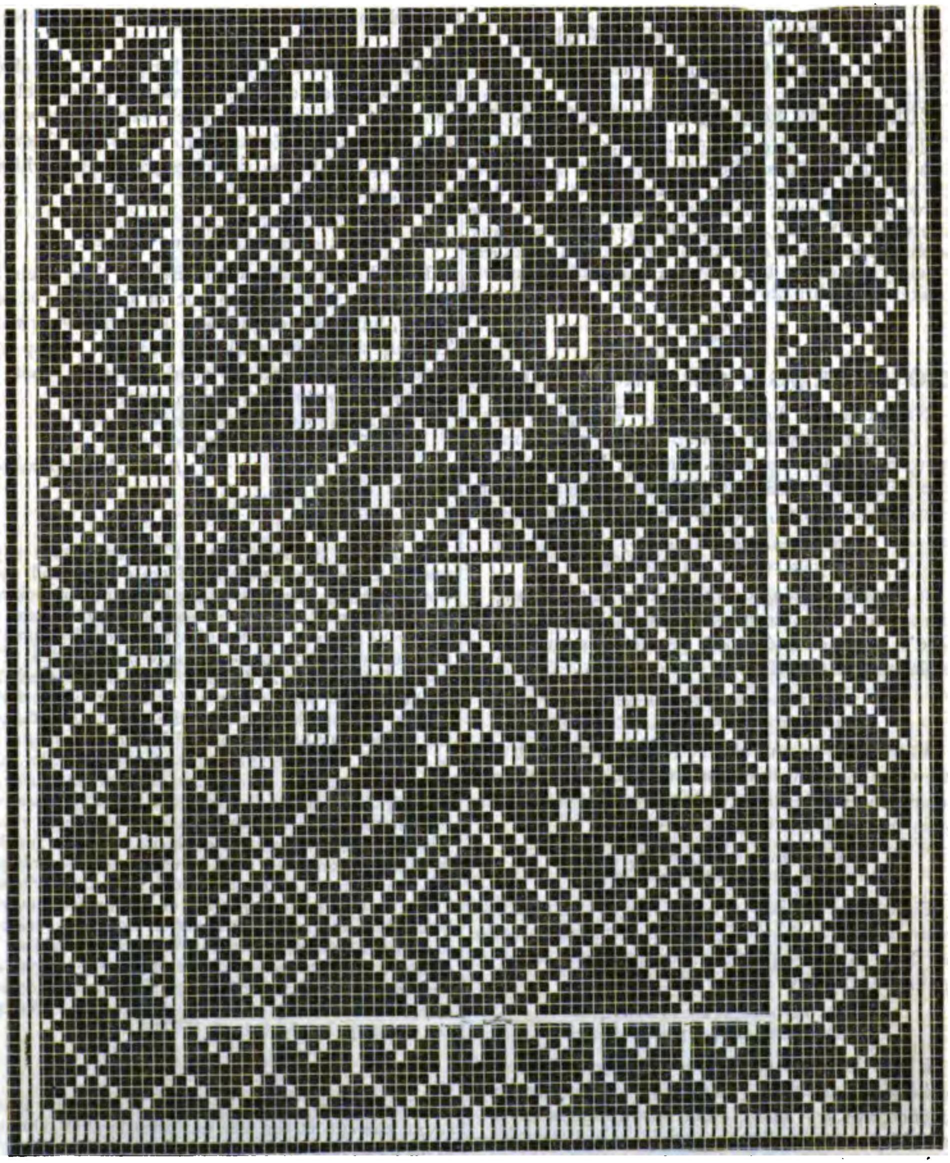
* From "Annals of Humble Life," one of the first literary efforts of a lady, published nearly twenty years ago.



CURTAIN OR SCREEN FOR A FIREPLACE.

THE GIRL'S WORK-TABLE.

BY MADAME EUGENIE.

CURTAIN OR SCREEN FOR FIREPLACES.

THE pattern for work which we give this month is a Curtain or Screen for a fire-place, it may either be worked in crochet or in darned netting; but, in which ever way, the cotton must be rather fine, or the work will hang heavily. It may be made to any width or length to suit the fire-place, and looks extremely elegant if hung over a bunch of flowers or basket in the fire-stove.

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COUNSELS FOR THE YOUNG.

NEVER be cast down by trifles. If a spider break his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not, if trouble come upon you; keep up your spirit, though the day be a dark one.

Troubles never last for ever;
The darkest day will pass away.

If the sun is going down, look up at the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's presence and God's promises, a man or a child may be cheerful.

Never despair when fog's in the air.
A sunshiny morning comes without warning.

Mind that you run after. Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or a firework that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping—

Something sterling, that will stay
When gold and silver pass away.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life.

He that revenges knows no rest,
The meek possess a peaceful breast.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have accomplished your end. By little and little, great things are completed.

Water falling day by day,
Wears the hardest rock away.

And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped to school never learns his lesson well. A man that is compelled to work, cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.

A cheerful spirit gets on quick;
A grumbler in the mud will stick.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more. Keep your head and heart full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

Be on your guard, and strive, and pray,
To drive all evil thoughts away.

Bible-Class Magazine.

◆

POISONOUS SNAKES, ETC.—Poisonous snakes may be readily known by the shape of their head and neck; the head being very wide at the back, and the neck comparatively small. Some persons compare the head of a poisonous snake to the ace of spades, which comparison although rather exaggerated, gives a good idea of the poison-bearing head. It has a cruel and wicked look about it also, and one recoils almost instinctively. Should a person be bitten by the viper, the effects of the poison may be much diminished by the liberal use of olive oil; and the effect of the oil is said to be much increased by heat. Strong ammonia, or hartshorn, as it is popularly called, is also useful, as in the case with the stings of bees and wasps, and for the same reason. The evil consequences of the viper's bite vary much in different persons, and at different times, according to the temperament of the individual, or his state of health. I may as well put in one word of favour for the viper before it is dismissed. It is not a malignant creature, nor does it seek after victims; but it is as timid as any creature in existence, slipping away at the sound of a footstep, and only using its fangs if trodden on accidentally, or intentionally assaulted.—"*Common" Objects of the Country, by the Rev. J. G. Wood.*

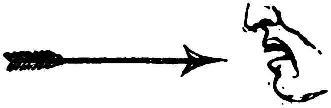
◆

MOTIONS OF THE EARTH.—The earth travels round the sun at the rate of upwards of 68,000 miles in an hour, and in the same time turns more than 1000 miles on its own axis. And in one year the whole solar system moves over a distance of 33,550,000 miles.

THE HAPPY HOUR.

TOWNS HIEROGLYPHICALLY EXPRESSED.

112



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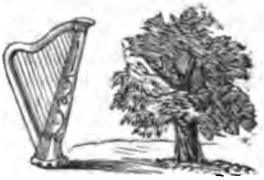

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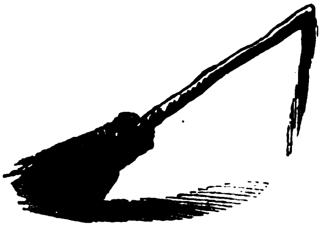
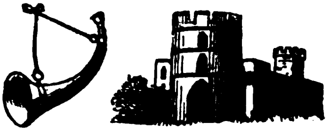


Goldsmith.

115



Kezia.

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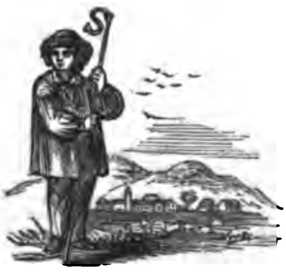

A. H. Lowe.

PRACTICAL PUZZLE.

117

In the first place, draw on paper or slate the following diagram, being careful to put four strokes in each square, (with the exception of the middle,) which will count twelve strokes either way. Remove eight strokes from the total number, and place four to the remainder in such a position as to make them still count twelve in each direction.

I I I I	I I I I	I I I I
I I I I		I I I I
I I I I	I I I I	I I I I

CHARADES.

118

My first is a parent; my second is half of a person; my whole is now before you. **Geo. Bensted.**

119

My first is an element; my second is an article of food; my whole is a celebrated general. **Nella.**

120

My first is what Solomon was; my second is an Eastern fruit; my whole is sometimes a royal command. **M. A. C.W.**

121

My first is a part of your body; my second is a company of musicians; my whole is to encircle my first. **C. M. Carr.**

122

My first is a girl's name; my second is what we live upon; and my whole is one of the United States. **H. J. H.**

123

My first is a useful part of speech,
And is always found in the pebbly beach.
My second is thin, and hot, and white,
Not often seen in the broad daylight;
But is used alike by the rich and poor,
Their joys to enhance, or their griefs to cure;
But sad is his life, and dark his end,
Who takes it home as a bosom friend.
My third is oft' both narrow and wide,
A place where kings and beggars reside;
And my whole is a battle of days gone by,
Where a foreign king lost his liberty. **Anonymous.**

124

My first is a foreign vehicle we see
At times carry persons of ev'ry degree—
A carriage by no means adapted for ease,
But built with a different motive—to please.
My second's a high and intelligent name,
Exalted to glory, or humbled to shame;
Ennobling a cottage if rightly inclined,
But disgracing a throne if to vices resigned.
Unite these together, and they will produce,
A creature familiar to hard work from use;
And as such, I trust, they'll be able to find
Those who'll give them employment, and act to them kind.
G. M. F. G.

125

My first is a building which my second runs under; my second is a liquid element; my whole is a town in England.

Robert Johnson.

126

My first and fourth are two rivers in Scotland; my second is an Irishman's interjection; my third is an article; my whole is a celebrated town in Ireland. John McRobbiest.

ENIGMA.

127

I am a very curious word, I think you'll all agree;
For though you view my whole, 'tis sure, a part you'll only see.
My latter half is me myself, 'tis wondrous, but 'tis true,
A crown's a very precious thing, and so's my first half, too.

Clearchus.

REBUS.

128

The initials of the following words give the name of a celebrated general—

a. What William II. was.
b. Another word for alone.
c. Something much cultivated in Elizabeth's reign.
d. What you cannot see without.
e. Another word for old. Jury's Gap.

DECAPITATIONS.

129

My whole is a musical instrument generally used by gentlemen; behead, and it is also a musical instrument, but used by ladies. Hercules.

130

Complete, I am used in making bread; behead me, I am a member of your body; head me again, and cut off my tail, I am a room in a public-house. A. M. D.

HISTORICAL MENTAL PICTURES.

131

A young man in a rich dress, on a fiery steed, gallops up to the gate of a castle, and asks for drink; while he is imbibing a draught given to him, a woman, with a fiendish countenance, rushes from the castle, and suddenly stabs him in the back.

Israel.

132

In a magnificent chamber of a palace in Normandy are assembled a number of persons; at one end, upon a sort of dais, sits a man, who, from his haughty bearing and the rich dress he wears, is evidently of high rank, around him are grouped several others; towards the centre of the room, beside what appears to be a table, stand two priests, with an open book. Now footsteps are heard approaching—the door opens, and a man enters, who, without regarding the words of welcome addressed to him, passes on with rapid strides to where the priests stand, and after repeating apparently an oath, is in the act of turning away, when the cloth of the supposed table, heavy with golden fringe and jewels, is snatched off, and a box of bones meets his appalled and astonished gaze. Nella.

133

A lady of distinguished appearance is walking in the streets; she wishes to cross, but hesitates, as there is a large puddle. Suddenly a young and handsome man steps forward, and throws a cloak over the puddle, thus enabling her to cross.

Rosetta.

134

The scene is a court of justice, presided over by a learned judge of high moral worth and integrity; before him, an array of gentlemen of the long robe. Then a prisoner is brought before them, tried, and convicted for felony. In the court stands a prince, intently watching the issue of the trial, when, at its conclusion, he struck the judge in open court. The judge, fully sensible of the authority due to his office, committed the prince to prison. A. H. W.

QUESTIONS.

135 What are the heights of the mountains Lebanon, Cader Idris, and Peak of Pico, in feet?

136 Who was Hippocrates, and when did he die?

137 In what year, and by whom was the university of Oxford founded? Rosetta.

138 When and by whom was New Zealand discovered?

139 When were wines first made in Britain?

140 In what year did the Greek empire end? Alexander.

141 When were turnpikes first used in England?

142 When were shillings first coined in England?

A. H. Lowe.

143 The name of the first conqueror in the world who founded the Assyrian monarchy? C. M. Carr.

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ADDRESS.

Dear Boys and Girls,—During the present season of fine weather, cheap excursions, and pleasure trips, many of you, no doubt, have found yourselves expatriated from home, and located by the sea-side, enjoying its invigorating breeze and listening to its ceaseless hum; or, with merry friends, admiring the inland beauties of shady groves and woody dells; and, probably, have joined in the merry mirth of the harvest home. Still, amid all this change of life, proud are we to find that our little "Happy Hour" has not been neglected, your solutions having come, (as we hope you will on your return) with increased freshness and vigour. To our friends

THE LETTER WRITING COUNCIL,

we wish also to thank you for the many excellent specimens of composition we have received on the subject given; and we sincerely trust that in each instance the writer has felt in imagination only the horrors of a home made unhappy through the sin of intemperance. But should, unfortunately, this vice be experienced in the homes of any amongst our numerous readers, we trust that, (as God in His providence sometimes uses small means to effect great ends), the perusal of Agnes Syer's excellent letter may bring the wanderer to the paths of temperance, and that prosperity and happiness may again shine upon them. The subject for your next letter will be:—

From a Daughter to her Parents in the country, in anticipation of paying them a visit, after a long absence in town.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Having on many occasions courted the opinions and criticisms of our subscribers, whose interests we wish to serve, we have found that there exists a strong prejudice against the words "boys" and "girls" in our title. The objection has been so unanimous, and so oft-repeated, that we have at length decided upon yielding to your suggestions, and have determined that henceforth our little monthly Publication shall be called

"THE COMPANION FOR YOUTH,"

making its first appearance before you in October in neater form, and clad in coloured wrapper, on which will be printed each month a cheque, entitling EVERY SUBSCRIBER TO A CHANCE IN THE GREAT PRIZE DISTRIBUTION. Prizes will also be presented for compiling the best Enigmas, Charades, Essays on given subjects, &c., thereby ensuring merit in the contributions. Of course, all our old features will remain, and faith will be kept in awarding the promised Prizes to our present competitors, all of which, whose names will have appeared eight times in any of the classes up to the November Number, will be entitled to, and will receive, their certificate of merit, as previously announced; while, at the same time, they will have a clear start with new competitors for other Prizes, particulars of which will be published in our next Number. Our talented friend, Mr. Chandler, will commence a new Tale, entitled "The Adventures of a Scapegrace," the first chapter of which will appear in our October Number, and other important features are in contemplation, which, we trust, cannot fail in making the "Companion" worthy of becoming the most popular of all the periodicals for Youth.

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AWARDS.

First Class.

Antonio.—Triton.—A. H. Lowe.—Charlotte E. Dalton.—Jury's Gap.—Henri Quatre.—Rosetta.—Hector.—J. B. Clark.—Highland Laddie.—William Crouch.—Ellie Leybourne (your solutions are excellent; your name appearing eight times in any of the classes will entitle you to a certificate of merit).—Lillie Lee (any article or articles to the amount of the Prize may be selected).—Caroline.—Romulus.—Henry Rose (thanks for contributions).—P. T. J.—Cousin Mary.—Georgie.—J. B. McD.—Nella.—Tib (judging from the excellence of your solutions, we should have thought you were much older).—Ida May Foster (your endeavours promise well for success; sorry to hear that our valued correspondent, Flora Melville, will be absent from us so long)—Robert Johnson (the price of the "Wonders of Science" is six shillings).—A. E. D.—Hope.—W. P. T. J. (your contributions are accepted, with thanks).—G. J. Benstead.—Bertha Fortescue.—Tschudi (there is no objection to compound words forming charades; thanks for your excellent contributions)—Juvenis Fortis Animi (we regret the error of putting your signature to No. 92).—Berengaria.—Mary Katharine.—Mary Ann.—E. E. Stevens—Kezia.—L. E. D.—Clearchus.—* * (no signature, letter from Folkestone, from one who says he has obtained seven new subscribers, for which accept our thanks; respecting the "Companion' not being ready till the middle of the month, we beg to say that it was published in London on the 29th of July, of which fact please inform your bookseller)

Second Class.

Virginia.—Alfred.—Augusta.—Hercules (you are accused by more than one of sending Enigmas, &c., not original—Nos. 85, and 99—we trust you can clear yourself of the imputation).—Minnie W.—(your Charade is accepted, and will appear in its turn; when the name only is printed, there is nothing in the letter bearing that signature to remark upon).—E. Delderfield.—J. Morrell.—Spermantia (try the letter writing by all means, you will benefit by the exercise)—George D.-E. J.—(contributions accepted; we are glad to hear your intention of joining the letter-writing council).—M. A. C. W.—J. B. Wild.—* * (from "Birmingham," name omitted; the Enigma, if it has been accepted, will appear in due course).—Alpha.—F. Beams (your effusion on the "Companion" possesses some merit; try your genins on a nobler theme)—Thomas Holding (your writing, at present, is too large, and too flourishing; but as you seem to possess great command over the pen, you will, no doubt, soon overcome these defects).—J. T. Hadland (we are glad to hear of your determination to join the letter-writing council)—Israel.—G. T. Manchee (if you refer to last number, you will find that our request for the stamps referred to "Georgie," not to you; we had better, having received your hree stamps, send the October Number to you by post, to do which please send your address).—Malina Walters.—A. H. Watson.—Jabez Carter—Rose Morrison.—H. J. H.—Modesta—Boadicea.—Dido.—C. M. Carr (the poetry is scarcely good enough for insertion: try again).—A. J. Sherren.—Agnes Syer (you are in good time, as you will see by printed announcement).—Darlington.—Worsley.—John Thorne.—Mars.—Georgina Scott.—Alexander (please send rebuses, &c.).—E. Blatchley.—Frederick Bone.

Third Class.

J. Boobbyer.—Susan Harrison.—Louisa H.—W. Trickey (we hope you will send your solutions, &c., in neater form).—Maria Lewis—Marie Antoinette.—J. K.—Charley Dodd.—Frank Poynter.—Vortex.

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THE LETTER-WRITER.

From a Son to his Mother, on his Father having, through intemperate habits, lost a good business, and rendered miserable a once happy home.

My dear Mother,

Slowly and sadly have the hours passed away since intelligence reached me of the circumstance which has brought poverty and sorrow into our family, once so prosperous and happy. When I think of that dear home, as it was wont to be—a place where unity and peace reigned secure from worldly strife, and undisturbed by the follies of fashion with her train of satiates;—a home that seemed to bask in the sunshine of Divine Pleasure, and share the rich gifts of Providence o'er-bounteously,—oh! my dear mother, when I think of this, do you imagine that all the self-possession I can muster will stay the sigh from rising, or drive back the tears that fain would fall? no, it is too much for human nature to do under such a trial as this,—too much for a spirit so overwhelmed as mine; yet it is not the loss of home, with the means that have hitherto supported it, that grieves me so much as the immoral conduct of my father, and the opportunity which he has neglected of improving the goodness God has bestowed upon him. It is when I picture to myself his present condition, and behold my own parent, robbed of that moral character which alone distinguishes man from, and elevates him above the beast,—this reflection, I assure you, pains me far beyond the assurance that all the prosperity I have enjoyed is fled, and that true happiness it may never be my lot to share again in this world. It seems but yesterday, as it were, when, under that happy roof, as my father and you were sitting in the old bay-window which looks on to the lawn, I received from both words of warning and encouragement previous to my departure for France, whither, in kind regard for my thirst after knowledge, you were about to send me; how did my heart leap with joy at the prospect before me, and every thread of imagination was summoned up to weave my anticipated success, and triumph over difficulties unsolved—difficulties which time, alas! has not suffered to remain in imagery, but in stern reality has wrought them out. Surely, mother, the period has arrived when my undaunted skill and courage ought to be proved; and, in the confidence that out of all things God bringeth good, I will, with His help, spare no labour in endeavouring to mitigate thy suffering and sorrow. Oh! that I may be made in this trial a blessing to thee, who, in infancy was my protector—in sickness, my comforter—and still art to me a guardian angel. May I be able at this time in some small measure to repay thee for thy unfailing love and constant care, and, perhaps, by the kind persuasion and earnest pleading of an only and beloved son, my father may be drawn from the snare which new besets him; and although we may have long to watch and wait e'er the clouds of morning are dispersed, yet who can tell but that may be a day of sunshine and joy, and that we, on looking back, shall rejoice over our present affliction. Now, in the hope that God will help you to bear your burden, I must take of you, for the present, an affectionate farewell; and may you in perusing these lines feel you have some consolation in your devoted son, Joseph Syer.

Agnes Syer, July 16, 1858.

Letters Received from :—Charlotte E Dalton.—Augusta.—Minnie W.—E. J.—Agnes Syer.—Darlington.—Percy.—Spilsby.—Grace.—E. F.—Poppy.—Newton.—George K.—Fanny.—Ulric.

*** Regulations to be observed by the Council of Letter-writers :—

Competitors may be of either sex, whose age shall not exceed twenty years; and for the proper carrying out our object, we would desire that the following rules be complied with :—1. That the letter be written in a plain and legible hand, on *one* side of the paper only. 2. That it shall not exceed in length six hundred words. 3. That it shall be strictly original, emanating directly from the writer. 4. That each letter shall bear the name, or assumed name, of the writer, and be at the Editor's office on or before the 18th of every month. Presentations of Certificates of Merit, beautifully printed in gold and colours, and framed, will be made, at the close of the present year, to each competitor whose letter has been printed in the "Companion."

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QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

C. E. Dalton.—Rheumatism.—The following will be found beneficial :—

Powdered Gum Guaicum	8 grains,
Flour of Sulphur	2 drachms,
Powdered Rhubarb	15 grains,
Cream of Tartar	1 drachm,
Powdered Ginger	30 grains,
Powdered Nutmeg	8 grains,

to be made into an electuary, with two ounces of Clarified Honey; a teaspoonful to be taken night and morning.

James Newling.—Ginger Lemonade.—Boil twelve pounds and a half of lump sugar for twenty minutes in ten gallons of water; clear it with the whites of six eggs. Bruise half a pound of common ginger, boil with the liquor, and then pour it upon ten lemons pared. When quite cold, put it in a cask, with two table-spoonfuls of yeast, the lemons sliced, and half an ounce of isinglass. Bung up the cask the next day. It will be ready to bottle in three weeks, and to drink in another three weeks.

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NOTICES.

Having received many additional subscribers with our new series, some of whom might, perhaps, wish to obtain the "Companion" from the commencement, we beg to state that back numbers and Vols. I. and II. may still be had on order from any bookseller, or may be had direct from the printers on receipt of postage stamps. Vol. I., 3s. 6d.; Vol. II., 2s. 6d. Cases also for binding the numbers will be forwarded on receipt of nine postage-stamps.

We shall feel much pleasure in forwarding a packet of Prospectuses to any of our friends who may feel disposed to make good use of them. Please forward name and address.

In cases of difficulty in procuring the "Companion" in country places, copies may be had from the printers on receipt of postage-stamps, one stamp only being required for the postage of three numbers.

*** We receive every month, with the solutions to the pastime matter contained in the "Happy Hour," a great amount of contributions to this department, some of which possess much merit, but the greater portion is quite unfit for publication. We beg to state that it is impossible we can comply with the wishes of many of our subscribers to pass our immediate judgment upon their compositions, or to make any special acknowledgment of its receipt, as considerable time is required to select the good from the bad; and that, after the selection is made, the charades, &c., considered worthy of publishing are given to the printer for that purpose, while the refuse is destroyed.

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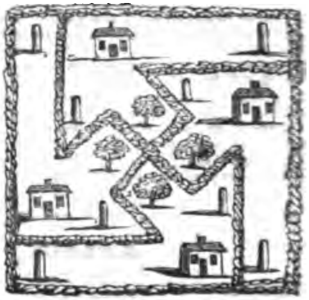
ANSWERS TO PASTIME.

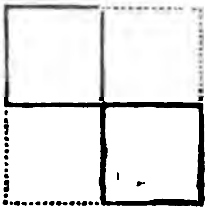
(*On Pages* 137 *and* 138.)

81.—An open door will tempt saints. 82.—March. 83.—Abyssinia. 84.—China. 85.—Sound. 86.—Pen. 87.—Moon. 88.—Tree. 89.—Ear-ring. 90.—Camp belt-on. 91.—Fox-glove. 92.—Co-nun-drum. 93.—Start-tart-art. 94.—Laugh-a-ble. 95.—Out-ram. 96.—Gold-smith. 97.—Ire-land. 98.—Po-land. 99.—News-paper. 100.—Fox-glove. 101.—Ton-bridge. 102.—Wick-low. 103.—Breast-plate. 104.—Water-spout. 105.—(see diagram, *a.*) 106.—(see diagram, *b.*) 107.—*a.* Wai(l) nut; *b.* Birch; *c.* Map-le(ek); *d.* Lime; *e.* Will-(r)ow; *f.* Box(er); *g.* Fir(e); *h.* Bee-(ar)ch; *i.* Al(oe)-der(red); *j.* (Mile) Elm; *k.* Pin-(p)e(t); *l.* (Cl)oak. 108.—*a.* Art-i-choke; *b.* Par-snip; *c.* Be(g)et; *d.* End-(thr)ive; *e.* Turn-ip; *f.* Car(p)-rot; *g.* Potat(i)o(n); *h.* Be-an; *i.* (Dark) Rad-dish; *j.* Pea(sant); *k.* Sea(l)-c-ale; *l.* Let-t(r)uce. 109.—"Boundaries." 110.—Scowl-cowl-owl. 111.—Spear-pear-ear.

a.



b



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OUR PRIZES.

Prizes will be given for best solutions to Enigmas, &c., the names or initials of competitors being printed and placed monthly into the first, second, or third class, according to merit: the party whose name appears oftenest in the first class will be entitled to the first Prize, and the next oftenest to the second Prize, &c.

Our next distribution, which will take place at the completion of the present year, will be as follows :—

First Prize.—Any article of the value of FIVE POUNDS.

Second Prize.—Any article of the value of TWO POUNDS.

Third Prize.—Any article of the value of ONE POUND.

Certificates of Merit, beautifully printed, will be presented to all those whose names have appeared *eight* times in either of the classes.

☞ Contributors to the "Happy Hour" are requested to observe the following rules :—

1.—In compiling Enigmas, Charades, &c., *orthography* must not be sacrificed to *sound*.

2.—All contributions to be written on *one* side of the paper only; an at the end of each Charade, Enigma, &c., the answer, and the initials or *assumed name* of the contributor.

3.—None but *original* Pastime matter will be accepted; and any contributor detected in the attempt to pass off *old* for *new* Enigmas, Charades, &c., will be expelled from the classes.

4.—All Solutions to the "Happy Hour" to be forwarded to the Editor by the 20th of every month.

Address to Editor at Printers', 23, Middle Street, West Smithfield, London, E.C.